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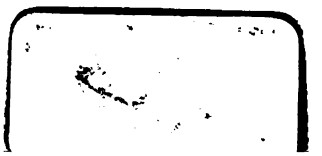

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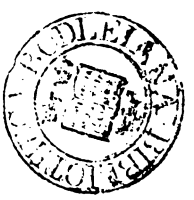

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INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

Page

Aleppo, a Picnic at, - - - 404
Amateur Criticism, - - 396
Aunt Anne, - - - - - 395
Bath, the Turkish, - - - 166
Battue, a, - - - - - - 17
Bird, Michaelmas and its, - 202
Boarder, the Principal, - - 257
Bobells, the Second-sight of Mr John, - - - - - - 364
Cabmen, Our Duty towards Our, 268
Castle in the Air, from My, - 31
Confessions of a Rifle Volunteer, 230
County-court Suits, - - - 401
Criticism, Amateur, - - 396
Curtain, Behind the, - - 129
Day at Inchmahome, a, - - 209
Discontent-mongers, - - - 152
Fancy Fair, a, - - - - 116
Flitting, - - - - - - 47
German Doctors, - - - - 346
Hand, a Private, - - - 337
Interested Proposition, an, - 97
International Wrinkles, - - 385
Lesson from off the Stage, a, - 49
Limpeter, Our Summer Month at, 316
Liveable People, - - - 305
Michaelmas and its Bird, - 202
My Coming Out, - - - - 369
On the Decay of a Certain Excellent Science, - - - - - 333
Our Duty towards our Cabmen, 268
Partridges, Among the, - - 273
Pavement, Philosophers of the, 10
Picnic at Aleppo, a, - - - 404
Policeman, My, - - - - 81
Principal Boarder, the, - - 257
Private Hand, a, - - - - 337
Proposition, an Interested, - 97
Rifle Volunteer, Confessions of a, 230
Second-sight of Mr John Bobells, the, - - - - - - 364
Stage, a Lesson from off the, 49
Suits, County-court, - - 401
Summer Month at Limpeter, Our, 316
Tailors, - - - - - - 243
Waiters, - - - - - 353
Worse than we seem, - - 299
Wrinkles, International, - 385

POETRY.

Page

Archidamia, - - - - - 288
Autumn, - - - - - - 176
Blackbird's Song, the, - - 48
Cavaliers' March to London, the, 75
Coquette, a, - - - - - 16
Country Church, the, - - 80
Despondency, a Word with, - 240
England's Liberty, - - - 368
Fallen, - - - - - - 384
Gone-before, the, - - - 32
Good Intentions, - - - 304
Grass, - - - - - - 112
Indian Summer, the, - - 67
Ivy, the Old, - - - - 400
Lines in Answer to a Poem entitled 'Spring,' - - - - - 95
Mariana, a Modern, - - 192
Minster-bell, the, - - - 272
Morning and Evening, - - 352
Mower's Song, the, - - - 144
New-year's Day, - - - 416
Radical War-song, a, - - - 73
River, the, - - - - - 336
Seed-words, - - - - - 64
Shadow Thoughts, - - 320
Swans of Wilton, the, - - 224
Trifles, - - - - - - 208
Truisms, - - - - - - 128
Vesper-hour, the, - - - 160
Winter, - - - - - - 256

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Brain-sickness, - - - - 13
Eclipse, the Late Solar, - 133
——— through French Glasses— 248, 265
Frog and Snail, a Tabular View of the, - - - - - 71
Glacier, the March of the, - 181
Month, the: Science and Arts— 62, 126, 207, 270, 335, 414
Natural History, Curiosities of, 118
Norfolk Broads and their Waterfowl, - - - - 313, 328
Smoothing the Ruffles, - - 25
Snake-poison, - - - - 285
Social Science Meeting at Glasgow, the Late, - - - - 241
Tuning-forks and Musical Pitch, 98
Tyrian Purple, how we get Mauve and, - - - - - - 318
Weather, the Truth about the, 238

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

Aunt Anne, - - - - - 395
Boarder, the Principal, - - 257
Bobells, the Second-sight of Mr John, - - - - - - 364
False Funeral, the, - - - 14
French Flower-farms, - - 221
Horror in the House, the, 177, 198
Ice-wrecked, - - - - - 95
Nelly Macadam, - - - - 146
Policeman, My, - - - - 81
Principal Boarder, the, - - 257
Right or Wrong, - - - - 347
Rosalie, the Burning of St, - 225
Second-sight of Mr John Bobells, the, - - - - - - 364
Tarranakoff, Princess—A Dark Page from Russian History, - 77
Uttman, Barbara—How Cushion-lace was Invented, - - 332
Van Slingelandt's Wooing, - 300
Wild Huntress, The. A Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid—
I. The Squatter's Clearing, 1
II. Marian and Lilian, - 3
III. The Lovers' Rendezvous, 4
IV. The Catastrophe of a Kiss, 6
V. Squatter and Saint, - 27
VI. An Apostolic Effort, 28
VII. The Mormon's Demand, 30
VIII. A Splendid Pension, - 38

Page

Wild Huntress, The. A Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid—

IX. Friendly Advice, - 39
X. A Classic Land, - 40
XI. The 'Jackson Hotel,' 40
XII. Colonel Kipp, - 41
XIII. Through the Forest, - 42
XIV. Su-wa-nee, - - 55
XV. Making a Clean Breast of it, - - - 57
XVI. A Predicament in Prospect, - - - 59
XVII. The Indian Summer, 67
XVIII. A Backwoods Venus, 68
XIX. A Series of Contre-temps, 69
XX. Sweet and Bitter, - 88
XXI. A Rude Response, - 88
XXII. A Rough Reception, - 89
XXIII. A Duel without Seconds, 91
XXIV. Waiting the Word, - 101
XXV. The Duel Delayed, 102
XXVI. The Peacemaker, - 103
XXVII. Yes—Yes! - - 104
XXVIII. An Errand of Love, - 121
XXIX. A Red-skinned Sibyl, 122
XXX. A Storm without and within, - - - 123
XXXI. A Virgin Heart in Cipher, - - - 124
XXXII. A Word about Mormon Monsters, - - 136
XXXIII. Another Duel determined on, - - 137
XXXIV. A Departure in a 'Dug-out,' - - - 138
XXXV. A Dangerous Sweetheart, - - - 139
XXXVI. The Horologe of the Dead Horse, - - 154
XXXVII. A Look-out from Aloft, 155
XXXVIII. The White Fog, - 156
XXXIX. The Promised Epistle, 157
XL. The Caravan, - - 171
XLI. An Unprairie-like Apparition, - - 172
XLII. A Foot of Thirteen Inches, - - - 173
XLIII. Tracking the Trundle, 174
XLIV. A Brace of 'Old Sojers,' - - - 175
XLV. The Barrow in Debate, 185
XLVI. A Tough Story, - 186
XLVII. The Mountain Parks, 188
XLVIII. The Abandoned Bouquet, - - - 189
XLIX. An Unexpected Appearance, - - 203
L. Up the Canon, - - 204
LI. The Orphan Butte, 205
LII. Raising a Rampart, - 213
LIII. The War-cry, - 214
LIV. The Red Hand, - 215
LV. An Ill-timed Shot, 216
LVI. Attempt to Stampede, 234
LVII. Our Weak Point, - 235
LVIII. A Rampart on Wheels, 236
LIX. The Assault, - - 237
LX. A Captive on a Crucifix, - - - - 246
LXI. The Mysterious Circle, 247
LXII. A Savage Artist, - 247
LXIII. A Pitiless Pastime, 261
LXIV. The Thousand Deaths, 262
LXV. A Sharp Shot, - - 263
LXVI. The Chase and the Syncope, - - 264
LXVII. Passed by my Pursuers, 278
LXVIII. The Track of the Moccasin, - - - 279
LXIX. A Rival Stalker, - 280
LXX. The Wild Huntress, - 280
LXXI. A Queer Conversation, 282
LXXII. Wa-ka-ra, - - - 293
LXXIII. Peg-leg, - - 294

Page

Wild Huntress, The. A Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid—

LXXIV. A Beautiful Hostess, 295
LXXV. Effecting the Surround, 296
LXXVI. The History of the Huntress, - - 297
LXXVII. The Surprise, - 309
LXXVIII. The Charge, - - 310
LXXIX. Tragic and Comic, - 311
LXXX. Spiritual Wives, - 324
LXXXI. The Death-song, - 326
LXXXII. Maranee, - - - 327
LXXXIII. Old Memories Awakened, - - - 339
LXXXIV. Playing Confessor, 340
LXXXV. Further Reflections, - 341
LXXXVI. A True Tigress, - 342
LXXXVII. Suspicious Appearances, - - - 356
LXXXVIII. A Fresh Eclaircissement, - - - 358
LXXXIX. Planning an Abduction, 359
XC. Protector and Protégée, 360
XCI. Assuming the Disguise, 373
XCII. The Mormon Train, - 374
XCIII. The Coralled Camp, 375
XCIV. Beauty Embrowned, 377
XCV. The Yellow Duenna, 386
XCVI. A Sister's Appeal, - 388
XCVII. A Caravan Ball, - 389
XCVIII. To Horse and Away, 390
XCIX. Seeking a Caché, - 409
C. Un Paraiso, - - 411
CI. An Unexpected Defection, - - - 412

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie, - - - - - - 60
Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History, - - - - - 118
Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, - - - 407
Catlin's Steam-raft, - - - 303
Hunting-grounds of the Old World, the, - - - - - 381
Jamieson's Tweeddale Prize Essay on the Rainfall, - - - 239
Kavanagh's How I Won the Victoria Cross, - - - - - 251
Luther's Book of Vagabonds and Beggars, - - - - - 283
Macaulay's Miscellaneous Poems, 73
Memorials of Thomas Hood, - 92
White's All Round the Wrekin, 158
Winslow on Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind, - - - - - - 13
Wolff's Travels and Adventures, 23

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Africa, the Gypzi in, - - 366
Air, from My Castle in the, - 31
Aleppo, a Picnic at, - - - 404
All Round the Wrekin, - 158
Amateur Criticism, - - - 396

Page

Among the Partridges, - - 273
Army, the Model for an, - - 291
Arts, Science and— 62, 126, 207, 270, 335, 414
Asylum, Through the, - - 392
Aunt Anne, - - - - - 395
Bath, the Turkish, - - - 166
Battue, a, - - - - - - 17
Beacons, the Kindling of the, in January 1804, - - - - 125
Behind the Curtain, - - 129
Bird, Michaelmas and its, - 202
Blind Preacher of the Sandwich Isles, the, - - - - - 46
Boarder, the Principal, - - 257
Bobells, the Second-sight of Mr John, - - - - - - 364
Bokhara, Dr Wolff of, - - 23
Borrowings, Paddy's Small, - 219
Bowls and Bowling-greens, - 76
Brain-sickness, - - - - 13
Brethren and Poor Scholars, Poor, - - - - - - 35
Burlesque Pulpit, the, - - 217
Burning of St Rosalie, the, - 225
Cabmen, Our Duty towards Our, 268
Captain Swing in 1730, - - 378
Case for Phonetics, a, - - 182
Castle in the Air, from My, - 31
Christians and Pagans of the Lebanon, the, - - - - 113
Coinage, Our Condemned, - 228
Confessions of a Rifle Volunteer, 230
Coracles, - - - - - - 289
County-court Suits, - - - 401
Criticism, Amateur, - - - 396
Curiosities of Natural History, 118
Curious Letter in Broad Scotch, 256
Curtain, Behind the, - - 129
Cushion-lace was Invented, how, 332
Custom-house Sale, a, - - 371
Cyr, St, the Royal School of, 361
Dark Page from Russian History, a, 77
Day at Inchmahome, a, - - 269
—— under Arms in Hyde Park, a, 106
'Declined' Lives, - - - - 176
Discontent-mongers, - - - 152
Discoveries? Old Inventions and New, - - - - - - 306
Doctors, German, - - - - 346
Dumas wrote *Monte Cristo*, how, 380
Eclipse, the Late Solar, - - 133
—— through French Glasses, the July, - - - 248, 265
Emigrants Afloat, - - - - 190
England's Little Incumbrance, 164
English Painted by the French, the, - - - - - - 330
Familiar Letter-writer a Century ago, the, - - - - - 21
Fancy Fair, a, - - - - - 116
Fielding's Newspapers, - - 142
Flitting, - - - - - - 47
Fools, a Paradise of, - - - 85
France, Rags and Ragpickers in, 53
French Flower-farms, - - 221
——, the English Painted by the, - - - - - - 330
Frog and Snail, a Tabular View of the, - - - - - - 71
German Doctors, - - - - 346
Glacier, the March of the, - 181
Glasgow, the Late Social Science Meeting at, - - - - - 241
Glove, the, - - - - - - 398
Gold-fields with the Gilt off, the, 343
Gypzi in Africa, the, - - - 366
Hand, a Private, - - - - 337
Henley, Orator, - - - - 217
Highland Story-telling, - - 407
Hippodrome, Stories of the Turkish, - - - - - - 149
Hood, a Last Laugh with Thomas, 92
Hospitalities, Imperial, - - 33

	Page
How Cushion-lace was Invented,	332
—— we Stocked the Mere,	140
Howe, Elias—Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!	354
Hyde Park, a Day under Arms in,	106
Ice-wrecked,	95
Imperial Hospitalities,	33
Incendiarism—Captain Swing in 1730,	378
Inchmahome, a Day at,	209
Incumbrance, England's Little,	164
Interested Proposition, an,	97
International Wrinkles,	385
Inventions or New Discoveries? Old,	306
Italian Volunteers,	321
July Eclipse through French Glasses, the,	248, 265
Kindling of the Beacons in January 1804, the,	125
Lapland—A Winter Underground,	161
Last Laugh with Thomas Hood, a,	92
Law in Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine, the,	65
Lebanon, the Christians and Pagans of the,	113
Lesson from off the Stage, a,	49
Letter in Broad Scotch, Curious,	256
Letter-writer a Century ago, the Familiar,	21
Liège Prison,	276
Limpeter, Our Summer Month at,	316
Literature, Persecuted,	169
Liveable People,	305
Lives, 'Declined,'	176
Loan Funds—Paddy's Small Borrowings,	219
Lucknow Kavanagh, V.C.,	251
Luther's Vagabonds,	283
Macadam, Nelly,	146
Macaulay's Miscellaneous Poems,	73
Maintenon, Madame de—The Royal School of St Cyr,	361
March of the Glacier, the,	181
Mauve and Tyrian Purple, how We get,	318
Mere, how we Stocked the,	140
Michaelmas and its Bird,	202
Model for an Army, the,	291
Modern Nimrod, a,	381
Monte Cristo, how Dumas wrote,	380
Month, the: Science and Arts— 62, 126, 207, 270, 335,	414
Monts de Piété—Paddy's Small Borrowings,	219
Musical Pitch and Tuning-forks,	98
My Coming Out,	369
—— Policeman,	81
National Debt—England's Little Incumbrance,	164
Natural History, Curiosities of,	118
Nelly Macadam,	146
Newspapers, Fielding's,	142
Nice—Over the Var,	193
Nimrod, a Modern,	381
Norfolk Broads and their Waterfowl,	313, 328
Ocean-travel without Danger,	303
Oil—Smoothing the Ruffles,	25
Old Inventions or New Discoveries?	306
On the Decay of a Certain Excellent Science,	333
Ordnance Factory, Woolwich, the Rifled,	211
Orator Henley,	217
Our Condemned Coinage,	228
—— Duty towards our Cabmen,	268
—— Summer Month at Limpeter,	316
Over the Var,	193
Paddy's Small Borrowings,	219
Pagans and Christians of the Lebanon, the,	113
Painter's Table-talk, a,	60
Paradise of Fools, a,	85
Partridges, Among the,	273
Patrimony of St Peter, the,	259
People, Liveable,	305
Persecuted Literature,	169
Philosophers of the Pavement,	10
Phonetics, a Case for,	182
Picnic at Aleppo, a,	404
Policeman, My,	81
'Poor Brethren' and 'Poor Scholars,'	35
Preacher of the Sandwich Isles, the Blind,	46
Principal Boarder, the,	257
Prison, Liège,	276
Private Hand, a,	337
Proposition, an Interested,	97
Pulpit, the Burlesque,	217
Queen Victoria *v.* Prince of Wales,	183
Rags and Ragpickers in France,	53
Railroads, Street,	197
Rats,	110
Review, the Volunteer,	44
Rifled Ordnance Factory, Woolwich, the,	211
Rifle-match, the Wimbledon,	79
—— Volunteer, Confessions of a,	230
Ring-money,	254
Rosalie, the Burning of St,	225
Royal School of St Cyr, the,	361
Ruffles, Smoothing the,	25
Rulers, Sicily and its,	7
Russian History, a Dark Page from,	77
St Peter, the Patrimony of,	259
Sale, a Custom-house,	371
Sandwich Isles, the Blind Preacher of the,	46
Scholars, Poor Brethren and Poor,	35
Science and Arts— 62, 126, 207, 270, 335,	414
Scotch, Curious Letter in Broad,	256
Sea-shells,	232
Second-sight of Mr John Bobells, the,	364
Shawl, the,	403
Sicily and its Rulers,	7
Smoothing the Ruffles,	25
Snail, a Tabular View of the Frog and,	71
Snake-poison,	285
Social Science Meeting at Glasgow, the Late,	241
Solar Eclipse, the Late,	133
Stage, a Lesson from off the,	49
Steam-raft—Ocean-travel without Danger,	303
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!	354
Story-telling, Highland,	407
Street Railroads,	197
Suits, County-court,	401
Summer Month at Limpeter, Our,	316
Swing, Captain, in 1730,	378
Table-talk, a Painter's,	60
Tabular View of the Frog and Snail, a,	71
Tailors,	243
Threatening Letters—Captain Swing in 1730,	378
Through the Asylum,	392
Truth about the Weather, the,	238
Tuning-forks and Musical Pitch,	98
Turkish Bath, the,	166
——— Hippodrome, Stories of the,	149
Tyrian Purple, how We get Mauve and,	318
Underground, a Winter,	161
Uttman, Barbara—How Cushion-lace was Invented,	332
Vagabonds, Luther's,	283
Var, Over the,	193
Volunteer, Confessions of a Rifle,	230
——— Review, the,	44
Volunteers, Italian,	321
Vos non Vobis,	145
Wales, Prince of, *v.* Queen Victoria,	183
Waiters,	353
Waterfowl, Norfolk Broads and their,	313, 328
Waves—Smoothing the Ruffles,	25
Weather, the Truth About the,	238
Whist—On the Decay of a Certain Excellent Science,	333
Wimbledon Rifle-match, the,	79
Winter Underground, a,	161
Wolff of Bokhara, Dr,	23
Woolwich, the Rifled Ordnance Factory,	211
Worse than We seem,	299
Wrekin, All Round the,	158
Wrinkles, International,	385

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THE WILD HUNTRESS.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE SQUATTER'S CLEARING.

THE white-headed eagle, soaring over the spray of a Tennessean forest, looks down upon the clearing of the squatter. To the eye of the bird, it is alone visible; and though but a spot in the midst of that immense green sea, it is conspicuous by the colour of the trees that stand over it. They stand, but grow not: the girdling ring around their stems has deprived them of their sap—the ivory bill of the *log-cock* has stripped them of their bark—their leaves and twigs have long since disappeared; and only the trunks and greater branches remain, like blanched skeletons, with arms upstretched to heaven, as if mutely appealing for vengeance against their destroyer.

The squatter's clearing, therefore, still thus encumbered, is a mere vistal opening in the woods, where the underwood alone has been removed. The more slender saplings have been cut down or rooted up—the tangle of parasitical plants has been torn from the trees—the cane-brake has been set on fire—and the brush, collected in heaps, has melted away upon the blazing pile. Only a few stumps of inferior thickness remain, as evidence that a little labour has been performed by the axe.

Even as it is, the clearing is a mere patch—scarcely two acres in extent—and the rude rail-fence, that zigzags around it, attests that the owner is satisfied with the dimensions of his agricultural domain. There are no recent marks of the axe—not even the 'girdling' of a tree—nothing to shew that another rood is required. The squatter is essentially a hunter, and hates the sight of an extensive clearing, as he would the labour of making one. The virgin forest is his domain, and he is not the man to rob it of its primeval charms. The sound of the lumberer's axe, cheerful to the lonely traveller, has no music for the ear of the squatter: it is to him a note of evil augury—a knell of dread import. It is not often that he hears it: he dwells beyond the circle of its echoes. His nearest neighbour—a squatter like himself—lives at least a league off, and the most proximate 'settlement' is twice that distance from the spot he has chosen for his cabin. The smoke of his chimney mingles with that of no other; its tall column ascends to heaven solitary as the squatter himself.

The clearing is of an irregular semicircular shape—a deep narrow stream forming the chord, and afterwards clearing its way through the otherwise unbroken forest; while in the convexity of the arc, at that point most remote from the water, stands the cabin—a log 'shanty' with 'cla'-board' roof—on one side flanked by a rude horse-shed, on the other by a corn-crib of split rails.

Such a picture is common enough in the backwoods of America; and some might deem it commonplace. For my part, I cannot regard it in this light. I have never looked upon this primitive homestead of the pioneer without being impressed with a peculiar feeling—one of pleasure. Something seems to impart to it an air of vague and mystic grandeur. Perhaps I associate the picture with the frame in which it is set—the magnificent forest that surrounds it, every aisle of which is redolent of romance. Such scenes are suggestive of border lore and legend—of perils by flood and field, always pleasant to be remembered—of desperate deeds of heroism performed by gallant pioneers, or their equally gallant antagonists—that red chivalry who once strode proudly along the forest-path, but whose upright forms are no longer seen under the shadows of its trees. Perhaps it is from reflections of this kind that I view with interest the clearing and cabin of the squatter; or perhaps it may be from having at one period encountered incidents in connection with such a scene, of a character never to be forgotten.

In a certain morning of mid-spring, perhaps the eye of the eagle soaring in the sky above looked down upon just such a picture. If in winter it might be termed rude or commonplace, it now no longer merits the title: nature has girded on her robe of green, and by the touch of her magical wand, has toned down its rough features to an almost delicate softness. The young maize—planted in a soil that has lain fallow perhaps for a thousand years—is rapidly culming upward; and the rich sheen of its long lance-like leaves, as they bend gracefully over, hides from view the sombre hues of the earth. The forest-trees appear with their foliage freshly expanded—some, as the tulip-tree, the dogwood, and the white magnolia, already in the act of inflorescence. The woods no longer maintain that monotonous silence which they have preserved throughout the winter: the red cardinal chatters among the cane; the blue jay screams in the pawpaw thicket—perhaps disturbed by the gliding of some slippery snake—while the mock-bird, regardless of such danger, from the top of a tall tulip-tree, pours forth his matchless melody in sweet ever-varying strain. The tiny bark of the squirrel, and the soft cooing of the Carolinian dove, may be heard among other sounds—the latter suggestive of earth's noblest passion, as its utterer is the emblem of devotion itself. Other sounds are heard, perhaps less agreeable to the ear: the shrill 'chirrup' of cicadas and tree-toads ringing so incessantly, that only when they cease do

you become conscious of their existence—the dull 'gluck-gluck' of the great bull-frog, and the hoarse croak of the black vultures (*aura* and *cathartes*), that, perched upon the tallest of the dead woods, press their foul beaks along its naked branches. Still less agreeable might appear the fierce miaulling of the red *puma*—who has not yet retired to his lair—or the howl of the gaunt wolf; but not so to the ears of the awakened hunter, who, through the chinks of his lone cabin, listens to such sounds with a savage joy.

These fierce notes are now rare and exceptional—even in the backwoods—though, unlike the war-whoop of the Indian, they have not altogether departed. Occasionally, their echo may be heard through the aisles of the forest, but only in its deepest recesses—only in those remote river 'bottoms' where the squatter delights to dwell. Even there, they are heard only at night, and in the morning give place to softer and sweeter sounds.

Fancy, then, a fine morning in June—a sunshine that turns all it touches into gold—an atmosphere laden with the perfume of wild-flowers—the hum of honey-seeking bees—the songs of birds commingling in sweetest melody—and you have the *mise en scène* of a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Obion, half an hour after the rising of the sun. Can such a picture be called *commonplace*?—rather say it is enchanting.

And well might this be said of it, the moment after. In another instant, the bright sunshine, the forest glories of green and gold, the bird-music among the trees, the flowery aroma in the air, were no longer needed to give grace to the clearing of the squatter. It signified not that it was a morning in the middle of June: had it been the dreariest day of December, the effect would have been the same; and this resembled enchantment itself. The rude hut seemed at once changed into a palace—the dead trunks became Corinthian columns carved out of white marble—their stiff branches appeared to bend gracefully over, like the leaves of the recurvent *acanthus*—and the enclosure of carelessly tended maize-plants assumed the aspect of some fair garden of the Hesperides!

The explanation is easy. Magic is not needed to account for the transformation, since there exists a far more powerful form of enchantment in the divine presence of female beauty. And it was present there, in its distinct varieties of *dark* and *fair*—typified in the persons of two young girls who came forth from the cabin of the squatter: more than typified—completely symbolised—for in these two young girls there appeared not one point of resemblance, save the possession of a perfect beauty. The eye of the soaring eagle might not discover their charms—as did the bird of Jove those of the lovely Leda—but no *human* eye could have gazed for a moment on either one, without receiving the impression that it was looking upon the loveliest object on earth. This impression could only be altered, by turning to gaze upon the other.

Who are these young creatures? Sisters? There is nothing in their appearance to suggest the gentle relationship. One is tall, dark, and dark-haired, of that golden-brown complexion usually styled *brunette*. Her nose is slightly aquiline, and her eye of the oblique Indian type. Other features present an Indian character, especially observable in the nation of the Chickasaws, the former lords of this great forest. She may have Indian blood in her veins, but her complexion is too light for that of a pure Indian.

Her dress strengthens the impression that she is a *half-blood*. The skirt is of the common home-spun of the backwoods, striped with a yellowish dye; but the green bodice is of finer stuff, with more pretensions to style; and her neck and wrists are embraced by a variety of these glancing circlets, so seductive in the eyes of an Indian belle. The buskin-moccasin is purely Indian, and its lines of bead-embroidery gracefully adapt themselves to the outlines of feet and ankles of perfect form. The absence of a head-dress is another point of Indian resemblance. The luxuriant black hair is plaited, and coiled like a coronet around the head. There are no combs or pins of gold, but in their place a red flower—the trumpet-shaped blossom of a *bignonia*. This, set coquettishly behind the plaits, shews that some little attention has been given to the toilet; and simple though it be, the peculiar *coiffure* imparts that air usually styled 'commanding.'

Although there is nothing masculine in this young girl's beauty, a single glance at her features impresses you with the idea of a character of no ordinary kind—a nature more resolute than tender—a heart endowed with courage equalling that of a man. The idea is strengthened by the observation, that in her hand she carries a light rifle; while a horn and bullet-pouch, suspended from her left shoulder, hang under the right arm. She is not the only backwoods' maiden who may be seen thus armed and accoutred: many are even skilled in the use of the deadly weapon!

In striking contrast with all this is the appearance of her companion. The impression the eye receives in looking on the latter is that of something soft and beautiful, of a glorious golden hue: it is the reflection of bright amber-coloured hair on a blonde skin tinted with vermilion, imparting a sort of luminous radiance divinely feminine. Scrutinise this countenance more closely; and you perceive that the features are in perfect harmony with each other, and harmonise with the complexion. You behold a face, such as the Athenian fancy has elaborated into an almost living reality in the goddess Cytherea.

This creature of golden roseate hue is yet very young—scarcely more than a child; but in the blue sky above her burns a fiery sun; and in twelve months she will be a woman.

Her costume is still more simple than that of her companion: a sleeved dress of the same striped homespun, loosely worn, and open at the breast; her fine amber-coloured hair the only covering for her head—as it is the only shawl upon her shoulders, over which it falls in ample luxuriance. A string of pearls around her neck—false pearls, poor thing!—is the only effort that vanity seems to have made, for there is no other adornment. Even shoes and stockings are wanting; but the most costly *chaussure* could not add to the elegance of those little *mignon* feet.

Who are they—these fair flowers of the forest?

Let the mystery end. They *are* sisters, though not the children of one mother: they are the daughters of the hunter—the owner of the cabin and clearing—his only children.

Happy hunter! poor you may be, and your home lowly; it can never be lonely in such companionship. The proudest prince may envy you the possession of two such treasures—beyond parallel, beyond price!

CHAPTER II.

MARIAN AND LILIAN.

Passing outward from the door, the two young girls paused in their steps: an object had attracted their attention. A large dog was seen running out from the shed, a gaunt, fierce-looking animal, that answered to the very appropriate name of 'Wolf.' He approached the sisters, and saluted them with an unwilling wag of his tail. It seemed as though he could not look pleased, even while seeking a favour—for this was evidently the purpose that had brought him forth from his lair in the shed. He appealed especially to the older of the girls—Marian.

'Ho, Wolf! I see your sides are thin, old fellow: you want your breakfast? What can we give him, Lil?'

'Indeed, sister, I know not what.'

'There is some deer-meat inside?'

'Ah! I fear father will not allow Wolf to have that. I heard him say he expected one to take dinner with him to-day? You know who?'

An arch smile accompanied this half-interrogatory; but, for all that, the words did not appear to produce a pleasant effect. On the contrary, a shade was observable on the brow of her to whom they were addressed.

'Yes, I *do* know. Well, he shall not dine with *me*. 'Tis just for that I've brought out my rifle. To-day, I intend to make my dinner in the woods, or go without, and that's more likely. Never fear, Wolf! you shall have your breakfast, whether I get my dinner or not. Now, for the life of me, Lil, I don't know what we can give the poor dog. Those buzzards are just within range; I could bring one of *them* down; but the filthy creatures, ugh! even a dog won't eat them.'

'See, sister! yonder is a squirrel. Wolf will eat squirrels, I know: but, ah! it's a pity to kill the little creature.'

'Not a bit. Yon little creature is a precious little thief; it's just been at our corn-crib. By killing it, I do justice in a double sense: I punish the thief, and reward the good dog. Here goes!'

The squirrel, scared from its depredation on the corn, swept nimbly over the ground towards the nearest tree. Wolf having espied it, rushed after in headlong pursuit. But it is a rare chance indeed when a dog captures one of these animals upon the ground; and Wolf, as usual, was unsuccessful.

He had 'treed' the squirrel; but what of that? The nimble creature, having swooped up to a high limb, seated itself there, and looked down upon its impotent pursuer with a nonchalant defiance—at intervals more emphatically expressing this sentiment by a saucy jerk of its tail. But this false security proved the squirrel's ruin. Deceived by it, the silly animal made no effort to conceal its body behind the branch; but, sitting upright in a fork, presented a fair mark to the rifle.

The girl raised the piece to her shoulder, took aim, and fired.

The shot told; and the tiny victim, hurled from its high perch—after making several somersaults in the air—fell right into the jaws of that hungry savage at the bottom of the tree.

Wolf made his breakfast upon the squirrel.

This young Diana of the backwoods appeared in no way astonished at the feat she had performed; nor yet Lilian. Doubtless, it was an everyday deed.

'You must learn to shoot, Lil.'

'O sister, for what purpose? You know I have neither the taste nor skill for it that you have.'

'The skill you will acquire by practice. It is worth knowing how, I can assure you: besides it is an accomplishment one might stand in need of some day. Why, do you know, sister, in the times of the Indians, every girl understood how to manage a rifle?—so father says. True, the fighting Indians are gone away from here, but what if you were to meet a great bear in the woods?'

'Surely I should run away from him.'

'And surely I shouldn't, Lil. I have never met a bear, but I'd just like to try one.'

'Dear sister, you frighten me. Oh, do not think of such a thing! Indeed, Marian, I am never happy when you are away in the woods; I am always afraid of your meeting with some great wild beast, which may devour you. Tell me why do you go? I am sure I cannot see what pleasure you can have in being in the woods alone.'

'Alone! Ha, ha! Perhaps I am not *always alone*.' This was said in a low voice, not loud enough for Lilian to hear the words, though she observed the smile that accompanied their utterance.

'You see, sister Lil,' continued Marian in a louder tone, 'our tastes differ; you are young, and like better to read the story-books your mother left you, and look at the pictures in them. My mother left me no story-books nor pictures. She had none; and did not care for them, I fancy. She was half-Indian, you know; and I suppose I am like her: for I, too, prefer realities to pictures. I love to roam about in the woods; and as for the danger—pooh, pooh—I have no fear of that. I fear neither bear nor panther, nor any other quadruped. Ha, ha! I have more fear of a two-legged creature I know of; and I should be in more danger of meeting with that animal by *staying at home*.'

These words appeared to give rise to a train of reflections in which there was bitterness. The heroine of the rifle remained silent while in the act of reloading, and the tinge of melancholy that pervaded her countenance told that her thoughts were abstracted. While priming the piece, she was even *maladroit* enough to spill a large quantity of the powder, but not from any lack of practice or dexterity.

Lilian had heard the concluding words of her sister's speech with some surprise, and also noticed the abstracted air. She was about to ask for an explanation, when the dialogue was interrupted. Wolf rushed past with a fierce growl: some one approached the clearing.

A horseman—a man of about thirty years of age, of spare form and somewhat sinister aspect—a face to be hated on sight. And at sight of it the shadow deepened on the brow of Marian.

Her sister exhibited no particular emotion. The new-comer was no stranger: it was only Josh Stebbins, the schoolmaster of Swampville. He was their father's friend, and came often to visit them: moreover, he was that day expected, as Lilian knew. Only in one way did she shew any interest in his arrival; and that was, on observing that he was better dressed than usual. The *cut* of his dress, too, was different.

'See, sister Marian,' cried she, laughing as she spoke, 'how fine Mister Josh is! black cloth coat and waistcoat—with a standing collar too! Why, he is exactly like the Methody minister of Swampville! Maybe he has turned one. I shouldn't wonder, for they say he is very learned. Well, if that be, we may hear him preach at the next camp-meeting. How I should like to hear him hold forth!—ha, ha, ha!'

The young creature laughed heartily at her own fantastic conceits; and her clear silvery voice for a moment silenced the birds, as if they paused to listen to a music more melodious than their own. The mock-bird echoed back the laugh; but not so Marian. She had observed the novelty as well as her sister; but it appeared to impress her in a very different manner. She did not even smile at the approach of the stranger; but, on the contrary, the cloud upon her brow became a shade darker.

Marian was some years older than her sister—old enough to know that there was *evil* in the world: for

neither is the 'backwoods' the home of an Arcadian innocence.

She knew the schoolmaster sufficiently to dislike him; and, from his appearance, one would have given her credit for having formed a correct estimate of his character. She suspected the object of his visit; more than that, she knew it: *she was herself its object.* With indifferent grace, therefore, did she receive him: scarcely concealing her aversion as she bade him the customary welcome.

Without being gifted with any very acute perception, the new-comer might have observed the distaste of the young girl at his presence. He took no notice of it, however, either by word or the movement of a feature. On the contrary, he appeared perfectly indifferent to the character of the reception given him. Not that his manner betrayed anything like swagger—for he was evidently not one of the swaggering sort: rather was his behaviour characterised by a cool, quiet effrontery—a sort of sarcastic assurance—ten times more irritating. This was displayed in the laconic style of his salutation: 'Morning, girls! father at home?'—in the fact of his dismounting without waiting to be invited—in sharply scolding the dog out of his way as he led his horse to the shed; and, finally, in throwing the saddle-bags over his arm, and stepping inside the cabin-door, with the air of one who was not only master of the house, but of the 'situation.'

Inside the door, he was received by the squatter himself; and in the exchange of salutations, a close observer might have noted a remarkable difference in the manner of the two men; the guest cool, cynical, confident; the host agitated, with eye unsteady, and heart ill at ease. There was a strange significance in the salutation, as also in the little incident that followed. Before a dozen words had passed between the two men, the schoolmaster turned quietly upon his heel, and closed the door behind him—the squatter making no objection to the act, either by word or gesture!

The incident might appear of trifling importance; but not so to Marian, who stood near, watching every movement, and listening to every word. Why was the door closed, and by Josh Stebbins?—that rude door, that, throughout the long summer day, was accustomed to hang open on its raw-hide hinges? All day, and often all night—except during the cold wintry winds, or when rain-storms blew from the west? Why was it now closed, and thus unceremoniously? No wonder that Marian attached a significance to the act.

Neither had she failed to note the agitated mien of her father while receiving his visitor—that father, at all other times, and in the presence of all other people, so bold, fierce, and impassible! She observed all this with a feeling of pain. For such strange conduct, reflected she, there must be a cause, and a serious one.

The young girl stood for some moments in the attitude she had assumed. Her sister had gone aside to pluck some flowers growing by the bank of the stream, and Marian was now alone. Her eye was bent upon the door; and she appeared to hesitate between two thoughts. Should she approach and listen? She knew *a little*—she desired to know *more.*

She had not conjectured the object of the schoolmaster's visit; she was *certain* it concerned herself. It was not simply that that troubled her spirits; left to herself, she would have made light of such a suitor, and given him his *congé* with a brusque promptitude. But her father—why does *he* yield to the solicitations of this man? That is the mystery she desires to unravel.

Could it be a *debt?* Scarcely that. In the lawless circle of backwoods society, the screw of the creditor has but little power over the victim of debt—certainly not enough to enslave such a free fearless spirit as that of Hickman Holt. The girl knew this, and hence her painful suspicions that pointed to some *other cause.* What cause? She would know.

She made one step towards the house, as if bent upon espionage. Again she paused, and appeared undecided. The chinks between the logs were open all around the hut—so, too, the interstices between the hewn planks of the door. No one could approach near to the walls without being seen from the inside; and a listener would be sure of being discovered.

Was it this reflection that stayed her in her steps? that caused her to turn back? Or did the action spring from a nobler motive?

Whichever it was, it seemed to bring about a change in her determination: for suddenly turning away, she stood facing to the forest—as if with the intention of launching herself into its sombre depths.

A call of adieu to her sister—a signal to Wolf to follow—and she was gone.

Whither, and for what purpose? Why loves she these lone rambles under the wild-wood shade? She has declared that she delights in them; but can we trust her declaration? True, hers is a strange spirit—tinged, no doubt, with the moral tendencies of her mother's race—in which the love of solitude is almost an idiosyncrasy. But with her this forest-ranging is almost a new practice: only for a month or so has she been indulging in this romantic habit—so incomprehensible to her home-loving sister. Her father puts no check upon such inclinations: on the contrary, he encourages them, as if proud of his daughter's *penchant* for the chase. Though purely a white man, his nature has been Indianised by the habits of his life; and in his eyes, the chase is the noblest accomplishment—even for a woman!

Does the fair Marian think so? or has she another motive for absenting herself so frequently from her home?

Let us follow her into the forest: here, perhaps, we may find an answer to the enigma.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS.

Glance into the forest-glade! It is an opening in the woods—a *clearing* not made by the labour of human hands, but a work of Nature herself—a spot of earth where the great timber grows not, but in its place shrubs and tender grass, plants and perfumed flowers.

About a mile distant from the cabin of Hickman Holt, just such an opening is found—in superficial extent about equal to the squatter's clearing. It lies in the midst of a forest of tall trees—among which are conspicuous the tulip-tree, the white magnolia, cotton-woods, and giant oaks. Those that immediately encircle it are of less stature: graduating inward to its edge, like the seats in an amphitheatre—as if the forest trees stooped downward to kiss the fair flowers that sparkle upon the glade.

These lesser trees are of various species. They are the sassafras laurel, famed for its sanitary sap; the noble Carolina bay, with its aromatic leaves; the red mulberry; and the singular Osage orange-tree (*maclura aurantica*), the 'bow-wood' of the Indians. The pawpaw also is present, to attest the extreme richness of the soil; but the flowering plants, that flourish in profuse luxuriance over the glade, are sufficient evidence of its fertility. Why the trees grow not there, is one of nature's secrets, not yet revealed to man.

It is easier to say why a squatter's cabin is not there. There is no mystery about this: though there might appear to be, since the *clearing* is found ready to hand. The explanation is simple: the glade is a mile distant from water—the nearest being that of the creek already mentioned as running past the cabin of the squatter.

Thus nature, as if jealous of this pretty wild-wood garden, protects it from the defilement of man.

Nevertheless, the human presence is not unknown to it. On this very morning—this fair morning in June, that has disclosed to our view the cabin and clearing of the squatter—a man may be observed entering the glade. His light elastic step, his lithe agile form, his smooth face, all bespeak his youth; while the style of his dress, his arms and equipments, proclaim his calling to be that of a hunter.

He is a man of the correct size, and, it may be added, of the correct shape—that is, one with whose figure the eye finds no fault. It is pleased at beholding a certain just distribution of the members promising strength and activity for the accomplishment of any possible physical end.

The countenance is equally expressive of good mental qualities. The features are regular and open, to frankness. A prominent chin denotes firmness; a soft hazel eye, gentleness; and a full rounded throat, intrepid daring.

There is neither beard upon the chin nor moustache upon the lip—not that the face is too young for either, but both have been shaven off. In the way of hair, a magnificent *chevelure* of brown curls ruffles out under the rim of his cap, shadowing over the cheeks and neck of the wearer. Arched eyebrows, a small mouth, and regular teeth, give the finish to a face which might be regarded as a type of manly beauty.

And yet this beauty appears under a russet garb. There is no evidence of excessive toilet-care. The brush and comb have been but sparingly used; and neither perfume nor pomatum has been employed to heighten the shine of those luxuriant curls. There is sun-tan on the face, that, perhaps, with the aid of soap, *might* be taken off; but it is permitted to remain. The teeth, too, might be made whiter with a dentifrice and brush; but in all likelihood the nearest approach to their having ever been cleansed has been while chewing a piece of tough deer-meat.

Nevertheless, without any artificial aids, the young man's beauty proclaims itself in every feature—the more so, perhaps, that, in gazing upon his face, you are impressed with the idea that there is an 'outcome' in it.

In his dress, there is not much that could be altered for the better. The hunting-shirt, of finest buckskin leather, with its fringed cape and skirt, hangs upon his body with all the grace of an Athenian tunic; while its open front permits to be seen the manly contour of his breast, but half concealed under the softer fawn-skin. The wrappers of green baize, though folded more than once around his legs, do not hide their elegant *tournure;* and an appropriate covering for his feet is a pair of strong moccasins, soled with thick leather. A coon-skin cap sits high upon his head, slightly inclined to the right. With the visage of the animal turned to the front, and the full plume-like tail, with its alternate rings, drooping to the shoulder, it forms a head-dress that is far from ungraceful. A belt around the waist—a short hunting-knife in its sheath—a large powder-horn hanging below the armpit—a bullet-pouch underneath, and *voilà tout!* No, not all: there remains to be mentioned the rifle—the arm *par excellence* of the American hunter.

The portrait is that of Frank Wingrove—a dashing young backwoodsman, whose calling is the chase.

The hunter has entered the glade, and is advancing across it. He walks slowly, but without caution—without that habitual stealthy tread that distinguishes the sons of St Hubert in the west. On the contrary, his step is free, and the flowers are crushed under his feet. He is not even silent, but humming a tune as he goes. Notwithstanding that he appears accoutred for the chase, his movements are not those of one in pursuit of game. For this morning, at least, he is out upon a different errand; and, judging from his jovial aspect, it should be one of pleasure: the birds themselves seem not more gay.

On emerging from the shadows of the tall trees into the open glade effulgent with flowers, his gaiety seems to have reached its climax: it breaks forth in song, and for some minutes the forest re-echoes the well-known lay of '*Woodman, spare that tree.*'

Whence this joyous humour? Why are those eyes sparkling with a scarce concealed triumph? Is there a sweetheart expected? Is the glade to be the scene of a love-interview—that glade perfumed and flowery, as if formed for such a purpose?

The conjecture is reasonable: the young hunter has the air of one who keeps an assignation—one, too, who dreams not of disappointment.

Near the edge of the glade, on the side opposite to that by which the hunter has come in, is a fallen tree; its branches and bark have long since disappeared, and the trunk is bleached to a brilliant white. In the phraseology of the backwoods, it is no longer a tree, but a 'log.' Towards this the hunter advances; and, on arriving at the log, seats himself upon it, in the attitude of one who does not anticipate being long alone.

There is a path that runs across the glade, bisecting it into two nearly equal parts. It is a tiny track, evidently not much used. It conducts from the stream on which stands the cabin of the squatter Holt, to another 'fork' of the same river, the Obion, where clearings are numerous, and where there is also a large settlement bearing the dignified title of 'town.' It is the town of Swampville—a name perhaps more appropriate than euphonious.

Upon this path, where it debouches from the forest, the eye of Frank Wingrove becomes fixed—not in the direction of Swampville, but towards the clearing of the squatter. From this it is now evident that he expects some one, and that the person expected is to come from that side.

A good while passes, and yet no one appears. The hunter begins to manifest signs of impatience. As if to kill time, he repeatedly rises, and reseats himself. With his eye he measures the altitude of the sun—the watch of the backwoodsman—and as the bright orb rises higher in the heavens, his spirits appear to sink in proportion. His look is no longer cheerful. He has long since finished his song; and his voice is now heard only when he utters an ejaculation of impatience.

All at once, the joyous expression is restored. There is a noise in the woods, and it proceeds from the right direction: a rustling of dead leaves that litter the path, and occasionally the 'swish' of recoiling branches. Some one approaches the glade.

The young hunter springs to his feet, and stands listening. Presently, he hears voices; but he hears them rather with surprise than pleasure—as is indicated by another quick change passing over his countenance. The cheerful aspect has again given place to a look of disappointment—this time approaching to chagrin.

'Thar's talk goin' on,' mutters he to himself. 'Then she's not alone! thar's someb'dy along wi' her. Who the darnation can it be?'

After this characteristic soliloquy, he remains silent—listening far more eagerly than before.

The noises become more distinct, and the voices louder. More than one can be distinguished mingling in the conversation.

For some seconds, the hunter maintains his attentive attitude, his eye sternly fixed upon the *embouchure* of the path.

His suspense is of short duration. Hearing the voices more plainly, he recognises their tones; and the recognition appears to give a sudden turn to his thoughts. The expression of chagrin gives place to one of simple disappointment.

'Bah!' exclaims he, throwing himself back upon

the dead wood. 'It ain't *her*, after all! It 's only a gang o' them rovin' redskins. What, in Old Nick's name, fetches 'em this away, an' jest at this time too?'

After a moment's reflection, he starts up from the log, continuing to mutter: 'I must hide, or they 'll be for havin' a parley. That 'ud never do, for I guess *she* can't be far off by this. Hang the crooked luck!'

With this elegant finish, the speaker glides rapidly round the end of the fallen tree, and makes for the nearest underwood—evidently with the design of screening himself from sight. He is too late—as the 'ugh' uttered on the opposite side of the glade convinces him—and, changing his intention, he fronts round, and quietly returns to his former position upon the log.

The hunter's conjecture has proved correct. Bronzed faces shew themselves over the tops of the bushes on the opposite edge of the glade; and the moment after, three Indians emerge into the open ground. That they are Indians, their tatterdemalion dress of coloured blankets, leggings, and moccasins would indicate; but their race is even recognisable in their mode of march. Though there are but three of them, and the path runs no longer among trees, they follow one another in single file, and in the true typical 'trot' of the red aboriginal.

The presence of Indians in these woods requires explanation—for their tribe has long before this time been transported to their new lands west of the Mississippi. It only needs to be said that a few families have preferred to remain—some from attachment to the scenes of their youth, not to be severed by the prospect of a far happier home—some from associations formed with the whites—and some from more trivial causes—perhaps from being the degraded outcasts of their tribes. Throughout the whole region of the backwoods, there still exists a sparse population of the indigenous race: dwelling, as their ancestors did, under tents or in the open air; trafficking in small articles of their own manufacture; in short, performing very much the same *métier* as the Gitanos in Europe. There are other points of resemblance between these two races—amounting almost to a family likeness—and which fairly entitles the Indians to an appellation sometimes bestowed upon them—*the Gipsies of the New World.*

The three Indians who have entered the glade are manifestly what is termed an 'Indian family,' or part of one. They are father, and mother, and daughter—the last a girl nearly grown.

The man is in the lead, the woman follows, and the young girl brings up the rear. They are bent upon a journey, and its object is also manifest. The pannier borne upon the back of the woman, containing fox and coon skins, with little coloured baskets of wicker—with the bead-embroidered moccasins and wampum belts that appear in the hands of the girl—bespeaks a purposed visit to the settlement of Swampville.

True to the custom 'of his fathers,' the Indian himself carries nothing; if we except a long rusty gun over his shoulder, and a small hatchet in his belt, rendering him rather a formidable fellow on his way to a market.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CATASTROPHE OF A KISS.

The log on which the young hunter has seated himself is some paces' distant from the path. He has a slight knowledge of this Indian family, and simply nods to them as they pass. He does not speak, lest a word should bring on a conversation—for the avoidance of which he has a powerful motive. The Indian makes no halt, but strides silently onward, followed by his pannier-laden squaw. The girl, however pauses in her steps, as if struck by some thought.

The action quickly follows the thought; and, turning out of the path, she approaches the spot where Frank Wingrove is seated.

What wants she with the young pale-face? Can this be the *she* he has been expecting with such impatience? Surely not!

And yet the girl is by no means ill-looking. In her black oblique eyes there is a certain sweetness of expression; and a tinge of purple-red, bursting through the bronze of her cheeks, lends to her countenance a peculiar charm. Add to this, luxuriant black hair, and a bosom of bold outlines—which the sparse savage costume but half conceals—and you have a portrait something more than pretty. Many a time and oft, in the history of backwoods' life, has the heart of the proud pale-face offered sacrifice at such a shrine. Is this, then, the expected one?

No. Her actions answer the question; and his too: he has not even risen to receive her, but keeps his seat upon the log, regarding her approach with a glance of indifference, not unmingled with a slight shade of displeasure.

Her object is presently apparent. A bullet-pouch of white buckskin, richly worked with porcupine quills, is hanging over her arm. On arriving before the hunter, she holds it out, as if about to present it. One might fancy that such is her intention; and that the pouch is designed as a *gage d'amour;* but the word 'dollar,' which accompanies the offer, precludes the possibility of such a silly supposition. It is not thus that an Indian girl makes love. She is simply soliciting the pale-face to purchase.

In this design she is almost certain to be successful. The pouch proclaims its value, and promises to sell itself. Certainly it is a beautiful object, with its quills of brilliant dye, and richly embroidered shoulder-strap. Perhaps no object could be held up before the eyes of Frank Wingrove more likely to elicit his admiration.

He sees and admires: he knows its value. It is cheap at a dollar; besides, he was just thinking of treating himself to such a one. His old catakin is worn and greasy. He has grown fastidious of late, for reasons that may be guessed. This beautiful pouch would sit well over his new hunting-shirt, and trick him out to a T. In the eyes of Marian——

His desire to become the possessor of the coveted article hinders him from continuing the reflection. Fortunately his old pouch contains the required coin; and in another instant, a silver dollar glances in the palm of the Indian girl.

But the 'goods' are not delivered over in the ordinary manner. A thought seems to strike the fair huckster; and she stands for a moment gazing upon the face of the handsome purchaser. Is it curiosity? or is it, perhaps, some softer emotion that has suddenly germinated in her soul?

Her hesitation lasts only for an instant. With a smile that seems to solicit, she approaches nearer to the hunter. The pouch is held aloft, with the strap extended between her hands. Her design is evident—she purposes to adjust it upon his shoulders.

The young hunter does not repel the proffered service—how could he? It would not be Frank Wingrove to do so. On the contrary, he leans his body forward to aid in the action.

The attitude brings their faces almost close together: their lips are within two inches of touching!

For a moment, the girl appears to have forgotten her purpose, or else she executes it in a manner sufficiently *maladroit.* In passing the strap over the high coon-skin cap, her fingers become entangled in the brown curls beneath. Her eyes are not directed that way: they are gazing with a basilisk glance into the eyes of the hunter.

The attitude of Wingrove is at first shrinking; but a slight smile curling upon his lip, betokens that there is not much pain in the situation. A reflection,

however, made at the moment, chases away the smile. It is this:

'Tarnal earthquakes! were Marian to see me now! she'd never believe but that I'm in love with this young squaw: she's been jealous o' her already.'

But the reflection passes; and with it for an instant the remembrance of 'Marian.' The sweetest smelling flower is that which is nearest—so sings the honey-bee. Human blood cannot bear the proximity of those pretty lips; and the kindness of the Indian maiden must be recompensed by a kiss.

She makes no resistance; she utters no cry; their lips meet—but the kiss is interrupted ere it can be achieved.

The bark of a dog—followed by a half-suppressed scream in a female voice—causes the interruption.

The hunter starts back, looking aghast; the Indian exhibits only surprise. Both together glance across the glade: Marian Holt is standing upon its opposite edge!

Wingrove's cheek has turned red; fear and shame are depicted upon his face. In his confusion, he pushes the Indian aside—more rudely than gently.

'Go!' he exclaims in an under voice. 'For God's sake, go!—you have ruined me!'

The girl obeys the request and gesture—both sufficiently rude, after such sweet complaisance. She obeys, however, and moves off from the spot—not without reproach in her glance, and reluctance in her steps.

Before reaching the path, she pauses; turns in her track; and then rushes swiftly back towards the hunter.

Wingrove stands astonished—half affrighted. Before he can recover himself, or divine her intent, the Indian is once more by his side.

She snatches the pouch from his shoulders—the place where her own hands had suspended it—then, flinging the silver coin at his feet, and uttering in a loud angry tone the words, 'False pale-face!' she turns from the spot, and glides rapidly away.

In another moment, she has entered the forest-path, and is lost to the sight.

The scene has been short—of only a moment's duration. Marian has not moved from the moment she uttered that wild half-suppressed scream. She stands silent and transfixed, as if its utterance had deprived her of speech and motion. Her fine form picturesquely draped with bodice and skirt—the moccasin-buskins upon her feet—the coiled coronet of shining hair surmounting her head—the rifle in her hand, resting on its butt, as it had been dashed mechanically down—the huge gaunt dog by her side: all these outlined upon the green background of the forest leaves, impart to the maiden an appearance at once majestic and imposing. Standing thus immobile, she suggests the idea of some rival huntress, whom Diana, from jealousy, has suddenly transformed into stone.

But her countenance betrays that she is no statue. The colour of her cheeks—alternately flushing red and pale—and the indignant flash of that fiery eye, tell you that you look upon a living woman—one who breathes and burns under the influence of a terrible emotion.

Wingrove is half frantic; he scarcely knows what to say or what to do. In his confusion, he advances towards her, calling her by name; but before he has half crossed the glade, her words fall upon his ear, causing him to hesitate and falter in his steps.

'Frank Wingrove!' she cries, 'come not near me: your road lies the other way. Go! follow your Indian damsel. You will find her at Swampville, no doubt selling her cheap kisses to triflers like yourself. Traitor! we meet no more!'

Without waiting for a reply, or even to note the effect of her words, Marian Holt steps back into the forest, and disappears.

The young hunter is too stupified to follow. With 'false pale-face' ringing in one ear, and 'traitor' in the other, he knows not in what direction to turn.

At length, the log falls under his eye; and, striding mechanically towards it, he sits down—to reflect upon the levity of his conduct, and the unpleasant consequences of an unhallowed kiss.

SICILY AND ITS RULERS.

As there are beings so steeped in misery that they seem to live but as examples of the suffering and degradation humanity can undergo and survive, so some nations appear destined to shew to the world to what a degree of servitude and political inanition a people may be reduced, and the vital spark of freedom yet remain unextinguished.

Among these unhappy lands, pre-eminent in misfortune stands the island of the sun, the land of the Cyclops, the granary and garden of Italy, the fruitful isle of Sicily. Never was a country more highly favoured by nature; rich in all that tends to the prosperity of a nation, it is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. But what God has blessed, man has cursed. From time immemorial, Sicily has been the victim of tyranny and misgovernment. Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, Saracens, Moors, Frenchmen, and Spaniards; all have in turn tyrannised over this unfortunate island. Each change of masters has been but a new phase of suffering. Tyrants, proconsuls, emirs, governors, princes, viceroys, or kings knew but one policy—that of goading the people to desperation, and then suppressing the inevitable rebellion by the harshest means despotism could command.

Soon after the conclusion of the Trojan war, the Greeks established themselves in Sicily, and remained undisturbed possessors of it until about 510 B. C., when the Carthagenians made themselves masters of the northern and western portions of the island. They in their time succumbed to the Romans, under whom the Sicilians turned their whole attention to agriculture and the peaceful arts, submitting unresistingly, if not unmurmuringly, to the exactions of Verres and his prototypes. In the seventh century, the Saracens, taking advantage of domestic feuds, subdued the island, and made Palermo their capital, over whose walls the crescent floated triumphantly for two hundred years. In 1035, Manvaces, the catapan of the Greeks, assisted by a body of Norman mercenaries, stormed Messina, and pushed his conquests so vigorously, that all the principal strongholds were soon in his hands. His triumph was but short-lived: quarrelling with his allies, they suddenly left his camp; and deprived of his best troops, the Saracens quickly wrested back all they had lost.

A quarter of a century later, the conqueror of Calabria, Robert Guiscard, having made his peace with Rome, acknowledged his fealty to the triple crown in the following terms: 'I, Robert, by the grace of God and St Peter, Duke of Puglia and Calabria, and *hereafter of Sicily*.' Aided by his brother, Roger, he set to work to justify his proud 'hereafter.' A severe struggle, lasting for ten years, terminated in the submission of the Saracens. The government of the island was given to Roger Guiscard, who assumed the title of 'Great Earl of Sicily.' He was not only a brave warrior, but a wise ruler, who sought to reign in the affections rather than the fears of his subjects. Pope Urban II. invested him and his heirs with supreme spiritual as well as temporal authority by creating them legates of the church by right of birth. His second son, Roger, by the death of his brother Simon and his cousin William, inherited the whole of the south Italian conquests of his father and uncle. He supported the cause of the antipope Anacletes, who in return made him king of Sicily, Puglia, and Calabria, to which Naples was subsequently added by Innocent II. Although William was engaged in warfare nearly the whole of his life, Sicily itself enjoyed the profoundest peace. After him came his son and grandson, distinguished as William the

Wicked, and William the Good. The latter dying without issue, the crown was claimed by Henry VI., emperor of Germany, by right of his marriage with Constance, a posthumous daughter of Roger II. A foreign ruler being repugnant to the Sicilians, they offered allegiance to Tancred, an illegitimate representative of the family. The emperor was defeated in battle, and for a time compelled to forego his pretensions. Upon Tancred's death, he invaded Sicily, and by his cruelty struck such terror into the souls of the people, that in a very short time he was acknowledged king. His reign was a reign of terror; avaricious and cruel, he despoiled and maltreated his unfortunate subjects till human patience failed them. His empress herself headed a conspiracy against him; his Genoese and Pisan allies joined the Normans, whom he sought to exterminate. Henry was taken prisoner, and not released until he had consented to send his army to the Holy Land, and so deprive himself of the means of tyrannising. This concession availed him little, for shortly afterwards, he died from the effects of poison, supposed to have been administered by the hands of his wife.

His son and successor, Frederic, found his throne no luxurious seat. The papacy opposed his assumption of the imperial crown. Alexander IV. had granted the Sicilian crown to Henry III. of England; he, however, was too well occupied at home with turbulent barons and rebellious sons to be able to enforce his claim, and Urban IV. (Alexander's successor) easily induced him to forego it. He next offered Sicily to Louis IX. of France, and then to his son; and upon their rejection, applied to the French monarch's brother, Charles of Anjou. Stimulated by his ambitious wife, the count eagerly responded, and received plenary investiture of the Two Sicilies, as they had been held by the Norman and Swabian princes, at the price of Benevento and its dependencies, and an annual tribute of 10,000 ounces of gold. Urban died before any active measures could be taken; but his successor, being likewise a Frenchman, entered ardently into the scheme. After being formally crowned at Rome, Charles commenced the campaign in the middle of the winter—a campaign decided by the battle of Benevento—in which, thanks to the cowardice and treachery of the Neapolitan troops, Charles proved victorious; his rival, finding defeat inevitable, seeking and finding death on the field. Charles had now attained the object of his ambition, and bitterly did the Sicilians expiate their defection at Benevento. The gibbet and the scaffold were in constant requisition, and as if these would not suffice to glut the cruel rage of the usurper, the stake and the sea were employed to remove any one obnoxious to the ruling powers. In a few weeks, the whole of the country had been frightened into submission, but there was not a spot in which blood did not cry out for vengeance. This cry before long found a terrible response.

John of Procida, a noble who had personal wrongs to revenge, having incited Peter of Aragon to enforce his claim to the Sicilian throne, obtained the necessary subsidies from Michael of Greece, and directed the preparations for an expedition, ostensibly directed against the Moors. On the 30th of March 1282, the licentiousness of a Frenchman blew the long slumbering fire into flame, and the vesper-bells of Monte Reale chimed the death-knell of his countrymen. Everywhere the Sicilians rose against their oppressors, who, overwhelmed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, lost all idea of defending themselves, and were slaughtered like sheep, till not a single Frenchman remained on the island. Every town, every village threw off allegiance to Charles, and joined in inviting the protection of the king of Aragon. The former prince lost no time in attempting to punish the Sicilians, and exact a severe retribution for the terrible 'Vespers;' he landed a large army, and laid siege to Messina, which the inhabitants, knowing they could expect no mercy in any event, defended with the obstinacy of despair. The Spanish king was not long in moving to their assistance with a force of ten thousand infantry, and was received with every demonstration of joy at Palermo. As soon as intelligence of this reached Charles, he precipitately raised the siege of Messina, and disembarked his troops with all speed; they arrived safe at Naples, but twenty-nine of his war-vessels were captured by Roger di Loria. Charles then proposed to decide the fate of Sicily in another, and, in his opinion, more chivalrous way. He challenged his rival to meet him with a hundred knights at Bordeaux, under the guarantee of our Edward I. (then lord of that town), the vanquished in the mêlée to lose not only the disputed island, but also his hereditary possessions. The pope refused his consent to this ordeal by battle, and, what was of greater consequence, the English monarch would not be a party to it; so Peter very wisely declined the contest; upon which the pope, with just consistency, issued a bull of deposition, conferring the crown of Aragon upon the Count of Valois, and inviting warriors to join a crusade against Spain. Spite of the pontifical ban, Pedro held the sceptre till his death, on which it passed to his second son, James. The latter was soon called to the throne of Aragon, and, at the suggestion of the then pope, ceded Sicily to Charles II. of Naples, an arrangement to which those most concerned refused to accede; and proclaiming James's younger brother, Frederic, king, they carried on a fierce war for twenty years. The peace of Castronovo ended the war by the Anjous acknowledging Frederic's sovereignty.

Amid the stormy politics which agitated the crown, nobles, and people alike, a sort of parliamentary government had taken form in Sicily. In 1296, this parliament, which consisted of three houses—the ecclesiastics, the titular nobility, and the commons—shared the legislative power with the king, exercised the right of taxation, levied and declared war, convoked and dissolved itself every year, and claimed the privilege of forbidding the monarch's absence from his kingdom. Upon the death of Martin, and the consequent extinction of the Sicilian branch of the Aragonese dynasty, the throne was claimed by the head of the family, the king of Spain. After a slight opposition, Ferdinand was proclaimed, and thus the island became for three hundred years an appanage of the Spanish monarchy. Its condition was by no means improved under the vice-regal system of government. A semblance of the old constitution was preserved, for the parliament was called together every four years, financial affairs in the meanwhile being managed by a committee of twelve appointed by the vote of the three estates. The power of the crown gradually increased, taxation increasing in an equal ratio with the royal prerogative; and the inquisition, strangely enough, successfully resisted in Naples, was established in Sicily in all its horror. In 1671, Messina revolted, and opened its gates to a French garrison. When France and Spain, ten years later, patched up a peace, the troops of the former country, of course, evacuated Messina, and no less than ten thousand citizens emigrated, to escape the vengeance of their rulers.

The War of the Succession deprived Spain of her long-held prize; and by the influence of England, Sicily was handed over to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was crowned king at Palermo. At this time, the island counted 1,153,000 inhabitants, of whom 120,000 belonged to the capital. In 1717, during a period of profound peace, Philip V., at the instance of Alberoni, suddenly seized upon Sicily, but was soon compelled by England and Austria to give up his prey; after which, Victor Amadeus receiving Sardinia in exchange, the island was reunited to the continent, and governed

by Austrian viceroys. This was not of long duration. In 1733, the great powers were again at war. Philip ceded all his rights in Italy to his son Charles, who soon expelled the Austrians, and reunited the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, after a separation of four hundred years, under the designation of 'The Two Sicilies.' Charles, identifying his own interests with those of his new subjects, speedily restored the nation to the position it held under its first king, Roger Guiscard. The finances were healthy, and the country enjoyed a degree of prosperity to which it had long been a stranger. Upon his accession to the Spanish crown, that of the Two Sicilies was delivered over to his third son, Ferdinand, with the stipulation, that they should never again be united with Spain.

Ferdinand I., as he styled himself, proved unworthy his parentage. Driven on two occasions, in 1798 and 1806, from Naples into Sicily by the victorious French, he devoted his energies to curtailing the liberties of the subjects left to him. For a time, the island was occupied by an English force, under the stipulations of a treaty continually evaded by the faithless king. His wife, disgusted with her English allies for not reconquering Naples, actually entered into correspondence with Napoleon, and proposed a new version of the Vespers, in which our countrymen were to perform the part of victims. In 1810, the Prince-royal, as the king's representative, demanded an extraordinary supply of L.180,000 per annum; the parliament only granted L.75,000, and being reinvoked, refused to increase the vote. Two ordinances were immediately issued—one laying a tax upon all contracts, the other ordering certain national estates to be sold. The House of Peers protested against the unconstitutional acts; the king replied by sending the nobles who presented the protest out of the country. The very next day, Lord William Bentinck arrived at Palermo, as commander-in-chief and minister plenipotentiary. His advice was rejected, with the insolent remark, that 'he was sent to make bows, not dictate laws.' He left for England, to return in six weeks armed with full powers. He opened communications with the liberal leaders, stopped the payment of the subsidies, and soon obtained the revocation of the February decrees, and the recall of the banished lords. He did not stop here. The queen and her Napolitan advisers were removed; he was himself made commander of the Sicilian forces; three of the returned peers were made ministers; and the king, under the plea of ill health, resigned the actual government into the hands of his son, as vicar-general.

Parliament was convoked, and gave its adhesion to a new constituton. The king was thereby bound to profess the Roman Catholic religion; his person held sacred; and the prerogative of making war and peace left in his hands. The parliament, consisting of two Houses only—the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Representatives—was annually convoked by the king; it was vested with the exclusive power of legislating; all taxes must originate in the Lower House, and be rejected or assented to by the upper chamber and the crown without modification. The judicial power was administered by independent judges, subject to removal by the act of the two chambers. No Sicilian to be punished, exiled, or arrested, except by the legal tribunals; and finally, feudalism was entirely abolished. Before agreeing to the above, the vicar-general applied for fresh instructions; his dispatch was returned, endorsed by Ferdinand: 'The above is conformable to my intentions, and I authorise you to carry it into effect.' So in 1812 the constitution became an acknowledged fact. Ferdinand, however, needed the constant watchfulness of the English general to keep him from encroaching: one attempt necessitated the queen's quitting the country; and another terminated in the announcement by royal proclamation that, until the glorious work of the constitution was fully consolidated, Lord W. Bentinck made himself responsible for public tranquillity. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba, the troops were wanted elsewhere, and after three years' duration, the occupation of the island by a British army ceased.

No sooner was the author of the constitution fairly out of the way, than Ferdinand resumed the government himself, still professing 'the tenderest affection' for Lord William's pet. He bided his time; it was soon at hand. The treaty of Vienna gave Naples to him once again. The king at once issued decrees, declaring he would take the whole government of the Two Sicilies into his own hands, annulling both the ancient and modern Sicilian constitutions, and virtually breaking the ties binding him and his island-subjects together. The municipal, criminal, and civil laws were altered and assimilated to those of the French code; the Sicilian flag and coinage were abolished, and the very name of the country obliterated. The betrayed people invoked the aid of England, but in vain. Sicily was no longer of any use to the British cabinet, so Lord Castlereagh quietly allowed its liberty to be extinguished without a word of protest. For a time, the island submitted. In 1820, a military revolution was effected at Naples on behalf of the Spanish constitution, and a united parliament convoked. Sicily claimed her independence, and soon the Palermitans came to blows with the troops. General Pepe, with 12,000 men, arrived to reduce the city; after a contest of ten days, it capitulated, the matters in dispute being remitted to the two national representations. This capitulation was repudiated by the Neapolitans; but their triumph over their brethren was short-lived; an army of Austrians occupied the whole country, effectually stifling all rebellion.

The king died in 1825, and was succeeded by Francis, who soon made way for another Ferdinand, destined to earn another name—that of Bomba—and destroy the slight remnant of Sicilian nationality left. He doubled the taxes, created oppressive monopolies, and consigned the island to the tender mercies of Neapolitan prefects. Neither place nor person was respected by an all-powerful, unrestrained police, that administered a hideous mockery of justice, arresting, punishing, and banishing men without the merest forms of trial, while the sbirri were allowed free exercise of their talents in torturing their poor victims. Espionage became one of the functions of the priesthood; the ministers possessed unlimited powers of abrogating law; an absurd and arbitrary censorship forbade the promulgation of thought; public works meant public extortion; public contracts were broken at pleasure. The country was impoverished to enrich the Neapolitan treasury, and all the petitions of the Sicilians replied to by contempt and further oppression. A final effort was made in the beginning of 1848 to induce Ferdinand to redress the crying grievances of the islanders. Upon its non-success, they flew to arms, celebrating their monarch's birthday—the 12th of January—by driving the royal troops into their barracks and forts. In two days' time, Palermo was ruled by a provisional government, under the presidency of Admiral Ruggiero Suttimo, while the enemy had been reinforced by 6000 men and eight war-steamers, under the command of the king's brother. The town was bombarded, but so little to the intimidation of the insurrectionists, that on the 19th royal decrees were issued, offering some trifling concessions. Meanwhile, Naples itself had revolted, and extorted a constitution from the reluctant Ferdinand, who, however, did not scruple to pronounce that it was established by his 'full, free, and spontaneous will,' and declare his determination to support it 'in the awful Name of the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity, to whom alone it appertains to read the depths of the heart.'

On the 29th of January, an extension of this constitution was offered to Sicily; but the patriots were resolved to accept nothing short of insular independence and the constitution of 1812. The movement spread through the island; the garrisons of Trapani, Termini, Licata, and Milazzo were defeated, and those of Syracuse and Messina driven into their fortresses. Parliament was convoked by the provisional government, and declared the Sicilian throne vacant, inviting the Duke of Genoa, the second son of Charles Albert of Sardinia, to accept the crown. The duke declined. The struggle went on, and by the beginning of April, the citadel of Messina was the only stronghold in possession of the royalists. Then came the terrible counter-revolution of the 15th of May, when the Swiss soldiery and brutal lazzaroni of Naples committed every conceivable atrocity, to the cry of 'Long live the king!' The Neapolitan troops, recalled by the faithless Ferdinand from aiding Charles Albert, were despatched against their fellow-subjects. An army of 14,000 men appeared before Messina, and summoned the town to surrender; it refused, and for four days held out against a fierce attack by land and sea. Other maritime towns received like treatment, the bombardments being carried out in a manner contrary to all notions of civilised warfare, till the contest on both sides became so savage, that the English and French admirals interfered, and compelled a cessation of hostilities. The king proposed a statute law on the basis of the constitution of 1812, conditionally on the insurrectionists laying down their arms and acknowledging his authority. This proposition was seconded by the approval of England and France; but the provisional government had too vivid a remembrance of recent oath-breaking to put any trust in the king of the lazzaroni, and refused to barter with the perjured monarch. The contest recommenced with greater intensity than ever, but the odds were too unequal. Filangieri bombarded Catania, captured Syracuse, and on the 22d April 1849, the city of Palermo delivered up its keys to the royal general.

Ferdinand was now absolute, and used his power without mercy. Let Mr Gladstone paint the government of King Bomba, in terms sufficiently justified by the state of his continental dominions, but trebly justified by the condition of Sicily: 'An incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law unwritten and eternal, human and divine; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue, when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its objects, so that the government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement; it is the perfect violation of every moral rule, under the stimulation of fear and vengeance. It is the perfect prostration of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately by the immediate advisers of the crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, ay, and the life of men amongst the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined of the whole community. It is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as, in a lower degree, of physical torture. The effect of all which is a total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. There is no association, but a violent antagonism, between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed, in the view of the overwhelming majority of the thinking public, with all the vices for its attributes.'

In 1856, the governments of England and France, disgusted with the cruelty of Bomba, and offended at the manner in which their remonstrances were received, broke off all diplomatic relations with Naples, much to the indignation of the czar, as expressed in Prince Gortschakoff's protest at such a proceeding, because the Neapolitan tyrant chose to 'govern his subjects according to his fancy.' In December of the same year, Ogesilao Milano made his desperate attempt 'to purge the earth of the monster,' and expiated his failure on the gallows—the king being destined to a more tedious death than that by an assassin's bayonet. Ferdinand lingered long enough to hear of the discomfiture of his pattern, Austria. It was hoped his son might take warning by what was passing around him; but, true to the Bourbon infatuated obstinacy, he has trodden in his father's footsteps, and reaped the first fruits already in the loss of Sicily—lost in a few days, after a contest characterised as of old. An appeal for aid has fallen uselessly on the ear of the governments whose good advice he scorned; and we may now hope that the trials of the Sicilians are to be rewarded, that Garibaldi has put an end at once and for ever to that power so well described as 'the negation of God erected into a system of government.'

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PAVEMENT.

I FIND my friend the Philosopher in Rags, of the London pavement, as I have found him any Saturday night during the past three years, stationed in a leading thoroughfare, and in the full glare of the well-lighted shops around him. Ever since I heard his first discourse, he has been starving! I could almost beguile myself into admiration of his heroic nature. So long a siege by so strong a foe, and yet unconquered! He looks starved. I never saw Famine sketched by art of limner portray one-fourth the misery I find in this man's face. I may say of him, that whatever fortune he ever had, or can ever hope for, lies centered in his features. They constitute a fortune in themselves; so moulded and twisted into expressions pitiable and forlorn, that no eye but a glass one could remain dull to their appeal, as it falls upon them for the first time. And therefore does he prosper in his misery!

Those features, so lachrymose and woe-speaking, might have been to him as a mine of inexhaustible wealth, had he but chosen to work it. I fancy him well fed, and sought eagerly by gentlemen whose occupation lies amongst the strange odours of elm-timber and new crape, and whose duties cast them in daily contact with such as are bereaved. I imagine him sable-robed and officially invested, standing with decorous solemnity at great doorways, beside another face equally professional, and doing homage to the living and the dead, at a fixed charge per hour. With a face and mien so grief-stricken and pitiable, his presence would, to heirs expectant and to heirs elect, have been of a value beyond price; he could have furnished woe enough and to spare for the most exacting formula of decency. He might have feasted at rich banquets of 'funereal-baked meats,' until the serving up of his own. Alas! if some be born to honours, as I believe this fellow was, how came it that they never thrust themselves upon him?

Hatless, shoeless, ragged, and dirty; with chin unshorn, and hair dusty and wild—thus I find him each night of Saturday. I should as soon expect to find the street closed, and the shopkeepers gone, as to miss my friend the Philosopher in Rags. He is part of the street, and of the Saturday—for at no other time or season have I found him. I speculate upon his migrations within myself. Can it be possible that he begs enough this one night to preserve him from the shame of digging during the coming week?

Is he a modest pauper whose wants being small, are met by this regular hebdomadal appeal? Or does he really wash the dirt from his face, shave his chin, leap out of his rags, and enjoy a clandestine gentility? I am mystified by the order of his coming and going. I might as well seat myself beneath the nearest porch-way, and ask the breeze that plays about his head and raises his truant hair into stray lengths, like reed-tufts, as to its whence and whither. Did he but clothe his appeal in a garment of new words, and grant it a change occasionally, I might indulge in a belief that he actually engaged himself in its construction; but he gives me no peg whereon I can hang such a conjecture, for his address is so brief and threadbare from constant usage, that I am satisfied he has no daily anxiety upon that score.

When the heaving tide of a marketing multitude rolls a goodly flock of people slowly past him, is his golden moment; his hands outstretch themselves mechanically, and anguish, like a veil, falls upon his features, whilst he utters, with melancholy emphasis: 'Friends, is not hunger a sharp thorn? Yea, a sharp thorn indeed! Thorns in the flesh be bad, thorns got from ragged timber or prickly bush be bad; but being withdrawn, the pain they inflicted flies suddenly away, and they that had smarted thereby say unto them, "The place that knew thee once shall know thee not again." Friends, hunger is a constant returning thorn, wounding with cruel sharpness, and tormenting the flesh daily. Gather not unto yourselves wealth, neither heap up costly garments, for thieves may steal the one, and moth destroy the other. Remember, friends, how sharp is hunger, and how keen the pangs it can inflict. Remember the charity which hideth many sins, and forget me not in my hunger and misery.'

Philosophy in rags, with the soul of wit in its appeal; genuine philosophy, striking direct at the mark, and reaching it. No dull pedantry here, wasting valuable time over a mere husk, for which a nutshell would be too big! Men rich in the integrity of their weekly wage, and women who dread hunger as the plague, think of little Tom and Ned left at home in their snug cots; and whilst they ask themselves wonderingly if it be possible, in any of the strange twistings and contortions of human events, that either Tom or Ned shall stand, shock-headed and dirty, some Saturday's eve, and declare to passing hundreds that he is pierced by the sharpness of hunger, they do to him, as they hope in their hearts many would do to Tom or Ned thus situated, and drop copper tokens of their sympathy into the thin hands so eagerly outstretched. When I myself first saw him, the touching aspect of his misery came upon me so suddenly, that I administered unsolicited silver towards its alleviation. I had not heard his appeal, or I had remained by that silver so much the richer. I know him now; and he knows how well I know him.

I find my Philosopher in Black at a street-corner, well clad and comely, not in great thoroughfares with many lamps falling about him, but in a by-place, beneath the friendly solace of a single street-lamp, and, as a medical writer would say, in one of the great vessels given off from the centre of circulation. He stands with an admiring few gathered about him, who listen respectfully to his explanations of the scholarly manner whereby he has reduced the whole 'Stenographic System' to something less than twenty characters, and each so simple, that he who runs may read. Gray-headed and genteel, I respect him; and when he tells me, as I stand amidst the admiring few, that this labour and crown of his age is offered to me and all men at one penny per copy, I could weep for the man whose learning must needs exhibit itself in so cheap a form. He looks so respectable, that had I but a sixpence in my pocket, and desired to become possessed of his *Abridged System of Stenography*, I should feel awkward. I should not dare to trouble him with such a coin, expecting change as from a vendor of common things; neither could I insult him to such a gratuitous degree as to take his System, and leave the entire sixpence. I feel that I ought to encase my penny in tissue-paper, and hand him so small a fee in the most decent manner ingenuity can suggest.

He thanks no man for his money, but drops it carelessly into the tail-pocket of his clerical-looking overcoat. Looking at him, I cannot but wonder how this man came upon the metropolitan flag-stones, selling copies of his labour as another would lemons. Has he been author, usher, schoolmaster, or curate? There is a something of the four wrapped about him; but as he stands before me, with gloved hands, clean linen, and good garments, I think him too well-dressed for a combination of such meagre elements, and banish the idea.

He rouses my curiosity when he asks: 'Why do I stand here? Am I not a man of education? I believe I am, and with a reputation without a flaw!' He pauses; and if the moon is out, he looks up at her as he makes this inquiry. I pause breathlessly, and await the solution of the enigma. It comes in this way—'Do we not all remember the Tom Sharp of our school-days, ever at the top of his class; and the Bob Slow, ever at the bottom?' No one volunteers an answer, although a sufficient pause is left on purpose for one. 'Have we not all seen the same Bob Slow outrun in the daily race of life, and get far beyond Tom Sharp, once the leader of his class?' Here he gets private, personal, and somewhat confidential. 'Perhaps he may be an unfortunate example of Tom Sharp, behind nowhere, but on the road to wealth, and at the top nowhere since he left the village school. Perhaps he may be—perhaps not—he is not there to say; but his "Stenographic System," wonderfully abridged, and clearly explained, the fruit of great toil, and the labour of his best years, may be in the hands of every man this night for the small sum of one penny!'

I find my Medical Philosopher of the Streets argumentative, abusive, and humbly pedantic; delivering orations from wheel-barrows, spring-carts, or temporary platforms; clad in strange guises, surrounded by strange accessories, making use of strange speeches, and with an impudent partiality for pitching his peripatetic tent beneath the very nostrils of the profession. If I spend the evening with my friend Ipecac, M.D., the harsh notes of his declamation are sure to fall in upon the harmony of our meeting; or if I stand beneath the doorway of Splints, M.R.C.S., I shall see him 'sawing the air,' and jerking malevolent gestures towards the silent blue lamp of that respectable practitioner.

He is a Hebrew, as I imagine, for at any hour by day, if I seek him, I can find him in Hebrew precincts. He is twin-brother of the man who requests me to sell him old clothes, and when I tell him I have none, levels low satire at me, asking me to name the lowest price for the suit in which I stand. He has an unpleasantly keen eye for revealing such shifts and contrivances as men with slender wardrobes are glad to avail themselves of. He is brother of the man who offers me pickled cucumbers, fat and swollen to bursting with the vinegar they contain, looking like drowned slugs, or unwholesome creatures that have perished dropsically. He is a brother of the whole race—black-headed, eagle-eyed, hawk-beaked, and more crafty than the fox.

Thus do I find him to-night: dressed gaudily, hat thrown on jauntily, brilliant in jewellery, and altogether a spangled pretender. He mounts a queer shabby stage, which a large oily-looking woman and a Jew-boy have been screwing together as if it were a bedstead, and talks flippantly to a number of people, who, fortunately for themselves, exhibit a keener appreciation of his speeches than his specifics; or, to use his own sardonic language, like that which costs the least.

And of what does he speak? Over what disease does this impudent charlatan claim victory? Alas! as I stand before this master-piece of Hebrew cunning, I hear him tell of the fatal maladies to which our ever-varying climate exposes us. I hear him sketch with Eastern, or at least exaggerated imagery, the destruction that is wafted to us on the wings of the keen, northerly blasts, and easterly gales, or assails us through the heavy breath of fogs. This gabbling mendicant and wretched scamp, standing upon a stage less rotten than his own pretensions, dares, within earshot of Ipecac, M.D., and within gaze of a dozen blue-lamps, to tell the mass of ignorant people who surround him what is consumption, and what is its cure.

He ranges in rows, like nine-pins, men of mark in medicine, and hurling at them heavy volleys of abuse, seeks to topple them down from their bad eminence. He shakes them like a flimsy rag in a breeze, and ridicules them as quacks and pretenders; vowing that neither Ipecac, M.D., nor Splints, M.R.C.S., has the slightest notion as to the nature or treatment of consumption. His is the knowledge, and his the cure. He is the true wise man from the east, with healing in each hand, and balm in every bottle; so step forward, and take it in large quantities; for there is a considerable reduction allowed in such a case.

As I listen to the wordy garbage of this adventurous extortioner, and imagine the possibility of any hopeless and diseased being, beguiled by his promise, and purchasing his trash, I marvel at the blindness of such enactments as have come like a whirlwind upon ancient Squills the apothecary, and torn down his door-plate, and rebuked him for styling himself that which he has no claim to, and yet passed over the head of so foul a fungus as this, reared amidst the offal of Israel, and vaunting its cheating syrups as balm from Gilead!

Another Philosophic Grub, whom I find flourishing the medical field, is somewhat more demonstrative in and given to argument; fond of exhibiting mysterious particles in glass jars and lengthened tubes, and painfully minute in all his descriptions and observations. I suppose he is too great a philosopher to garb himself as the crowd do; so he covers his head with a long sugar-loaf-shaped black velvet bag, profusely decorated with decayed teeth, wrought into strange symbols and devices. He invests himself in a highly coloured diagram, supposed to reveal the hidden secrets of the human body when displayed by the anatomist. If I am deaf to the philosopher's explanations, large marginal figures of reference direct me towards a true solution of any difficulty. I am not an anatomist, neither do I profess anatomical knowledge; neither do I desire public controversy with this learned man, but I beg to take exception to the fidelity of a few points in his diagram hereafter to be mentioned.

The hobby of this Philosopher is worms. Be they round, tape, or thread, infantine or adult, they are still his hobby; and although he has ridden them boldly this long time, as I can testify, he has anything but ridden them to death. The fund of information he casts at my feet gratuitously concerning worms is immense; and I cannot but admire the patience of a man who details symptom after symptom of these destroying visitants, at such prodigious length—longer than the longest of those specimens he exhibits hermetically coffined in the long glass tubes.

Am I lean, hungry, and sleepless? Do I awake weary, and rise equally unrefreshed from bed and board? If so, this philosopher tells me, worms, revelling on inward pastures, lie inside me, and fatten prodigally upon that wherewith my vital energies should be restored. Do my children start, like guilty things, in their innocent sleep, and grind their teeth as if in passion? If they do these things, the philosopher most seriously warns me that worms are there. He has declared it; and perhaps I am bound to accept information so decisive and yet inexpensive. If I have sinking pains in my stomach, faintings or flutterings in the heart, dimness in the eyes, giddiness in the brain, or, in fact, anything remarkable in the sensations of any organ or structure, I am to believe it to be occupied by worms, lying there plying their horrid craft, working away like cunning sappers and miners, and breaking down and burrowing beneath the strongholds of my existence. Here he seizes the long tube containing the pet hobby, and tracks out with it, on the brilliantly coloured representation of the man fresh from the hands of the anatomist, the strong citadels, of which his hobbies take possession, and about which they delight to wander.

If I am to place an implicit belief in him, greater thieves than his hobby exist nowhere, or possess such ubiquity. They lie in wait, in cunning ambush, behind my tongue, and pounce upon my food at its earliest appearance; they seize upon it in most secret chambers and recesses, and steal it from me at every turn and corner of my mysterious mechanism. I pause here and inquire. I ask the sun to fall upon my ignorance or his.

Why does he torture my imagination with that great pet hobby of his—a formidable creature of unnumbered parts, having eyes everywhere, and mouths like fish-hooks? I say, having thus tortured me, why does he shew me this ravenous monster, taking roads which I know to be inaccessible, and wandering up and down the intricacies of my organism by strange channels and imaginary passages? Why does he start with him from his favourite lurking-place, the small intestines, thence to the liver, afterwards to the lungs, presently to the heart, ultimately to the brain, and finally leave him, as he says in his own words, 'atop of the windpipe awaiting for more food?'

I could desire to put a few leading questions to this philosopher, but I fear that his courtesy would not be equal to my curiosity; and that he might feel disposed to treat me in a manner anything but satisfactory to an inquiring mind. However, if these symptoms be mine, I have found light in my heaviness, and joy in my sorrow. My peripatetic friend offers it in boxes, at threepence; but as his mission is to alleviate anguish, and place a cure within reach of the poorest and most afflicted, he meets them liberally in their large requirements, and gives five for the shilling! If I go on as I am, the hobby will gain the day, and aid me in 'shuffling off this mortal coil' much earlier than I could desire; but if I place my hand to my purse, and present a shilling to this wandering philanthropist, he will relieve my days of their bitterness, and my body of its enemies.

The peripatetic Philosopher, Medical and Pedantic, is an unpleasantly rough-looking fellow; very red about the nose, as though he preferred other than the most simple of nature's beverages, and evidently priding himself upon what he undoubtedly considers an Abernethian deportment. In this, however, he is not singular; he is but one of a shoal of small minnows, who, floating in medical waters, copy the pike or jack in their peculiarities, and believe themselves jack and pike henceforth and for ever.

This philosopher's hobby is a herbal system of medicine. The temple of his wisdom is the street, and its dome the sky. He stands before a rude table overspread with roots and herbs, professionally variegated here and there with jars and gallipots. When he ceases his orations, which are neither learned nor lengthy, or when the passing crowds cease to observe himself or his wares, he retires into the mysterious pages of a very solid-looking volume, which forms part of his rather slender stock in trade. If I find him east, west, north, or south of St Paul's, I find him with this huge quarto either under his nose,

under his arm, or lying amongst the roots and herbs. He would as soon leave home without his roots and herbs as without this precious volume; each as much as the other is a part of his system.

He goes off at the profession about five times during the hour, like a sudden pistol-shot, and plunging at it with angry impetuosity, declares in the face of all men that the general and accepted science of medicine is nothing but a delusion and a snare; and contends boldly that those who practise it are either arrant knaves or shallow impostors. He tells me unhesitatingly that the system of materia medica under which we are physicked, is nothing less than a vile and dangerous assortment of noxious things. Herbs, roots, barks, and seeds, gathered from sly corners of every part of the globe; minerals delved from the deep bowels of the earth, deadly compositions of chemical ingenuity, and matters stolen from unpleasant creatures, are guised under strange symbols and mystifying names, and so administered to us.

'Look here,' says he: 'does the bold lion or the cunning fox, the wise elephant or the intelligent dog, take iron, mercury, silver, arsenic, or copper, when his limbs are wounded, or his body sick? If none of these take such remedies for their diseases, tell me, why does man?'

My good friend, I will thank you to point your illuminated nose at some one better grounded in the subject than myself. I am not a naturalist, and have a great objection to be fired at in such a personal manner as you have just fired at me. I never saw the bold lion wounded, or the wise elephant sick, so, pray, turn your Bardolph visage to another member of the crowd, if you expect to get a rational answer.

In the dark days of olden times, men passed long years in searching diligently for the true stone of the philosopher. Over glowing crucibles, aided by subtle alchemy, they watched for that elixir, whereby they should be enabled to transmute base metals into those of a nobler sort—to make gold from absolute dross. But these sages of the street, whom I have dragged from their corners and hiding-places, are possessors of a more practical philosophy. They have fallen upon the secret of the true philosopher's stone; they practise upon materials more profitable and pliant; they distil real elixirs and precious substances. They may be cheats, and cunning knaves, but they nevertheless practise a true and philosophic alchemy, transforming materials the most base and worthless into bright and veritable gold!

BRAIN-SICKNESS.

THERE is so much obscurity about mental diseases, and so many erroneous notions are prevalent on the subject, that we may well hail the advent of a laborious work upon them* from a practitioner of the standing of Dr Forbes Winslow. After all, the present volume treats mainly of the incipient symptoms of mental disease, and will only be complete when followed, as the author intends, by two other works on organic affections of the brain, and on disorders of the intelligence 'cerebro-psychical in their nature.'

There is meanwhile furnished to us in this instalment a vast mass of valuable facts calculated to put us upon our guard regarding the approaches of cerebral disease. All modern observation on the subject converges in one aphorism as to the comparative curableness of such disease in its earlier stages; from whence, of course, arises the practical rule as to the expediency of putting it, as soon as possible, after being declared, under proper treatment. On this ground, it becomes obvious that a goodly tome on little besides symptoms may be by no means thrown away. As it happens, moreover, the volume before us contains so many curious anecdotes and other particulars regarding persons cerebrally afflicted, that, even from the general student of human nature, it is entitled to a cordial welcome.

Few, we believe, are aware how often disease has begun in the brain long before any marked effect becomes observable in the intelligence or affections of the sufferer. 'The wit continues to dazzle, and the repartee has lost none of its brilliancy. The fancy retains its playfulness, the memory its power, the conversation its perfect coherence and rationality. The afflicted person mixes as usual in society, sits at the head of his own table, entertains his guests, goes to the stock exchange, the counting-house, or bank, and engages actively in his professional duties, without exhibiting evidence, very conclusive to others, of his actual morbid mental condition. The change may have progressed insidiously and stealthily, having slowly and almost imperceptibly induced *important molecular modifications in the delicate vesicular neurine of the brain*, ultimately resulting in some aberration of the ideas, alteration of the affections, or perversion of the propensities and instincts. . . . . The party may be an unrecognised monomaniac. . . . . His conduct may be brutal to those who have the strongest claims upon his love, kindness, and forbearance, and yet his mental malady may be undetected.'

Of this stealthy approach of the foe, Dr Winslow gives many curious illustrations. He tells us of a lady of good family and opulent circumstances who was discovered to have abstracted many articles of jewellery from shops where she dealt, and to have done this without any conceivable motive, as she made no use of the articles. Within a twelvemonth after, decided insanity declared itself. A similar case was that of a gentleman holding a high and confidential position in a bank—the relative of one of the partners—of simple habits and ample salary—remarkable for conscientious payments to his trades-people—who was discovered to have purloined various small sums from the bank, which he had carefully concealed in the lining of some old clothes at home. In two years, this unfortunate gentleman proved to be insane. There is another case so curious that we shall give it in Dr Winslow's own words.

'A lady, moving in good society, happily married, accomplished, well educated, of sweet temper, and with a mind under the benign influence of religious principles, manifested, at the age of forty-five, a sudden and an extraordinary change of character and habits. She became irritable from trifling causes; was continually quarrelling with her husband and servants; discharged her tradesmen, accusing them of acts of dishonesty; and offended many of her most intimate friends and relations by her cold, and often repulsive manner. This state of mind continued for two years, during which period she played the capricious tyrant within the sphere of the domestic circle. Her husband became nearly broken-hearted; his friends and relations could not enter his house without being insulted; he neglected his business, and his health became seriously impaired from constant anxiety. A new phase of the malady, however, exhibited itself. She one day accused her husband of gross infidelity. Proofs were demanded. She immediately produced several anonymous letters which she had received, containing a minute, circumstantial, and apparently truthful account of her husband's misconduct. These letters appeared to substantiate, as conclusively as such documentary evidence could do, her accusation. No person doubted the genuineness of these letters. Her friends, however, refused to recognise, even at this time, her actual morbid state of mind.

* *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind, &c.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D. Churchill, London. 1860. Pp. 722.

She subsequently had an epileptic seizure, followed by partial paralysis. I then saw the case. Her cerebral condition being at this time apparent, she was removed from home. It was now discovered, beyond a doubt, that this lady had written the anonymous letters to herself, accusing her husband of infidelity, had addressed and posted them, and had eventually become impressed with the conviction that the letters were actually written by a stranger, and contained a true statement of facts. They had, as it afterwards appeared, been concealed about her person for nearly six months!'

In a large class of cases, the domestic affections are depraved. The genial husband and father becomes harsh and tyrannical—the frank and unsuspecting becomes jealous and suspicious—the pure-minded and delicate betray passions and use language of a gross kind. There is a curious story here of a young lady who, under a temporary cloud of the intellect, conceived a frantic attachment to a married clergyman whom she had once heard in the pulpit, and began to persecute him with love-letters. Another frequent symptom is an exuberance of spirits, an excessive buoyancy and exaltation of the mind, in which the party seems disposed to act in a manner considerably different from what is customary with him. A man in this state was, long ago in Scotland, called *fey*, as moved by a fatal impulse; and perhaps it was some special exemplification of this condition, which caused the ancient poet to say, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat amore*. Dr Winslow informs us that, in its ultimate character, this condition is found attended with decided disease of the brain. On the other hand, extreme depression of spirits, producing *tedium vitæ* and a disposition to suicide, is also amongst the most frequent symptoms of the coming evil.

Among the intellectual symptoms, one of a very curious character expresses itself in strange freaks of memory: for example, one gentleman transposed the letters of words; *gum* becoming *mug*; *flute*, *tufle*, and so forth. Another could only remember first syllables. One forgot dates; another, names. A French soldier, receiving a bullet into his *os frontis* at Waterloo, lost thereby his memory for proper names and certain other substantives. The present writer may state a reason he has for believing that very little cerebral change can be required for such results; namely, that, when away from home, especially if travelling rapidly, his memory for names is considerably impaired. But there are patients who forget their own designations. 'Mr Von B——, formerly envoy to Madrid, and afterwards to St Petersburg, a man of a serious turn of mind, yet by no means hypochondriacal, went out one morning to pay a number of visits. Among other houses at which he called, there was one where the servants did not know him, and where he consequently was under the necessity of giving in his name; but this he had at that moment entirely forgotten. Turning round immediately to a gentleman who had accompanied him, he said with much earnestness: "For God's sake, tell me who I am!" The question excited laughter; but as Mr Von B—— insisted on being answered, adding that he had entirely forgotten his own name, he was told it, upon which he finished his visit.'

One very remarkable symptom of failure of or injury to the powers of the mind, is when an individual reverts to the use of some language familiar in early life, but long disused and, to appearance, forgotten. Dr Abercrombie has made us acquainted with many such cases, including that of a servant-girl who raved in scraps of Hebrew, which she was ascertained to have long before been accustomed to hear from a former master, a clergyman, as he read aloud in his study. Dr Carpenter says that, in such cases, there can be no doubt that 'some alterations either in the circulation of the blood or in the quality of the fluid, is the cause of changes which, operating in the substance of the sensorium, reproduce the former sensations, just as a disturbance of the circulation in the retina occasions the sensation of flashes of light or other visual phenomena.' On the other hand, some sort of damage to the organ is occasionally attended with a good effect. A knock in the head improved the memory of Pope Clement VI. A lady, deranged after an accouchement, leaping into the street, and falling on her head, was restored to sanity. Of idiots brightened by a concussion of the caput, the instances are many. One reported on good authority by Dr Pritchard described one of a family of three idiotic children receiving a severe injury on the head; after which his faculties began to brighten, and he ultimately became a man of good talents, and entered at the bar, while his brothers remained idiots.

It is unnecessary to recommend Dr Winslow's book to the profession, as they will be informed of its character through organs of greater authority than ours; but we would point it out to general students as one that will give them a vast quantity of interesting information on a profoundly interesting subject.

THE FALSE FUNERAL.

I NEVER liked my uncle's business, though he took me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead; he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me, and I 'll tell you the reason.

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighbourhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had heard of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr Elsworthy. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworthys were of good family, and very proud of it, though they had lost every acre of an old estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's dice and cock-fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend, who did something wrong in a government office, that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no house in all York where candles went further, and tea-leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters, and a cousin who lived with them. The mother was a stately old lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing, young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favourite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Honourable Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls beside her, without a penny for one of them; but Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was that she had not got married long ago, being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip-top pieces at all the parties. Half-a-dozen matches had been talked of for her, but somehow

they broke down one after another. Her father was rather impatient to see her off; so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr Elsworthy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated—isn't that the word?—at an assize ball, paid marked attentions at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a picnic, after Lord Harrowgate, the largest shareholder in the North-Eastern Bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It 's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a lord's niece with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection, does not come in every young man's way; so the wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of January; and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.

It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr Elsworthy fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr Elsworthy died. The whole neighbourhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathised with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. I think my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted family—how the mother went into fits, and the sisters tore their hair—how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days—and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh, or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I had never seen him do to any other; and when the workmen were gone home, he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.

The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church at Beverley, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of the family in two mourning-coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworthy to his last resting-place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants, in the workshop after-hours, and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral to take place next day, when, coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I sat up with him that night. In a couple of hours, he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and 'Tom,' said he, 'haven't I been always kind to you?'

'No doubt of it, uncle,' said I.

'Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr Elsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at three, and they're very high people.'

'Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself.'

'I know you would, Tom—I know you would. I could trust you with the hearsing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom; that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me'—and his voice sunk to a whisper—'that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any living, and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's no foul-play,' said he, for I began to look frightened; 'but maybe this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it; and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half, if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that.'

'Uncle,' said I, 'I'll promise, and keep it too; but you must tell me what it is.'

'Well, Tom'—and he drew a long breath—'it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air-holes: he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman, and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand, Mr Elsworthy didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back-parlour; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverley Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, and not screwed down, you see; and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr Elsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son the carrier. There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name.'

'Could he get off the marriage no easier?' said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.

'There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me. Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse.'

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking-line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my sense and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrowgate family; for the dowager-countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman, and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful; I suppose, on

account of the servants. Mr Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked closely into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes. Well, we set out, mourning-coaches, hearse, and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they shewed; but when we got out on the Beverley road, the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace: a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half-filled with Mr Elsworthy's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the clergyman started off to their homes; the mourning-coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without that news—and I slipped him the key at the church-door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton ale; and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the jollification; but it wasn't right over, and I just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door-bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want, and how had he come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthys' family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning-coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. 'Thomas,' said he, 'this has turned out a bad business; and I cannot account for it; but Mr Elsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it, the better for all parties. I am going to Dr Adams, to take him down with me to Beverley. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy, to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we could trust; but I know it's of no use.'

The doctor's apprehension was well founded—Mr Elsworthy could not be recovered; and after trying everything to no purpose, they laid him down again in the coffin with air-holes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumour went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North-Eastern Bank. On investigation, they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

A COQUETTE.

I said, friend, and I told thee all,
My heart is but a house of call
For every pretty face;
But then I quite forgot to say,
One lady-guest refused to pay
Her bill, or leave the place.

For she can nothing better choose
Than still be asked, and still refuse,
She's such a sad coquette;
And then, alas! I nothing know
So sweet, as swearing I must go,
And lingering by her yet.

Her mind and body match her life:
She's grave enough for Tymon's wife,
Yet gay enough for me.
She's neither in her youth nor prime,
She's old enough for 'Father Time,'
Yet young enough for thee.

Two bright eyes peep above her fan,
Like urchins that have tricked a man,
And watch him o'er a wall;
One hand, she says, has ta'en to swell,
But which one 'tis, I cannot tell,
They're both so very small.

Her cheek has all the rose's wealth,
But 't cannot be the flush of health,
She's out so late o' night;
Her very sins make such array,
One blush ha'n't time to get away
Before the next's in sight.

There are two lines upon her brow,
That were not graven by the plough
Of either time or care,
But little fairy cart-ruts be
Of Queen Mab's chariot, where she
Is ever driving there.

Her teeth are alabaster white;
Yet somehow, they're not quite aright,
But seem to lean and stare;
Though then 'tis done with such a grace,
You 'd think she 'd laughed them out of place,
They've such a jaunty air.

Her bosom 's neither flushed nor white,
But has an ever-varying light,
As though it were in doubt;
But when it heaves, it heaves as though
A thousand little loves below
Were trying to get out!

But, ah me! she's a heart of stone,
That Cupid uses for a hone,
I verily believe,
And on it sharpens those eye-darts
With which he wounds the simple hearts
He's bribed her to deceive.

Admired of all, approving none,
But sought by those that wise men shun,
Such is this lady fine,
That, faith! if I the truth must tell,
Dear friend, although I wish thee well,
I 'd rather yours than mine.

X.

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A BATTUE.

A PARCEL of letters just before Christmas has less charms than usual. Thin commercial envelopes often shew the ruled lines of bills before they are opened. So when, one morning, about that period, I took up some half-dozen productions of the penny-postage at breakfast, I kept for the last, as a digester, the most unprofessional-looking of the batch.

'Mary,' said I to my wife, 'here is an invitation from Greenfield. He wants us to go down next Monday, and promises among other things a battue. Alfred has come back from India, and is keeping his hand in at pheasants. They are to have a grand day in some neighbour's woods next Tuesday.'

'Shooting,' says Mary, 'will be a change for you; and I think it will do you good.'

'Change enough, after London work,' I replied; 'and as I think we can manage to run down for a clear day at least, I vote we go. I haven't had a gun in my hand these five years; besides, I've a great notion to see some of this "extraordinary sport" that country squires have invented. We will go on Monday; I'll hire a gun.'

And so I did, as I walked down Oxford Street that morning into the city. Do not suppose, though, that I merely ordered one to be sent to my house, as I would a barrel of oysters; I chose it with nicety, and not without thought of Colonel Hawker.

We left town on Boxing-day for our short visit to my country friend. He lived in the east of England. Matters did not look promising as we drove to the Shoreditch station. The frost had gone, and with it the spirit of Christmas. Everything was in full thaw, down to the cushions of the cab. The few holiday-makers already on the stir walked like men going to work. The shop-boys were the most resolute. They had mentally rehearsed the fun for weeks behind the counter, and now, in cheerful suits of shiny black cloth, with greased hair, and soft Cubas, were setting off, determined to make the most of the day. So was Cabby; he drove so fast, that we reached the terminus twenty minutes before our train started. Having deposited our wraps in two choice corners, we compared our watches deliberately with the railway clock, persuaded a porter not to put the 'fish' between two heavy portmanteaus, and bought the *Times*. When we had steamed through the rough sea of dirty tiles which flows over the heads of the inhabitants of Spitalfields, we were reminded of the great difference in temperature between London and the country. Whether our experience is supported by the thermometer or not, I do not know. Flesh and blood have their own test of cold, quite irrespective of box-wood and quicksilver. No independent man will suffer his opinions about the weather to be influenced by so capricious a witness as mercury. I know that as soon as London is left, the cold increases at once. As we drove to the station, we kept one window of the cab open; we were soon glad to close both in the railway-carriage. Don't suppose we were alone; there was, besides wife and self, a fat man, fresh from a successful breakfast, ruddy, and wrapped in shawls just warmed at the fire; but in spite of him, it grew suddenly quite cold. It was nothing less than going out of doors on a large scale.

We resisted the temptation to refresh ourselves at Colchester, understanding that the great idiot asylum close to the station is tenanted by passengers who have been foolish enough to believe that 'Stop here for Refreshment' applies to anybody beside the engine. For a wonder, the tide was up at Manningtree and Ipswich; this time, however, there is reason to suppose, it was independent of lunar attraction, for the waters were 'out' on both sides of the railway. On through damp gusty stations, by sloppy-looking patches of snow—wonderfully white in the eyes of a Londoner—to Haughley junction, which, being the only uncovered station on the line, has been chosen as the principal place for shifting passengers from one carriage to another.

At last we reached our destination. 'All right,' said the guard; at least, he didn't say all right, but whistled it, and threw up his arms as if he had been shot. The driving-wheel spun round impatiently: one by one the carriages caught the impulse of the engine; the guard talking to the porter, crescendo, about some return-sacks, as he stood on the van-steps, holding on by the handle of its open door, and apparently keeping the pith of his communication to the last, like a postscript. One or two passengers who had let down the windows of their carriage, now pulled them up, looking indifferently out as the train moved slowly past us.

'Tickets, please,' said the station-master, and then turned on his heel.

'Ah, my dear fellow! how are you? how are you both? This your luggage? (loud aside), here, porter! And how are you? Not too late to wish you a happy Christmas now? Come along; carriage waiting—all well at home—dine at six.'

What a difference it makes when two brothers in the great family of man happen to know one another! My friend's house is about four miles from the station. It is set in a hollow, just off the road, close to a rookery. The approach to it winds through shrubberies of evergreen, cunningly planted so as to take the edge off the wind, which, in this corner of our

island—from whatever quarter it blows—is always east. The front-door is snugly set in a porch with closed sides, which affords real shelter to the visitor during the cold interval between the ringing and answering of the bell. Over the door was a martin's nest, still in good preservation, with a board nailed up beneath it—not a bad omen of the hospitality of the master of the house.

Our party was cheerful enough. Counting the baby, which, like a non-elector, had a voice, but no recognised vote in the community, we were fifteen. Our host and hostess, grandmamma, Uncle Richard, Alfred the soldier son—hairy as a Scotch terrier—a cousin in crinoline, the elder children of the family, with a school-boy home for the holidays, and full of the prodigious performances of an Enfield rifle, with which he had been 'practising,' not being aware that they included the premature decease of a cow three-quarters of a mile off, in a neighbouring parish.

We were very merry that evening, and played in old-fashioned Christmas ways, without feeling curiosity about any of the new games advertised in the *Times*. Uncle Richard excelled especially in making candle-ends out of apples, which, with a strip of almond for a wick, he swallowed blazing, to the delight of the young folks, and his own concealed disgust. The effect of the snapdragon was also heightened by the temporary asphyxia of our host, who was nearly choked by popping into his throat a chestnut, which Master Herbert, the school-boy, had introduced among the ingredients of the dragon. At last our games over, the children sent away, and the drawing-room deserted by the ladies, our host, Uncle Richard, Alfred, and I, adjourned to the study for a pipe, and glass of whisky and water, before going to bed.

'Well, Alfred,' said Uncle Richard, when he had established an easy draught in the stem of his meerschaum, unbuttoned the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and put his feet upon a chair—'where is this battue you have been talking about to come off to-morrow?'

'I believe we are to begin with the Spinny, then take the long copses, and end with the Home Wood; that is, if the weather clears up; for leave alone the soaking we should get if we went cover-shooting in the rain, a strong wind might blow some of the pheasants out of our beat. But,' added he, 'I saw Lowrie this afternoon, and he says it will be fine enough to-morrow; and I would back him against all the barometers in the world.'

'Who is Lowrie?' I asked.

'Hudson's keeper,' replied our host. 'Don't you remember him, when you were here this time last year, and broke that great hole in the ice? He slid further than any man or boy on the pond.'

'A slippery fellow,' remarked Uncle Richard.

'Yes, to be sure,' I said; 'and when I was pulled out, he gave me some brandy from the biggest pocket-pistol I ever saw in my life. It could not have held less than a quart.'

'It often does though, I'm afraid,' said our host, 'after poor Lowrie has had the charge of it for any time.'

'But about this battue,' continued I; 'can you take me with you, Alfred? I've brought a gun.'

'By all means. Hudson is a capital fellow, and will be delighted to see you; besides, he wants to have the rabbits killed down; so, if your conscience troubles you about shooting without a licence, you can have plenty of sport with them.'

'Conscience!' said Uncle Richard, rather snappishly; 'I'm afraid the game-laws don't help to preserve that among you country squires and sportsmen.'

'Perhaps you would like to come with us?' said Alfred. 'I'll lend you my rifle, and then you can shoot the chairman of quarter-sessions, promiscuous-like, as they say in East Anglia. I know he will be there. But really,' pursued he, 'don't you think a pheasant is as much a man's property as his poultry or his pig?'

'Think!' said Uncle Richard. 'I'm *sure* it is not. Suppose two pork-butchers next door to one another. A's pigs stroll into B's yard; B may not straightway appropriate them. But if A's pheasants stray into B's cover, B, being a licenced pheasant-butcher as well as A, may bag them all if he can, and A has no redress. Game is the legal property of any man with a licence, provided he can catch it on his own field. Piggy is not.'

Alfred wisely dropped the subject for the present; and I said: 'You undertake, then, to answer for my admission to your party to-morrow?'

'Certainly,' replied he; 'only, mind, you don't mistake a fox for a hare; you had better by half shoot a beater. They don't hunt *them*.'

'Not here,' said Uncle Richard; 'but when Alfred stepped into the troop-ship which landed him last month at Southampton, he had been hunting nothing else for six months. And now,' continued he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, 'it is twelve o'clock, and if you young fellows want to hold straight to-morrow, though it be only at tame pheasants, you had better not smoke all night.'

So we dissolved the assembly, and went to bed, being kept awake some time by silence, for I missed the Londoner's lullaby—the incessant metallic monotone of wheel and granite. I tried to think myself to sleep, by reflecting on the treacherous security in which our neighbour's pheasants now slept on the guarded branches of the game-cover. Night after night, armed men had kept watch over their slumbers; no sentinel ever caught with quicker ear the footfall of the enemy's picket, than those who now listened for the poacher's step, and all in order that the objects of such vigilance might be shot—a curious illustration of the conservative and destructive tendencies of the mind. Now-a-days, the contest of the home sportsman is not with the quick senses and natural instinct of the animal; there is little of that: the science lies in outwitting the poacher, and excelling the neighbouring squire. The object is to kill instead of the one, and more than the other. The animal itself has no chance—is no more considered than the ball and the stumps at cricket. Sport like this is surely of a degenerate kind. In partridge-shooting, the training of the dog is not an unworthy triumph; at anyrate, it teaches patience; but these unlucky pheasants are kept to be slaughtered without calling out a single faculty which might not be developed by shooting at a succession of turnips, with their tops on, thrown over your head. But I will spare you, reader, these philosophical reflections, lest they have the same effect on you that they produced on me; for, in the middle, I fell asleep, and dreamed that Uncle Richard was hanged in the midst of a crowd of pheasants, turkeys, and Cochin China, at Hungerford Market, for poisoning the chairman of the quarter-sessions with snapdragon, on Boxing-day.

The next morning was perfect. A stray summer-day had slipped out of its place, and got, by mistake, into the winter procession. The few patches of snow that still remained slunk silently off, while every twig and twisted coil of bark in the neighbouring rookery shewed stiff and sharp cut as in a stereoscopic picture. But you should have seen the rooks—how thoroughly they enjoyed it; there was not a battered veteran among them but tumbled about in the sunshine, and assisted with glad heart in the general palaver.

Leaving the rooks at high jinks, Alfred and I set off at half-past nine to the Spinny. There we found the squire, a good specimen of the middle-aged country-gentleman, with velveteen shooting-coat, short irascible hair, well-brushed beaver-hat, stumpy manners, and a hearty shake of the hand. With him were eight or ten other sportsmen, each attended by a man

Friday, bearing a second double-gun and spare ammunition. Hard by, there waited a mob of some fifty or sixty tatterdemalions, armed with staves. These were the beaters, who were to be employed in starting and driving the game. Every idler in and near the place rejoiced in his office, and no doubt it had many charms. First, there was the fun, pure and simple; next, the additional sensation of freedom and outlawry in yelling and laying about with a big stick in the sacred precincts of the game-cover; then the triumph of being rewarded for what on another day would have been a serious misdemeanour; then the chance of a rabbit at least for a pie; then the shelter of the squire's necessities against the perils of playing truant from home, school, or work; lastly, the opportunity of unlimited 'chaff' and possible beer. Who could resist the accumulated attractions? So the scapegraces, and men out of work, and poachers off duty, put on their raggedest breeches, and proffered their services to the squire *en masse*.

Uncle Richard, who, with Herbert, accompanied us to look on and criticise, called them Constable's Miscellany.

Lowrie the keeper, commanding in chief, having explained the plan of operations, stationed the sportsmen about sixty yards from each other round one end of the wood, and led the miscellany to the other. Then spreading out in line, they entered the slop, as the thick brushwood is called, and began whistling, knocking their sticks against the trees, and hallooing, as they moved slowly towards the expectant shooters. These stood still and silent as statues. I was placed at a corner; a clay-ditch half full of water and rotting leaves divided me from the wood, into which—the high grass having now decayed and fallen—I could see about fifteen yards. The bank was honey-combed with rabbit-holes, stopped for the occasion with sods of turf, lest the rabbits, which might be driven out of the wood, should pop in before they could be shot.

Everything was quite still, for the beaters were yet a long way off. A robin sat on a spray close by, and looked sideways at me with his round bright eye, wondering, no doubt, why I stood there so mute and motionless; presently he spied a worm, pounced on it, then, with a sudden gobbling effort, swallowed it whole, waited for a moment, as if to feel whether it had gone to the right place, and flipped off.

Soon the shouts of the beaters were distinctly heard, breaking out in chorus now and then at different points along their line, as some hare or rabbit tried to turn back. As yet, however, nothing had presented itself to be shot. 'Ha! what is this?' thought I, as a dark-looking object came running through the slop towards me as fast as a dog. Before I knew whether to shoot at it or not, it suddenly sprung up with an effect as if an umbrella had been opened smack in my face, and a rocket fired between my legs at the same time.

Yes, reader, if you are a sportsman, and can recollect your sensations the first time a cock-pheasant rose at your feet, you will not be surprised to hear that I fired both barrels at it before it was ten yards off, cut a thickish sapling in twain thereby, and saw the brute fly off in gorgeous triumph. While I was recovering from this surprise, and loading my gun, a hare sat down on the top of the bank, cocked one ear, waited till I broke my ramrod, and then cantered off with a great display of tail and hinder-quarters. Having been advised to take a spare loading-rod of Alfred's with me, I now drew it out of the button-hole in which I had stuck it swordwise, finished the ramming home of my charge, and was ready again. Next came two rabbits head and ears into the ditch before I had time to put my gun to my shoulder. Nettled at this, I soon revenged myself on a hare which was stealing silently through the wood. It was not long, however, before I found that these few chances were but the opening of the sport, otherwise I had begun to think that, after all, preserve-shooting was not so great a scene of sheer slaughter as I fancied it would be. The dropping shot from the line of sportsmen, who had now all closed in round the corner of the wood, grew into a smart fusilade; each man fired as fast as his attendant could hand him a recharged gun. The line of beaters moved towards us, hares and rabbits squatting down in desperation, or running wildly out, sometimes even against one another. Mixed with them were a parcel of terrified squirrels; while the pheasants, shut in between two rows of enemies, rose in scores with a fluster like the final bouquet of fireworks at Cremorne Gardens. It seemed as if, once accustomed to the noise, no one could help knocking something down, even if he had only flung his powder-flask among them.

Presently, the beaters emerged, pushing the brushwood aside with their hands as they forced their way out of the slop. The slain having been gathered up, we passed on to the long copses, where the same tactics were pursued—another mob of animals hemmed up in a corner, and shot down in heaps; some tumbling over, or falling with a thud, riddled at close quarters, dead as mutton; others maimed, and wriggling off somehow, to be picked up quite thin, perhaps a week or so afterwards, unless they chanced to get their *coup de grâce* from Lowrie in his rounds the day after the sport.

'Well,' said Alfred to me, as we sat down to lunch at the keeper's lodge, 'how do you like battue-shooting, on first acquaintance?'

'It is much what I expected,' I replied; 'and can quite understand the answer of the Duke of Wellington when the same question was once put to him: "Like it! I never was in such danger in my life."'

'You have reason to be gratified, though,' said Alfred, 'for you didn't happen to shoot a beater, and providentially missed a fox.'

An anxious look came into Mr Hudson's face at the utterance of this libel; and two or three of his younger hunting-friends glanced at him, as if for leave to spike my gun on the spot. 'However,' he said, good-humouredly, 'at anyrate, you have shewn more discrimination than a foreign friend of mine, who came here one September to shoot. He went out early the next morning on his own account, and produced, at breakfast, among other things, two or three robins, a rook, and a water-rat. Next day, he killed a little pig in some standing barley.'

'Ah! I remember,' joined in another of our party; 'he shot in straps, and a horn; somebody, too, found a roll of lint in his pocket.'

'Yes; I believe he expected an ambulance to accompany the expedition,' said Alfred, lighting a cigar, and handing his case to Lowrie, who took one out cautiously, as if he were drawing lots for a heavy prize, and then put it into his pocket, along with his knife.

Luncheon ended, the remainder of the daylight was devoted to the Home Wood. Here we had at first some glade-shooting, the most dangerous of all, when the glades are straight. A lane is cut through the wood, about as wide as the foot-pavement of Piccadilly, and the 'guns' are stationed along it, necessarily in line, so that whoever shoots at an animal in the open space, shoots towards his neighbour at the same time. Of course, nobody ought to fire down the glade while Smith is standing there, fifty yards off, in profile, and expectation; nor ought he to wheel suddenly about, and shoot straight at you. But so truly did my 'next man' hold his piece towards me once or twice, that the flash from the muzzle of his gun hid his face for the moment. The animal aimed at was, however, low down upon the ground, so that the shots struck short of myself, or only pattered among the dry leaves at my feet.

This being the home-cover, the pheasants appeared more tame and numerous than ever. Many of them

had been brought up by Lowrie in coops round his cottage, and would gather together at his whistle. The 'bag' made here was immense, and a cart carried off most of it to the station for the London market, after enough had been reserved for presents and the larder.

I asked Alfred afterwards how many days' shooting the covers we had beaten would provide in the course of the season.

'Not above three or four,' said he, 'if that. The poachers have most sport; they never miss a favourable night; but Hudson himself has hardly ever a chance in his own woods. Of course, when he invites a party to shoot, he thinks more about their entertainment than his own, and it is seldom any great game-preserver goes out wood-shooting by himself. Such as you and I have the fun; Hudson pays for it.'

'Dearly, too, I daresay,' I replied.

'Dearly!' said Alfred. 'Every pheasant shot to-day costs him gold, and Heaven knows how much derangement of the liver. You have no idea of the pains endured about game. What with the day-nurses and the night-nurses, it takes as much trouble to rear as a family of sick children, who all die of infanticide. You feed and watch it; then your neighbours, with or without invitation, cock both barrels, and knock it over.'

'Is there much poaching about here?' I said.

'Ask Lowrie: I don't suppose he has had ten whole nights in bed during the season.'

'Well,' I exclaimed, 'I rather wonder at the excess to which the business is carried. I suppose it acts as a sort of wholesome work to master and man.'

'Not a bit,' said Alfred; 'Hudson is hated by heaps of the poor people, and Lowrie will probably be shot.'

This is too true a summary of the state in which many of our quiet villages are now. We walked for some time in silence, Alfred smoking a brier-root pipe, and I thinking how many bad passions pleasure contrives to plant in the country, and how vigorously they thrive.

We passed by a homestead where the cattle, knee-deep in warm straw, stood munching fodder from open yard-racks. Clean sliced haystacks caught the now level sun, and a flight of rustling pigeons circled about the barn, waiting for supper.

'Look at that fellow,' said Alfred, pointing to a man walking across the yard with a pail in each hand, and followed by a tail of inquisitive, querulous pigs. 'That fellow has worked on this farm, man and boy, sixty years; and last week, his lad Jack, as he calls him—a married man with five children—was sent to prison for snaring a hare which ate the vegetables in his cottage-garden.'

'Ay,' I replied, 'it is one case of hundreds. It is a pleasant possibility in a rustic's life. When a boy, he "keeps birds" in a field, wet and dry, crouched under such shelter as he can find, or, if ingenious, make—a hut, may be, of weeds and sticks weighted with stones and sods—worse than a dog-kennel. Then he is advanced to be a sower and a reaper. The wealth of the land passes through his hands; he sees the fruit of his labours carried off. In an evil hour and a dark night, he catches the thief who eats his poor garden-stuff. Pussy squeaks. John the watcher, soured by opposition and rheumatics, informs against him, though of his own kin (for they are all cousins here), and he gets committed for a fortnight. Meanwhile, he being then in durance, with his hair cut short, and his soul shamed, I myself, without a licence, without a twinge, incur legal guilt enough, if distributed, to fill a jail. He, with a dumb stupid consciousness of having worked like a man for his daily bread, tries to think what it all means, generalises rapidly, repudiates the justice of his sentence, and hates the squire and the parson. When he comes out, and goes back to his bullocks again—he calls them *his*, so true is the interest he takes in them, though he never touches beef, except alive—when he returns to his bullocks, he brings back a somewhat dangerous fire in his heart, banked up for the present, but a deep, silent, coal-mine fire, of a spreading sort, too, eating its way into the dark peasant-soul of his.'

'Whew!' cried Alfred. 'In the name of the Prophet, fi-i-i-i-i-i-g-gs!' and he shouted so loud in his irreverence, that the old man stopped in the middle of pouring out a pail of swill into the hog-trough, and looked round. 'Hollo!' continued Alfred; 'and pray, what must we do? Shall we sell our guns, buy therewith the best library edition of Carlyle, become seers of our own intellectual indigestion, and sit at home doing nothing but simmer about "reality" and the French Revolution!'

'Peace, blasphemer!' I cried. 'No, I would not have you sit at home doing nothing. As for Carlyle, whatever he has said true, will remain so; and what not, will pass away.'

'Well, then,' replied he, 'should we botanise only? or go pupa-digging with neat trowel and pill-boxes? or should we take constitutionals in great-coats and sticks, with American overshoes? Please, let me off *them*. I always feel when I put them on as if I were treading on frogs.'

'No,' said I, 'I would not have you give up manly sports, not even game-shooting. A good day's walk after partridge or grouse can do no one harm. It isn't that which riles the poor man. You exchange many a pleasant greeting with him in the field; give him largess; pass on sincerely capped. Moreover, however plentiful birds may be, there is an open-air, fair-play sort of look about partridge-shooting; and then, as the season gets on, you really have to look sharp to fill a bag. It is this cover-shooting, as now practised, this helpless game-driving, this hot-house cultivation of sport, which does nine-tenths of the harm attributed to the game-laws. When you take forty or fifty brace of lives without doing more than shift from one corner to another, as the keeper directs you, and fire guns as fast as your man can load them, there is no concealment, no strength, no strategy, no exercise of instinct required, nothing but the mechanical direction of the pipe or barrel of a "fire"-engine. It isn't sport at all. Take anything else—hunting, fly-fishing, trolling, or what you will—there is place for skill, there is at least wholesome exercise for the body; but here, you stand stiff, sure to find, sure to kill. Such and such a movement, a certain result; the only excitement is the noise and the chance of being shot. If not for this, you might as well—having prepared sufficient suction-apparatus and handles—invite your friends to a day's pumping, adding in your note that the head-plumber assured you the wells were full, and that there was every prospect of your making a good "bucket." At any-rate, I am persuaded that the laws of trespass would be quite sufficient to preserve game enough for shooting. There would be no lack of it in the market, for it might be bred like other fowls. Make pheasants no longer game, and they will become poultry, run about farmyards, and grow fat at the barn-door. As it is, they are domesticated by the keeper, and would only have to be handed over to the farmer's wife.'

'Delightful!' said Alfred. 'They might be fed on bread-sauce in little troughs.'

In the conversation that evening, Uncle Richard basely deserted the colours he had run up so smartly the night before, and argued in favour of the heavy slaughter at battues. It was only, he said, an illustration of the thorough way in which Englishmen did what they did. The object of the sportsman, he said, was to kill; the use of the gamekeeper was to produce as many victims as possible. The system which brought together most guns and most game under

circumstances in which the first could be used with the surest effect, and the second least likely to escape, was the best. A battue was a triumph in the art of shooting game.

I was about to reply, when Alfred denied his premises. 'The object of the sportsman,' he said, 'is not simply to kill. He does not fire into the middle of a covey; he does not shoot a pheasant feeding by a wheatstack, or a hare sitting on its form: he takes a pride in letting the beast have its natural chance of escape, on wing or foot, and then executing it neatly.'

'Then,' replied Uncle Richard, 'I retract my sentence, and pronounce the opportunities of a battue to be trying to the soul of a true sportsman, and the scene only fit for a poulterer.'

'You will allow, I suppose,' said Alfred, 'that this winter-sport does good in keeping country gentlemen at home; without attraction of this kind, they would be in London.'

'I don't believe it,' he replied; 'if I did, they might shoot one another for all they were worth. They preserve to please their boys at Eton and Oxford; because it is the fashion; because they have begun when young, and don't like to leave off. Many of them would be glad enough of a fair excuse for giving it up. I expect these rifle corps will divert much of the sporting steam, and make peace between some of the poachers and young squires. They will learn to respect one another. Open honest rivalry will often take the place of ill-will and opposition. Men who have spirit to join a rifle corps, will not kill their officers' game; and Captain the Honourable Enfield Broadlands won't persecute the crack-shots of his company.'

'Well, I believe,' I said, 'this rifle force will make more good blood than it will shed; whether it keeps Frenchmen at a respectful distance or not, it already brings Englishmen together, and that is wanted, I fear, more than some of us think.'

Next morning, I returned to town; and as I sat in the corner of one of the new roomy carriages at last put on the Eastern Counties line, I read in the *Times* of fresh places where country gentlemen were subscribing to fit out the smartest labourers on their estates with arms and uniform, and hoped that our friend Hudson would find some other vent for the sporting tendencies of his mob of beaters, than in only hiring them to skirmish for his own sport, and tempting them to poach for themselves.

THE FAMILIAR LETTER-WRITER A CENTURY AGO.

Our socio-ethical literature—the literature of *manners*—is tolerably rich in *Complete Letter-writers*. The main part of these are very ordinary productions; they abound in such set and conventional expressions as: 'I have received your *favour* of the 9th'—the said favour being possibly an offence; 'I *beg* to intimate,' from a rich man to a needy petitioner; '*Permit me* to inform you,' from a domineering fellow who never takes a denial. I have before me, however, a better kind of guide for letter-writers; it was published in 1754, and intended for the subjects of King George II., hence, apart from its primary and original purpose, it has now a kind of social and historical interest, similar to that of the comedies, novels, and biographies of the period. It gives us a glimpse into manners as they really were, as well as into manners as they should be. The title is, *Familiar Letters on Various Subjects of Business and Amusement*. It is dedicated to the Bishop of Worcester. Its purpose is, 'to form the style of the younger part of both sexes, and, by conveying entertainment with moral instruction, to inculcate in them an early taste for epistolary correspondence.' It is likewise intended to serve as 'a proper model for all kinds of letters, for the use of those persons who are desirous of writing correct English and good sense on every occasion.' The volume exhibits, at least, a lively and pleasant fancy, and indeed reminds us of the novels of the period, which were invariably—Fielding's alone excepted—in the form of a series of letters.

There are altogether one hundred and sixty-three letters in the volume; these are sorted into five Books, each Book containing a different class of letters. In Book the First, which contains eleven letters only, a kind of moral tale is developed, looking exceedingly like a fiction. A youth, whose father is dead, is sent up to London to stay with a relation, and to choose some trade or profession to which 'he would be bred.' His elder brother is constituted by their mother *in loco parentis*, and the boy in London expresses the most extraordinary reverence for his big brother in the country. In letter 1, he describes to the latter his feelings on parting with their mother; in letter 2, he discourses on letter-writing, deplores his own ineptitude in that art, and says that he has bought 'two or three volumes of *Familiar Epistles*.' He informs us that he cannot write good English in the most faultless sentences, and expresses to admiration his inability to express himself. Letter 3 is an excellent epistle from the big brother; in it he discourses on the art of correspondence, advising his junior to throw his *Familiar Epistles* into the fire, and to 'keep to nature, for nature always pleases. Writing should be like conversation: what is natural, is proper.' Letter 4 continues the instructions. The next letters are expressions of love and obedience between mother and son, and rather heavy; but letter 7 is 'concerning a lady.' The boy in London has been smitten. He went to 'see a person perform some feats of dexterity upon a wire,' and there beheld a person 'superior to all her sex.' He should be happy with her upon a little. He has written a letter to her, but forwards it to his brother before sending it. The next few epistles are upon this 'imprudent courtship,' which is at last given up. The book winds up with letter 11, in which the youth 'determines to what profession he will be bred.'

He will not be a merchant, because 'bad men are common' in it. 'There remain only the three genteel professions. *The gown* I fear to think of.' 'It is those who would be hanged out of the church, that come to the red hat and dignities within it. I do not, brother, suppose that in our church so much ill is practised as in the Romish; but I see a man of virtue and of learning traversing the streets at six in a morning, to read prayers for sixpence; and a rosy dean almost breaking the springs of his chariot, who never did one single good thing in the church.' He will not be a physician, because the quacks, and not the wise and learned, 'succeed.' But he will be a lawyer, because it seems 'the only road of life in which a man will rise according to his merit.' And with this choice this little biography closes; the younger correspondent subscribing himself, 'Dear and truly honoured brother, your most affectionate and most humble *servant*.'

The Second Book is made up of letters upon 'Ordinary Matters,' from persons in all stations and conditions, and contains between eighty and ninety of these epistles. In this Book, the letter-writer of a century ago is taught how to quarrel; how to adjust a difference, and send a submission; how to borrow money, if a rich man; how, if a poor man; how to lend money; how to refuse it; how to ask all kinds of favours; how to acknowledge them; how to beg a place from a 'person of quality;' how, if a person of quality, to refuse; how to introduce a stranger of merit; how to make sudden demands; how to meet unexpected demands; how to invite a friend into the country, 'not without a design;' how to advise a

young man to get married; how to play the father—every kind of father—when a daughter is asked in marriage; how to thank a father for his daughter; how to conduct offers and refusals of partnership; how servant-maids in London should write to their fathers in the country, if courted by the 'prentice; how apprentices should write to rich uncles, when they have married without said uncles' leave; how uncles should answer; how footmen who have been dishonest should write to their parents. There are also model letters from all kinds of male relations to all kinds of female ones; on 'listening to the addresses' of people 'beneath them;' on 'receiving the visits of gentlemen, their intended husbands, imprudently;' letters on characters of servants; cautions from the country fathers to the London sons against public-houses; and letters from young men at the universities, borrowing money.

The Third Book contains 'Letters of Love and Courtship.' There are only sixteen of these. An apprentice nearly out of his time writes to a father, and asks permission to 'pay his addresses' to his youngest daughter, detailing his expectations. The father answers favourably. He intends to give each of his girls a thousand pounds, and a hundred for clothes. One smiles to see how the editor can make a young fellow happy or miserable for life with one drop of ink. Thus four of the letters are taken up with a correspondence between a gentleman who fell in love with 'a lady of superior fortune,' whom he saw at a public oratorio, and a friend of the said lady. The gentleman entreats an introduction. The lady's friend answers that 'Mrs (understand Miss) J. has so universal an acquaintance, that I should think it could not be difficult for any man of fashion to find the way of being introduced to her without this extraordinary method.' To this failure of the gentleman of no fortune, succeeds the prosperous correspondence of a gentleman of some fortune with the mother of a lady whom he saw and was smitten by 'at the rehearsal at St Paul's.' This is followed by an equally successful brace of letters, on a like occasion, between 'persons in trade.' Then come a batch of letters between ladies and gentlemen who suspect each other of infidelity; who have been seen by third parties talking earnestly with rivals; who determine never to see each other again; who repent, and promise to call early the next day.

Book the Fourth takes us from this warm region into a cool one: it contains 'Letters of Politeness and Ceremony.' Here, the eighteenth century letter-writer was peculiarly at home. Not all the centuries before it, nor the one after it, have been so polite and ceremonious. Thus, a singular exaggeration of expression, which we should be apt to take for sarcasm in our day, is the characteristic of all these model epistles. Take letter 110; it is 'from a Lady to an Acquaintance who had gone home late the night before.' 'I have been,' she writes, 'in concern about you the whole night, and cannot deny myself the satisfaction of sending to know how you do. I kept you too late, and I have been in one continual uneasiness ever since. I beg to know whether I may pardon myself for pressing you too much; for if you have suffered but in the least degree by it, I never shall.' So in letter 113, 'from a Lady who was offered Tickets, but was engaged, and could not accept them.' 'I think myself very unhappy,' says the said lady, 'that I cannot be at the concert.' How unhappy the gentleman must have been to lose the lady's company may be inferred from the hints given us in letter 119 of the tremendous social value, the intrinsic splendour of some ladies of that epoch. The epistle is supposed to invite a lady to a 'party of pleasure.' I just give the commencement of it. 'DEAR MADAM—People are interested who invite you to be of their parties, because you are sure to make them agreeable. This is a reason, perhaps, why you will not always comply when you are asked to be of them, but it is certainly a cause of your being solicited oftener than any other woman in the world.' True, the momentary sense we have that this anonymous lady was a rare being, is somewhat checked as we remember that this is a *model* letter, and that thousands of gentlemen of that time sent these same words to thousands of ladies. Company, indeed, seems to have been the thing which that generation could not do without. The letters from ladies and gentlemen in the country during the town-season, and *vice versâ*, throw sharp glimpses of light into their horror of that semi-monastic state. The letters, also, from country ladies to town ladies bear lively evidence of this state of feeling. I will quote a sentence or two from letter 115, 'An Invitation into the Country for the Summer.' 'There are fine prospects from the park,' says the rural demoiselle, 'and a river runs through the garden; nor are we quite out of the way of entertainment. You know there is a great deal of company about the place; and we have an assembly within a mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come?'

Book the Fifth has this title, 'Miscellaneous Letters on a variety of Different and Singular Subjects.' There are very long plaints between husbands and wives of affectionate tempers, lucklessly separated by official duties on the husbands' part; also from gentlemen in the country to daughters 'who have fallen into bad ways,' and are settled 'in a fine but shameful life;' and penitent answers from daughters, melted by those letters. There is a letter 'to dissuade a widow lady from a second marriage;' another, 'to a gentlewoman who disturbs all companies by her peevishness;' letters also on lawsuits, elections, religion, bad debts, and bad women; with a series to and from a wife 'whose husband is uneasy about her conduct.' As a model of consummate selfishness, calling itself prudence, may be taken letter 135, in which a father gives advice 'to his son in trade at the time of an approaching election.' The moral is, that a shopkeeper should have no politics. The father shews the son all the methods of slipping out of voting. 'If you find you must give a vote to one side, for fear of disobliging both, it is better to lose half your customers than to lose them all; so do it.'

Persons who have low, petty, and secondary views about government, liberty, and the nation, have not ordinarily very noble views about the highest matters of all; hence, from the letter on elections, we are quite prepared for the two last letters in the book, which are on the church. The first is from a father to a son, 'recommending *the gown* (!) as the most eligible method of life.' We cannot mistake the writer's hand; it is the same crafty, canny parent who gave such shrewd advice to his 'son in trade,' who here advises his younger son, 'at an academy in town.' The very title given to the priesthood shews to what a debased estimate holy orders had sunk, and how preferment was the uppermost thought with eighteenth century churchmen.

The last letter in the volume is from this same son to his father; in it he offers his 'objections against embracing the offer.' 'In London,' writes he, 'a clergyman who is unprovided for is the man of all the world most abject, most despised, and most a slave. The height of his wishes, if they have any foundation in reason, is to be the deputy of some deputy. For there are here three or four gradations under the curate, and that is a post not to be obtained without interest, possibly not without money. If he succeeds in this intention, he is a stranger to daylight. His pay will not enable him to make the appearance which his character requires. His duty calls him out only at those hours when his principal will not expose himself to the air; to read the darkling [matins] prayers at some city church to a dozen sleepy mendicants; or to read the burial-service over wretches poisoned in workhouses, and here thrown together in

holes. This, sir, I am assured you would not propose to me as eligible.'

The work concludes with a moral application of the letters, which in brief is this: Never expect anything from the promises of great men, nor from the protestations of friendship; and place no dependence upon any one but yourself.

DR WOLFF OF BOKHARA.

In spite of Mr Disraeli's assertions, the Jews are not the very first people on the face of the earth, although some of them have made a great deal of money. When a Jew distinguishes himself in other fashion, the world is pretty certain to hear of it, and to be astonished proportionally.

'Heaven have mercy upon us,' quoth Rabbi David of Würtemberg, 'our son will not remain a Jew! He is continually walking about and thinking, which is not natural.' And Rabbi David, so far at least as his son Wolff was concerned, was right. At eleven years of age or so, the lad declares, 'My mind is made up; I will become a Christian, and be a Jesuit; and I will preach the gospel in foreign lands like Francis Xavier.' Whereupon his cousin and temporary guardian observes laughingly: 'You are an enthusiast;' but the cousin's wife 'grew very angry, and threw a poker at him, and cursed him, and turned him out of the house.' From that moment, Dr Wolff of Bokhara, as we English have learned subsequently to know him, had to make his own very singular way in the world. He goes to Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Halle; then to the Benedictine monastery at Mölk, where he learns Latin, gets ten florins a week and his food, in exchange for teaching Hebrew; and afterwards to the college of Soleure. Here, sleeping in the same room at a lodging-house with a certain fellow-student, he asks one night, 'And who do you think, Biederman, I am?' 'Why, to tell you the truth,' replies the other, 'I have always suspected you of being a Berner (Protestant), for you behave so strangely at church. You sit when others stand; you kneel when others sit.' Wolff replied: '"Now I will tell you who I am." Biederman said: "Who are you?" Wolff replied: "I am a Jew." Biederman was so frightened that he screamed, and leaped out of the bed; the noise of which roused the landlord and landlady, who came robeless into the room, and said: "What's the matter? Is the devil here among you?" Biederman exclaimed: "Worse than that; Wolff is a Jew!"' Wolff was, however, soon afterwards baptized at Prague, receiving the name of Joseph, whereupon he removes to Vienna. He gives a curious description of the state of religious parties there (in 1813), and particularly of the Mystical Party, or Peschelites, as they were called from their leader. 'Peschel was an interpreter of the Revelation of St John; and he taught that people ought to be so inflamed by the love of Christ, that they might desire with St Paul to "know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." Peschel's followers took up this idea further, and insisted that Christians should continue the atonement among themselves; with which view they assembled on a Good Friday in a certain house, and cast lots for one to be crucified; and he on whom the lot fell was to be sacrificed. The lot fell, on the first occasion, upon a poor butcher's maid-servant, who actually submitted to her fate, and suffered with great fortitude and patience. But the next time it fell on a fat Roman Catholic priest, who did not relish the thought at all; and so he gave notice to the police, who took the mystics into custody, and Wolff himself saw Peschel in prison.' Wolff, who had now become a great linguist, and a convert of some considerable mark, is sent to Rome to the College of the Propaganda, where, whatever he learned, it does not appear to have been a modest humility. 'On the day of Epiphany, the pupils gave an "academia" in forty-two languages. It was in the evening. All the ambassadors were present, and all the cardinals, and the German artists, and French priests. Wolff spoke in five languages, and chanted so that the hall rang; and all the auditors were in raptures, and applauded him; and the Italian collegians of the different colleges present kept saying: "Look at him—look at him, what tremendous eyes he makes!" (*Guardateli, guardateli, gli occhi che fa!*) After the whole was over, the servants of the cardinals, together with their masters, slapped his back, and said: "*Per Bacco, per Bacco! che voce! che voce! che occhi! che occhi!*"

'An Armenian bishop said: "His voice goes up above the heavens."'

Wolff has likewise the honour of an interview with Pope Pius VII., whom he 'pats on the shoulder gently and caressingly;' but the discipline of the church does not altogether take his fancy, nevertheless. 'Every Friday evening, they assembled in a dark room, put out the candles, and then every one flagellated himself. Wolff attempted to join in this self-discipline; but he gave himself only one stroke, and then administered all the other blows to his leather trousers, which were pushed down to his knees, and it made a loud sound. The others, observing this device, laughed very heartily, and several of them afterwards followed Wolff's example—especially one who stood near the wall, and gave it also the benefit of the lash.

Finally, Wolff concludes that he is not adapted for a monastic life, and departs for England, to his friend the late Mr Henry Drummond, who had invited him to do so long before. According to the doctor's account, almost everybody was in raptures with him about this time, and indeed this is more or less the case throughout the biography. As he stops on his way to London at Geneva, three old acquaintances chance to meet him, and immediately express their satisfaction in this singular manner. They all exclaimed at once: '*Cher Wolff! Cher Wolff! Enfant de la Nature! Enfant de la Providence! Enfant de Jésus Christ!*' Robert Haldane accompanied him from Paris to Mr Drummond's, through whom he is introduced to Mr Lewis Way, a gentleman whose history is extraordinary. 'He was a barrister of small fortune, when one day, as he was walking in a street in London, he met by chance with an old gentleman, with whom he entered into conversation, whose name also was Lewis Way, and who invited the barrister, Lewis Way, to dinner. They became friends; and soon afterwards that old man died, and left to the barrister L.380,000, with the condition that he should employ it for the glory of God. Lewis Way immediately took holy orders in the Church of England; and his design was to devote his life to the conversion of the Jewish nation, and the promotion of their welfare, temporal and spiritual.' This gentleman, hearing of the existence of a Society, composed of churchmen and dissenters, for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews, already, pays its debts (amounting to L.20,000), upon condition that the dissenters should retire, and leave the whole management to churchmen. 'They accepted his terms, and he took sixteen Jews into his house, and baptized them all; but soon after their baptism, they stole his silver spoons, and one of them was transported to Australia for having forged Mr Way's signature.' Poor Mr Way suffers much at the hands of Dr Wolff's fellow-countrymen; his pet Jew, 'one Nehemiah Solomon, a young man of great talents, whose

beard he had shaved off,' getting ordained a priest only to run off with L.300 of the Society's money. 'Nothing, however, disturbed Lewis Way, and soon after he went to Palestine; but there he was shamefully deceived by a Mount Lebanon Christian, and was so distressed by the circumstance, that it made him burst into tears; yet he continued his operations among the Jews with the same earnestness as ever. But neither his character nor his services were appreciated as they ought to have been, even by his own countrymen, and his fine spirit was chafed by the indifference and ingratitude of common men; and at last the dear man died at Leamington, broken-hearted.'

Wolff himself is sent to Cambridge, at the expense of the Society already mentioned, and is eventually appointed its missionary among his own people in Palestine. The simplicity and even pusillanimity exhibited by our author in little matters, curiously contrasts with his proved common sense and dauntless courage in affairs of life and death. At Cairo, Santini, an Italian, 'was not a nice man; he cheated Wolff by making him believe that the best present one can give to a Bedouin chief is a small bottle of castor-oil. So Wolff bought from him some hundred bottles for L.10, which made all the English people laugh from Cairo to England.' Wolff also seems to have been a good deal imposed upon by his own servants, for we read in another portion of this remarkable biography:* 'Wolff hired four camels, upon which he loaded those Bibles which had been sent to him from Bombay for distribution on the journey; and he hired two Persian servants, both of them tremendous rogues; for Wolff never had the good-fortune to meet with a good servant, except on his second journey to Bokhara, in the year 1843, when he took a Russian with him from Constantinople to Tabreez, who actually behaved very well the whole journey. But when they arrived at Tabreez, he became so drunk that he thrashed his master, and would have most seriously injured him, if Mr Bonham had not knocked him down. Wolff, however, would still have taken him on to Bokhara, after he became sober, if he would have promised not to get drunk again. But he said he never would promise such a thing, as he was determined to get drunk whenever the feast of the Holy Virgin Mary was celebrated. So Wolff dismissed him.' He was dependent upon servants to an extraordinary degree for so self-helpful a man, in the matter of shaving; he could not even use the razor-strop, and narrates how Irving the preacher shaved him every morning while he stayed with him; and how that he found no barber at the archbishop's palace at Tuam, but was shaved there by an old woman, who demanded two shillings and sixpence for the job.

At Jerusalem, Wolff fell in with many interesting legends concerning his own people, who received him with very various feelings. Here is an affecting incident said to have occurred soon after the destruction of that city by Titus. 'Two heathen merchants met together in an inn in the Desert. "I have a male slave," said one to the other, "the like to whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." And the other said: "I have a female slave, the like of whose beauty is not to be seen in the whole world." Then they agreed to marry these two together, and to divide the children between them; and in the evening both the slaves were brought into a room. One stood in one corner, and the other in the other corner, and the male slave said: "I, a priest, and the son of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and the female said in the other corner of the room: "I, a priestess, the daughter of a high-priest, should I marry a slave?" and when the morning approached, they discovered that they were brother and sister. They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, and wept, and wept, until the souls of both departed. And it is on account of this that Jeremiah said: "Over these I weep, I weep; mine eye, mine eye runs down with water."'

The following Jewish account of Solomon, invented, perhaps, to do away with the scandals attaching to that monarch's reputation, reads like a chapter out of the *Arabian Nights*. 'Solomon had in his power one of the apostate angels, Ashmeday by name, whom he carried about in a chain, like a dog. One day, Solomon said to him: "How entirely I have got you in my power!" Ashmeday replied to him: "Only let me loose for a little moment, and then you will see what I can do!"

'Solomon granted his request, and Ashmeday gave him such a kick that he was flung many thousand miles from his own country, and wandered about as a beggar in all the countries of the earth. During his absence, Ashmeday reigned in Jerusalem, and sat upon Solomon's throne, in the very figure and shape of Solomon. And it was not Solomon who had one thousand wives, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon; and it was not Solomon who committed idolatry, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon; and it was not Solomon who oppressed the people, but Ashmeday, in the figure of Solomon.

'At last, after many years, Solomon returned from his wanderings, when he found Ashmeday sitting upon his throne, in his very figure. Then he said: "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!" And Ashmeday said: "I am Solomon, and thou art a deceiver!"

'They appealed to the great Sanhedrim. The Sanhedrim decided that some one should examine the feet of both; and it was found out that Solomon the exile had the feet of a man, but Ashmeday the feet of a cock. So they expelled Ashmeday from the throne by the ineffable name, and he was again put in chains by the authentic Solomon.'

It must not be supposed, however, that the subject of this biography is always meeting with humorous adventures, or listening to romantic legends. The work he was set to do was no child's play. The Sabeans, for example, must have been an unsatisfactory tribe to attempt the conversion of, unless Wolff was more successful than his predecessor in that endeavour, Father Agadhangelus, the Roman Catholic missionary. That gentleman 'actually baptized the whole body of them. But on the Sunday following, he relates that he sent spies to that river, and all of them were being baptized again in their own way. He asked: "Why they had been baptized again?" They replied: "We like water." He asked: "Are you not Roman Catholics?" They replied: "We will be, on the following conditions: First, the pope must write to the Sultan for us to be relieved from tribute; secondly, the pope must give us a pension; thirdly, at the hour of death, no Roman Catholic priest must come near us; fourthly, we must be allowed to retain our own religion unmolested!"'

The Kurds must have had rather an unpleasant way with them, for when Wolff ventured to speak of religion, they tied the poor missionary down, and administered two hundred lashes on the soles of his feet. His own people gave him poison at Jerusalem, from the effects of which he did not recover for a year. He escaped from pirates at Mount Athos in his shirt alone, and after the endurance of the greatest hardships; and he was only saved from the murderers of the Desert by their persuasion that he and his company were stricken with the Plague. Finally, on his way to Bokhara, upon rejoining his little band of followers after a short absence, he beholds a terrible spectacle. 'His servant and all the rest were already tied to the horses' tails of the banditti who surrounded them. All these prisoners had been stripped entirely naked; and at last one of the robbers rode up to Wolff, with a countenance of hell, and a gun in his hand, with a smoking torch upon it, and he continually

**The Travels and Adventures of Dr Wolff.* Saunders and Otley.

exclaimed: "Pool, pool!" which means "Money, money!" Wolff gave his purse to him, and he said: "Have you more money?" Wolff answered: "Yes, in my trunk." Then he said: "When my companions come, don't tell them that I have taken your money, for those horrid fiends, the Kerahe, rob among themselves again." At last the whole troop rode up to Wolff, yelling: "Pool, pool, pool!" Wolff said: "I have given my money into the hands of this fellow." They then gave their companion a tremendous beating, and took the money from him. Then they said to Wolff: "Now, you dismount." He obeyed; when they stripped him naked, like Adam and Eve when they were created, and tied him with a long rope to a horse's tail; and one with a whip came behind and flogged him. Wolff prayed!—in such hours, one learns to pray.'

Wolff's servant was valued at ten tomauns (equal to L.5), but his master was not esteemed by any means so highly. The robbers observed: 'We don't like this fellow at all; he stares at us so.' One of them said: 'He is worth five tomauns;' but another replied: 'No; I would not give half that price for him.' At last, upon his demanding to be sent to the terrible Abbas Mirza—in whose pay these wretches were—they dared not kill him openly, but contrived this Mazeppa-like method of torturing him. 'They observed that he was not a good horseman, and as the road was dreadfully hilly, they put him upon a very wild horse, without either saddle or bridle, and with only a halter to hold on by; and that horrid scoundrel, Hassan Khan's son, rode behind Wolff, and whipped the horse, and did all in his power to make it restive. Nevertheless, Wolff sat on his horse like the colonel of a regiment; and as he had learned a little of the theory of riding on horseback when at the university of Tübingen in 1815, he now brought those rules into practice.' At nightfall, naked and chained to fifty of his companions in the like plight, Hassan Khan Coord, the leader of the banditti, remarks by way of 'good-night,' 'Now you are comfortable.' After infinite miseries, Wolff is brought to the palace of the great khan, 'where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes cut out, and their ears and noses cut off. And he was introduced into the presence of Muhammad Iszhak Khan, of whom it is related that he had killed, with his own hand, his father, mother, brother, sister, and son-in-law; and so awful was his bodily strength, that he would sometimes take hold of a prisoner, and tear his skull in two. This tyrant had sold 60,000 Persians, people of his own religion, and subjects of his own king, to the kings of Bokhara and Khiva, who were enemies to both his religion and country. Muhammad Iszhak Khan was eating his dinner when Wolff approached him, and he said: "Abbas Mirza has written to me that thou goest about to shew to the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have already passed this world and the other world. I have got, however, one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice; I love strict justice; and therefore, tell me the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?"

'Wolff said: "They have taken from me eighty tomauns."

'He repeated: "Eighty tomauns?"

'Wolff replied: "Yes."

'He then said: "Now thou shalt see my justice." So he instantly ordered Hassan Khan Coord and all his followers to be dreadfully flogged. He extorted from them every farthing; and after he had got back Wolff's money, he counted it, and said: "Now thou shalt see my justice;" and putting the money into his own pocket, without giving Wolff a single penny, he added: "Now you may go in peace."'

With his arrival at Bokhara, this first volume of Wolff's biography closes, and he has not informed us at what time we are to look for a second. To judge, however, by this instalment, we may say that no life of missionary yet—excepting, perhaps, Mr Huc's—has been more interesting, nor, most certainly, half so amusing. The present vicar of Ile Brewers, and son-in-law of the Earl of Orford, has had an experience of life which falls to the lot of few, and is well worth recording.

SMOOTHING THE RUFFLES.

In the early morning of a November day, in 1856, the good ship *William Beckett*, a screw-steamer of 300 tons burden, left Copenhagen very heavily laden with corn, principally in bulk. When off the Skaw (a light-house at the northern promontory of Jütland, marking the point of separation between the Kattegat and the Skager-rack), on the evening of the same day, she experienced very bad weather, and began to ship large quantities of water. This gradually increased till two o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when the water extinguished the fires, and the engines ceased working. Every exertion was made to keep the poor ship afloat; and the boats were ordered to be kept in readiness for any contingency. At length, on the forenoon of the 12th, a Danish schooner was descried lying-to, about eight miles to leeward; and a question arose, whether the boats could be safely rowed this distance over a savage sea. It was then that the captain called to mind a story once told him of the effects of oil in lulling the waves: how that an old fisherman, when running his smack before a heavy sea, had made a practice of towing a loose bag or net filled with fish-bones, skin, and other greasy garbage.

Let us see what this means, and what evidence can be collected on the subject. So far back as the time of the Romans, Pliny the naturalist had something to say concerning the action of oil in calming the surface of the sea. He said that the divers of those days were accustomed to pour a little oil on the water, as a means of enabling them to see to the bottom; the oil lessened the ruffling of the surface, and permitted the rays of light to penetrate less interruptedly. Whether in those days, or during the middle ages, navigators adopted a similar means of facilitating the progress of their vessels, is not well known; but in modern times, the instances of this have been numerous. In Martin's *Account of the Western Islands*, published in 1703, the author says: 'The steward of Kilda, who lives in Pab Bay, is accustomed, in time of a storm, to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl, to the end of his cable, and let it fall into the sea behind the rudder; this hinders the waves from breaking, and calms the sea.' It was known, in the middle of the last century, that the divers in the Mediterranean were accustomed to take a little oil in their mouths before diving, and to allow it to escape when they had descended to a certain depth; the oil rose to the surface, spread out like a film, and enabled them to see the work they were about. During the great siege of Gibraltar, the British officers had opportunities of observing that the Gibraltar fishermen were accustomed to pour a little oil on the sea, that they might be enabled to see the oysters lying at the bottom. These two instances are obviously of the same class as that mentioned by Pliny. It was known also, about the middle of the last century, that the fishermen of Lisbon, when about to return into the Tagus, if they observed too great a surf upon the bar, were wont to empty a bottle or two of oil upon the sea, to still the surface. It was observed by the seal-catchers, that when these animals were devouring a very oily fish under water (which they frequently do), the waves above became remarkably smooth; and Sir John Pringle was informed that the herring-fishers on the coast of Scotland could see at a distance where the shoals of herrings lay, by the smoothness of the water,

supposed to be caused by the oily bodies of the fish. At Newport, in Rhode Island, the sea was generally observed to be smooth while any whaling-ships were in the harbour; from which it was inferred that the leakage from the oil-barrels had been pumped up with the bilge-water from the hold of the ship, and emptied into the sea. M. Teugnagel, passenger in a Dutch ship to the east in 1770, wrote a letter concerning his voyage to Count Bentinck, Dutch envoy at the court of St James's, in which he said: 'Near the islands of Paul and Amsterdam we met with a storm, which had nothing particular in it worthy of being communicated to you, except that the captain found himself obliged, for greater safety in wearing the ship, to pour oil into the sea, to prevent the waves breaking over her; which had an excellent effect, and succeeded in preserving her. As he poured out but a little at a time, the (Dutch) East India Company owes perhaps its ship to only six demi-ounces of olive-oil. I was present on deck when this was done; and I should not have mentioned the circumstance to you, but that we have found people here so prejudiced against the experiment, as to make it necessary for the officers on board, and myself, to give a certificate of the truth on this head—of which we made no difficulty.'

Many of the facts above narrated came to the knowledge of one who had great aptitude for ferreting out the causes of things—Benjamin Franklin. What he did and what he thought on the subject were afterwards placed upon record in the sixty-fourth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*. How his attention became first directed to the matter, he thus tells us: 'In 1757, being at sea, in a fleet of ninety-six sail, bound against Louisbourg, I observed the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by the wind, which blew fresh. Being puzzled with the differing appearance, I at last pointed it out to our captain, and asked him the meaning of it. "The cooks," said he, "have, I suppose, been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which have greased the sides of those ships a little." And this answer he gave me with an air of some little contempt, as to a person ignorant of what everybody else knew. In my own mind, I at first slighted his solution, though I was not able to think of another.' In after-years, the circumstance came to his recollection, corroborated by many facts which had been communicated to him, and he resolved, thoroughly inductive philosopher as he was, to find out really whether oil does smooth the waves, and why it does so.

The first thing he did was to make an experiment in a pond on Clapham Common. He dropped a little oil on the water. 'I saw it spread itself with surprising swiftness upon the surface, but the effect of smoothing the waves was not produced, for I had applied it first upon the leeward-side of the pond, where the waves were largest, and the wind drove my oil back upon the shore. I then went to the windward-side, where they began to form; and there the oil, though not more than a teaspoonful, produced an instant calm over a surface several yards square, which spread amazingly, and extended itself gradually till it reached the lee-side, making all the quarter of the pond—perhaps half an acre—as smooth as a looking-glass.' If Franklin's figures are correct, this is really surprising; for a circular pond, fifty yards in diameter, would have barely half an acre of surface, and the oil of which he speaks is only 'a teaspoonful.' The film of oil he describes as having been reduced to a state of such extreme thinness as to give out the prismatic colours due to a thickness of only a few millionths of an inch. His next experiment consisted in the use of a bamboo walking-stick, into the upper joint of which he put a little oil whenever he was about to walk into the country. This enabled him to confirm the result of the former experiment over and over again. On one occasion, while on a visit to Smeaton the engineer, Franklin was told by Jessop, who afterwards became eminent in the same walk of life, that some flies, drowned in a cup of oil, were seen to rotate and move about as if alive. Franklin having before observed that a film of oil on the surface of water seemed to have a sort of repulsive property, which acted not only among its own particles, but also on other light substances floating on it, conceived that this incident of the flies was merely an example of repulsion, as the oil oozed from their bodies. He shewed that organised structure had nothing to do with it, for he produced similar movements by placing on the surface of the water small oiled chips cut into the form of a comma; as the oil issued from the point of the comma, the chips began to rotate. We may mention that bits of camphor will rotate in the same way on the surface of water, and that Franklin's explanation is supported by the well-known rotatory tendency of many kinds of fireworks.

The self-taught philosopher next made an experiment in Portsmouth harbour. He selected a day when the wind was blowing strongly towards the shore near Haslar Hospital. A boat being anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a barge made several short voyages out and home to windward or seaward of the boat. A small stream of oil was allowed to flow out continuously into the sea, through a hole in the cork of a stone bottle. Franklin and others stood on the shore, to watch the effect produced. Between the boat and the shore the influence was not very great; but to seaward of the boat, the line marked out by the oil was plainly perceptible, spreading out more and more, and occupying more and more of the surface. The waves continued, but their swell was gentle, and the surface was not broken up into ripple and white foam.

What is the reason that oil acts on waves in this singular way? Franklin conceived that air, when in motion in the shape of wind, rubs on the surface of water, and raises it into wrinkles, which, if the wind continues, become the parents of other waves. Every wave, when once formed, instead of subsiding into perfect quietness, subsides only to force up a neighbouring portion of water to an equal height—in the same way as a stone dropped into water raises a series of concentric waves around it. The small first-raised waves, being continually acted upon by the wind, are —even though the wind may not increase in strength —continually increased in magnitude, rising higher and extending their basis, so as to include a vast mass of water in each wave. Such being the mode in which ordinary waves are formed, Franklin conceived that whenever oil is poured on the surface of water, and is retained there by its relatively smaller specific gravity, a repulsive power is exerted which drives the particles of oil one from another, extending them into a film of exquisite tenuity. 'I imagine,' he says, 'that the wind blowing over water thus covered with a film of oil cannot easily *catch* upon it, so as to raise the first wrinkles, but *slides* over it, and leaves it smooth as it finds it. It moves a little the oil, indeed, which, being between it and the water, serves it to slide with, and prevents friction, as oil does between those parts of a machine that would otherwise rub hard together. Hence the oil dropped on the windward-side of a pond proceeds gradually to leeward, as may be seen by the smoothness it carries with it, quite to the opposite side; for the wind being thus prevented from raising the first wrinkles, which I call the elements of waves, cannot produce the waves themselves; and thus the whole pond is calmed.' The experiment at Portsmouth shewed that oil has not the effect of destroying the waves themselves: it reduces them to calm and gently swelling undulations. When the wind blows fresh, there are continually rising on the back of every great wave a number of small waves, which roughen its surface, and give the wind a kind of hold or purchase

to push it with greater force. There is cumulative evidence that the oil, though powerless against large waves already formed, will prevent the formation of the subordinate waves which so much increase their continuance and violence.

Such are the facts and experiences, some of which occurred to the thoughts of the captain of the *William Beckett*, under the circumstances narrated in our opening paragraph. He therefore ordered the long-boat and the life-boat to be each provided with a five-gallon can filled with oil; the one was manned by the captain and eight men, the other by the mate and four men. The boats started off with a very heavy sea running. On board the long-boat, the captain kept a sharp look-out for the heavy 'following' seas, the engineer being furnished with the oil-can; and whenever an extra sea within twenty yards of the boat threatened to swamp her, the captain sang out to the engineer, who 'bobbled' a gill or a gill and a half of oil into the sea; when immediately the wave seemed to divide and fall off on each side. The steamer sank five minutes after the boats left her. The long-boat reached the schooner safely, shipping only one sea; the life-boat also came safe, but the crew had been a little lavish of their oil, and suffered much from the heavy sea during the latter portion of their pull.

Other examples of recent occurrence have found record in the journals devoted to maritime affairs; but of these we will advert to only one. A ship was bound from Manilla to Singapore. Instead of beating down the China seas against a south-west monsoon, she took the eastern passage among the Philippines, and then by Macassar, Borneo, and the Strait of Banca: being eighty days on the passage. A brig had sailed some time before, called the *Armador*, laden with cocoa-nut oil. A few days after the departure of the Manilla ship, while there was a strong breeze and a nasty sea, the surface became all at once 'as smooth as a millpond,' as one of the sailors said, although the breeze still continued. On looking over the side, it seemed to the crew as if they were sailing through a sea of oil. She continued in this oil-track for three days. On arriving at Batavia, information was received that the *Armador* had arrived a little before with some of the casks of oil stove in; and that they had been continually pumping oil out of the hold into the sea. On comparing logs, it appeared that when the oily surface was first seen, the two ships were at least two hundred miles apart.

While on the subject of waves, it may not be inopportune to remark, that the measurement of the size of waves is rather a difficult matter. Poets and novelists are fond of speaking of waves as being 'mountains high;' and marine-painters are equally fond of representing ships as being deeply sunk between the troughs of the waves during a storm. It is now believed, however, by careful observers, that the actual height of waves is much less than used to be supposed. Arago has laid down a rule for estimating it. This consists in observing the height that the eye must be raised above the water-line, in order to see the crest of a coming wave in a line with the sea-horizon, when the ship is in the trough of a wave; this is difficult to accomplish at first, but is practicable after a while. The *length* of a wave may be estimated by noting the length of rope required to veer a spar astern of the ship, when going dead before it; in other words, so that the spar may be on the crest of one wave when the ship is on that of the preceding wave; when the sea is regular, this gives a tolerable approximation. The *speed* or progress of a wave may in some degree be ascertained by noting the time which is taken by the crest of a wave to pass from the spar to the ship's stern; making an allowance for the actual speed of the ship at the time. The captain of a vessel bound to the Cape of Good Hope, in 1848, made many observations on the height, length, and speed of waves, estimated by these means—he found that on seven days of observation, in April and May, the height of the waves varied from seventeen to twenty-two feet, the length from thirty-three to fifty-five fathoms, and the speed from twenty-two to twenty-seven knots an hour. This great speed, be it observed, is not that of any current or actual body of water, but only of an impulse, communicated from particle to particle. Captain Moorsom invented a *wave-gauge* in 1850, to measure more accurately and regularly the actual height of waves, in places where moorings or anchorage can be obtained. A hollow tube is held up vertically, with a metal rod passing freely through it; there is a metal air-tight buoy, a weight at the lower end of the rod, and mooring apparatus to keep the buoy at a definite distance below the level of the lowest water. An air-tight disk slides easily up and down the rod, and always rests on the surface of the water; it therefore ascends and descends with every wave. The rod is graduated, to shew the interval between highest and lowest, or crest and trough. The rod drives two ferules, up and down, which just move by this kind of action; and the distance between the ferules, measured by the graduations on the rod, determines the height of the wave.

This effect of oil upon waves seems to be deserving of more attention than has been bestowed upon it. If a little oil will really smooth the ruffles of an angry sea, it is surely well to avail ourselves occasionally of such a friendly lubricator. It has been suggested that a store of oil might possibly prevent much damage to shipping in a harbour; that a surf-lined coast might be rendered by similar means more easily accessible to boats, whether life-boats or not; that a sunken ship might be rendered more visible from above, and plans more easily laid for raising her, if oil were poured on the water; that the laying down of submarine telegraphic cables might be facilitated by similar means, under special circumstances; and that divers, engaged in submarine operations with the diving-bell, might have their quantity of working light increased, if a little oil were poured upon the surface of the water.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER V.—SQUATTER AND SAINT.

Return we to the squatter's cabin—this time to enter it.

Inside, there is not much to be seen or described. The interior consists of a single room—of which the log-walls are the sides, and the clapboard roof the ceiling. In one corner, there is a little partition or screen—the materials composing it being skins of the black bear, and deer-hides. It is pleasant to look upon this partition: it is the shrine of modesty and virgin innocence: it proves that the squatter is not altogether a savage.

Rude as is the interior of the shelling, it contains a few relics of bygone, better days—not spent there, but elsewhere. Some books are seen upon a little shelf—the library of Lilian's mother—and one or two pieces of furniture, that have once been decent, if not stylish. But chattels of this kind are scarce in the backwoods—even in the houses of more pretentious people than a squatter; and a log-stool or two, a table of split poplar planks, an iron pot, some pans and pails of tin, a few plates and pannikins of the same material, a gourd 'dipper' or drinking-cup, and half-a-dozen iron knives, forks, and spoons, of the

commonest kind, constitute the whole 'plenishing' of the hut.

The skin of a cougar, not long killed, hangs against the wall; beside it are the pelts of other wild animals, as the gray fox, the racoon, the rufous lynx, musk-rats, and minks. These, draping the rough gray logs, rob them to some extent of their nakedness.

By the door is suspended an old saddle, of the fashion known as *American*—a sort of cross between the high-peaked *silla* of the Mexicans and the flat pad-like English saddle; and on the adjacent peg hangs a bridle to match—its reins black with age, and its bit reddened with rust.

Some light articles of female apparel are seen hanging against the wall, near that sacred precinct where, during the night-hours, repose the fair daughters of the squatter.

It is a rude dwelling indeed—a rough casket to contain a pair of jewels so sparkling and priceless!

Just now, it is occupied by two individuals of a very different character—two men already mentioned—the hunter Hickman Holt, and his visitor Josh Stebbins, the schoolmaster of Swampville. The personal appearance of the latter has been already half described. It deserves a more detailed delineation. His probable age has been stated—about thirty. His spare figure and ill-omened aspect have been alluded to. Add to this, low stature, a tripe-coloured skin, a beardless face, a shrinking chin, a nose sharp-pointed and peckish, lank black hair falling over the forehead, and hanging down almost low enough to shadow a pair of deep-set weasel-like eyes: give to this combination of features a slightly sinister aspect, and you have the portrait of Josh Stebbins. It is not easy to tell the cause of this sinister expression, for the features are not irregular; and, but for its bilious colour, the face could scarcely be termed ill-looking. The eyes do not squint; and the thin lips appear making a constant effort to look smiling and saint-like. Perhaps it is this *outward* affectation of the saintly character—believing, as it evidently does, the spirit within—that produces the unfavourable impression. In earlier youth, the face may have been better favoured; but a career, spent in the exercise of evil passions, has left more than one 'blaze' upon it.

It is difficult to reconcile such a career with the demeanour of the man, and especially with his present occupation; but Josh Stebbins has not always been a schoolmaster; and the pedagogue of a border settlement is not necessarily expected to be a model of morality. Even if it were so, this lord of the hickory-switch is comparatively a stranger in Swampville; and, perhaps, only the best side of his character has been exhibited to the parents and guardians of the settlement. That is of the saintly order; and, as if to strengthen the illusion, a dress of clerical cut has been assumed, as also a white cravat, and black boat-brimmed hat. The coat, waistcoat, and trousers are of broad cloth—though not of the finest quality. It is just such a costume as might be worn by one of the humbler class of Methodist border ministers, or by a Catholic priest—a somewhat rarer bird in the backwoods. Josh Stebbins is neither one nor the other; although, as will shortly appear, his assumption of the ecclesiastical style is not altogether confined to his dress: of late he has also affected the clerical calling. The *ci-devant* attorney's clerk—whilom the schoolmaster of Swampville—is now an 'Apostle'—an 'Elder' of the 'Latter-day Saints.'

The character is new—the faith itself is not very old—for the events we are relating occurred during the first decade of the Mormon revelation. Even Holt himself is only now made aware of the change: as would appear from a certain air of astonishment, with which he regards the clerical habiliments of his visitor.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast, than that presented in the appearance of these two men. Were we to select two parallel types from the animal world, they would be the sly fox, and the grizzly bear—the latter represented by the squatter himself.

In Hickman Holt we behold a personage of unwonted aspect—a man of gigantic stature—with a beard reaching to the second button of his coat, and a face not to be looked upon without a sensation of terror—a countenance expressive of determined courage, but at the same time of fierceness, untempered by any trace of a softer emotion. The shaggy sand-coloured beard, slightly grizzled—eyebrows like a *chevaux de frise* of hogs' bristles—eyes of a greenish gray—with a broad livid scar across the left cheek—are component parts in producing this aspect; while a red cotton handkerchief wound turban-like around the head, and pulled low down in front, renders its expression more palpable and pronounced.

A loose coat of thick green blanket, somewhat faded and worn, adds to the colossal appearance of the man; while a red flannel shirt serves him also for a vest. His huge limbs are inserted in pantaloons of blue Kentucky 'jeans;' but these are scarcely visible—as the skirt of the ample blanket-coat drapes down so as to cover the tops of a pair of rough horse-skin boots, that reach to the knee. The costume is common enough on the banks of the Mississippi; the colossal form is not rare; but the fierce repulsive face—that is more individual.

Is this the father of Marian and Lilian? Is it possible that from so rude a stem could spring such graceful branches—flowers so fair and lovely? If so, then must the mothers of both have been beautiful beyond common!

It is even true, and true that both were beautiful—*were*, for they are gone, and Hickman Holt is twice a widower. Long ago, he buried the half-blood mother of Marian; and at a later period—though still years ago—her gentle golden-haired successor was carried to an early grave.

The latter event occurred in one of the settlements, nearer to the region of civilised life. There was a murmur of mystery about the second widowhood of Hickman Holt—which only became hushed on his 'moving' further west, to the wild forest where we now find him. Here no one knows aught of his past life or history—one only excepted—and that is the man, who is to-day his visitor.

* * * *

Contrasting the two men—regarding the superior size and more formidable aspect of the owner of the cabin, you would expect his guest to make some show of obeisance to him. On the contrary, it is the squatter who shews signs of complaisance: saluting his visitor with an air of embarrassment, but ill concealed under the words of welcome with which he receives him. Throughout the scene of salutation, the latter has maintained his characteristic demeanour of half-smiling, half-sneering coolness. In their behaviour to one another, even a careless observer could perceive, that, the smaller man is the *master*.

CHAPTER VI.

AN APOSTOLIC EFFORT.

The morning needed no fire, but there were embers upon the clay-hearth—some smouldering ends of fagots—over which the breakfast had been cooked. On one side of these the squatter placed a stool for his visitor; and then himself, as if mechanically, on the

other side. A table of rough-hewn planks stood between: on this was a bottle containing maize-corn whisky—or 'bald face,' as it is more familiarly known in the backwoods—two cracked tea-cups to drink it out of, a couple of corn-cob pipes, and some black tobacco.

All these preparations had been made beforehand; and confirmed, what had dropped from the lips of Lilian, that the visitor had been expected.

Beyond the customary phrases of salutation, not a word was exchanged between host and guest, until both had seated themselves. The squatter then commenced the conversation.

'Yev hed a long ride, Josh,' said he, leaning towards the table, and clutching hold of the bottle: 'try a taste of this hyar *rot-gut*—'taint the daintiest o' drink to offer a man so genteelly dressed as you are this mornin'; but thar's wuss licker in these hyar back'oods, I reckon. Will ye mix? Thar's water in the jug.'

'No water for me,' was the laconic reply.

'Yur right thar. It's from old Hatcher's still—whar they us'ally put the water in afore they give it to you. I s'pose they do it to save a fellur the trouble o' mixin—ha, ha, ha!'

The squatter laughed at his own jest—not as if he enjoyed it to any great extent, but rather as if desirous of putting his visitor in good-humour. The only evidence of his success was a dry smile, that curled upon the thin lip of the saint rather sarcastically than otherwise.

There was silence, while both drank; and Holt was again under the necessity of beginning the conversation. As already known, he had noticed the altered style of the schoolmaster's costume; and it was to this transformation that his next speech alluded.

'Why, Josh,' said he, attempting an easy off-hand style of talk, 'you're bran new, spick-span, from head to foot! Ye look for all the world jest like one o' them ere cantin' critters o' preechers I often see prowlin' about Swampville. Durn it, man! what dodge air you up to now? *You* haint got religion, I hope?'

'I have,' gravely responded Stebbins.

'Hooraw! ha, ha, ha! Wal, what sort o' thing is it anyhow?'

'My religion is of the right sort, Brother Holt.'

'Methody?'

'Nothing of the kind.'

'What, then? I thort they war all Methodies in Swampville?'

'They're all *Gentiles* in Swampville—worse than infidels themselves.'

'Wal—I know they brag mightily on thar genteelity. I reckon you're about right thar—them storekeepers air stuck up enough for anythin'.'

'No, no; it's not that I mean. My religion has nothing to do with Swampville. Thank the Lord for his mercy, I've been led into a surer way of salvation. I suppose, Brother Holt, you've heard of the new Revelation?'

'Heern o' the new rev'lation. Wal, I don't know as I hev. What's the name o't?'

'The book of *Mormon*.'

'Oh! Mormons! I've heern o' them. Haint they been a fightin' a spell up thar in Massouray or Illinoy, whar they built 'em a grandiferous temple? I heern some talk o' it.'

'At Nauvoo—it is even so, Brother Holt. The wicked Gentiles have been persecuting the Saints: just as their fathers were persecuted by the Egyptian Pharaohs.'

'An' haint' they killed thar head-man—Smith, he war called, if I reccolex right?'

'Alas, true! Joseph Smith has been made a martyr, and is now an angel in heaven. No doubt, he is now in glory, at the head of an angelic host.'

'Wal, if the angels air weemen, he'll hev a good wheen o' 'em, I reckon. I've heern he war at the head o' a putty consid'able host o' 'em, up thar in Massouray—fifty wives they said he hed! War that ere true, Josh?'

'Scandal, Brother Holt—all scandal of the wicked world. They were but wives *in the spirit*: that the Gentiles can't comprehend—since their eyes have not been opened by the Revelation.'

'Wal, it 'peers to be a tol'able free religion. Sort o' Turk, aint it?'

'Nothing of the kind. It has nothing in common with the doctrines of Mohammedanism.'

'But whar did *you* get it, Josh Stebbins? Who gin it to ye?'

'You remember the man I brought over here last fall?'

'Sartint, I do. Young he war—Brig Young, I think, you called him?'

'The same.'

'In coorse, I remember him well enough; but I reckon our Mar do a leetle better. He tried to spark the girl, an' made fine speeches to her; but she couldn't bar the sight o' him, for all that. Ha, ha, ha! Don't ye reccolex the trick that ar minks played on him? She unbuckled the girt o' his saddle, jest as he war agoin' to mount, an' down he kim—saddle, bags, an' all—cawollup to the airth! ha! ha! Arter he war gone, I larfed till I war like to bust.'

'You did wrong, Hickman Holt, to encourage your daughter in her sauciness. Had you known the man—*that man, sir, was a prophet!*'

'A prophet!'

'Yes—the greatest perhaps the world ever saw—a man in direct communication with the Almighty himself.'

'Lord! 'Twant Joe Smith, war it?'

'No; but one as great as he—one who has inherited his spirit; and who is now the head of the Saints.'

'That fellur at tha head? You 'stonish me, Josh Stebbins.'

'Ah! well you may be astonished: he has astonished me, Hickman Holt. He has turned me from evil ways, and led me to fear the Lord.'

The squatter looked incredulous, but remained silent.

'Yes—that same man, who was here with me in your humble cabin, is now Chief-Priest of the Mormon Church! He has laid his hands on this poor head, and constituted me one of his humble Apostles.'

'Aypostles?'

'Yes, one of the *Twelve* intrusted with spreading the true faith of the Saints over all the world.'

'Hooraw for you, Josh Stebbins! You'll be jest the man for that sort o' thing; yev got the larnin' for it, haint you?'

'No doubt, Brother Holt, with the help of the Lord, my humble acquirements will be useful; for though *He* only can open for us poor sinners the kingdom of Grace, yet he suffers such weak instruments, as myself, to point out the narrow path that leads to it. Just as with the Philistines of old, the hearts of the Gentiles are hardened like flint-stones, and refuse to receive the true faith. Unlike the followers of Mohammed, *we* propagate not by the sword, but by the influence of ratiocination.'

'What?'

'Ratiocination.'

'What mout that be?'

'Reason—reason.'

'Oh! common sense you mean, I s'pose?'

'Exactly so—reasoning that produces conviction; and, I flatter myself, that, being gifted with some little sense and skill, my efforts, may be crowned with success.'

'Wal, Josh, 'ithout talkin o' common sense, yev got a good grist o' lawyer's sense—that I know; an' so, I suppose, you've tuk it in your head to make beginnin' on me? Aint that why yev come over this mornin'?'

'What?'

'To make a Mormon o' me?'

Up to this time, the conversation had been carried on in a somewhat stiff and irrelevant manner: this more especially on the side of the squatter, who—notwithstanding his endeavours to assume an air of easy nonchalance—was evidently labouring under suspicion and constraint. From the fact of Stebbins having sent a message to forewarn him of this visit, he knew that the schoolmaster had some business with him, of more than usual importance; and it was with a view to ascertain the nature of this business, and relieve himself from suspense, that the interrogatory was put. He would have been right glad to have received an answer in the affirmative—since it would have been no trouble to him to turn Mormon, or profess to do so; and for a moment he half indulged in the hope, that this might be the errand on which Stebbins had come—as was evinced by a more cheerful expression on his countenance.

As the saint, however, lingered long before making reply, the shadows of suspicion again darkened over the brow of the squatter; and, with a nervous uneasiness, he awaited the answer.

'It'll be a tough job, Josh,' said he, with an effort to appear unconcerned—'a tough job, mind ye.'

'Well, so I should expect,' answered the apostle drily; 'and, just for that reason, I don't intend to try it: though I should like, Brother Holt, to see you gathered into the fold. I know our great High-Priest would make much of a man like *you*. The Saints have many enemies, and need strong arms and stout hearts such as yours, Hickman Holt. The Lord has given to his Prophet the right to defend the true faith—even with carnal weapons, if others fail; and woe be to them who make war on us! Let them dread the *Destroying Angels!*'

'The Destroyin' Angels! What sort o' critters be they?'

'They are the *Danites*.'

'Wal, I'm jest as wise as ever, Josh. Dod rot it, man! don't be mystiferous. Who air the Danites, I shed like to know?'

'You can only know them by initiation, and you *should* know them: you're just the man to be one of them; and I have no doubt you'd be made one, as soon as you joined us.'

The apostle paused, as if to note the effect of his words; but the colossal hunter appeared, as if he had not heard them. It was not from impassibility, but rather because he was not heeding them—his mind being occupied with a presentiment of some more unpleasant proposal on the part of his visitor. He remained silent, however: leaving it to the latter to proceed to the ultimate declaration of his design.

The suspicions of the squatter—if directed to anything connected with his family affairs—were well grounded, and soon received confirmation. After a pause, the Mormon continued:

'No, Hickman Holt, it aint with *you* my business lies to-day—that is, not exactly with you.'

'Who, then?'

'*Your daughter!*'

CHAPTER VII.

THE MORMON'S DEMAND.

A shudder passed through the herculean frame of the hunter—though it was scarcely perceptible, from the effort he made to conceal it. It was noticed for all that; and the emotion that caused it perfectly understood. The keen eye of the *ci-devant* law-clerk was too skilled, in reading the countenance, to be deceived by an effort at impassibility.

'My daughter?' muttered Holt, half interrogatively.

'Your daughter!' echoed the Mormon, with imperturbable coolness.

'But which o' 'em? Thar air two.'

'Oh! you know which I mean—Marian, of course.'

'An' what do ye want wi' Marian, Josh?'

'Come, Brother Holt! it's no use your feigning ignorance. I've spoken to you of this before: you know well enough what I want.'

'Dang me, if I do! I remember what ye sayed afore; but I thort ye war only jokin'.'

'I was in earnest then, Hickman Holt, and I'm still more in earnest now. I want a wife, and I think Marian would suit me admirably. I suppose you know that the Saints have moved off from Illinois, and are now located beyond the Rocky Mountains?'

'I've heern somethin' o 't.'

'Well, I propose going there to join them; and I must take a wife with me: for no man is welcome who comes there without one.'

'Y—e—es,' drawled the squatter, with a bitter smile; 'an' from what I've heern, I reckon he'd be more welkum if he fetched half-a-dozen.'

'Nonsense, Hickman Holt. I wonder a man of your sense would listen to such lies. It's a scandal that's been scattered abroad, by a set of corrupt priests and Methody preachers: who are jealous of us, because we're drawing their people. Sheer wicked lies, every word of it!'

'Wal, I don't know about that. But I know one thing, to a sartinty—you'll niver git Marian's consent.'

'I don't want Marian's consent—that don't signify, so long as I have yours.'

'Mine?'

'Ay, yours; and I must have it. Look here, Hickman Holt! Listen to me! We're making too long a talk about this business; and I have no time to waste in words. I have made everything ready, and shall leave for the Salt Lake, before three more days have passed over my head. The caravan, I'm going with, is to start from Fort Smith on the Arkansas; and it'll be ready, by the time I get there, to move over the plains. I've bought me a team and wagon; it's already loaded and packed; and there's a corner in it, left expresaly for your daughter: therefore, she must go.'

The tone of the speaker had suddenly changed, from that of saintly insinuation, to bold open menace. The squatter, notwithstanding his fierce and formidable aspect, did not dare to reply in the same strain: he was evidently cowed, and suffering under some fearful apprehension.

'*Must* go?' he muttered, half-involuntarily, as if echoing the other's words.

'Yes, *must* and *shall*.'

'I tell you, Josh Stebbins, she'll niver consent.'

'And I tell you, Hickman Holt, I don't want her consent; that I leave *you* to obtain; and if you can't get it otherwise, you must *force* it. Bah! what is it for? A good husband—a good home—plenty of meat, drink, and dress: for don't you get it into your fancy that the Latter-day Saints resemble your canting hypocrites of other creeds, who think they please God with their miserable penances. Quite the reverse, I can assure you. We mean to live, as God intended men should live—eat, drink, and be merry. Look there!'

The speaker exhibited a handful of shining gold pieces.

'That's the way our Church provides for its apostles. Your daughter will be a thousand times better off there, than in this wretched hovel. Perhaps *she* will not mind the change, so much as *you* appear to think. I know many a first-class girl that would be glad of the chance.'

'I know *she* won't give in—far less to be made a Mormon o'. I've heern her speak agin 'em.'

'I say again, she must give in. After all, you needn't tell her I'm Mormon; she needn't know anything about that. Let her think I'm only moving

out west to Oregon—where there are plenty of respectable emigrants now going. She'll not suspect anything in that. Once out at Salt Lake, she'll soon get reconciled to Mormon life, I guess.'

The squatter remained silent for some moments: his head hanging forward over his broad breast, his eyes turned inward—as if searching within his bosom for some thought to guide and direct him. In there, no doubt, a terrible struggle was going on—a tumult of mixed emotions. He loves his daughter, and would leave her to her own will; but he fears this saintly suitor, and dares not gainsay him. It must be some dread secret, or fiendish scheme, that enables this small insignificant man to sway the will of such a giant!

A considerable time passed, and still the squatter vouchsafed no answer: he was evidently wavering, as to the nature of the response he should make. Twice or thrice, he raised his head, stealthily directing his glance to the countenance of his visitor; but only to read, in the looks of the latter, a fixed and implacable purpose. There was no mercy there.

All at once, a change came over the colossus—a resolution of resistance—as evinced by his altered attitude and the changed expression of his face. The triumphant glances of the pseudo-saint appeared to have provoked him, more than the matter in dispute. Like the buffalo of the plains stung with Indian arrows, or the great *mysticetus* of the deep goaded by the harpoon of the whaler, all the angry energies of his nature appeared suddenly aroused from their lethargy; and he sprang to his feet, towering erect in the presence of his tormentor.

'Tarnation!' cried he, striking the floor with his heavy heel, 'she won't do it—she won't, and she *shan't*.'

'Keep cool, Hickman Holt!' rejoined the Mormon without moving from his seat—'keep cool! I expected this; but it's all bluster. I tell you she will, and she *shall*.'

'Hev a care, Josh Stebbins! Hev a care what yur about! Ye don' know what you may drive me to'——

'But I know what I may *lead* you to,' interrupted the other with a sneering smile.

'Whar?' involuntarily inquired Holt.

'The gallows,' laconically answered Stebbins.

'Devils an' durnation!'

This emphatic rejoinder was accompanied with a furious grinding of teeth, but with a certain recoiling—as if the angry spirit of the giant could still be stayed by such a menace.

'It 's no use swearing about it, Holt,' continued the Mormon, after a certain time had passed in silence. '*My* mind's made up—the girl must go with me. Say *yes* or *no*. If yes, then all 's well—well for your daughter, and well for you too. I shall be out of your way—Salt Lake 's a long distance off—and it 's *not likely you'll ever set eyes on me again*. You understand me?'

The saint pronounced these last words with a significant emphasis; and then paused, as if to let them have their full weight.

They appeared to produce an effect. On hearing them, a gleam, like a sudden flash of sunlight, passed over the countenance of the squatter. It appeared the outward index of some consolatory thought freshly conceived; and its continuance proved, that it was influencing him to take a different view of the Mormon's proposal.

He spoke at length; but no longer in the tone of rage—for his passion seemed to have subsided, as speedily as it had sprung up.

'An' s'pose I say *no*?'

'Why, in that case, I shall not start so soon as I had intended. I shall stay in the settlements till I have performed a duty that, for a long time, I have left undone.'

'What duty is 't you mean?'

'One I owe to society; and which I have perhaps sinfully neglected—*bring a murderer to justice!*'

'Hush! Josh Stebbins—for Heaven's sake, speak low! *You know it isn't true*—but, hush! The girls are 'ithout. Don't let them hear such talk!'

'Perhaps,' continued Stebbins, without heeding the interruption, 'perhaps that murderer fancies he might escape. He is mistaken if he do. One word from me in Swampville, and the hounds of the law would be upon him; ay, and if he could even get clear of *them*, he could not escape out of *my* power. I have told you I am an Apostle of the great Mormon Church; and that man would be cunning indeed who could shun the vengeance of our Destroying Angels. Now, Hickman Holt, which is it to be? yes or no?'

The pause was ominous for poor Marian. The answer decided her doom. It was delivered in a hoarse husky voice.

'*Yes—yes—she may go!*'

FROM MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

'THERE he goes to his sky-chamber, poor fellow,' was the expression I caught last night from the lips of a pitying tourist, as he stood in the High Street of Edinburgh, and beheld me with my bundle setting foot upon the first step of the long staircase that leads to my Castle in the Air. He and his friend had just come from London—the great City of Extremity—as I, years ago, had done; and perceiving from my reply to some chance question that my tongue was English, they had been conversing with me about this and that in the street. They evidently thought my attic but a poor place to live in. 'What! did I really lodge in that ninth story yonder, which it almost dislocated one's neck to look up at! And was there no "hoist" within, to save human legs from giving way? It must at least be a good place for a bad memory to make improvement in, since nobody who forgot anything that he should have brought down with him, and had to return for it, would be likely to forget a second time. Why, it was an impious and not altogether unsuccessful attempt to rebuild the Tower of Babel.' Thus, after the good-tempered southern manner, they derided my lofty eyrie, and declined to accompany me so far to see how their fellow-townsman fared in his star-communing apartment.

'There he goes to his sky-chamber, poor fellow,' said one of them as we parted, in a tone of pity, not meant for me to hear; and, I daresay, he conceived a picture from its windows no better than those of a London attic are able to afford. A wilderness of house-roofs, tenanted by starving cats, watching unapproachable pigeons; an atmosphere of soot, through which the sun is seen as through burned glass; and a ceaseless rumbling from the unseen streets beneath, as though that part of the world were suffering from chronic earthquake. I have known what it is well enough, and have rarely cared to look up from my wheel—for I am a journeyman turner—to gaze on such a scene whether in winter or summer. From my present Castle in the Air the view is very different. It is my will, and not my poverty, that consents to my occupying so elevated a region. I could well afford to lodge half-a-dozen stories lower, and look out over the way only. As it is, I am Asmodeus—I am a prince of the powers of the air. It would be an abuse of my high privileges to reveal the spectacles which offer themselves to me in the apartments of my inferior neighbours, although they would form, doubtless, most interesting Domestic Intelligence. I forbear to state whether Mr or Mrs Donald Macintosh is the first to get up on a winter's morning, or which of them is tyrannously compelled to turn off the gas at night—although I *could*, mind you, for blinds are totally unknown in these high latitudes.

I am not going to disturb the harmony of the convivial evenings, beginning at eleven o'clock P.M., which are passed under my observation in the tailor's room yonder, by disclosing which flat he lives in to the commissioners of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. I say not one word of that Highland uniform from the Castle, a glimpse of which I am sure to catch in the shoemaker's parlour whenever that unsuspecting little man has business in the country, and his pretty wife has not. Jeanie Dugaldson (that was) and Sergeant Macalpin are cousins, as everybody knows (though rather far away), and maybe they do but talk about old times. At all events, it is no concern of mine; and indeed I do not trouble myself much with my neighbours and their doings, except the day be wet, or the sights further afield be hid in mist. The spectacle of my fellow-creatures, so immediately and yet so far beneath me, reduced to pigmies, and speckling the narrowed street like flies upon a window-pane, perhaps dwarfs my interest in the human. I prefer rather, as I stand or sit by my lathe's side, which does not always require my eye upon it, to snatch glimpses of the eternal hills and of the sea.

In the summer evenings, when my work is done, as now, I lean out from my Castle in the Air, and behold such sights as elsewhere attic windows rarely look upon. A rocky circlet, a mural crown of crags is set to eastward, and above it, but still close at hand, rises the Lion Hill—the green gray mountain that keeps guard over the city. Beneath it, and within its morning shadow, stands the king's house, tenanted at times by monarch, and always haunted by royal and ancient memories. This hill, from morn to eve, is the resort of young and old, and all that love to feel the turf beneath their feet, and the mountain airs come fresh to cheek and brain. The soldiers often meet there in their glancing panoply, to me but like the brilliant insects that flit above the sunlit grass, and their bands of music like to the hum of insects. From thence, and up the narrow way that leads beneath me, have oft, in bygone times, men come with sword in hand, and in no mimic war; with kings, their captains or their captives; and with criminals or martyrs, their wrists cruelly bound behind them, to suffer death in yonder place in sight of all men. The whole street is, as it were, a page out of the annals of the land, here defiled with blood, here cleansed with saintliest tears; a palace at one end, and at the other a fortress, that has as often been a prison. What sights have its old walls looked down upon! What sounds of wars and tumults have gone up thither! What cries for vengeance and for mercy!

I picture from my Castle in the Air the gay processions that have passed this way, of knights and dames, and all the gallant show that fits a court; the triumphant march, what time some new-made king rode by, amid the plaudits of the lookers-on, of whom some loved him, and some loved him not, and most cared nothing if he reigned or no, so there were sights and feastings; the dread and slow approach of them whom axe or rope awaited yonder, whose feet the people would have kissed but for the stern-browed guards, or whom, but for them, may be, they would have torn asunder; the hideous haste of the carecring mob with victims of their own; or the far worse delay of priests or presbyters with *theirs*, with cruel circumstance of blasphemous prayer and hypocritic rite doing their lawful murders. How fearful to have seen the lurid flame light up yon pile, when it played o'er the writhing bodies of men, made after the image of their God, and burned alive in his most sacred name!

Dreaming, without my will, of such red sights, I thank the cool west wind for waking me, and bearing my thoughts to seaward. Beyond the town, though almost one with it, there lies the Port, its docks packed close with shipping, and its piers like two vast arms stretched forth to woo the sea. Were nothing else in view but that same Firth, yet many a merchant prince and nobleman might, in their land-locked mansions, envy me. It combines the river and the ocean; widening out to eastward, till the coast is lost on either side, but to westward narrowing past bay and creek, fair island and white fishing-town, up to the green heart of the hills. This highway of the vessels is never unfrequented: all day long the white sails speck its bosom, and the steam-ships stain its sky with their black pennants, while through the night I see their vigilant lamps, like shooting-stars, pass swiftly out and in. Some few days back, I saw a vision of ships such as was never before beheld from Scottish town. The Channel Fleet came sailing up the Roads, where men-of-war are almost rare as whales, and now they lie at anchor in the Forth, beyond the headland. If some Paul Jones must needs return to us, as once he came, demanding ransom of the port of Leith, I would it might be now. How very much astonished and alarmed the Yankee privateer would be, to see one of those Wooden Walls come stealing out from yon hid anchorage, with all its hundred mouths agrin for joy! I love the Firth, for the sun shines upon it brighter than on land; and when the wind blows, all its waves are rolled like the charge of a thousand knights with snow-white plumes; but I love more the mountains that lie beyond it. In hottest July, I have small wish to fly the town; but in my Castle in the Air I sit, and gaze upon those great cool hills in the far west, whose feet are in the fair still lochs I know. Their tops have snow upon them long after that all other things are green; but now they have no snow, save snow-white cloud, which like a snow-flake rests and melts away. I point athwart the narrow street, across the crowded town, over the green meads, the waving woodlands, and the sparkling sea, to that great nest of giants, and single out with a sure finger one, their chief—Ben Lomond. Such are the sights from my sky-parlour, pitying friend; such are the glories I look out upon from my Castle in the Air.

THE GONE-BEFORE.

ALAS! we are prone to say:
'We have fallen on evil hours,'
When a ripened spirit floats away
Like the breath of the fading flowers,
And a seed, on the wings of a dying day,
Is borne to the heavenly bowers!

Yet toil has a right to rest,
And the wearied a right to go,
And Love has a right to save the best
From the weight of the coming blow.
We gaze on the joys of the parted Blessed
Through the tears of a selfish woe.

'Tis blood, not tears, should fall
O'er the brave who breathe no more,
For empty the breach in the crumbling wall
Which they manned in the days of yore,
And who shall respond to the trumpet-call
To rescue the banner they bore?

Can the warrior *now* survey
How the distant combat wears?
Let him learn to wait—nor rashly say
That the valiant have left no heirs—
Till he watch the deeds of the changing day
From a crowning height like theirs;
Till the smoke of the fray
Shall have rolled away
On the breath of their answered prayers.

R. R.

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IMPERIAL HOSPITALITIES.

UNDER the ancient dynasty of Bourbon, in the days when red Phrygian caps were in embryo, and successive governments had not yet learned how to take root on gory barricades, the etiquette of French royalty was of almost Castilian stiffness. Louis XIV., when he condescended so far as to invite a financier to Marly, felt no doubt that he too was making one of those sublime sacrifices which had for years drained the purses of his nobles and the veins of his nation. Petulant Louis XV., reckless Philip the Regent, found it hard to break through the stiff hedge of custom, even when a pouting favourite had to be soothed, or a stubborn capitalist propitiated. The royal family of France dined alone. The polite world was admitted to watch from an awful distance the progress of those repasts; and strangers went to see the Bourbons eat off gold, to behold the grand carver wield his damascened knife, to observe the hereditary cupbearer among his chalices, precisely as they went to see the lions fed in his Britannic majesty's Tower of London. As for an invitation to share the meal of those august personages, a foreign visitor of those days would as soon have expected an offer of pot-luck from the Tycoon of Japan, or a pressing note from the Mogul, mentioning that the successor of Aurungzebe dined at sharp seven. The *petits soupers* were on another footing. The king dined publicly, with his queen, and the children of France. The king supped with anybody who was witty enough, or wicked enough, or eccentric enough, to give his majesty the pleasure of a hearty human laugh—an oasis in a life of suppressed yawns, sneers, and pretty speeches. But the king was not supposed to sup. By a charming fiction of society, his merry little banquets at the Trianon, or at St Cloud, or in any of the countless royal residences, were ignored. Kings, like the nobler beasts of prey, were presumed to eat but once a day. The Bourbons imbibed their nectar and ambrosia, with infinite state and decorum, at an hour which corresponds to our modern lunch-time; the provincial *gentilhommes* and *gentillâtres* crowded to feast their eyes on the father of his country; the distinguished foreigners looked with respectful awe upon the public repast of a king of France, and there was an end of the matter for twenty-four hours. The popping of champagne corks at night, the wild mirth, the rattling orgies, in which the king sought relaxation, were not supposed to be audible to loyal ears. This great system of shams could not stand for ever. The pike of the red-capped rebel let daylight—a glaring lurid daylight, but still light—through the old moth-eaten curtain, heavy with golden *fleurs de lis*, that had screened royalty so long. Louis XVI. asking the rough republican guardian for a share of his crust; Louis XVIII. dining when, where, and how he could, but always dining at somebody else's table, through long years, present a marvellous contrast to the old times, when none but those born in the purple could partake of the banquet of a king of France.

When the Bourbons slipped from the dangerous throne for the second time, Louis Philippe flung the last tatters of etiquette away after them. With the white flag went out the intact honours of the royal table-cloth. The Citizen King tried for eighteen years to make things pleasant, and succeeded eminently well, until that last dismal break-down, when a scornful world hooted away from the helm of state that old, time-serving, despised mediocrity, who was once the darling of Europe. Louis Philippe kept open house for the best society of all nations; any French *préfet* or general, any Englishman of rank and fortune, any bestarred and betitled satrap from Vienna, might count pretty surely upon a dinner at the Tuileries, and a share of his majesty's bland, improving—not to say oily—conversation. For a Frenchman, the old king of the middle classes was wonderfully little given to epigram; he often talked, especially to English visitors, in the dulcet, rather tedious tone of a story-book for good little children. One wicked wit compared his majesty to a schoolmaster 'doing the benevolent' at the breaking-up party of his academical pupils. But if the Tuileries' dinners were accessible, so were the Tuileries' balls, and in a double degree. Honest Jerôme Paturôt, grocer and commandant in the National Guard, sparkled his epaulets there; Madame Paturôt, who had, perhaps, in former days sold gloves or pomatum to the Prince de Joinville's secretary, or the Duke d'Aumale's aide-de-camp, now had the felicity of polkaing with the princes themselves. *Altesses Royales* figured in quadrilles with very queer company indeed; and many a horrified English lady shrank from the recognition of her Parisian trades-people, now splendid in civil or military uniforms, and wishing, as they strutted across the glittering ball-rooms, that their friends in the Marais, who were not field-officers of the National Guard, or even mayors of a district, could behold them in the sunshine of royal favour. When Louis Napoleon, as Prince President of the Republic, which he was killing as ivy does a sickly tree, was bidding for popularity, he naturally took to exuberance of hospitality. The batteries of his kitchen began the work, which, in December, batteries of a different description helped to finish. The gates of the Tuileries stood open night and day. If a Frenchman of any celebrity, however trifling, did not appear among the assembled

guests, it was a sign that he was either very honest, or very stubborn, or that his renown was dying out. Insignificant indeed must the orator, the writer, the editor have been whose principles were not craftily assailed by *filet à la Reine Hortense*, or sapped by *suprême de volaille à la financière*. And if madame loved dancing, or wished to bring out her charming demoiselles in a palace ball-room, cards and bouquets rained in showers of pasteboard and camellias upon the most unlikely quarters of Paris. The Prince President's hand and heart were open to merit, even of the humblest kind—merit, that is to say, of a serviceable nature. No honest man, indeed no *dis*honest man, short of a graduate of Brest or Toulon, was sent empty away; but then he must be able to pay for his entertainment in some way or other; and he who could not conduct a state prosecution, nor muzzle a growling factory full of blouséd workmen, nor write an imperialist paragraph in a newspaper, must be a poor creature, indeed, if he could not keep his ears open in the interest of government. Spies, indeed, are never altogether out of fashion under any French ruler; and it is wonderful how many of them talk imposing politics, with a red ribbon at their button-holes, or sweep the dusty stairs, or wax the slippery floors, or hand the coffee-cup and the tiny glass of liqueur, or screw ladies' hair into knots and coronets, in the good city of Paris. There are spies feminine too, from the *piquante* marchioness, who amuses the Faubourg St Germain with such droll allusions to Napoleon, down to red-elbowed Toinette, who squabbles for *sous* in the Halle markets, or that fierce-eyed, sallow-cheeked flower-girl, who *will* stick the nosegay into *milord's* button-hole, as he stalks out of the Café Anglais.

Imperial hospitalities are plenty even now. True, the emperor confines his invitations to dinner, now-a-days, to a higher class of the English than when he was but a president, on his promotion. A slight introduction, a name not utterly unknown, gave the *entrée* then; it is not so now. But a man of title, a man of money, a man vouched for by any one whom it is an object to oblige, or the M. P. for Chatterborough or Pocketown, as the case may be, may account himself a very ill-used man, or must be a very black sheep indeed, if he does not dine once at least, during his stay in Paris, with his feet beneath the imperial mahogany. Of course, the emperor pleases many by this liberality, contrasted as it is with the quiet economy of the British embassy. But of course, too, he offends many, for he cannot ask all, were his board a round table as capacious as Arthur's; and where so many are admitted, the excluded feel themselves trebly slighted. It is wonderful to hear old Major Clavers come down to Galignani's reading-room and abuse the elect of the millions. Every crime, every baseness, is flung in the teeth of that wretched monarch; and the indignant major's climax is always the same, that the major was not asked to dinner, and that Alderman Higgins was—a combination of offences which seems to eclipse all trifling political slaughters and perjuries, and to put the apex to the pyramid of human wrongs. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the major has not asked Lord Cowley to interfere, officially, in the matter, and to use the trident of Britannia to exclude Higgins, and pitchfork Clavers into his place. It is the same with respect to those balls, fancy-balls, masquerades, and other lavish entertainments that the empress provides, and of which the very newspaper accounts resemble a court circular of fairyland. It may be doubted if the old dynasty, if the Regent himself, were as prodigal of all that is costly and sumptuous, of all that taste can procure at wealth's command, as the present spoiled children of fortune whom men call Napoleon and Eugénie. Certainly, such vast crowds were never before collected to enjoy the profuse splendour of this bucaneer prodigality. Nor does the system fail of its effect: dazzled, delirious, wild with pleasure and excitement, Paris drinks deeply of the sparkling cup, and never cares to look critically if there be a stain of blood on the goblet. Paris is more and more fascinated by the rout of Comus, and cares less and less of any old-world notions of right and wrong; and Paris has enough to do to gamble on the Bourse, in hopes of paying milliner and jeweller, in hopes of finding money for *lansquenet* and whist; in hopes of amassing enough to bribe one of those discreet personages who can persuade a lady of rank to ask a Russian princess to solicit an imperial highness to wheedle the empress into coaxing the emperor out of some trifle worth having—a lesser embassy—a military command, where a blockhead can do no harm—or the like. So the great wheel turns round. The English in Paris have their full share of the festivities, considering their numbers; yet they grumble. There are many who murmur that the Russians are favoured, that the Americans are petted; that General Hiram Doolittle and his wife were asked to the imperial amateur theatricals, when Lady O'Dowd and her daughters teased vainly for a card. Of course, many complain of the crush, others of the company at the balls; others are frantic because some pretty Mrs Blank, with an ugly story connected with her of which no mortal knows the 'rights,' or exact details, is permitted to rub shoulders with her countrywomen. Those who have been presented at St James's, feel indignant that those who have been presented at Dublin should presume to go to court at all. Those fair ones who have only curtseyed to a viceroy, on the other hand, denounce the favouritism which permits still smaller fish to slip through the silken meshes, and declare that Mrs Hicks and her buxom daughters would be considered scarcely eligible for a country ball, and there they are flaunting at the Tuileries.

Meanwhile, the best society of Paris stays away from these revels. The poor, old, pinched, wan, meagre, best society shuts itself up in its decaying Faubourg, and yawns over its reminiscences, or plays *trictrac* with its confessor. It is very prosy and tiresome, that ghostly best society; its confessor has not too much to listen to now-a-days, for the best society has hardly strength left to sin. Its gay young time was wicked enough, its prime not too moral, but it is now in extreme, feeble, garrulous old age. It plucks up a little spirit to pick the emperor to pieces, verbally; it speaks of him as *ça*, with bitter contempt, as not even of the masculine gender; and loves to relate how the empress transgressed etiquette, or how fond this Princess Mathilde is of pinching and slapping her maids.

But all this imperial feasting and fiddling, all these quasi public merry-makings are in Paris. There is little pretence of exclusiveness there. The Upper Ten Thousand have *Cead mile failteagh!* as an enthusiastic Irish scribe said when immortalising the fête at the Hôtel de Ville, offered by the city of Paris to its imperial master and mistress. But when the court goes down to hunt at Fontainbleau for a few days, or to shoot at Compiègne for a few weeks, then indeed comes the tug of war, of strife, and jealousy, and longing, and envy; and invitations are canvassed for as if they were brevets of nobility or *coupons* of the Stock Exchange. Invitations are sparingly given. The imperial châteaux are not of an elastic character; they will admit so many guests, and no more; and bedchambers cannot be improvised in a building every spare cranny of which is appropriated by some member of the swarming *valetaille impériale*. Then many places have to be kept vacant for foreign notabilities: there are pliant Russians to be petted; Austrian bears to be taught to dance to an imperial whistle; stray Belgian dignitaries, such as patronise King Leopold and his mushroom court, or snub him mercilessly, according to the whim of the moment, to be propitiated. In these Belgian princes, indeed, the far-sighted emperor beholds probable Frenchmen, for

is not Belgium within the Rhine circle? and is not the Rhine the natural boundary? &c.; therefore, are Belgians Frenchmen! Q. E. D. Also there are Yankees, masculine and feminine, the first flower of the great democratic faction that rules Uncle Sam's dominions, with the oddest names and the most ineffable contempt for Britishers, and all things old-fashioned—except titles. That is the hold Napoleon has of those red-hot republican tuft-hunters. He knows their weakness perfectly well; knows they would go to the stake if a grandee were to be roasted in their company; and he finds Mrs General Peabody, or Mrs Professor Onion, not only a great subject of amusement for the laughter-loving friends of the empress, but a useful ally, for does not every trans-atlantic letter carry to the 'empire state' the assurance that 'his majesty' is America's best friend, and 'the angelic empress' something that 'whips creation!'

But we must not forget the English visitors, few, but well chosen. These have a special bait prepared for them: they are permitted the rare luxury of patronage, yes, of patronising a powerful sovereign in his own house. The gentlemen are surprised at the simplicity with which the emperor defers to them in all matters of sporting or of equipage. '*You* shall decide, Sir John. What do *I* know of these things? What did *I* know about horses, or dogs, or guns, until you English taught me?' It is hard not to pouch a bait so well administered by the best actor in Europe; and, ten to one, Sir John, though a shrewd man, tells Lady Porkingham that, after all, the emperor is a trump—a splendid fellow—only too glad those French have such a fellow to manage them. Lady P. does not say nay. The empress has been inquiring the rules of the Great Bashersbury Penny Club, with a view to founding a similar institution in France; or the Princess Mathilde has, with admirable gravity, been learning how to knit stockings for the poor, or has asked for the loan of Tillotson's Sermons; and Lady Porkingham, honest woman, believes her Imperial Highness has twinges of conscience, and perhaps may end by turning Protestant, and recanting—how delightful!—next season in London. Never mind if Sir John and my Lady are laughed at behind their backs at Compiègne. Sir John disposes of three votes, and influences three or four more; seven voices tell in a division, and the emperor is as often exposed to a vote of censure as ministers themselves. Then there is the great French duke who is poor and proud, but more poor than proud. After long starving and brooding, he will forswear legitimacy, and take service under *ça*; *ça* will make an ambassador of him, a senator, what you will. He brings madame the duchess down to Compiègne with him; the noisy feminine staff that prattle round the empress are afraid of that gaunt, Spanish-looking, ultra-Catholic duchess—a *real* duchess, whose husband's coronet dates from Louis IX. Then there is the general who was getting too popular in Africa, the préfet who was becoming too much hated at Toulouse, and who are to be cajoled gracefully into retiring, because one has talent, the other powerful relations. But why particularise them? Perhaps every one of the invited represents a motive, a want, an imperial idea. All are the guests of a host who does nothing, gives nothing, says nothing, without hopes of a return; all have to devote their thoughts, energies, and means to Dress in all its branches. It is little less formal than a 'general order' that expression of an imperial wish which causes every lady-guest to appear in four different dresses daily. Then, at Compiègne, for a week together, and at Fontainbleau on grand hunting-days, the Louis-Quinze costume is adopted by all; and periwigged swains in ruffles and gold-laced coats pay awkward attentions to countesses out of Watteau's canvases. Then Sir John Porkingham looks miserable in the very finery which his ancestor was proud of a century or so back; and the Count Lampion, and the Baron Touroulou, sons of ennobled soldiers of the First Empire, swagger and strut in the borrowed plumes of the old seigneurs to whom their grandpapas were serfs. The emperor has a personal and passionate fondness for the courtly garb of the old *régime*. He is never so happy as when in lace *jabot* and embroidered velvet. Of course, he comes in for sneers, even from those who eat at his table, and cringe to him for favours. 'See that man,' said an old *marquise* one day; 'would one not say he was an assassin of the high-road, who had *égorgé* a gentleman, and was flaunting in his clothes?' But it must be owned that the rich dress aids the illusion wonderfully, when, after the chase and the banquet, the *curée* of the dead stag is performed in the great courtyard by torchlight. A thousand flambeaux blazing, a hundred and fifty couples of yelling struggling hounds; more than a hundred huntsmen in green liveries around the dead buck; and the galleries crowded with those gorgeous figures, that carry the fancy back to the picturesque, fantastic past. There may be more moral, but few more impressive spectacles than these Imperial Hospitalities.

'POOR BRETHREN' AND 'POOR SCHOLARS.'

We hear about the Charter-house in our daily talkings and walkings in London; and we read that such and such a one, in his declining years, has become a recipient of benefits through the instrumentality of that institution. But what the Charter-house is, and why it is at all, and who founded it, and how long ago, and how it is supported, and how the inmates employ themselves, are questions on which the 'outer world' know little. It so happens, however, that an Inspector of Charity Commissions has been ordered by the commissioners to raise the curtain, and see what is going on; and we will now, in the space of a couple of pages or so, tell in brief what this inspector tells in sixty pages of much larger size.

In the year 1609, then, one Sir Thomas Sutton procured the passing of an act of parliament for the foundation of a hospital and free grammar-school at Hallingbury, in Essex. But a change of site took place. Nearly two centuries and a half earlier, Sir Walter Manny and Bishop Sudbury had founded a monastery for twenty-four Carthusian or Chartreux monks, at a spot a little north or north-east of Smithfield; and by an easily understood process of transformation, this name gradually became *Charter-house*. The monastery grew up to be a splendid establishment, although the Carthusians themselves lived very poorly, in accordance with their vow. Their life was a quiet and peaceful one, until the terrible day came when Henry VIII. despoiled them, with circumstances of greater barbarity than was usual even in those unscrupulous times. About the year 1540, the poor monks were either put to death or scattered; and the house underwent many alterations, to fit it as a residence for persons who found favour at court. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was owner of the Charter-house during part of the reign of Elizabeth; he rebuilt most of the structure, and the queen more than once sojourned there for a day or two. James I. was in like manner splendidly entertained therein in 1603: when, as we are told by the chroniclers of the time, he kept his court there four days, and knighted no less than eighty gentlemen. Meanwhile, Thomas Sutton, a merchant-prince, whose virtues were equal to his wealth, was revolving in his mind the forming of an establishment partly educational and partly charitable. He obtained, as we have seen, an act of parliament for a special purpose in 1609; but two

years afterwards, circumstances enabled him to purchase the whole estate of the Charter-house for the sum of L.13,000. He had many difficulties to contend against, however, and found himself compelled to give a good round sum to King Jamie for a charter of incorporation. He just lived to complete his munificent plan, which included the endowment of the new hospital and grammar-school, with the revenues of upwards of twenty manors, lordships, and other estates in various parts of England. Clouds at first threatened the new institution, for Sutton's heir-at-law fought a desperate legal battle with the governors; and it was not until after the sum of L.10,000 had found its way into the pocket of the king, under the implied purpose of 'repairing Berwick Bridge,' that the governors got free of their tormentor.

Thus was the Charter-house founded; and it appears from the various documents that the institution was to comprise 'a hospital for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor aged, maimed, or impotent people;' and 'a free school for the teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars.' There were to be appointed three able and efficient persons as schoolmaster, usher, and preacher; but the number of recipients of the charity to be admitted was to be such as 'shall seem most convenient' to the governors—a sort of liberty which charity trustees have not always exercised in a way that the founders would have approved. The governors were to be sixteen in number, and were to fill up vacancies in their own body, on the select vestry system; but Sutton did his best to bind them down to an honourable fulfilment of the duties of their trust. Considered as a corporation, the Charter-house consists of governors, 'poor brethren,' and 'poor scholars;' other officers or persons not being 'members' in the same sense. A pledge of eternal bachelorship was exacted by Thomas Sutton; that is, no 'member' was to be a married man; but the authorities managed to get partially rid of this celibate monasticism in 1839. At one time, there were an attorney-general, a surveyor-general, a receiver-general, and a steward of the house and household, and doubtless there were many pretty pickings obtained in this way from the Charter-house; but these offices were afterwards abolished. How powerful has been the *inner* government of the Charter-house, and how difficult to touch by any power from without, might be shewn by tracing the rules for promulgating orders and practical details; but into these we will not ask the reader to enter. The governors meet on certain days of the year, to examine into and pass the accounts, and to fill up any vacancies among the 'poor brethren' and 'poor scholars.'

What the officers shall be called, and what they shall do, are set forth at great length. The Master has considerable powers. He must be 'learned, discreet, and meet.' He has the economical government of the house and household; he may fine any poor brother 4s. 4d. or 8s. 8d. for misdemeanour; and he generally represents the governors when they are not present. Until the year 1839, he was necessarily and always unmarried. The preacher (so called, not chaplain) must have attained to certain university honours; he must see that all the officers, brethren, scholars, and servants attend chapel daily; that there shall be two services on Sundays; that all the inmates shall take the sacrament three times a year; that he shall catechise the scholars during Lent; and that he shall see to the proper performances of their duties by the chapel-clerk or reader, the organist or singing-master, and the sexton or chapel-keeper. The Physician was provided for in the house until 1840; but since that year, he has received only an annual salary; there is, however, a resident apothecary, who is expected to keep a watch upon the bodily healthfulness of the poor brethren and poor scholars. The registrar lives in the house; he must be 'a man of good conversation, well practised in following law causes, a good penman, ready, diligent, and faithful;' he is the solicitor, the legal adviser of the institution. The receiver has the management of the pretty ample rents and revenues of the Charter-house. The steward of courts and the auditor have also to do with revenue affairs. The manciple is a sort of housekeeper or clerk of the kitchen. He must 'attend his service in the kitchen till all the tables be served and taken away; and then he shall take his meals with the inferior servants and grooms, at their accustomed table and rate.' These 'inferior servants and grooms' comprise pantlers, butlers, gardener, scullions, barber, clock-keeper, and trencher-scraper.

Considered as an alms-house or asylum, the chief inmates of the Charter-house are of course the 'poor brethren.' They are eighty in number. None are admitted under fifty years of age, unless maimed in war; and only those who have been housekeepers are eligible. Each brother has a separate apartment, a share of attendance from domestics, an ample though plain diet, and an allowance of about L.26 a year for clothes and other matters. Some of the rules for the guidance of the brethren are peculiar, and touch on old-world usages; while others have been changed to meet modern views. Every brother must be either a bachelor or a widower; he must be a member of the Church of England; he must 'give dutiful reverence to the master whensoever he shall happen to be in his presence;' he must 'behave himself reverently' in chapel, once every day, and twice on Sundays; he is fined from 3d. to 1s. for every time of omitting this duty; he must dine with the other brethren in the common hall, and not in his own room; he must always appear in his gown in chapel and hall, and in the master's presence; he may take his daily walks abroad, but must be home by eleven o'clock at night, under peril of a fine; he must never sleep out of the house, and must allow no visitor to remain with him after ten o'clock in the evening; he may have four weeks' holiday every autumn, with 10s. a week allowance for that period; and the master may give him limited special holiday at other times, with 7s. per week allowance—or more if he goes out on sick certificate.

These fourscore old gentlemen are not always satisfied; inmates of charity-houses seldom are. There is a listlessness about their mode of life which seems to engender the making of small grievances. As members of the Charter-house, the brethren have a right to know how the revenues are appropriated; they know that the governors have the power, when their revenues increase, to add either to the number of inmates or to the sum allowed annually to each; and they naturally have a leaning towards the latter alternative. They have frequently memorialised the governors, setting forth reasons why matters should be other than they are. For instance, in 1854, one of the brethren, acting as representative for all, drew up a memorandum, for submission to the manciple, shewing that the money-allowance to each ought not to be less than L.40 annually, in addition to board and lodging, to enable them to live comfortably. There was about L.12 for clothes and repairs (the house pays L.2 a year for each brother's 'gown'); so much for little extra items in grocery; so much for beer, spirits, wine, tobacco, and snuff; so much for washing, and cleaning, and brushing; so much for wear and tear and renewal of furniture; and sundry small items, including about a shilling a week for 'occasional fares of railway, omnibus, and cab.' A tough battle of answer and rejoinder ensued; but the brethren were defeated in their attempt to raise the stipend from L.26 to L.40. It was known, however, that the revenues of the Charter-house would receive a sudden augmentation of nearly L.5000 a year in 1859; and there seemed to be a general belief that this windfall would open the purse a little wider. In this, as in

most similar institutions, the recipients of the bounty are mostly persons who have moved in a somewhat higher sphere of life than those for whom the donor intended it; at anyrate, in recent years, the poor brethren have been selected rather from the higher than the lower ranks of life; they are not so often persons really poor and fallen in estate as the designation would imply. Among the 'poor brethren,' in bygone years, were Elkanah Settle, the sometime rival and antagonist of Dryden; John Bagford, shoemaker, bookseller, and antiquary, who obtained from scattered sources many of the MSS. which now constitute the Harleian collection; and Alexander Macbean, who assisted Dr Johnson in the preparation of his dictionary; but for the most part the brethren have been men 'unknown to fame.'

We have hitherto spoken of the Charter-house as an asylum, hospital, or alms-house; we must now speak of it as a school. There are forty-four boys on the foundation of this school, admissible between the ages of ten and fourteen. They attend school about eight or nine hours a day. There is a certain stipulated annual expenditure for suits and gowns for the boys on the foundation, including so much for 'garters and points.' The 'diets' are the daily rations of solid food, and the 'beavors' are the daily allowances of drink. The poor scholars are nominated in the same way as the poor brethren. They are understood to be 'the sons of poor gentlemen to whom the charge of education is too onerous.' The last twenty admitted before 1854 were the sons of military and naval officers, clergymen, solicitors, surgeons, and 'gentlemen.' When, however, we see among them the son of the secretary of one of our greatest railway companies, a man still in the receipt of a large salary, we may entertain a doubt whether the intentions of honest Thomas Sutton are really carried out. There are exhibitions, scholarships, and medals, competed for at certain times by the poor scholars; and all of them are considered to be suitable, in other ways, for proceeding to Oxford and Cambridge in after-years. There is always a prestige connected with an old school like this; and when the records of the establishment shew that Dr Barrow, Chief-justice Blackstone, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Chief-justice Ellenborough, Bishop Thirlwall, Mr Grote the historian, Lord Liverpool the premier, Bishop Monk, and other men of mark, received their education at the Charter-house, it tells well in the estimation of the world. Those here mentioned were, however, not all 'poor scholars;' and there are always more of those who are not upon the foundation than of those who are. At present, this extra number exceeds one hundred, of whom sixty or seventy board with the schoolmaster, usher, or reader; and the rest are day-scholars. The whole of these extra boys are paid for by their friends at a liberal rate; and so high do the emoluments become in various ways, that the inspector sent by the charity commissioners found that the schoolmaster's income, from all sources, was L.1800 a year, and the usher's L.1100. The education is a good one, comprising Greek, Latin, French, mathematics, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history—that is, it is good compared with that in most of the old grammar-schools; but it is wanting in many items now deemed necessary in schools and colleges of a high class. The 'poor scholars' or foundationers are not maintained absolutely free of all charge, for their friends pay L.10 or L.20 each for them, for books, pocket-money, and extra clothes. These sums are, however, willingly paid; for there are forty exhibitions open exclusively to these foundationers, and good prospects of advancement in after-life.

The governors are nearly all titled personages, too wealthy to care about the Charter-house as a source of profit, but accepting the office as a sort of honorary one, and for the privilege of nominating poor brethren and poor scholars. The Queen has two nominations, the Prince Consort one, and the Prince of Wales one. The poor brethren are nominally elected by all the governors, but practically each governor nominates in turn. The manner in which the old-fashioned emoluments are combined with new-fashioned salaries, in the payments to the master, preacher, and other officers, is curious. Take the case of the present master, for instance, who is a venerable archdeacon, with plenty of other good things within his reach. His salary is L.800 a year; he has a house and furniture provided within the establishment; he receives 30 dozen and 5 lbs. of candles annually (1 lb. per day); 30 gallons of oil, and L.6 for firewood; he is allowed L.7, 10s. once in three years for linen. There is also, as in times of yore, a 'master's table' kept up; and there are statutory rules for the daily diet of persons entitled to dine thereat. But this is no benefit to the master otherwise than to the other officials; for the master, preacher, schoolmaster, usher, registrar, reader, and apothecary are entitled to dine there regularly; each of whom is entitled, also, to invite one guest per week. Some of the assistant-masters, and the physician and organist, when they happen to be present, are in like manner entitled to free commons at this table. The diet is not such as Thomas Sutton would probably have allowed, but such as the officials 'would have at their own houses.' The schoolmaster and usher, whose emoluments have been adverted to above, do each receive 'a pound loaf of bread daily,' and L.6 annually in lieu of an ancient allowance of beer.

The Charter-house, it hence appears, is a very singular institution, becoming more and more wealthy every generation, as leases of houses and estates fall in. In the first place, the Charter-house is an extensive landed proprietor. It has lands and houses all round the neighbourhood, in Charterhouse Square, Carthusian Street, Sutton Street, and other places northward of Smithfield; in Essex, and in the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Lincoln, and Wilts. It has tithe-rent charges, quit-rents, manorial profits, and forest timber. It has interest on invested funds to the amount of about twenty thousand pounds. In the next place, it is a patron of livings, for it has nine benefices in its gift, worth from two to seven hundred a year each. In the third place, it is a trustee for several funds, to be appropriated for exhibitions and scholarships. In the fourth place, it is a representative of Thomas Sutton in providing for the declining years of fourscore 'poor brethren,' who once had only L.6, 6s. 8d. a year each in money, but who now receive about four times as much, because the institution is wealthy. In the fifth place, it is a protector and educator of rather more than half that number of 'poor scholars,' who are tolerably well provided with facilities for reaching Oxford or Cambridge. And in the sixth place, it is a schoolmaster in general, for it throws open its gates to a large number of boys, who are anything but 'poor scholars,' and whose parents can afford to pay handsomely for their education. As to the real net amount of revenue which belongs to the place, we are not quite in a position to state it; but Mr Skirrow, the inspector already alluded to, states that the value of some or other of the estates is increasing every year.

An odd little nook in London is this same Charter-house. The hall, the chapel, the school-room, the play-ground, the 'evidence' or record room, the court-room—all are worth looking at, though none very beautiful. They extend round three quadrangles or courts. The hall and refectory are the most interesting, as they carry us back to the old Carthusian days; but the court-room is the most ornate, presenting a very fair example of Elizabethan decoration. It is in this room that the foundation of the Charter-house is celebrated once a year; on which occasion, among other bits of singing and recitation, a verse is sung, of

which it may be said, that what it wants in poetry it possesses in straightforwardness:

Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SPLENDID PENSION.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalogo was followed by an extensive *débandement*, which sent many thousands of sabres ringing back into their scabbards—some of them soon after to spring forth in the cause of freedom, calumniously called 'fillibustering;' others perhaps destined never to be drawn again. Using a figurative expression, not a few were converted into spades; and, in this *pacific* fashion, carried to the far shores of the Pacific Ocean—there to delve for Californian gold: while still others were suspended in the counting-house or the studio, to rust in inglorious idleness.

A three years' campaign under the sultry skies of Mexico—drawing out the war-fever that had long burned in the bosoms of the American youth—had satisfied the ambition of most. It was only those who arrived late upon the field—too late to pluck a laurel—who would have prelonged the strife.

The narrator of this tale, Edward Warfield—*ci-devant* captain of a corps of 'rangers'—was not one of the last mentioned. With myself, as with many others, the great Mexican campaign was but the continuation of the little war—*la petite guerre*—that had long held an intermittent existence upon the borders of Texas, and in which we had borne part; and the provincial laurels there reaped, when interwoven with the fresher and greener bays gathered upon the battle-fields of Anahuac, constituted a wreath exuberant enough to content us for the time.

For my part, notwithstanding the portentous sound of my ancestral patronymic, I was tired of the toils of war, and really desired a 'spell' of peace: during which I might indulge in the *dolce far niente*, and obtain for my wearied spirit a respite of repose. My wishes were in similitude with those of the poet, who longed for 'a lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless contiguity of shade;' or, perhaps, more akin to those of that other poet of less solitary inclinings, who only desired the 'desert as a dwelling-place, with one fair spirit for his minister!'

In truth, I felt a strong inclination for the latter description of life; and, in all likelihood, would have made trial of it, but for the interference of one of those ill-starred contingencies that often embarrass the best intentions. A phrase of common occurrence will explain the circumstance that offered opposition to my will: 'want of the means to support a wife.'

I had been long enough in the wilderness, to know that even a 'dwelling in the desert' cannot be maintained without expense; and that, however pure the desert air, the *fairest* 'spirit' would require something more substantial to live upon.

Under this prudential view of the case, marriage was altogether out of the question. We, the *débandés*, were dismissed without pension: the only reward for our warlike achievements being a piece of 'land scrip,' good for the number of acres upon the face of it—to be selected from 'government land,' wherever the holder might choose to 'locate.'

The scrip was for greater or less amount, according to the term of the receiver's service. Mine represented a 'section' of 640 acres—worth, in ordinary times, a dollar and quarter per acre; but just then, on account of the market being flooded by such material, reduced to less than half its value.

With this magnificent 'bounty' was I rewarded for services that perhaps—some day—might be—never mind!—thank Heaven for blessing me with the comforting virtues of humility and contentment!

This bit of scrip then—a tried steed that had carried me many a long mile, and through the smoke of more than one red fray—a true rifle, that I had myself carried equally as far—a pair of Colt's pistols—and a steel 'Toledo,' taken at the storming of Chapultepec—constituted the bulk of my available property. Add to this, a remnant of my last month's pay—in truth, not enough to provide me with that much-coveted article, a *civilian's suit:* in proof of which, my old undress-frock, with its yellow spread-eagle buttons, clung to my shoulders like a second shirt of Nessus. The vanity of wearing a uniform, that may have once been felt, was long ago thread-bare as the coat itself; and yet I was not wanting in friends, who fancied that it might still exist! How little understood they the real state of the case, and how much did they misconstrue my involuntary motives!

It was just to escape from such unpleasant associations, that I had held on to my 'scrip.' Most of my brother-officers had sold theirs for a 'song,' and spent the proceeds on a 'supper.' I had other views in relation to mine, than parting with it to the greedy speculators. It promised me that very wilderness-home I was in search of; and, having no prospect of procuring a fair spirit for my 'minister,' I determined to 'locate' it alone.

I was at the time staying in Tennessee—the guest of a campaigning comrade and still older friend. He was the grandson of that gallant leader, who, with a small band of only forty families, ventured three hundred miles through the heart of the 'bloody ground,' and founded Nashville upon the bold bluffs of an almost unknown river! From the lips of their descendants I had heard so many thrilling tales of adventures, experienced by this pioneer band; until Tennessee had become, in my fancy, a region of romance. Other associations had led me to love this hospitable and chivalric state; and I resolved that, within its boundaries, I should make my home.

A visit to the Land-office of Nashville ended in my selection of Section No. 9, Township ——, as my future 'plantation.' It was represented to me as a fertile spot—situated in the 'Western Reserve'—near the banks of the beautiful Obion, and not far above the confluence of this river with the Mississippi.

The agent believed there had been some 'improvement' made upon the land by a *squatter;* but whether the squatter still lived upon it, he could not tell. 'At all events, the fellow will be too poor to exercise the *pre-emption right*, and of course must move off.'

This would answer admirably. Although my Texan experience had constituted me a tolerable woodsman, it had not made me a wood-cutter; and the clearing of the squatter, however small it might be, would serve as a beginning.

I congratulated myself on my good-luck; and, without further parley, parted with my scrip—receiving in return the necessary documents, that constituted me legal owner and lord of the soil of Section 9.

The only additional information the land-agent could afford me was: that my new purchase was all 'heavily timbered,' with the exception before referred to; that the township in which it was situated was called Swampville; and that the section itself was known as 'Holt's Clearing'—from the name, it was supposed, of the squatter who had made the 'improvement.'

With this intelligence in my head, and the title-deeds in my pocket, I took leave of the friendly official; who, at parting, politely wished me 'a pleasant time of it on my new plantation.'

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

On returning to the house of my friend, I informed him of my purchase; and was pleased to find that he approved of it.

'You can't be taken in,' said he, 'by land upon the Obion; from what I have heard of it, it is one of the most fertile spots in Tennessee. Moreover, as you are fond of hunting, you'll find game in abundance. The black bear, and even the panther—or "painter," as our backwoodsmen have it—are still common in the Obion bottom; and, indeed, all throughout the forests of the Reserve.'

'I'm rejoiced to hear it.'

'No doubt,' continued my friend, with a smile, 'you may shoot deer from your own door; or trap wolves and wild-cats at the entrance to your hen-roost.'

'Good!'

'O yes—though I can't promise that you will see anything of *Venus* in the woods, you may enjoy to your heart's content the noble art of *venerie*. The Obion bottom is a very paradise for hunters. It was it that gave birth to the celebrated Crockett.'

'On that account, it will be all the more interesting to me; and, from what you say, it is just the sort of place I should have chosen to *squat* upon.'

'By the by,' interrupted my friend, looking a little grave as he spoke, 'your making use of that familiar phrase, recalls the circumstance you mentioned just now. Did I understand you to say, there was a *squatter* on the land?'

'There *was* one—so the agent has told me; but whether he be still *squatted* there, the official could not say.'

'Rather awkward, if he be,' rejoined my friend, in a sort of musing soliloquy; while, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he kept pulling his 'goatee' to its full length.

'How awkward?' I asked in some surprise. 'What can *that* signify?'

'A great deal. These squatters are queer fellows—awkward customers to deal with—especially when you come to turn them out of their house and home, as they consider it. It is true, they have the *pre-emption right*—that is, they may purchase, if they please, and send you to seek a location elsewhere; but this is a privilege those gentry rarely please to indulge in—being universally too poor to purchase.'

'What then?'

'Their motto is, for "him to keep who can." The old adage of "possession being nine-points of the law," is, in the squatters' code, no dead-letter, I can assure you.'

'Do you mean, that the fellow might refuse to turn out?'

'It depends a good deal on what sort of a fellow he is. They are not all alike. If he should chance to be one of the obstinate and pugnacious kind, you are likely enough to have trouble with him.'

'But surely the law'——

'Will aid you in ousting him—that's what you were going to say?'

'I should expect so—in Tennessee, at all events.'

'And you would be disappointed. In almost any other part of the state, you *might* rely upon legal assistance; but, I fear, that about Swampville you will find society not very different from that encountered on the borders of Texas; and you know how little help the law could afford you there, in the enforcement of such a claim?'

'Then I must take the law into my own hands,' rejoined I, falling into very old-fashioned phraseology—for I was beginning to feel indignant at the very idea of this prospective difficulty.

'No, Warfield,' replied my sober friend, 'do not take that course. I know you are not the man to be *scared* out of your rights; but, in the present case, prudence is the proper course to follow. Your squatter, if there be one—it is to be hoped that, like many of our grand cities, he has only an existence on the map—but if there should be a real live animal of this description on the ground, he will be almost certain to have neighbours—some half-dozen of his own kidney—living at greater or less distances around him. They are not usually of a clannish disposition; but, in a matter of this kind, they will be as unanimous in their sympathies, and antipathies too, as they would about the butchering of a bear. Turn one of them out by force—either legal or otherwise—and it would be like waking up a hornet's nest about your ears. Even were you to succeed in so clearing your land, you would find ever afterward a set of very unpleasant neighbours to live among. I know some cases in point, that occurred nearer home here; in fact, on some wild lands of my own I had an instance of the kind.'

'What, then, am I to do? Can you advise me?'

'Act as others have often acted before you, and who have actually been forced to it. *Should there be a squatter*, and one likely to prove obstinate, approach him as gently as you can, and state your case frankly. You will find this the best mode of treating with these fellows—many of whom have a dash of honour, as well as honesty, in their composition. Speak of the improvement he has made, and offer him a recompense.'

'Ah! friend Blount,' replied I, addressing my kind host by his baptismal name, 'it is much easier to listen to your advice than to follow it.'

'Come, old comrade,' rejoined he, after a momentary pause, 'I think I understand you. There need be no concealment between friends, such as we are. Let not that difficulty hinder you from following the course I have recommended. The old general's property is not all gone yet; and, should you stand in need of a hundred or two, to make a *second* purchase of your plantation, send me word, and'——

'Thanks, Blount—thanks! it is just as I should have expected; but I shall not become your debtor for such a purpose. I have been a frontiersman too long to be bullied by a backwoodsman'——

'There now, Warfield! just your own passionate self! Nay, you must take my advice. Pray, do not go rashly about it, but act as I have counselled you.'

'That will depend upon contingencies. Should Master Holt—for I believe that *is* my predecessor's name—should he prove *amiable*, I may go a little in your debt, and pay him for whatever log-chopping he has done. If otherwise, by the Lady of Guadalupe! you remember our old Mexican shibboleth—he shall be cleared out of his clearing *sans façon*. Perhaps we have been wasting words upon an ideal existence! Perhaps there is no squatter after all; or that old Holt has long since gone under, and only his ghost will be found flitting around the precincts of this disputed territory. Would not that be an interesting companion for my hours of midnight loneliness? A match for the wolves and wild-cats! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Well, old comrade; I trust it may turn out no worse. The ghost of a squatter might prove a less unpleasant neighbour than the squatter himself, dispossessed of his *squatment;* but, notwithstanding this badinage, I know you will act with judgment; and you can count upon my help, if you should require it.'

I grasped the speaker's hand, to express my gratitude; and the tight pressure returned, told me that I was parting with one of the few friends I had in the world.

My *impedimenta* had been already packed: they did not need much stowage. A pair of saddle-bags was sufficient to contain all my personal property, including the title-deeds of my freehold! My arms I carried upon my person: my sword only being strapped along the saddle.

In another moment, I was mounted; and heading my horse toward the *Western Reserve*.

CHAPTER X.

A CLASSIC LAND.

Between Nashville and Swampville extends a distance of more than a hundred miles—just three days' travel on horseback. For the first ten miles—to Harpeth River—I found an excellent road, graded and macadamised, running for most part between fenced plantations. My next point was *Paris;* and forty miles further on, I arrived in *Dresden!*

So far as the nomenclature was concerned, I might have fancied myself travelling upon the continent of Europe. By going a little to the right, I might have entered Asia—for I was told of *Smyrna* and *Troy* being at no great distance in that direction; and by proceeding in a south-westerly course, I should have passed through *Denmark*, and landed at *Memphis*—certainly an extensive tour within the short space of three days!

Ugh! those ugly names! What hedge-schoolmaster has scattered them so loosely and profusely over this lovely land? Whip the wretch with rattlesnakes! Memphis indeed!—as if Memphis with its monolithic statues needed commemoration on the banks of the Mississippi! A new Osiris—a new Sphinx, 'half horse, half alligator, with a sprinkling of the snapping turtle.' At every forking of the roads, whenever I inquired my way, in my ears rang those classic homonymes, till my soul was sick of the sounds. Swampville was euphony, and 'Mud Creek' *soft* music in comparison!

Beyond Dresden, the titles became more appropriate, and much more rare. There were long stretches having no names at all: for the simple reason, that there were no *places* to bear them. The numerous creeks, however, had been baptized; and evidently by the backwoodsman himself, as their titles indicated. 'Deer,' 'Creek,' and 'Mud,' 'Coon' and 'Cat,' 'Big' and 'Little Forky,' told that the pioneers, who first explored the hydrographic system of the Western Reserve, were not heavily loaded with classic lore; and a pity it is that pedantry should be permitted to alter the simple, but expressive and appropriate, appellatives by them bestowed. Unfortunately, the system is followed up to this hour by the Fremonts and other pseudo-explorers of the farthest west. The soft and harmonious sound of Indian and Spanish nomenclature, as well as the more striking titles bestowed by the trappers, are rapidly being obliterated from the maps; their places to be supplied—at the instigation of a fulsome flattery—by the often vulgar names of demagogic leaders, or the influential heads of the employing *bureau*.

'I know the old general will be pleased—perhaps reciprocate the compliment in his next dispatch—if I call this beautiful river "Smith."—How the secretary will smile, when he sees his name immortalised upon my map, by a lake never to be dried up, and which hereafter is to be known by the elegant and appropriate appellation of "Jones!"'

Under just such influence are these absurd titles bestowed; and the consequence is, that amid the romantic defiles of the Rocky Mountains, we have our ears jarred by a jumble of petty and most inappropriate names—Smiths, Joneses, Jameses, and the like—while, from the sublime peaks of the Cascade range, we have 'Adams,' 'Jackson,' 'Jefferson,' 'Madison,' and 'Washington,' overlooking the limitless waters of the Pacific.

This series we could excuse. The possession of high qualities, or the achievement of great deeds, ennobles even a common name; and all these have been stamped with the true patent. In the associated thoughts that cling around them, we take no note of the sound, whether it be harsh or harmonious; but that is another question, and must not hinder us from entering our protest against the nomenclature of Smith, Jones, and Robinson! * * *

Beyond Dresden, my road could no longer be termed a road; it was a mere trace, or lane, cut out in the forest; with here and there a tree 'blazed,' to indicate the direction.

As I neared the point of my destination, I became naturally curious to learn something about it—that is, about Swampville—since it was evident that this was to be the *point d'appui* of my future efforts at colonisation—my dépôt and port of entry. I should have inquired, had I found any one to inquire *from;* but, for ten miles along the road, I encountered not a human creature. Then only a negro, with an ox-cart loaded with wood; and despairing of information from such a source, I declined detaining him. The only intelligence I was able to draw from the negro was that: 'da "city" o' Swam'ville, he lay 'bout ten mile furrer down da crik.'

The 'ten mile down da crik' proved to be long ones; but throughout the whole distance I saw not a soul, until I had arrived within a mile or so of the 'settlement.'

I had been already apprised that Swampville was a new place. Its fame had not yet reached the eastern world; and even in Nashville was it unknown—except perhaps to the Land-office. It was only after entering the Reserve, that I became fully assured of its existence, and there it was known as a 'settlement' rather than a 'city.'

For all that, Swampville proved to be not so contemptible a place; and the reason I encountered so little traffic, while approaching it, was that I had been coming in the *wrong direction*—in other words, I had approached it *from behind*.

Swampville was in reality a *riverine* town. To it the east was a *back* country; and its front face was to the west. In that direction lay its world, and the ways that opened to it.

Log-shanties began to line the road—standing thicker as I advanced; while, at intervals, appeared a 'frame-house' of more pretentious architecture.

In front of one of these—the largest of the collection—there stood a tall post, or rather a tree with its top cut off, and divested of its lower branches. On the head of this was a 'martin-box;' and underneath the dwelling of the birds, a broad framed board, on which was legible the word 'Hotel.' A portrait of Jackson, done in 'continental uniform,' embellished the face of the board; though the sign seemed little appropriate, for in the harsh features of 'Old Hickory' there was but slight promise of hospitality.

It was no use going farther—the 'Jackson Hotel' was evidently the 'head inn' of the place; and, without pause or parley, I dismounted at the door.

I was too well used to western habits to wait either for welcome or assistance—too careful of my Arab to trust him to hands unskilled—and I did the unsaddling for myself. A half-naked negro gave me some slight help in the 'grooming' process—all the while exhibiting his ivories and the whites of his eyes in an expression of ill-concealed astonishment, produced apparently by the presence of my uniform coat—to the 'darkey,' no doubt, an odd apparition.

CHAPTER XI.

THE 'JACKSON HOTEL.'

I found that I had arrived in the very 'nick of time,' for just as I returned from the stable, and was entering the verandah of the hotel, I heard the bell calling its guests to supper. There was no ado made about me: neither landlord nor waiter met me with a word; and, following the stream of 'boarders' or travellers who had arrived before me, I took my seat at the common *table d'hôte*.

Had the scene been new to me, I might have found

food for reflection, or observed circumstances to astonish me. But I had been long accustomed to mix in as motley a throng, as that which now surrounded the table of the Swampville hotel. A supper-table, encircled by blanket and 'jeans' coats—by buckskin hunting and red-flannel shirts—by men without coats at all—was nothing new to me, nor was it strange to find these *bizarre* costumes interspersed among others of fashionable cut and finest cloth. Black broad-cloth frocks, and satin or velvet vests, were quite common; and individuals thus attired formed a majority of the guests—for in young settlements the 'hotel' or 'tavern' is also a boarding-house, where the 'store-keepers' and the better class of clerks take their meals—usually sleeping in the office or store. In glancing around the table, I saw many old 'types,' though not one face that I had ever seen before.

There was one, however, that soon attracted my attention, and fixed it. It was *not* a lady's face, as you may be imagining; though there were present some of that sex—the landlord's helpmate who poured out the coffee, with some three or four younger specimens of the backwoods fair—her daughters and nieces. All, however, were absolutely without attraction of any sort; and I somewhat bitterly remembered the *mot* of double meaning, with which my friend had entertained me at parting.

Venus was certainly not visible at the Swampville *table d'hôte:* for the presiding divinity was a perfect Hecate, and her attendant damsels could have found no place in the train of the Cytherean goddess.

No—the face that interested me was neither that of a female, nor in any way feminine. It was the face of a *man;* and that in the most emphatic sense of the word.

He was a young man—apparently about four or five and twenty—and costumed as a backwoods hunter; that is, he wore a buckskin hunting-shirt, leggings, and moccasins, with bullet-pouch and powder-horn suspended over his shoulder, and hunting-knife sheathed in his belt. The coonskin cap, hanging against the adjacent wall, was his head-dress: I had seen him place it there, before taking his seat at the supper-table.

With the personal appearance of this young man the eye was at once satisfied. A figure of correct contour, features of noble outline, a face expressive of fine mental qualities—were the more salient characteristics that struck me at the first glance. Regarding the portrait more particularly, other details became manifest: round hazel eyes, with well-developed lashes; brows finely arched; a magnificent shock of nut-brown curling hair; a small, well-formed mouth, with white, regular teeth—all contributed to the creation of what might be termed a type of manly beauty.

This beauty appeared in a somewhat neglected garb. Art might have improved it; but it was evident that none had been employed, or even thought of. It was a clear case of 'beauty unadorned;' and the possessor of it appeared altogether unconscious of its existence. I need not add that this mental characteristic, on the part of the young man, heightened the grace of his personal charms.

Why this young fellow fixed my attention, I can scarcely tell. His costume was by no means uncommon; though it was the only one of the kind there present. It was not that, however; nor yet his fine personal appearance, that interested me; but rather something I had observed in his bearing and manner. As we were seated opposite each other, near the foot of the long table, I had an excellent opportunity of observing him.

Notwithstanding his undoubted good-looks—sufficiently striking to have filled the possessor with vanity—his deportment was marked by a modest reserve, that proved him either unaware of his personal advantages, or without any conceit in them. By the glances occasionally cast towards him, from the opposite end of the table, I could perceive that 'Miss Alvina' and 'Miss Car'line' were not insensible to their attractions. Neither, however, had reason to congratulate herself upon any reciprocity: the young man either did not observe their favouring glances, or, at all events, took no notice of them: the melancholy tinge pervading his features remaining altogether unaltered.

Equally impassible did he appear under the jealous looks of some three or four smart young storekeepers, influenced, no doubt, by tender relations existing between them and the aforementioned damsels, whose sly *espièglerie* of the handsome hunter could not escape their observation.

The young man appeared to be rather *friendless*, than unknown. I could perceive that almost all of the company were acquainted with him; but that most of them—especially the gentlemen in broad-cloth—affected an air of superiority over him. No one talked much to him: for his reserved manner did not invite conversation; but when one of these did address a few words to him, it was in the style usually adopted by the well-to-do citizen, when holding converse with his less affluent neighbour. The young fellow was evidently not one to be sneered at or insulted; but, for all that, I could perceive that the broad-cloth gentry did not quite regard him as an equal.

Perhaps this might be explained by the hypothesis that he was *poor;* and, indeed, it did not require much penetration to perceive, that such was the reality. The hunting-shirt, though once a handsome one, was no longer new. On the contrary, it was considerably 'scuffed;' and the green baize wrappers upon his limbs were faded to a greenish brown. Other points proclaimed a light purse, perhaps far lighter than the heart of him who carried it, if I was to judge by the expression of his features.

Notwithstanding all this, the young man was evidently an object of interest—whether friendly or hostile—and might have been the *cynosure* of the supper-table, but for my undress-frock and spread-eagle buttons. These, however, claimed some share of the curiosity of Swampville; and I was conscious of being the object of a portion of its surveillance. I knew not what ideas they could have had about me, and cared as little; but, judging from the looks of the men—the broad-cloth gentlemen in particular—I was impressed with a suspicion that I was neither admired nor welcome.

In the eyes of your 'sovereign citizen,' the mere military man is not the hero that he is elsewhere; and he must shew something, more than a uniform coat, to recommend himself to their suffrages.

I was conceited enough to imagine that Miss Alvina, and her *vis-à-vis*, Miss Car'line, did not look so unfriendly; but the handsome face and magnificent curls of the young hunter were beside me; and it was no use taking the field against such a rival.

I was not jealous of him, however; nor he of me. On the contrary, of all the men present, he appeared most inclined to be courteous to me—as was evinced by his once or twice pushing within my reach those delicate dishes, distributed at very long distances over the table.

I felt an incipient friendship for this young man, which he appeared to reciprocate. He saw that I was a stranger; and, notwithstanding the pretentious fashion of my dress, perhaps he noticed my well-worn coat, and conjectured that I might be as poor and friendless as himself. If it was to this fancy I was indebted for his sympathies, he was not far astray.

CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL KIPP.

As soon as I had swallowed supper, I hastened to place myself *en rapport* with the landlord of the

hostelry—whose name I had ascertained to be 'Kipp,' or '*Colonel* Kipp,' as his guests called him. Though I had no intention of proceeding farther that night, I was desirous of obtaining some information about the whereabouts of my new estate, with such other facts in relation to it, as might be collected in Swampville. The landlord would be the most likely person to give me the desired intelligence.

This distinguished individual I encountered soon after in the verandah—seated upon a raw-hide rocking-chair, with his feet elevated some six inches above the level of his nose, and resting across the balustrade of the railing—beyond which his huge horse-skin boots protruded a full half yard into the street. But that I was already aware of it, I should have had some difficulty in reconciling the portentous title of 'colonel' with the exceedingly unmilitary-looking personage before me—a tall lopsided tobacco-chewer, who, at short intervals, of about half a minute each, projected the juice in copious squirts into the street, sending it clean over the toes of his boots.

When I first set eyes upon the colonel, he was in the centre of a circle of tooth-pickers, who had just issued from the supper-room. These were falling off one by one; and perceiving this, I waited for an opportunity to speak to the colonel alone. This, after a short time, offered itself.

The dignified gentleman took not the slightest notice of me as I approached; nor until I had got so near, as to leave no doubt upon his mind that a conversation was intended. Then, edging slightly round, and drawing in the boots, he made a half-face towards me—still, however, keeping fast to his chair.

'The army, sir, I prezoom?' interrogatively began Mr Kipp.

'No,' answered I, imitating his laconism of address.

'No!'

'I have been in the service. I have just left it.'

'Oh—ah! From Mexico, then, *I* prezoom?'

'Yes.'

'Business in Swampville?'

'Why, yes, Mr Kipp'——

'I am usoally called kurnel here,' interrupted the backwoods *militario*, with a bland smile, as if half deprecating the title, and that it was forced upon him. 'Of course,' continued he, 'you, sir, bein' a strenger'——

'I beg your pardon, Colonel Kipp: I *am* a stranger to your *city*, and of course'——

'Don't signify a dump, sir,' interrupted he, rather good-humouredly, in return for the show of deference I had made, as also, perhaps, for my politeness in having styled Swampville a 'city.'

'Business in Swampville, you say?'

'Yes,' I replied; and, seeing it upon his lips to inquire the nature of my business—which I did not wish to make known just then—I forestalled him by the inquiry: 'Do you chance to know such a place as Holt's Clearing?'

'Chance to know such a place as Holt's Clearin'?'

'Yes—Holt's Clearing.'

'Wal, there *air* such a place.'

'Is it distant?'

'If you mean Hick Holt's Clearin', it 's a leetle better 'n six miles from here. He squats on Mud Crik.'

'There 's a squatter upon it, then?'

'On Holt's Clearin'? Wal, I shed rayther say there *air a squatter* on't, an' no mistake.'

'His name is Holt, is it not?'

'That same individoocal.'

'Do you think I could procure a guide in Swampville—some one who can shew me the way to Holt's Clearing?'

'Do I think so? Possible you might. D 'ye see that ar case in the coon-cap?'

The speaker looked, rather than pointed, to the young fellow of the buckskin-shirt; who, outside the verandah, was now standing by the side of a very sorry-looking steed.

I replied in the affirmative.

'Wal, I reckon he kin shew you the way to Holt's Clearin'. He 's another o' them Mud Crik squatters. He 's just catchin' up his critter to go that way.'

This I hailed as a fortunate circumstance. If the young hunter lived near the clearing I was in search of, perhaps he could give me all the information I required; and his frank open countenance led me to believe he would not withhold it. It occurred to me, therefore, to make a slight change in my programme. It was yet *early*—for supper in the backwoods is what is elsewhere known as 'tea.' The sun was still an hour or so above the horizon. My horse had made but a light journey; and nine miles more would be nothing to him.

All at once, therefore, I altered my intention of sleeping at the hotel; and determined, if the young hunter would accept me as a travelling-companion, to proceed on with him to Mud Creek. Whether I should find a bed there, never entered into my calculation. I had my great-sleeved cloak strapped upon the cantle of my saddle; and with that for a covering, and the saddle itself for a pillow, I had made shift on many a night, more tempestuous than that promised to be.

I was about turning away to speak to the young man, when I was recalled by an exclamation from the landlord.

'I guess,' said he, in a half-bantering way, 'you haint told me your business yet?'

'No,' I answered deferentially, 'I have not.'

'What on airth 's takin' you out to Holt's Clearin'?'

'That, Mr Kipp—I beg pardon, *Colonel* Kipp—is a private matter.'

'Private and partickler, eh?'

'Very.'

'Oh, then, I guess, you 'd better keep it to yourself.'

'That is precisely my intention,' I rejoined, turning on my heel, and stepping out of the verandah.

The young hunter was just buckling the girth of his saddle. As I approached him, I saw that he was smiling. He had overheard the concluding part of the conversation; and looked as if pleased at the way in which I had bantered the 'colonel:' who, as I afterwards learned from him, was the grand swaggerer of Swampville.

A word was sufficient. He at once acceded to my request, frankly, if not in the most elegant phraseology.

'I'll be pleased to shew ye the way to Holt's Clarin'. My own road jest that away, within a squll's jump o 't.'

'Thank you: I shall not keep you waiting,' said I; as I re-entered the hotel, to pay for my entertainment, and give orders for the saddling of my horse.

It was evident that I had offended the landlord by my brusque behaviour. I learned this by the *amount* of my bill, as well as by the fact of being permitted to saddle for myself. Even the naked 'nigger' did not make his appearance near the stable.

Not much cared I. I had drawn the girth too often, to be disconcerted by such petty annoyance; and, in five minutes after, I was in the saddle, and ready for the road.

Having joined my companion in the street, we rode off from the inhospitable *caravanserai* of the Jackson Hotel—leaving its landlord-colonel to chew his tobacco, and such reflections as my remarks had given rise to.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

As we passed up the street, I was conscious of being the subject of Swampville speculation. Staring

faces at the windows, and gaping groups around the doors, proved by their looks and gestures, that I was regarded as a rare spectacle. It could scarcely be my companion who was the object of this universal curiosity: a buckskin hunting-shirt was an everyday sight in Swampville—not so, a well-mounted *militairy* man, armed, uniformed, and equipped. No doubt, my splendid Arab, *caracoling* as if he had not been out of the stable for a week, came in for a large share of the general admiration.

We were soon beyond its reach. Five minutes sufficed to carry us out of sight of the Swampvillians; for, in that short space of time, we had cleared the suburbs of the 'city,' and were riding under the shadows of an unbroken forest.

Its cold gloom gave instantaneous relief—shading us at one and the same time from the fiery sun, and the fire of vulgar speculation through which we had been passing. I at least enjoyed the change; and for some minutes we rode silently on, my guide going in advance.

This mode of progression was not voluntary, but a necessity, arising from the nature of the road: which was a mere 'trace' or bridle-path *blazed* across the forest. No wheel had ever made its track in the soft deep mud, into which, at every step, our steeds sank far above the fetlocks; and, as there was not room for two riders abreast, I followed the injunction of my companion by keeping my horse's head 'at the tail o' his'n.'

In this fashion we progressed for a mile or more, through a tract of what is termed 'bottom-timber'—a forest of those gigantic water-loving trees, the sycamore and cottonwood. Their tall gray trunks rose along the path, standing thickly on each side, and sometimes in regular rows, like the columns of some grand temple. I felt a secret satisfaction in gazing upon these colossal forms, for my heart hailed them as the companions of my future solitude. At the same time, I could not help the reflection, that, if my new estate was thus heavily encumbered, the clearing of the squatter was not likely to be extended, beyond whatever limits the axe of Mr Holt had already assigned to it.

A little farther on, the path began to ascend. We had passed out of the bottom-lands, and were crossing a ridge, which forms the *divide* between Mud Creek and the Swampville River. The soil was now a dry gravel, with less signs of fertility, and covered with a pine-forest. The trees were of slender growth; and at intervals their trunks stood far apart, giving us an opportunity to ride side by side. This was exactly what I wanted, as I was longing for a conversation with my new acquaintance.

Up to this time, he had observed a profound silence, but, for all that, I fancied he was not disinclined to a little *causerie*. His reserve seemed to spring from a sense of modest delicacy—as if he did not desire to take the initiative. I relieved him from this embarrassment, by opening the dialogue.

'What sort of a gentleman is this Mr Holt?'

'Gentleman!'

'Yes—what sort of *person* is he?'

'Oh, what sort o' parson. Wal, stranger, he's what we, in these parts, call a rough customer.'

'Indeed?'

'Rayther, I shed say.'

'Is he what you call a poor man?'

'All that I reckon. He hain't got nothin', as I knows on, 'ceptin' his old critter o' a hoss, an' his clarin' o' a couple o' acres or thereabout; besides, he only *squats* upon that.'

'He's only a squatter, then?'

'That's all, stranger; tho' I reckon he considers the clarin' as much his own, as I do my bit o' ground, that 's been bought an' paid for.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes—I shedn't like to be the party that would buy it over his head.'

The speaker accompanied these words with a significant glance, which seemed to say, 'I wonder if that 's *his* business here?'

'Has he any family?'

'Thar's one—a young critter o' a girl'——

'That all?' I asked, seeing that my companion hesitated, as if he had something more to say, but was backward about declaring it.

'No, stranger—thar war another girl—older than this 'un.'

'And she?'

'She—she's gone away.'

'Married, I suppose?'

'That 's what nobody 'bout here can tell—nor whar she 's gone, neyther.'

The tone in which the young fellow spoke had suddenly altered from gay to grave; and, by a glimpse of the moonlight, I could perceive that his countenance was shadowed and sombre. I could have but little doubt as to the cause of this transformation. It was to be found in the subject of our conversation—the absent daughter of the squatter.

From motives of delicacy, I refrained from pushing my inquiries farther; but, indeed, I should have been prevented from doing so; for, just at that moment, the road once more narrowed, and we were forced apart. By the eager urging of his horse into the dark path, I could perceive that the hunter was desirous of terminating a dialogue—to him, in all probability, suggestive of bitter memories.

For another half hour we rode on in silence—my companion apparently buried in a reverie of thought; myself speculating on the chances of an unpleasant encounter; which, from the hints I had just had, was now rather certain than probable. Instead of a welcome from the squatter, and a bed in the corner of his cabin, I had before my mind the prospect of a wordy war; and, perhaps afterwards, of spending my night in the woods.

Once or twice, I was on the point of proclaiming my errand, and asking the young hunter for advice as to how I should act; but, as I had not yet learned whether he was friend or foe of my future hypothetical antagonist, I thought it more prudent to keep my secret to myself.

His voice again fell upon my ear, now in a more cheerful tone. It was simply to say, that I 'might expect a better road—we were approaching a "gleed;" beyont that the trace was wider, an' we might ride thegither again.'

We were just entering the glade, as he finished speaking—an opening in the woods of limited extent. The contrast between it and the dark forest-path we had traversed was striking—as the change itself was pleasant. It was like emerging suddenly from darkness to daylight; for the full moon, now soaring high above the spray of the forest, filled the glade with the ample effulgence of her light. The dew-besprinkled flowers were sparkling like gems; and, even though it was night, their exquisite aroma had reached us afar off in the forest. There was not a breath of air stirring; and the unruffled leaves presented the sheen of shining metal. Under the clear moonlight, I could distinguish the varied hues of the frondage—that of the red maple from the scarlet sumacs and sassafras laurels; and these again, from the dark green of the Carolina bay-trees, and the soft silvery foliage of the *Magnolia glauca*.

Even before entering the glade, this magnificent panorama had burst upon my sight—from a little embayment that formed the *debouchure* of the path; and I had drawn bridle, in order for a moment to enjoy its contemplation. The young hunter was still the length of his horse in advance of me; and I was about requesting him to do the same; but before I could give utterance to the words, I saw him make

halt for himself. This, however, was done in so strange and hurried a manner, as at once to turn me from gazing upon the scene, and fix my eyes upon my companion.

As if by an involuntary effort, he had pulled his horse almost upon his haunches: and was now stiffly seated in the saddle, with blanched cheeks and eyes sparkling in their sockets—as if some object of terror was before him!

I did not ask for an explanation; I knew that the object that so strangly affected him was visible—though not from the point where I had halted. A touch of the spur brought my horse alongside him, and gave me a view of the whole surface of the glade.

I looked in the direction indicated by the attitude of the hunter, for—apparently paralysed by some terrible surprise—he had neither pointed nor spoken.

A little to the right of the path, I beheld a white object lying along the ground—a dead tree, whose barkless trunk and smooth naked branches gleamed under the moonlight with the whiteness of a blanched skeleton. In front of this, and a pace or two from it, was a dark form, upright and human-like. Favoured by the clear light of the moon, I had no difficulty in distinguishing this as the form of a woman.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

EVERYBODY was there, and Everybody's wife, and Everybody's family; and so was Nobody, and Mrs Nobody, and the little Nobodies. The little Everybodies came in tall carriages, or Broughams, or Hansom cabs, and, we should say, enjoyed it. The little Nobodies came in perambulators, and, we should say, did *not* enjoy themselves; at least, they were continually crying, and always within an ace of being run over, and gave the policemen more trouble to watch over their safety than all the rest of the crowd; indeed, the daring of their fathers and mothers in wheeling them across from Cumberland Place to the Marble Arch, from over the way to Albert Gate, and, generally, from one spot to another between the very feet of the horses, was really appalling, and amounted to attempted infanticide. We should say, from a slight acquaintance with optics, that the people who sat in all sorts of conveyances lining the road outside the Park, didn't see much; but they seemed perfectly contented. They were very elegantly dressed, their gloves fitted them to a nicety, and were of a fashionable tint; all the Nobodies stared at them with envy-opened mouths; and what more could a mortal desire, particularly a female mortal? The persons who thronged the inside of the Park from the entrance right up to the raised galleries, couldn't see much more, but they, too, seemed very well satisfied. They had their nerves deliciously shaken by the salute which announced her Majesty's approach; they had their fair share in the exhilarating game of jostling and treading-upon-toes; they saw flags and something like soldiers in the distance, keeping the ground; and one old lady ecstatically declared that she heard 'God save the Queen,' and pointed confidently in a certain direction, affirming that there was the Queen's carriage, for she was quite sure she could descry the white plume of a Life-guard, and could distinguish something scarlet, as it might be the livery of a royal outrider; whereupon she waved her handkerchief in a paroxysm of delight, and insisted upon her spouse taking off his hat, though he grumbled dreadfully, vowed he'd 'seen nothink at all except a pack o' fools;' and 'if that was volunteerin', why, give him somethin' to drink, for he'd done nothink but swaller dust ever since he came on the ground.'

Those who took the trouble to obtain tickets for places in the wooden galleries, of course had, as they deserved, the best sight; the only objection that any one of them is known to have made is, that she couldn't hear the orders given; not that she would have had the faintest notion what they meant, if she had, but it is pleasant to hear distinctly even what you don't understand. But we rather imagine that the display was as well seen, and more appreciated by, a butcher-boy in our vicinity, who had mounted, by an arduous climactical process, into the topmost branches of a tree, whence he surveyed what he called his 'mates' with a mixture of pity and condescension only attainable by exalted genius. He expressed the various feelings excited within him in language more remarkable for strength and originality than propriety and grammatical construction; but it was consolatory to know that he considered it, upon the whole, 'a gallus fine sight, if he never saw another.' This butcher-boy for some time had a rival in the shape of a costermonger, as highly perched, and as original in remark as himself; but, alas! the branch upon which the costermonger was seated gave way with a crash, and he came down upon mother-earth in a manner more amusing to the spectators than to himself; whereupon the butcher-boy inquired of him, in not a very sympathetic spirit, if he'd 'do it again for 'alf a pint.' For our own part, we were, as in duty bound, everywhere, and saw everything—except the review. We surveyed excellently well the backs of the wooden galleries, and the tails of the coat of a gentleman in uniform, who was sitting upon the edge of the boards; for it must not be supposed, for an instant, that there were seats provided in the galleries—there was nothing of the kind: patriotism of both genders was forced to stand; and the crinoline, which had come early on purpose to get a front place, in many cases became dreadfully incommoded; several of its votaries, after heroic attempts to hold their own, were obliged to succumb to a fainting-fit, and retire from their positions in favour of stronger constitutions and later arrivals. It is only on occasions such as these that an approximate idea of the lasting powers of the human leg may be gained: you see delicate women, who, under other circumstances, can't take a walk of three miles, or mount three flights of steps, without frightening you to death lest they should do themselves thereby a fatal injury, holding themselves perfectly upright—if they have good figures—from two to six o'clock P.M. without wincing, and feeling perfectly repaid for their martyrdom, by being enabled to excite the jealousy of their friends and acquaintance by telling them that they 'saw it all beautifully.'

The deeds of daring which we saw performed rival the adventures of Baron Munchausen. The numbers of people who sat, with apparent comfort, upon the spike of an area-railing, with the certainty of a fall of about thirty feet if they became dizzy or got a tilt, was countless; innumerable were the gentle creatures who mounted fearlessly, and at an unwonted expense of half-a-crown (two shillings were sneered at), upon a rickety table with only three legs, if by any means they might see a sunbeam flushing upon a helmet, or the sheen of a glancing bayonet, or the dancing of a plume. Two men clung with the tenacity of muscles to the tail of the Duke of Wellington's statue's horse; whilst two others vied with each other in inventing methods whereby they might attain in the rear of that field-marshal the post which the poet assigns to Care in respect to horsemen in the general. All kinds of forms, with legs of every degree of rottenness, were eagerly sought at a price: bakers' trays, stretchers, planks, apple-stalls emptied of their fruits, lids of trunks, and anything whereon a human being could sit, and from which he might be pretty certain to fall, supported here by extemporised poles, there by the shoulders of temporary Atlases, were in continual request; and many were the crowns most willingly paid for falls, and bruises, and sprained

ankles. But the most ingenious device for a momentary glimpse was that adopted by independent parties of three, who preferred their own natural resources to expensive and precarious positions provided for them by others; these philosophers made the following arrangement: two of them put their heads together (literally, not metaphorically), bending down, with their hands upon each other's shoulders; the third then mounted the human mass, and putting a foot upon the neck of each of his brethren, derived intense satisfaction from the survey, unless language has undergone a change of late, and a gentleman's meaning is now different to what it used to be when he ejaculated: 'O! it's golly.' At anyrate, whatever be the meaning of that laconic phrase, we can only record that each of the philosophic trio in turn made use of it, and not another word escaped their lips; albeit there was a lifting of the cap, and a scratching of the head, and an opening of the mouth, and a sucking-in of the atmosphere which added no little force to the expression.

Of course, every itinerant vendor of everything was present, and in accordance with traditional usage, had christened his wares in honour of the occasion, so that those queer-looking brown cakes, with something white in the middle, which we never saw anybody eating, were offered for sale under the style and title of 'volunteer nuts;' those very large oranges, with very rough skins, and with an abnormally great dirty speck as the mark of the point where it once hung from the tree, were 'volunteer oranges;' so there was 'volunteer ginger-bread;' there were 'volunteer knock-'em-downs,' 'volunteer Aunt Sallies,' and—that which appeared particularly to hit the fancy of the assembled multitude—'volunteer porter.'

But if the assemblage inside the Park was a sight for number never to be forgotten, what shall be said of the scene of perpetual motion from east to west, commencing at eleven o'clock A.M., and ending, nobody knows when, in the afternoon? It was quite clear that if no one else reaped any benefit from the fête—for it was what the French would have called a fête—the omnibus proprietors, and the cab proprietors, and the nondescript-vehicle proprietors, would reap a rich harvest. Every sort of contrivance on wheels, capable of being dragged by horses, rolled, upon that day, up Holborn and Oxford Street, Fleet Street, the Strand, and Piccadilly, and each charged double fares. To say they were all full, would be a wicked trifling with the truth; to say they were crammed, would be merely an approximation to it—they were literally swarming. Flies upon a lump of sugar would give a faint idea of the state of the omnibuses outside, and how they were situated inside, the conductors only know—it is whispered that not only did people sit on other people's knees, but that some were accommodated in a kneeling posture under the seats, something after the fashion of Africans in a slave-ship! Even those Noah's Ark sort of omnibuses which haunt the Kingland Road, and the owners of which we thought had calculated to a nicety the number of human creatures that three horses *can* drag—that is, about 150 inside, and 200 out—came looming up towards 'the review' with one or two extra passengers; at least, we were given to understand that there were, besides the usual 350, two men on the step, one hanging by the door-handle, and a boy suspended by each leg of the conductor's trousers—fare sixpence each person.

We have already acknowledged that we didn't see the review; few people did; still, that is no reason why we shouldn't have seen the Queen arrive at four o'clock, as we actually did; and though she took no more notice of us than if she had never seen us before, we bore no malice, but raised our hat right loyally. Not having ubiquitous qualities, we were obliged to rely upon the narration of a credible authority for details of the review. We learned that there were more than twenty, but not so many as thirty thousand volunteers upon the ground: the hardy men from Durham were there, and the looms of Manchester had sent their quota; a goodly band had left the banks of the Nen and the pleasant fields of Northamptonshire; from the Peaks of Derbyshire and the mines of Staffordshire marched stalwart men and true; old Worcester sent a gallant host, and loyal Chester well maintained the fame she won of yore; and the Robin Hoods from Nottingham looked brave in Lincoln-green. Then there were the men of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, of Berkshire and of Oxfordshire, of Warwickshire and Hertfordshire; and Middlesex and Essex, and Surrey and Sussex, came out to swell the ranks, with the men of Kent, who glory in their right to lead the van.

However, on this occasion, there was no opportunity for the men of Kent, it being simply a peaceful display; still, if they acquit themselves as well in action as on parade, they will give a very good account of any body of invaders. Indeed, the marching up in line and the 'present' were performed so steadily and with such precision, that veteran officers are reported to have expressed their astonishment and admiration, and those who came to mock, went away amazed. The Nottinghamshire Robin Hoods were mentioned to us as making the best show, and they received a well-deserved ovation. Other corps, however, were much cheered: the Inns of Court, or Devil's Own—so called from the terrific 'charges' they make; the Highland Company of the Scottish, whose swing of the shoulder as they marched has a very imposing effect; and the London Irish, who, we believe, upon reaching the ground, created some sensation by advancing to take up their position at the double.

Between twenty and thirty thousand men—though official accounts say 18,450—marching in companies, take more time to pass a given point than the inexperienced would imagine; it is not therefore surprising that the marching past her Majesty, which commenced at half-past four, should not have terminated until six o'clock. By that time those of the volunteers who had displayed no provident spirit in the matter of sandwiches must have been hungry enough. There were some who had thought more of honour than hunger; and we were told of one disinterested corps who had drilled in the north at five o'clock in the morning ere they started by train—who had arrived at the London terminus a long while after they were due—who were thus prevented from doing justice to the luncheon which had been prepared for them, and for which they had paid in advance—who marched fasting to the parade-ground with a self-denying punctuality, and not until seven o'clock P.M. paid attention to the grumbling complaints of the neglected inner man. Such heroism as this deserves to be recorded; it proves, that if there be any truth in the sarcasm, that an Englishman can't fight on an empty stomach, he can go through his parade in that condition as well as another. He is as *patiens laboris inediæ* for the defence of his country as Catiline was for the destruction of his.

There were several little episodes of an amusing description to cheer the drooping spirits of fatigued spectators. That cur which always runs down the Derby course at Epsom, amid the hoots of the assembled crowd, as if to herald the coming trial of speed between the nobler quadrupeds, was there; he moved slowly along the line of volunteers, with a complaining whine and an inquisitive glance, as though he shared the anxiety of the young ragamuffins of London to know 'who shot the dog,' and he retired with an injured, unsatisfied air, when no answer was vouchsafed to his mute appeal. There were feats of want of horsemanship, in which a noble duke, after a display of gymnastics upon the mane of his steed, was ultimately deposited upon the ground *indecoro pulvere sordidus*. There was also the time-

to p[illegible]red race between the small boy and the tall barba[illegible]man, ending as usual in the defeat of the latter, at l[illegible]the triumphant escape of the former, with his be m[illegible]hand in his pocket, and his right employed in sible to, the furious gallopings to and fro, without be 'apparent object, of maddened aides-de-camp; their [illegible]ing, Parthian-like, his arrows of scorn from his helped [illegible]was the fitful blast of the Life-guard trumpeter, as por[illegible]quiver upon the pursuing foe. There were, produced no visible effect; and, best joke of then, [illegible]ere were the Moorish ambassador and suite salad, [illegible]vided with the means of sitting: in long white new [illegible]with bearded chins, and motionless grave faces, — civ[illegible]stood amongst the gaily-dressed ladies like white statues in a parterre of varied flowers, or the ghosts of departed barbarisms in the midst of civilisation.

We are sorry to relate that even on the memorable 23d June 1860 there were recreant spirits to be found. There are some people who, when all the world are going one way, are certain to be met proceeding in the other; so we noticed one or two who were going east, when the throng was rushing west, and no doubt worked doubly hard as everybody else had a holiday. There were even persons to be found at the Crystal Palace, and amongst them were observed two lonely volunteers in uniform, who stoically resolved to wear their uniforms, lest it should be supposed for a moment that they were efficient members of their corps. It would be absurd to suppose that vanity could have had anything to do with it; all the young ladies who stand at the stalls must have known that they were inefficient, and despised them accordingly.

THE BLIND PREACHER OF THE SANDWICH ISLES.

When first visited by Captain Cook, the Sandwich islanders shewed a disposition to receive him with great kindness, mingled with awe; for, never having seen white men before, they supposed they were gods, and called the great commander Orono, meaning a god; making sacrifices to him, and even appointing a priest to attend him, who, when on shore, ran before him, exclaiming: 'The Orono is coming;' whereupon every one under the dignity of a chief or priest fell down flat on his face, remaining in that position until he was past. At first, the sailors got on pretty well with the natives, but security gave confidence, and at length they began to laugh at and insult them, seizing their offerings, and desecrating their temples. The last offence which, sad to say, ended in the lamentable death of Captain Cook, consisted in tearing up for firewood the wooden rail which enclosed a burial-place—a wanton outrage, which added the last drop necessary to bring the already full cup to an overflow. A party of natives rushed down to intercept the sailors on their way to the beach, with the intention of recovering the wood; but in the *mêlée* which followed, an islander was accidentally shot. Fearful of a general attack, Captain Cook hurried his men into their boats, and while doing so, was either knocked down, or fell by mistake. Thinking he was killed, the sailors became unmanageable, firing again and again, in spite of the officers' attempts to stop them, even when Cook himself, having recovered his feet, shouted to them to desist; all was to no effect; volley followed volley. The natives crowded down to the scene in hundreds, and Captain Cook was the first to fall a victim, being pierced through the back by a spear.

The ships returning to England brought his valuable notes, but a much exaggerated report of the nature of these islanders, particularly of the cannibalism many professed to have witnessed with their own eyes. Thus, for many years, the Sandwich Isles were looked upon as a useless acquisition, the printshops in London adding to their notoriety by exhibiting highly coloured pictures of supposed scenes of human immolation; while horrible and often disgusting ballads were bawled through the streets, gathering crowds of wondering and credulous listeners. Government was deeply engaged with other projects, so no notice was taken of the great navigator's notes, stating his opinion of the value of the islands to England, both as a rendezvous for whalers, and on account of the great quantities of sandal-wood indigenous to the soil.

Thus, for some years, they were almost forgotten, and only visited by a chance whaling-ship. It happened at last that the captain of one of these ships thought he would try to sell a cargo of sandal-wood to the Chinese. He did so, and got such a high price for this their favourite wood, that he made several voyages, keeping secret all the time the islands where he had found such a source of riches. At last, however, they became known; other vessels began to trade; the Chinese sent agents to live upon the spot, and prepare the wood for exportation, and thus, after the lapse of many years, Captain Cook's predictions began to be verified. At last the church took an interest in the poor natives, and two missionaries were sent out. They landed, and were agreeably surprised both by their kind reception and the exceeding beauty of the country. A perpetual summer reigned, unclouded by the many drawbacks of tropical heat; fruits and flowers, once considered peculiar to Europe, Asia, or Africa, growing with equal luxuriance side by side; tremendous mountains raised their rugged peaks one above another, some of the highest wearing an everlasting wreath of snow; and others that in the distance seemed tapering almost like the steeple of a church, in reality ended in a yawning crater, once boiling over with red-hot lava, and breathing smoke and fire, but now lined with lovely flowers, and affording a little sheltering Eden for hundreds of timid little birds. The sides of the mountains, up to where the hard black rocks forming the summit begin, were completely clothed with gigantic trees—palms, bread-fruit, oaks, and many more, among which was the tree-fern, a brobdignagian specimen of one of our own graceful plants; while closer to the grass grew the beautiful sweet-scented geranium, wafting its rich perfume upon every gale. When the missionaries looked upon all this glowing beauty, and then turned to the inhabitants, they might well shrink from their voluntary task. The immorality far exceeded anything they had ever heard of; and though in no actual danger of their lives at first, they said they would rather have endured any peril than witness the daily sights forced upon them. Sickness, disease, and crime generally walk hand in hand, and so it was here. The original inhabitants were decreasing rapidly, and this depopulation was further hastened by their unnatural habit of burying every sickly or troublesome child. Such was the fate of the hero of this story, Pamiki, 'the blind Hawaiian preacher.'

He was born about nine years after the last visit of Captain Cook, and being both sickly and deformed, was buried alive by his mother. God had, however, work for him, and gave him strength enough to throw aside the clods of earth, when his cries drew the attention of a woman whose only child was just dead. She was weeping for her lost treasure, when the shrill cry of an infant reached her ear. It was like the voice of her baby; and trembling with joy, she ran to the spot. There lay the little creature, apparently of the same age with that she had lost. For a time, she gazed with wonder and awe, thinking the hideous idol she called her god had sent her this to replace

her child. At last, she gained courage, and lifting him, carried him home. From that hour, he was as her own offspring; but she died when he was about four years old, and this time, no one had pity upon him. Every one looked with horror at his misshapen diseased figure, and chased him away from their dwellings. Thus persecuted, he went into the woods, wandering there, and subsisting like the wild beasts. Years passed by; he grew older, and became every year more loathsome, and, worse than all, more desperately wicked, exceeding all those near him in his ideas of what they called happiness, but we call sin. These qualities at last came to the ears of the king and queen, and he was chosen as the dancer and jester of the court.

When the mission first began to gain ground, in 1820, in Kailua, this poor creature was in the train of the king and queen, and followed them to Dalue, where he was seized with a dreadful illness, and almost entirely lost his eyesight. During the long months of sickness and pain, he was totally forgotten by his late friends, and actually perishing with hunger, when a native teacher, converted and baptized John Honoli by the missionaries, was led to visit him. This good man found Pamiki stretched below a rough shelter made of branches, hungry, unable to move, and almost blind, cursing the hour of his birth, and only wishing for strength enough to kill himself.

John Honoli did not know who Pamiki was at first; but, in obedience to the commands of the God he had learned to love, he stopped, and relieved his bodily distress. Then hearing the dreadful words he uttered, and who he really was, the teacher felt great compassion, and began telling him of God, of his loving mercy, and the healing power of Christ; telling the poor agonised creature that this God could give him strength and sight, but, above all, after death did come, a happy home in another and better world. Pamiki listened so eagerly that he forgot his pain, and in his surprise, thought it was the power of the new God.

Day after day, the teacher returned, bringing food and comfort, repeating over and over again the same glad promises of peace and joy. Day after day, Pamiki meditated upon the words, and at last learned himself to pray to this wonderful God. He found these prayers make the time pass pleasantly, and so prayed oftener, repeating all he could remember of the teacher's words. His pains left him; he grew strong, and at last was well enough to accompany Honoli and hear the missionaries preach.

His trials now began, his old friends delighting in mocking him; and for a time he had no peace, but God was with him, and taught him patience; so at last they desisted, and began to think better of what was taught. Soon after, the king and queen became pupils of the missionaries, whose labours were already bringing forth fruit. Pamiki now resolved to learn to read, and for this purpose attended the mission school; but just as he began to understand words, his eyesight was entirely taken away. This was a great trial; but he still found a way to learn the will of God: he got the other learners to read portions of Scripture aloud, and learned them by heart, at last succeeding in committing whole chapters to memory, laying up a store of knowledge which was to become of incalculable value. A short time subsequent to his acknowledgment of the power of God, he was baptized by the name of Bartimeus; a few months afterwards, ordained preacher; and lastly, given special charge of the district of Honolulu.

Here his labour and work were almost superhuman, the love of God seeming to animate every action, and giving him an eloquence that appeared the voice of inspiration. His hearers would actually cover their faces as he pictured the awful majesty and just anger of God. And thus, year after year, Bartimeus preached to his poor brethren—a striking ex of what strange instruments Providence som chooses to work good to man.

FLITTING.

THE swift and fairy-like movement, such as the swallow about the eaves, or the butterfly the flowers, which is suggested to the southern by the word 'flitting,' is something very differe the ideas it conjures up with the Scotch. Wit it means the ponderous march of baggage-wago transit of top-heavy furniture-vans, the slow a very sure conveyance of innumerable Household from one temple to another. It means the pay double for services that you had much rather not ha done; the losing your temper, and very likely a umbrella or two out of your hall; and the breaking your most cherished knick-knacks, and the promise which you had given to your wife last year that you would not use bad language any more. It likewise means dirt, confusion, and a smell of mouldy hay for a week on either side of it, a perceptible falling off in the quality of your dinners, and the using up to extremity of the bottoms of the sauce-bottles in your cruet-stand. There is, as everybody knows, a very charming song called *Lucy's Flittin'*, in which the full force of the expression, 'Sure *that* was the thing brocht the tear to her ee,' can never be estimated but by one who has flitted too. You would not wonder at her bewailing such a circumstance if it had once occurred to yourself; and you would envy the comparative facility with which she must have 'rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't.' *Your* 'kist' probably took carts, and cabs, and porters, and there was left behind, after all, far more than the less unhappy Lucy took away with her. 'Three flittings are as bad as a fire,' observes some sage of old, whose remark has become proverbial; but being a Sage, he probably lived in (cheapish) furnished apartments, and, at all events, has much understated the case. 'One flitting is as bad as three fires,' would have been a far more accurate dogma. A fire, under judicious circumstances of insurance, is by no means an unmitigated evil, even to the person who is burned out; while it affords an interesting and pleasing spectacle to all his friends—to windward—and a treat to the general public. There is no cheerful side whatever to a flitting. Long before the evil day arrives, its shadow darkens the roof-tree. Certain rooms, it is suggested by the Authority—all married men will know to whom we refer—had better be dismantled at once, in order to save time. You are driven from floor to floor by an advancing tide of packed-up furniture, until there is no place—with a carpet on it—for the sole of your foot; it is, as we read in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of the Great Floods in Morayshire, where the pig, and the horse, and the family have to take refuge in a single apartment.

The nurseries are among the earliest which the Genius of Havoc, under the cloak of Order, thus occupies, and thereupon the young people descend to the drawing-room floor, with the same sort of barbaric joy that the Goths must have experienced in their incursions upon civilised Italy. What is fun to them, however, is death to Paterfamilias, or at least the cause of his dragging out a wretched existence. It is decreed by the Authority that an early dinner with the dear children would be a source of great convenience at this anarchic period. It is unnecessary

to portray the major evils which result from this barbarous enactment; they will be found treated of at length by the best writers upon the digestive organs; but among the minor unpleasantries, it may be mentioned that conversation is rendered impossible through the dear children having constantly to be 'spoken to' by their mamma, as well as through their own infantine and ridiculous requests to be helped to things which are not good for them—such as port wine or cucumber. 'Why does papa drink it, then, who has the gout? And how comes he to eat salad when the doctor says'——, unseasonable remarks which are, of course, hushed up immediately, but which, nevertheless, have a retarding effect upon the appetite—that beautiful instinct of Nature, with which, it is the opinion of this writer, no member of the Faculty should be permitted to interfere. Nor are food and drink alone made unpalatable, and deprived of their charm by a 'flitting.' Sleep is no longer allowed to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care in its usual efficacious and satisfactory manner. It misses its stitches, or, in other words, there are considerable intervals of the night in which it is interrupted, and rendered impossible. Through lack of room, the Baby—quite contrary to express condition stipulated with the Authority in the first years of matrimonial life—is brought into the nuptial-chamber 'to sleep,' as it is euphemistically termed. *I* say—for the matter is an individual grievance not to be spoken of save in the first person, and in the strongest terms—*I* say, *not* to sleep; to wake, rather; to excite apprehensions of its being smothered when it is silent, and to allay them only by screams; and to be always having a lamp lit for it, whereby its food is cooked after a very surprising manner, between the hours of two and three in the morning. It is in vain for the Authority to remark that this sort of thing 'doesn't signify for a night or two.' On the contrary, it is the temporary character of the infliction which renders it unbearable. If it was to be for ever—hideous and tremendous thought!—one would perhaps in the end get used to it; or gracious Death, as is more probable, would sooner or later relieve us from our sufferings. As for the Authority's remark (which is no argument) of, 'How do you suppose, then, that mothers and nurses bear it?' I reply that nurses are paid for it; and that mothers—however inexplicable the thing may seem—enjoy it. Similarly, when the Authority and myself are limited to one fork apiece throughout our dinner, in consequence of the plate being packed up, 'except what can be easily carried away in one's pocket,' I am informed that 'it does not signify for once and away, surely.' It does signify, however, and not once and away by any means, when 'one's pocket' turns out subsequently to be *my* pocket; for silver forks with sharpish prongs are not—if delicacy permits me to mention it—quite the sort of thing to wear in one's coat-tails, or having forgotten, pleasant to sit down upon.

Upon the Flitting itself, the agonies of actual removal, not to be imagined by persons who have only lost limbs while living in lodgings, we forbear to treat, lest a recital of such horrors should bring upon us the charge of melodramatic writing. Imagine a chaos of furniture, from a child's chair to a four-post bedstead, all with their heads downwards, and appealing to Heaven with outstretched legs against such unnatural treatment! Picture to yourself an army of street-porters staggering under the combined influences of grand pianos and whisky! Surround these with the densest atmosphere that can be constructed out of drafts, dust, and particles of packing material, and there you have a sufficient notion of a Flitting. As for the moral phenomena that accompany it, they are of a character to stagger the believer in the perfectibility of his species, and to put the optimist to shame. Extortion, arm-in-arm with Intoxication, stumbles blindly over the threshold—generally breaking something in so doing—and even thrusts its greedy way into the dining-room, demanding extra shillings and more 'nips.' Nay, it is not only street-porters that are demoralised. The house-agent for the dwelling you quit, after insisting upon the place being put into considerably better repair than you found it in on your entrance, and seizing upon certain valuable fittings—under pretence of their having become 'fixtures'—which you had bought with your own money, and intended to have left to your grandchildren, keeps his myrmidons at the corner of your street, ready to interrupt the removal of the gas-pipes, or any other little articles which may have taken your dishonest fancy; while he himself lies in waiting, watch in hand, that he may seize possession of his own in the very hour at which the law—with its usual ridiculous exactness—permits him so to do. The house-agent for the dwelling which you are entering—but a few weeks ago, and before you finally closed with him, the blandest, not to say the best-olive-oiliest of men—is now become sharp as vinegar supped up with a steel fork, and blunt even to rudeness. To say that he has wilfully deceived you with respect to 'that commodious and in-all-respects-fitted-for-a-genteel family' residence in question, would be to pass a eulogium upon his conduct. He has not only falsified; he has invented. He has suffered his imagination to dilate with a more than Eastern luxuriance upon advantages which are not to be enjoyed, upon conveniences that have no existence, and upon privileges—especially the keys of a certain garden which is open night and day to the universal public—which are no more to be handled than the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth. A fortnight ago, he was all smiles and information. His moroseness is now like that of one who has been intoxicated over-night—who has been drunk with 'bang' (or exaggeration); while his ignorance of all that concerns that property, the details of which he had at his finger-ends a few days back, is absolutely astounding. There should be two companion-pictures executed of this Janus of dwelling-houses, entitled Before and After the Flitting. And if it sells half as well as he sold me, it will be a great success.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

The bee is asleep in the heart of the rose,
The lark's nestled soft in the cloud,
The swallow lies snug close under the eaves—
But the blackbird's fluting it loud;
He pipes as no hermit would nor should,
Half a mile deep in the heart of the wood,
In the green dark heart of the wood.

The raven's asleep in the thick of the oak,
His head close under his wing;
The lark's come down to his home on the earth—
But the blackbird still will sing,
Making the heart of the dark wood thrill
With the notes that come from his golden bill,
That flow from his golden bill. W. T.

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A LESSON FROM OFF THE STAGE.

I PRESUME that we are all of one mind as to the tremendous perversity of human nature—that we are all content to be included in a wide-sweeping imputation of frailty in that respect, without pretence of setting up a schedule of exemptions in favour of ourselves or any one else. I say, I presume this; but then I know the economy of my own mind tends to the open and confiding, the candid, and perhaps self-criminating. I assure the reader that I am the veriest creature of impulse that ever shaved; and on reflection, I may be unwittingly compromising others, by making general a damaging admission which should of right be simply individual and particular; so I will speak only of the perversity of my own human nature. There is some good policy in the shewing up of one's own weaknesses, of being at once both the moral teacher and the frightful example. I think the preacher who says frankly: 'Dear friends, *we* are all miserable sinners,' and hints by pulpit pantomime, with the aid of white cambric, that he himself is no better than anybody else—if anything, perhaps, rather worse—is more popular and followed than the orator who shakes a clenched fist at his congregation, and screaming: 'O you vipers, *you* will all be so-and-so'd,' seems to imply by his wrath and confidence that a better fate by a good deal is reserved for himself. The modern wizard finds it his best plan to commence his entertainment with the bland, perhaps superfluous assurance, that after all 'he's really no conjuror;' that half his tricks are purely natural magic, and the rest simply sleight-of-hand. The old 'Hey, Presto' times have passed away, cabalistic signs only remain on chemists' bottles, and the stale appendages of the necromancer—the wand, the extinguisher-cap, the circle on the floor, the caldron, the black cat, and the stuffed alligator—heirlooms of the black art—are now utterly worthless properties, such as even Zadkiel himself would not bid for, if Dr Dee's personal effects were brought to the hammer to-morrow. Perfect confidence is the order of the day—no concealments; ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception; and though on certain other platforms, performers may be found executing elaborate fantasias on those favourite instruments, their own trumpets, the gentleman at this booth avows his weaknesses, concedes that he is naturally perverse, merely mortal, and not perhaps a very good specimen even of that inferior class of goods.

It is altogether wrong, no doubt, that I should be one day anxious to perform, all of my own accord, offices such as I should at another time strenuously shrink from even upon the most urgent solicitation. Of the many parts that a man plays in his time, why have I so frequently selected as my 'favourite character,' as Mr Skelt used to say on his theatrical portraits, the *rôle* of Timon? Yet I *have* on many occasions shut myself up in the solitude of my chambers, and played a sort of *misanthropos* to more than my heart's content, in spite of my stoutness and certain facial disadvantages for the character. I *have* had serious attacks of the cynical; and my 'bitter mood,' as they call it on the stage, has been often very strongly upon me. There *is* a good lady—in one of the tall new houses, No. 905 Tarlatan Square, Kensington, and near the Boilers—well, I admit she is no longer the bright young thing I once knew her, when our voices blended in the exquisite duet of *Paul and Virginia*, and she was so delighted at my fine rendering, in the manner of Mr Braham, of the tenor bravura, *Gallop on Gaily*. We have given up our music, both of us, long since; and she wears a jewel on her forehead, which is suspicious; and I—but no matter. Well, I say, she is kind enough to remember old times, and to shower upon me, by aid of the postman, ambrosial pink notes, full of entreaty for my company, at dinner, at a *thé dansante*, at a *soirée musicale*, or at an evening-party, with 'dancing' printed in a corner of the note. And this, too, is all real kindness. Certainly, at dinner I have my one or two good stories: they have never been known to flag when *I* tell them—however they may fail in the hands of certain plagiarists I wot of—and so I may be regarded as in a measure giving valid consideration for my meal. But as for dancing, I am now past that accomplishment. I may say, *en passant*, however, that the dancing of my time was a different thing to what it is to-day. We possessed grace, and attitude, and action; *we did steps;* there was none of the dummy dawdling about I see in modern *salons*. But now I dance no more; and am nothing but an incumbrance, an obstruction, a nuisance in a ball-room, like an advertising van in Chancery Lane; and I block up gangways, and tread on toes, and have mine trod on, and stand in draughts till I shiver with cold; and I lurk about refreshment-rooms till I think that Gunter's men know every button of my waistcoat, and I grow ashamed, and long to have my white cravat off—they call it 'choker' now, I regret to say!—and to be in bed. So, when the invitations came in from Tarlatan Square, I have refused them, and neglected the lady of the house. I have treated 'old times' scoffingly; I have pondered too much upon what she is now, too little upon what she was then—ah, how long ago!—and when kind effusions were added to the formal notes of

request, I have not heeded, but have crept still further into my tub, and railed at the Tarlatan Square parties, and laughed to scorn the ball-room, and lampooned society, and forgetting the dear gone days of *Paul and Virginia*, and *Gallop on Gaily*, have fallen so low as to tattle jestingly and irreverently of *her*, and the jewel on her forehead. How could I do that, and look in the glass again, with my own age what it is, and the man coming round with the census papers very shortly?

I have done all this; I have taken pains thus to be unsocial, and solitary, and misanthropical, and yet, O perversity! I have sometimes stood on the pavement in west-end streets, and looking up at illumined first-floor windows, listened to Mr Weippert's gay strains oozing out of the hot ball-room into the fresh night-air, and watched through the gauze curtains lithe and graceful figures winding and twining round and round in the intricacies of the dance, and seen now and then the exquisite episode of two young people coming out to cool in the balcony, and to flirt and sentimentalise, and tease and love. I have beheld all this, and witched yet once again by the lights and the music, the flowers and the dresses, the glorious eyes and the wonderful tresses, I—erst Timon, or Mr Haller, or Mr Manfred, or what you will—I have even longed to join the party, to mingle in the dance once more, and be of and with the dancers; albeit the same day, perchance I had flung in the waste-basket an 'at home' from Tarlatan Square!

It is a very sultry evening, and much perspiration about and great wiping of faces, and loosening of waistcoats and neck-ties, and the world walking very slowly and carefully, for fear of getting hotter, and everything advertised as 'iced' in public-house windows. The cynic finds his tub uncomfortably close, wanting in ventilation, altogether ill adapted for warm weather, and he walks abroad, to stand at street-corners, saunter in squares, to gasp for breath, like a gold-fish performing absurd circuits in a glass globe, and to pray for air. He finds himself in the Strand, almost inclined to envy the little acrobats who do the 'wheel' alongside omnibuses, their simple costume of ragged shirt and ventilated nethers, the two garments linked frailly by a half-yard of string over one shoulder. The attire is not cleanly, or becoming, but it is cool. And now I—for I am the cynic—am close in the neighbourhood of the Theatre-royal Lion. Who does not know it? and further on, its antagonist, the Theatre-royal Unicorn; and who has not heard of the deadly feud existing between the rival managers? It is certainly not a night for the theatre. It is still light; the sun has not long been down; and if the gray dusk of evening is so insufferably sultry, what will be the atmosphere of the always hot Lion, with its red paint, and gas glare, and abortive ventilation? And yet, inconsequential being that I am, I positively enter the theatre. Five minutes before, I should have taken any proposition to visit the Theatre-royal Lion in such weather as an insult. No amount of money would have tempted me; had tickets for the best portion of the house been proffered me, I should have torn them to atoms incontinently; and yet, I enter, and pay my money, and sit down humbly in the pit.

How I am moved to this, I am unable to explain, beyond the statement I have already given, that I am naturally perverse—certainly, I am tempted by no enticing entries in the programme. There is no allurement of novelty for me. It is a hot-weather bill. The house is open at a loss, and the entertainment offered is one that strains the least upon the treasury. The theatre is very empty, of course, and regiments of benches are at my service. The play has commenced; my entrance sounds quite noisily in the quiet of the house, and my footsteps wake loud echoes in all parts of the vacant edifice; the voices of the players, too, vibrate sharply and harshly, and the bill-woman seems to proffer her merchandise with quite an angry jarring clamour. I am ashamed of the disturbance I create, and I sink into a near pit-seat. When the audience—the very small audience—who had frowned on my entrance, resenting it as an intrusion upon their quiet and privacy, become a little accustomed to my presence, and, their first bad impression of me wearing off, incline to admit me as of their small but faithful band, I venture to look round; first up above at the gallery; but from my position, I can only see two projecting arms, partly concealed by shirt-sleeves, and the hands appertaining to the arms hanging down listlessly and languidly. There is no evidence of any other soul in that portion of the theatre.—I next remark the upper boxes; here a few people are gathered, with large gaps between them. They sit in twos, and are 'orders.' This is painfully palpable; it could hardly be more so if they had borne the scraps of paper which admitted them pasted on their foreheads. They join to the lassitude of the weather the abject lethargy and cruel indifference with which 'orders' always witness a performance. If I were an actor, I should dread the 'orders' more than any other members of the audience. They never applaud, they are never pleased; they sit aloft sniggering feebly, or staring at the chandelier, or loll over, gnawing the brass railings, as soldiers suffering under the cat bite bullets, by way of occupation. There is the usual sallow young man, with the cruel smile and the dirty shirt-collars, who *will* bite his nails so; I shiver in the pit, and not from cold, as I watch him in the boxes perform that painful operation. There is the eternal, hot, cross, hard-featured, fat woman, his inseparable companion. What can be the tie uniting those two? She is too old for his wife or his sweetheart, too young for his mother or his aunt, too unlike him to be any near member of his family; yet she always shares his orders. They sit speechless and glum, glowering down as though the others of the audience had done them some inexpiable wrong. Throughout the entire evening, they retain their places in the upper boxes; and then, more sullen and savage, if possible, than on their entry, they drag themselves out, and plunging into the streets, wend their way whither no one knows.

There is the thin woman, with the pallid face and eyes, with so very wide and ragged a parting, and such a very little wisp of dull gray hair, stabbed by a long-pronged fork-like comb at the back, and the globular forehead and the scarlet shawl, which so dreadfully exaggerates her want of colour, and forces upon you her plainness. There are the two young gentlemen whose thoughts are absorbed by the bows of their neck-ribbons, and whose ears are so crimson from violent brushing of their hair. Why, by the way, *will* youth persist in brushing its hair so ceaselessly, so relentlessly? I am sure the bald heads of maturity, of which so many are about, result from these savage attacks upon the hair in early life. Over all these, and appearing at all sorts of places with keys in his hand, as though he were a jailer or a wild-beast keeper, scowls a round-shouldered man, with a Jewish nose and shaggy eyebrows, who is the box-opener; always at war *à l'outrance* with the portion of the audience under his charge, for 'orders' are notoriously shabby in regard to fees, and never want a bill of the performance, or to leave their bonnets.

In the dress-circle there is a stout gentleman in a black wig and a white waistcoat, who looks hot, and tight, and swollen, and intensely uncomfortable, while his features quite shimmer from the moisture induced by heat on their surface. He is evidently only kept alive by his turning that gibus hat of his into a fan. What possible excuse could this man have for coming to the theatre on such a night? Enjoying himself?

He is suffering acutely. Only the fat know how the fat suffer in the dog-days. In the neighbourhood of this unhappy creature, a lady and gentleman are sitting, both most elaborately dressed. They have come, I should fancy, upon some mistaken impression about the Theatre-royal Lion, in regard to its pretensions as a fashionable resort, or booked their places long before the warm weather set in, and the audience had fled from the house. There are people who *will* dress magnificently upon very slight provocation, and it is manifest that these are of that description. The lady is tall, thin, and pale, with protracted neck and limited shoulders; her chin not prominent, but her nose compensating amply for that shortcoming; its tip has a roseate tendency, and her whole expression is remarkable for its settled acidity. A garland of many flowers twines round her head, and falls down her back, and crawls about her thin neck, and appears in divers places in strange and unexpected sprouts and twigs. She wears a dress of pink gauze, with lace trimmings, and those trimmed again with pink bows, which indeed appear to have settled about different parts of her dress like a new sort of moth. Massive gold bracelets, and necklace and chains, creek and twist, and serpentine about her; and she wears, of course—the ordinary size of the chest-plaster in the chemists' windows—the inevitable cameo-brooch, without which no English woman's dress appears to be complete. The amplitude of her dress has nearly covered the little man at her side, but from amid its waves his head peers out, like one just escaping from drowning—a mild, cowed, long-suffering, little man, evidently amiable but weak, and wanting in self-assertion. They are both intensely miserable. I know it has been a wretched business with both of them this coming to the theatre; that they had a hurried, snapping dinner in consequence, and that the lady grew very cross indeed over her toilet, and scolded her maid, and was not satisfied about her appearance, and did, and undid, and did over again many portions of her attire; that they worried each other about being late, and not being dressed in time, and as to whose fault it was if they arrived at the theatre after the curtain had risen; that many times the little man wished in his own heart the Theatre-royal Lion at the bottom of the sea, ere he had bought the tickets of admission in fulfilment of a promise made long ago; that they quarrelled seriously—that is, so far as the mild little man could quarrel seriously—in the cab as they came along when he trod on her foot, or tore her dress accidentally, while she declared it was done on purpose, and he said: 'But, my dear Louisa'——, and she burst in with: 'There, Edward; don't contradict, don't aggravate me, with my nerves in such a weak state, as you *know*, and ought to be ashamed,' &c. I will not dwell upon the few other visitors in the dress-boxes, except to notice that there is a blind man and his leader; the latter fast asleep, and the former with his poor, blank, dead orbs turned up toward the ceiling, and an expression of acute listening on his face that is almost painful.

Respecting the pit audience, I must be brief also. There is one man, rather like a cab-driver, with a red face in a green wide-awake, who crunches an apple audibly. There is a man reading a newspaper; and by the by, who is the man who perpetually reads newspapers at the theatre? There is a thin, flaccid young gentleman, with dry light hair, and a large mouth, who yawns at short intervals in a manner that is positively agonising. I feel sure that accident, rather than relief, must result from such dreadful efforts. There are the two stout country visitors who have come to the Lion quite conventionally, as part of the programme of an agriculturist's proceedings in town. They are both asleep, leaning against each other, with their heads very close, in quite a bovine fashion, and snoring almost harmoniously. There is a private of the Scots Fusilier Guards tapping his nose with the curved end of a half-penny cane; and there is a policeman in the background, off duty, eating dexterously, with the aid of a hair-pin, fragrant periwinkles, wrapped in a handkerchief, which is lodged in his hat on the seat before him. This seems to be all of the pit: a very quiet audience, laughing very little, and with just a little rustle about it now and then that may be applause, or may be general nose-blowing.

Presently there is whispering behind me. Two young women have taken their places on the next bench to mine. Their dress perhaps evidences a slight struggle for supremacy between the smart and the shabby. Their bonnets—one slightly crumpled—and their light gloves are cloudy about the extremities and across the knuckles. One of them is decidedly plain—dark, large-featured, coarse, though good-natured looking; she is the taller. The other is *petite*, pallid, freckled, with fair hair, green-gray eyes, and long black eye-lashes. She is almost pretty, in spite of her unbecoming, sickly-green silk bonnet. They whisper together a good deal, and laugh, and nudge each other. Evidently, they are intimate friends; and soon it becomes clear to me that these are the only members of the audience who are really enjoying the entertainments of the evening. They are, with all their chattering together, much interested in the transactions on the stage; and it is wonderful what an acquaintance they have with all the details of the performance. The plain one is called Lotty; the other is addressed playfully and tenderly as Peta. I acquire information entirely new to me from the conversation of these young persons. They seem to me competent to write a secret history of the Theatre-royal Lion and its company. Peta is speaking.

'Oh, I know it's true—I'm sure it is, because Mrs Higgs told me; and of course *she'd* know.'

'Of course,' adds Lotty.

'And he's an awful temper when he's roused' (and by her looks I find she is alluding to a stout gentleman playing low comedy in a red wig, a smashed white hat with a black band, plaid-trousers, and a thick umbrella); 'and they say he beat his first wife, which I don't know, but perhaps it's true, and it isn't so much wonder, because she drank. But he said *he'd* have his full salary, whoever went on half, and *he* wasn't going to play for nothing, whoever was, when he'd got a good engagement at Hull he could always fall back on. And the Trombone heard him, and he told the First Violin; and of course, as he's engaged to Wheeler—the walking-lady, as you know—the whole thing came out; and then, says Smythers, How's the thing to be kept going on, if all won't agree and do the thing with good feeling, and that, but all want to take the lion's share? Why, of course, he says the shutters must go up directly, if that's the case; and there's an end of the thing.'

'I say,' Lotty interrupts, 'Wheeler looked here just now. She saw us, and winked; I declare she did.'

'And then,' says he (and I find she is still alluding to the low comedian), 'why not produce novelty? And he's got a lot of farces of his own, which he wants brought out, and to be paid for; which isn't right, of course it isn't; and says Smythers, Why should you be paid for your farces out of our pockets? which is true enough, you know.'

'There—did you see? She winked again.'

'She's got her muslin-de-laine on, do you observe, new trimmed with blue braid? It's a little too short for her. I suppose it shrunk in the washing; but it looks better than the old lilac silk she used to wear. Do you like her with her hair done like that? I don't think it becomes her dragged off her face. She's too thin for it, isn't she, dear? O my, isn't that a pretty scene?'

'Sweetly pretty. They had it new for that play of the *Brigand's Step-mother*. Don't you remember? It only ran a week.'

'Oh, I say, Lotty, isn't this fun, and doesn't he do it well? He undoes the umbrella, and all the cold pancakes tumble out all over the stage. Oh look! —here's Brooks. How that girl does turn her toes in!'

'Horrid, my dear! Fancy giving her three shillings a week extra after she had those few lines to speak in the burlesque. A regular shame, I call it.'

'And she didn't give them out well, either.'

'No, that she didn't; and she's so awkward with her hands, and they're so red, and she never knows where to put them. Oh, I say, isn't Old Brooks a funny old man—quite a *cure* I call him.'

'Yes, he keeps a sweet-shop in the Bagnigge Wells Road. They do say he's worth ever such a lot of money.'

'Then why does Mrs Brooks go out chairing?'

'She doesn't.'

'She does—I'm sure she does; Mrs Higgs said she did. I say, do you believe Brooks will ever marry the French horn?'

'No, that I don't. Young Collis isn't quite such a fool as that, I should think.'

'Oh, Jemima Ragg has gone to the Unicorn. She's engaged for the season.'

'No? Is she, indeed! What luck! and with her uncles. Ah! there's the end of the act. It's a pretty piece; isn't it?'

'I think, Pets, I shall have this silk turned; it's getting very dirty.'

'Oh, I wouldn't, dear, yet. It looks very nice, and I'm sure it would wear a good bit without turning. Rub it up with a little gin; *I* would: it's wonderful how glossy it makes a dress look. I wish the next act would begin. Have a cherry, Lotty?'

And so on. The young ladies prattled artlessly enough, and laughed at the comedy, and cried at the tragedy, and admired the acting and the scenery, and yet found time to discuss Fanny Wheeler's new-braided dress, and Miss Brooks's feet, and the good-fortune of Jemima Ragg, and the state of the treasury of the Theatre-royal Lion, and the prospects generally of the company. Talk about theatrical information! Why, Lotty and Pets knew everything: how much Miss Cricket gave for the bronze-boots she danced her famous shuffle hornpipe in, and where she bought them; the dreadful quarrel between Chalks the walking-gentleman, and Mrs C., who was playing an engagement as leading-woman at the Theatre-royal, Clerkenwell, and what that most unhappy difference arose from; why Mrs Buskin threw up her part in the extravaganza, and what Smythers had said thereupon—and how little Cockerill had threatened to knock him down if he said it again, and that he didn't dare; full particulars of the engagement of Miss Leggins to play the page in the new piece, and how and why they didn't think she would make much of it after all. The secret intelligence in the possession of these two young ladies was perfectly amazing; and yet they could sit quietly in the pit, and discuss the turning of a dress, and long for the next act; and Pets could produce from her pocket a warm and sticky bunch of cherries—tied up together neatly by the stalks —such as are sold at street-stalls for a half-penny; and they could proceed to refresh themselves with the fruit, notwithstanding its hardly inviting form, and devour it with evident relish.

I felt I owed a debt of gratitude to Lotty and Pets. I have hinted already how open and impressible is my nature. I made up my mind. I left the theatre for five minutes; I returned with a small paper-bag.

'Will you oblige me by helping me with this pound of cherries?' They peeped in at the red and yellow globes. I think women are quite as fond of white-hearts as of apples, and as easily tempted by them. They were a little shy at first. Lotty would take one; then Pets would try—only one; not any more, thank you. But soon the cherries were in a course of rapid demolition, and there was the sound of the stones dropping on to the floor of the pit like intermittent hail.

(I know that Tibbs, the attorney's clerk, whose morals have been considerably injured by his ardent study of law reports, will begin to snigger and chuckle here, for reasons best known to himself; but I apprehend a gentleman of my weight, and age, and figure may proffer fruit in very frankness, and truth, and simplicity to two respectable young women, even in the pit of the Theatre-royal Lion, without any striking impropriety or unworthiness of motive.)

And now we are interested in the play again. A lively scene is going on. Chalks, the walking-gentleman, has challenged Bowker, the heavy man, to mortal combat, and has been termed a 'beardless boy' for his pains, which, considering how very blue and primy Chalks is about the chin and cheeks, is rather an inappropriate observation; and one combatant has said, 'Come on,' and the other has remarked, 'Have at ye then;' and there is a scramble of music in the orchestra, and we are all well aware that the old-established conflict between Vice and Virtue is about to come off yet once more.

'I say,' Lotty whispers hurriedly to Pets, 'did you see?'

'See what?'

'Look at the practicable window.'

Of course Pets looked where she was bid; and how could I help looking too? If our neighbour stares particularly, don't our eyes always turn in the same direction, to ascertain the object of his attention.

I perceive that a head is peeping in furtively at the practicable window; not one of the *dramatis personæ* —not connected in any way with the tragic transactions passing between Chalks and Bowker—not a histrionic head by any means, but a pale young man's, with a paper-cap on, who gazes at the audience as though unconscious that he can be perceived by them.

'Why, it's Gassy,' says Pets, laughing.

'Oh, do look at him!'

'He's trying to find us out'—and there is great mirth between the young women; they bring out their handkerchiefs to hide their faces in, and wipe away the tears resulting from their laughter. I regret that I do not see the joke.

'Who *is* Gassy?' I ask, looking at the pale face at the practicable window.

'Ask *her!*' says Pets.

'Ask *her!*' says Lotty; and they both hide their faces again.

Meanwhile, Gassy, utterly disregarding the desperate lunges and parries of Chalks and Bowker, and forming an absurd background object to that glorious encounter, scrutinises the pit steadily. At last he appears to discover our little party: a grin of recognition flashes on his face, and he disappears, just as Bowker is brought to earth, and to the cue of 'confusion' (very loud, and in Bowker's most ventral bass tones), the music is changed from hurried to slow and staccato; for Bowker has got to crawl about the stage, and breathe very heavily, and reveal the terrible secret, and curse in a general way, and die hard and gamy.

'Who *is* Gassy?' I appeal to Lotty, who seems to have more self-possession than Pets, and my thirst for information becoming insupportable.

'Hush! He's my brother. Doesn't Bowker do this fine? What a lovely deep voice he has!'

'Was he christened Gassy?' I persist; but Lotty laughs, and I can get no answer from her. Pets interposes.

'No, his name is William. Oh, I do so like this play!'

And now the green baize has parted the audience and the actors. The young man with the dirty collars, and the savage-looking woman in the upper boxes, scramble out of their seats; the companion of the blind man hales him out with rather a disregard for his shins; the smart lady and gentleman gather themselves together, and I know that the little fellow will be sent for a cab, and then scolded dreadfully for going leaving his Louisa alone, and in a draught, and her nerves upset by the performance, as he *knew* very well; and dirty canvas hangings come tumbling from the galleries, and shroud up the Theatre-royal Lion; and the lights are put out, and we are again in the street, almost cool by contrast with the hot theatre.

A stout man with a very shiny, curly-rimmed hat, and a fat close-shaven face, is talking loudly and angrily in the lobby.

'What do you mean by it? I won't have it! Do you want to sell me? Do you want to shut up the theatre? Twenty pounds to pay for gas—all since last Saturday—and here, not taking five pounds a night!'

'It's not my fault,' answers an expostulating voice.

'Don't tell me; you don't look after things. You want to ruin the whole lot; you know you do. There *must* be a leakage somewhere; you know there must—but *you* don't care; you're too lazy to look after it.'

'No, I ain't. It's the illumination in front as takes all the gas.'

'Then put it out. I won't have it at all. Do you want to sell me?' &c. There is great iteration in quarrelling.

'Ain't Smythers savage?' says Lotty. And I perceive that the person who has been scolded is the young man who looked through the practicable window; and I understand now why he is called Gassy. He is charged with the illumination of the theatre, and has derived his name from his occupation.

'Never mind, Gassy, dear;' and Pets looks upon him very kindly, and speaks to him very soothingly and tenderly.

'He's a big fool, that's what he is, and I should like jolly well to punch his ugly head off his shoulders.' But he melted under the sweet glances of Pets. She took hold of his hand—it was not very clean—but then I have hinted that her light glove was no better off, and very likely she would not have cared even if it had been.

'Ain't it awful hot, Pets?' he said in a calmer voice. 'Well, Lotty, how are you?' Brotherly affection has an off-hand, cool, settled character astounding to bystanders. 'Did you like the play?'

'O yes; it was delightful; we enjoyed it, oh, so much.' This was given as a duet.

'I wanted to come round, only I couldn't get away. Did you see me looking?'

'And this gentleman's been so kind, and given us such beautiful cherries.'

'Thank you, sir,' says Gassy frankly, and nodding his head to me. 'And now, what do you say? It's too hot almost to eat; I vote for penny ices.'

Lotty moves an amendment, and gingerbeer is also agreed upon. I leave them to the enjoyment of their pleasant and moderate refection. We part at the door of the theatre with much cordiality, and bowing, and hand shaking; and I venture to hope that we shall all meet again, and the ladies hope so too; and Gassy trusts that he may have a glass with me at some other and more convenient opportunity. They repair to the penny-ice shop; and I go on my way.

'He is Lotty's brother, and he loves her friend, and Pets loves him too. What a pleasant little business; what a happy fellow is Gassy, even in spite of Smythers!' So I muse.

And I give a guess respecting Lotty and Pets, and as it proved to be correct, I may say what it was; for I saw them again—though not to speak to, for there was a gulf between us, filled by musicians—and they were attired in pink muslin, peppered with gold stars, and had delicate gauze wings on their shoulders, and tinselled silver butterflies on their heads, and were indeed fairy butterflies attendant on Queen Butterfly, in the famous pantomime of *Harlequin Goldengrub, or the Magic Moth and the King of the Caterpillar Islands*. In plain words, they were ballet-girls. And Pets smiled so prettily and witchingly, that I am quite sure she was still happy in the love of Gassy; and Lotty looked handsomer seen from a distance, and danced with great gusto and vigour, and I applauded her loudly.

When the inclination comes over me to give myself cynical airs, my thoughts recur to that hot night at the Theatre-royal Lion, and the friends I met there. When I feel prompted to disregard overtures made to me from Tarlatan Square, on the ground that I know all about the entertainments there, that I have been at the back of them, and seen through them, and that for me there is nothing new in them—I reflect upon Lotty and Pets sitting in the pit enjoying the play, intimately connected as it was with the daily drudgery of their lives, pregnant with dis-illusion, a tremendous sham, humbug, and trick, and yet pleasant, and delightful, and very amusing. They knew all about it; the tin-tacks and dirty lathes on the other side of the beautiful scenery, the domestic difficulties of Chalks, the pecuniary embarrassments of Bowker, the wrath of Smythers—everything about everybody, even to the man in the paper-cap, who turned on the gas that lit up the scene so refulgently, and yet how heartily they liked and lauded it all. For my part, I have had my lesson. I shall certainly accept the very next invitation from Tarlatan Square. I wonder whether it would be possible for me to sing with my hostess there the dear old duet from *Paul and Virginia* once more. Perhaps, for the sake of the other guests, it would be better not to make the attempt.

RAGS AND RAGPICKERS IN FRANCE.

THE manufacture of paper from rags dates from the fourteenth century; and the increased demand consequent upon the invention of printing, and the general spread of civilisation, rapidly developed this branch of the arts, till, in the year last ended, official documents inform us that thirty thousand tons of paper were manufactured from forty-five thousand tons of linen rags in the manufactories of France.

The collection of rags forms a distinct and wide-spread branch of commerce, both in town and country; and we might take a lesson of economy from the diligence and care exercised in it. So minutely and extensively is the search for rags carried out, that we will venture to say that there is not a single house in France left unvisited by the collectors, at least once or twice in the year; those who reside abroad are only too well aware of the rapid and mysterious disappearance of their sheets, towels, and linen, coincidently with the visits of the *chiffonnier*.

In Brittany—the part with which we are best acquainted—the rag-merchant occupies a distinguished and almost poetic position, especially in the descriptions of Emile Souvestre and other writers. He is a kind of cross between a Wandering Jew and a gipsy; but he leaves his family in some mountain-den while he wanders about in search of his peculiar objects. He goes from farm to farm, from cabin to cot, always preceded by his melancholy cry of *pillaver*, uttered loudly enough to startle the women in their innermost rooms. Not a thatched roof half-buried in foliage does he miss, not a path or byroad escapes him; no hovel is too foul, no threshold too mean for his visits. He prefers, indeed, the most humble abodes, for he well knows that he will

most likely find there what he seeks. He scents poverty from afar, and tracks it down with a sagacity which seems instinctive. He becomes a kind of spectre, knocking at the door of indigence, an ill-omened warning of the misery that is coming on the house. Scant grace or welcome does he find, nor does the usual blessing greet him on the threshold. To the rich, his visit appears almost an insult. If he knocks at the door of some well-to-do farmer, 'Go on elsewhere,' says the master; 'we have no rags here.' 'Ah, well—I'll come another day,' replies the pillawer, with a glance of malicious boding; and he passes on for the nonce, sure of finding poverty and rags at no great distance. But even in the poor man's cottage he never sets a foot; he waits at the threshold while the rags are brought to him, and the bargaining is made outside the house. No seat in the chimney-corner, not even a cup of cider, is offered to the ill-omened trader in misery.

The pillawer is the subject of one of the old Breton ballads cited by Emile Souvestre in his *Barzas-Breiz, Derniers Bretons*. It is too long for extraction, but a few stanzas may suffice to give an idea of its character:

'He sets out, the pillawer; he descends the mountain; his path lies among the poor of the earth. He leaves behind him wife and children, to return after long months—perhaps no more.

'Rude is the life of the pillawer; he tramps through the deep roads, with no shelter from the rain but the overhanging roots. His fare is a *manchet* of black bread, and he drinks from the mere where the frogs croak.

'Onward goes the pillawer, onward still, like the Wandering Jew: he has none to love him; no kin, no friends greet him in the lowlands; men close their doors when they see him, for he passes among them for a man without faith.

'Sundays and fête-days, he is ever on the road; he hears nor mass nor office; he is never seen to pray at the grave of his father or mother; he confesses not to his priest; the lowlanders say that the pillawer has neither pariah nor creed.

'His pariah is far away; there is his broom-thatched hut, but save for a few days, he is a stranger to it—a stranger to the village where he was baptized: the little children know him not, the dogs bark when he draws near.

'He knows not the news of his own fireside. When he returns home, he dares not to pass the threshold, for he knows not what God shall have sent to meet him—a cradle or a bier.

'And when his first-born has twelve years, the pillawer will say to him: "Go, my son, to your father's trade." And the child will go forth, to bruise his feet on the hard roads; and many a time will he say to his father that he is a-cold and a-weary.

'But his father will point to the sun, and say: "Behold the hearth of the good God; pray that he will light his fire for the poor little pillawer;" and he will point to the green herb, and add: "Behold the couch of the poor; pray that God will make soft the bed for the child of the mountains."

'Go on, poor pillawer; the ways of this world are hard to thy feet, but Jesus Christ judgeth not as the sons of men; be thou but honest and a good Christian, thy pains shall be repaid, and thou shalt wake up in glory.

'Foul with dirt are the rags which thy lean horse drags along, but the running water shall one day wash them clean; the rending wheels shall grind them, and they shall come forth as paper, fairer than white lawn.

'So with thee, poor pillawer; one day thou wilt leave thy corpse and tattered rags in a road-side ditch, but thy soul will fly forth white and fair, and the angels will bear it away to Paradise.'

The ragman of Paris has no such sentimental associations mingling with his trade; the hard battle for life which the poor fight in the metropolis leaves no space for meditation or romance. Gold is the ruling deity, and 'money, no matter how, but money,' is the cry; still there are such things as caste, and rank, and station; and the ragman's caste is not at the top of the tree. 'Premiums have no smell,' say the *boursiers* of Vespasian's school; but he would be a bold philosopher who could separate the filthiness from the lucre of the chiffonnier, and place his profession among the other reproductive industries of the day.

Paris has its Dickens and its Mayhew in the persons of De Courcy and Ferré; and the life of the chiffonnier is as well known as that of the London crossing-sweeper or pickpocket. Those who have visited the chiffonnier's haunts seem to shrink back appalled from the mass of moral corruption engendered by their foul misery. They are mostly those who hate work, not unfrequently men who have fallen from high positions, women who have fled from all social ties to a life of dissolute freedom, and children who have thrown off parental authority, and become all at once old in cunning and vice. They commonly herd together in some cellar without distinction of age or sex, amidst accumulations of filth and foulness, in an atmosphere which no Englishman could breathe and live: the price of their lodging varies from three-halfpence to twopence a night. Their food is as unwholesome as their lodging, consisting generally of the scraps of bread, broken victuals, old bones, and castaway vegetables, potato-parings, and cabbages, which they pick up in their rounds. These savoury fragments are all cast into a common caldron, and with the addition of several gallons of water, are boiled up into a kind of Spartan black broth, and ladled out into the tin-pots of the community.

It is, however, the old and steady patriarchs who thus club together and economise their resources. The younger chiffonniers patronise the cheap restaurants and ordinaries which abound in Paris, where they can fare sumptuously for twopence. Some even are extravagant enough to frequent the Restaurant des Pieds-Humides, where the price is five sous for the dinner; but in this charge is included the luxury of a cup of Mocha; and another sou on Sundays and *fêtes* adds a *gloria* of cognac to the feast.

However economical they may be in their provision for the necessaries of life, they one and all contrive to set apart a considerable portion of their daily earnings for the purchase of tobacco and drink: these are their greatest inducements to work.

There are grades of chiffonniers as there are of other professions, from the wealthy rag-merchant who lives upon the gains of the whole community, drives his carriage, and occasionally fails for half a million, down to the wretched pariah who has not even the means to buy a basket and crook, but hires himself out to an older hand. The amount of profit upon a day's work depends in no slight degree upon the skill and care bestowed in the selection and sorting of the contents of the basket. Each branch of articles has its divisions and subdivisions. The materials for paper-making, to which we shall confine ourselves, are rags, linen and woollen, and papers of all sorts and colours. The rags are sorted according to their material colour and fineness. The other contents of a ragman's basket may be more easily imagined than enumerated; but our French authority informs us that, next to old iron, old corks are the most valuable and *recherché* articles, as they are exchanged at the *barrières* for no small quantity of *vin bleu*.

The usual amount of a chiffonnier's daily earnings is from sevenpence-halfpenny to fifteenpence, a sum sufficient to keep him in comparative luxury, if intemperance did not run away with the better part of it. As a class, they live so literally from hand to mouth, that they frequently have not the wherewithal to pay for their night's lodging—that is to say,

not even the modest amount of three-halfpence. Every landlord who has an eye to business takes care to exact the price of the bed before the tenant enters on possession, and in default of payment, retains as a pledge the shirt or some equally valuable article of the chiffonnier's toilet.

The day's work begins with the first streaks of dawn, when Paris, though yet unwashed, is beautiful exceedingly; but the ragman has no eye for beauty, either natural or architectural; his eyes are fixed on the ground, and nothing escapes his notice. By eight or nine o'clock, his work is finished, and Paris is as clean as a new pin, swept and garnished, and fit for the dainty feet of beaux and belles. But, oh! shade of Cloacina, what would it be, but for our friends the chiffonniers? What an Augean stable if they were to go on strike for a week! From nine to eleven, the *sorting* and selling take place, after which the ragman is at leisure, and free to dispose of his time and money according to his taste. We need scarcely say that the *cabaret* and the *guinguette*, and every free-and-easy entertainment, receive his liberal patronage, and he reduces to a science the method of getting drunk at the very lowest figure. Many of the chiffonniers, however, are subject to fits of melancholy and hypochondria; they shun society, let their beards grow, and live in a state of misanthropy, like old Krook, holding converse with none but the *marchand of eau de vie*. These are the models much sought after by young academicians, when they are in want of a Timon or a Solon, or a long-bearded patriarch for a sacred picture.

Miserable as the condition of the ragman must be, that of the female portion of the community is worse. Having reached this state, fallen from, it may be, a high estate, from the splendour of a *dame aux camellias* to the condition of a last week's bouquet, she seems to have lost all self-respect and hope, and finds 'even in the lowest depth a deeper still.' A thoroughly bad woman is worse than a bad man, even as the angels fell lower than the hosts of Hades. It is generally the passion for drink that has brought them thus low, and having hired themselves out for their daily labour, to procure food and drink, they scarcely ever emerge from this slavery even to purchase a basket and crook, and set up for themselves.

The chiffonnier has generally adopted his profession as a means of procuring food with the least amount of labour; and though this crawling, lurking method of gaining the daily bread is more adapted to the old, it is found, that of the 800 rag-collectors who come under the notice of the police, more than three-fifths are from 17 to 36 years of age; so that while we would give the chiffonnier every indulgence as contributing to the spread of civilisation, we fear that his own motives are as sordid as his stock in trade.

The process of manufacturing paper is the same in France as in England, and is so well known as scarcely to demand notice. Every paper-mill has the same sights and the same smells: the long room, where the rags are sorted and cut up by young girls; the tanks, where the rags are washed, fermented, and bleached with chlorine; the room with the tearing and grinding machines, enclosed in small paddle-boxes, through which the rags circulate in a mixture resembling one of curds and whey; the great vats in which the rags are kept moving, by a great revolving beam, generally nicknamed Dan O'Connell, the Great Agitator, or by some other notable name, according to the workmen's political bias—these are familiar objects to all who have visited a paper-mill.

In former times, the paper was made from the liquid rag-paste, by dipping into it a copper basin, and distributing it over a wire-gauze, which allowed the moisture to drip through, and retained the paste: this was pressed between blankets, and dried on lines, then dressed with a solution of alum and gelatine, and pressed in hydraulic presses, to give it polish and evenness. This tedious process, which necessitated a fresh operation for each sheet of paper, was superseded about 1789 by the present machine, said to be the invention of one Robert, a French workman, who sold it to M. Didot Saint-Leger. The first machines, however, were set up in England, machinery being, as yet, of very inferior execution on the continent; and it was not till after the peace, in 1815, that they were introduced into France.

By this new invention, the paste is mixed with the resin and alum, and any colouring matter employed, and made to run regularly from the reservoir down an inclined plane on to an endless wire-cloth, which passes slowly over rollers, and carries with it the gradually hardening paste. Upon this wire depends the pattern of the paper, and in this the French seem to leave us far behind. We have lately seen exquisite specimens of note-paper, some flowered, others damascened, starred, checkered, lined, squared, or tesselated, in all the variety of forms in which taste can appeal to ladies' eyes. The French colours also are far more tasty than our own; and while we have been aiming at perfect whiteness at a great expense, they have been able to infuse all the colours of the rainbow at a much cheaper rate. The reason of this is, that rags of any colour may be used in the manufacture of tinted paper, while the pure white alone are admissible for the snowy brilliance at which we aim. The paste thus formed is transmitted in an endless length over blankets, under rollers, between heated cylinders, and up and down, backwards and forwards, till it has attained its proper gloss and consistency. On arriving at the end of the room, it is cut into lengths as it unrolls itself from the cylinder, and passed over to the packers, to take its place in the ranks of literature, and for the increase of knowledge.

We would not take leave of our subject without an endeavour to point a moral, if we have failed to adorn our tale; for there is a *moralité*, as our neighbours say, to be found, like truth in the well, at the bottom of the ragman's basket. Let their example, in the first place, stimulate us to imitate their love of economy and their avoidance of waste; and, in the next, let it remind us that, in the dispensation of Providence, the most prodigal bounty goes hand in hand with the nicest economy. May we be led to think of the love which exhausts not itself by loving, of the dispensing which is richer by its outgoings, of the scattering which yet increaseth! The poor ragman gathers up the foul and tattered rags, and they become the tablets on which are written the wisdom of man and the truth of God; and he that gathers up the lost and the forsaken in this world, and renders them useful and honest members of society, shall in no wise lose his reward.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—SU-WA-NEE.

Beyond doubt, the dark form was that of a woman—a young one too, as evinced by her erect bearing, and a light agile movement, exhibited at the moment of our first beholding her. The attire was odd; and consisted of a brownish-coloured tunic—apparently of doeskin leather—reaching from the neck to the knees; underneath which appeared leggings of like material, ending in moccasins that covered the feet. The arms, neck, and head were entirely bare; and the colour of the skin, as seen upon these, differed from that of the outer garment only in being a shade or two darker! The woman, therefore, was not white, but an *Indian*: as was made further evident by the sparkling of beads and bangles around her neck, rings in her ears, and metal circlets upon her arms—all reflecting the light of the moon in copious coruscations. As I brought

my horse to a rest, I perceived that the figure was advancing towards us, and with rapid step.

My steed set his ears, and snorted with affright; the jade of the hunter had already given the example—each, no doubt, acting under the impulse of his rider.

Mine was a feeling of simple astonishment. Such an apparition in that place, and at that hour, was sufficient cause for surprise; but a more definite reason was, my observing that a different emotion had been roused in the breast of the young hunter—whose looks betrayed fear, rather than surprise!

'Fear of what?' I asked myself, as the figure advanced; and still more so, when it came near enough to enable me to make out the face. As far as the moonlight would permit me to judge, there was nothing in that face to fray either man or horse: certainly nothing to create an emotion, such as was depicted in the countenance of my companion.

The complexion was brown, as already observed; but the features, if not of the finest type, were yet comely enough to attract admiration; and they were lit up by a pair of eyes, whose liquid glance rivalled the sheen of the golden pendants sparkling on each side of them.

I should have been truly astonished at the behaviour of my guide, but for the natural reflection, that there was some cause for it, yet unknown to me. Evidently, it was not his first interview with this forest maiden: for I could now perceive that the person who approached was not exactly a woman, but rather a well-grown girl on the eve of womanhood. She was of large stature, nevertheless, with bold outline of breast, and arms that gave token of something more than feminine strength. In truth, she appeared possessed of a *physique* sufficiently formidable to inspire a cowardly man with fear—had such been her object; but I could perceive no signs of menace in her manner.

Neither could cowardice be an attribute of my travelling-companion. There was an unexplained something, therefore, to account for his present display of the emotion.

On arriving within six paces of the heads of our horses, the Indian paused in her steps: as if hesitating to advance. Up to this time, she had not spoken a word; neither had my companion, beyond a phrase or two that had involuntarily escaped him, on first discovering her presence in the glade.

'She here? an' at this time o' night!' I had heard him mutter to himself; but nothing more, until the girl had paused, as described. Then, in a low voice, and with a slightly trembling accent, he pronounced interrogatively the word 'Su-wa-nee?'

It was the name of the Indian maiden; but there was no reply.

'Su-wa-nee?' repeated he, in a louder tone, 'is it you?'

The answer was also given interrogatively.

'Has the White Eagle lost his eyes, by gazing too long on the pale-faced fair ones of Swampville? There is light in the sky, and the face of Su-wa-nee is turned to it. Let him look on it: it is not lovely like that of the *half-blood*, but the White Eagle will never see that face again.'

This declaration had a visible effect on the young hunter: the shade of sadness deepened upon his features; and I could hear a sigh, with difficulty suppressed; while, at the same time, he appeared desirous of ending the interview.

'It's late, girl,' rejoined he, after a pause: 'what for are ye here?'

'Su-wa-nee is here for a purpose. For hours she has been waiting to see the White Eagle—the soft hands of the pale-faced maidens have held him long.'

'Waitin' to see me! What do ye want wi' me?'

'Let the White Eagle send the stranger aside. Su-wa-nee must speak to him alone.'

'Thar's no need o' that: it's a friend that's wi' me.'

'Would the White Eagle have his secrets known? There are some he may not wish even for a friend to hear? Su-wa-nee can tell him one that will crimson his cheeks like the flowers of the red maple.'

'I have no saycrets, girl—none as I'm afraid o' bein' heerd by anybody.'

'What of the half-blood?'

'I don't care to hear o' her.'

'The White Eagle speaks falsely; he does care to hear. He longs to know what has become of his lost Marian. Su-wa-nee can tell him.'

The last words produced an instantaneous change in the bearing of the young hunter: instead of the repelling attitude, he had hitherto observed towards the Indian girl, I saw him bend eagerly forward, as if desirous of hearing what she had to say. Seeing that she had drawn his attention, the Indian again pointed to me, and inquired:

'Is the pale-faced stranger to know the love-secrets of the White Eagle?'

I saw that my companion no longer desired me to be a listener; and, without waiting for his reply, I drew my horse's head in the opposite direction, and was riding away.

In the turning, I came face to face with him; and by the moonlight shining full upon his countenance, I fancied I could detect some traces of mistrust still lingering on it.

My fancy was not at fault: for, on brushing close past him, he leaned towards me, and, in an earnest manner, muttered:

'Please, stranger! don't go fur—thar's danger in this girl. She's been arter me before.'

I nodded assent to his request; and, turning back into the little bay, that formed the embouchure of the path, I pulled up under the shadow of the trees.

At this point, I was not ten paces from the hunter, and could see him; but a little clump of white magnolias prevented me from seeing the girl—at the same time hiding both myself and horse from her sight.

The chirrup of the cicadas alone hindered me from hearing all of what was said; but many words reached my ear, and with sufficient distinctness, to give me a clue to the subject of the promised revelation.

Delicacy would have prompted me to retire a little farther off; but the singular caution, I had received from my companion, prevented me from obeying its impulse.

I could make out that a certain Marian was the subject of the conversation; and then more distinctively, that it was Marian Holt—just as I expected, the daughter of my squatter: that other and older one, of whom mention has been already made.

This part of the revelation was easily understood: since I was already better than half prepared for it. Equally easy of comprehension was the fact, that this Marian was the sweetheart of my travelling-companion—*had been*, I should rather say; for, from what followed, I could gather that she was no longer in the neighbourhood; but some months before had left it, or been carried away—spirited off in some mysterious manner, leaving no traces of the why or whither she had gone.

Nearly all this I had conjectured before; for the young hunter had half revealed it to me by his manner, if not by words. Now, however, a point or two was added to my previous information relating to the fair Marian. *She was married.* Married—and to some odd sort of man, of whom the Indian appeared to speak slightingly. His name I could make out to be Steevens, or Steebins, or something of the sort—not very intelligible by the Indian's mode of pronouncing it—and, furthermore, that he had been a schoolmaster in Swampville.

During the progress of the dialogue, I had my eye fixed on the young hunter. I could perceive that the

announcement of the marriage was quite new to him; and its effect was as that of a sudden blow. Of course, equally unknown to him had been the name of the husband; though, from the exclamatory phrase that followed, he had no doubt formed his conjectures.

'O God!' exclaimed he, 'I thort so—the very man to a done it. Lord ha' mercy on her!'

All this was uttered in a voice hoarse with emotion.

'Tell me!' continued he, 'whar are they gone? Ye say ye know?'

The shrill screech of a tree-cricket, breaking forth at that moment, hindered me from hearing the reply. The more emphatic words only reached me, and these appeared to be 'Utah' and 'Great Salt Lake.' They were enough to fix the whereabouts of Marian Holt and her husband.

'One question more!' said the rejected lover, and he hesitated, as if afraid to ask it. 'Can ye tell me—whether—she went *willin'ly*, or whether—thar wan't some force used?—by her father, or some un else? Can ye tell me that, girl?'

I listened eagerly for the response. Its importance can easily be understood by one who has *sued* in vain—one who has *wooed* without *winning*. The silence of the cricket favoured me; but a long interval passed, and there came not a word from the lips of the Indian!

'Answer me, Su-wa-nee!' repeated the young man in a more appealing tone. 'Tell me that, and I promise'——

'Will the White Eagle promise to forget his lost love? Will he promise'——

'No, Su-wa-nee; I cannot promise that; I can *niver* forget her.'

'The heart can *hate* without forgetting.'

'Hate her? hate Marian? No! no!'

'Not if she be false?'

'How do I know that she war false? You have not told me whether she went willin'ly or agin her consent.'

'The White Eagle shall know then. His gentle doe went willingly to the covert of the wolf—*willingly*, I repeat; and Su-wa-nee can give proof of her words.'

This was the most terrible stroke of all. I could see the hunter shrink in his saddle, while a death-like pallor overspread his cheeks, and his eyes presented the glassy aspect of despair.

'Now!' continued the Indian, as if taking advantage of the blow she had struck, 'will the White Eagle promise to sigh no more after his false mistress? Will he promise to love one that can be true?'

There was an earnestness in the tone in which these interrogatories were uttered—an appealing earnestness—suddenly prompted by a burning headlong passion. It was now the turn of her who uttered them, to wait with anxiety for a response.

It came at length—perhaps to the laceration of that proud heart: for it was a negative to its dearest desire.

'No, no!' exclaimed the hunter confusedly. 'Impossible eyther to hate or forget her. She may a been false, an' no doubt are so; but it's too late for me; *I can niver love agin*.'

A half-suppressed scream followed this declaration, succeeded by some words that appeared to be uttered in a tone of menace or reproach. But the words were in the Chicasaw tongue; and I could not comprehend their import.

Almost at the same instant, I saw the young hunter hurriedly turning his horse—as if to ride away.

I fancied that the crisis had arrived, when my presence might be required; and, under this belief, I touched my steed with the spur, and trotted out into the open ground.

To my astonishment, I perceived that the hunter was alone. The girl had disappeared from the glade!

CHAPTER XV.

MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

'Where is she?—gone?' I mechanically asked, in a tone that must have betrayed my surprise.

'Yes—gone! gone! an' wi' a Mormon!'

'A Mormon?'

'Ay, stranger, a Mormon—a man wi' twenty wives! God forgi' her! I'd rather a heerd o' her death!'

'Was there a man with her? I saw no one!'

'O stranger, excuse my talk—you 're thinkin' o' that ere Injun girl? 'Tain't her I 'm speakin' about.'

'Who, then?'

The young hunter hesitated; he was not aware that I was already in possession of his secret; but he knew that I had been witness of his emotions, and to declare the name would be to reveal the most sacred thought of his heart.

Only for a moment did he appear to reflect; and then, as if relieved from his embarrassment, by some sudden determination, he replied:

'Stranger, I don't see why I shedn't tell ye all about this bisness. I don know the reezun, but you've made me feel a kind o' confidence in you. I know it's a silly sort o' thing to fall in love wi' a handsum girl; but if ye 'd only seen *her*.'

'I have no doubt, from what you say, she was a beautiful creature'—this was scarcely my thought at the moment—'and, as for falling in love with a pretty girl, none of us are exempt from that little weakness. The proud Roman conqueror yielded to the seductions of the brown-skinned Egyptian queen; and even Hercules himself was conquered by a woman's charms. There is no particular silliness in that: it is but the common destiny of man.'

'Well, stranger, it 's been myen; an' I've hed reezun to be sorry for it; but it 's no use tryin' to shet up the stable arter the hoss 's been stole out o't. She are gone now; an' that 's the end o' it. I reckon I 'll niver set eyes on her agin.'

The sigh that accompanied this last observation, with the melancholy tone in which it was uttered, told me that I was talking to a man who had truly loved.

'No doubt,' thought I, 'some strapping backwoods' wench has been the object of his passion'—for what other idea could I have about the child of a coarse and illiterate squatter? 'Love is as blind as a bat; and this red-haired hoyden has appeared a perfect Venus in the eyes of the handsome fellow—as not unfrequently happens—a Venus, with evidently a slight admixture of the prudential Juno in her composition. The young backwoodsman is poor; the schoolmaster perhaps a little better off; in all probability, not much, but enough to decide the preference of the shrewd Marian.'

Such were my reflections at the moment, partly suggested by my own experience.

'But you have not yet told me who this sweetheart was? Not the Indian damsel you've just parted with?'

'No, stranger, nothin' o' the kind: though there are some Injun in *her* too. 'Twar o' her the girl spoke, when ye heerd her talk o' a half-blood. She ain't jest that—she 's more white than Injun; her mother only war a half-blood—o' the Chicasaw nation, that used to b'long in these parts.'

'Her name?'

'It *war* Marian Holt; it are now Stebbins, I s'pose: since I 've jest heerd she 's married to a feller o' that name.'

'She has certainly not improved her name.'

'She are the daughter o' Holt the squatter—the same whar you say you 're a-goin'. Thar 's another, as

I told ye; but she 's a younger un. Her name 's Lilian.'

'A pretty name. The older sister was very beautiful then?'

'I niver set eyes on the like o' her.'

'Does the younger one resemble her?'

'Ain't a bit like her—different as a squ'll from a coon.'

'She 's *not* beautiful, then?'

'Well, that depends on people's ways o' thinkin'. Most people as knew 'em liked Lilian the best, an' thort her the handsumest o' the two. That wan't my notion. Besides, Lilly 's only a young critter—not out o' her teens, as they say.'

'But if she be also pretty, why not try to fall in love with her? Down in Mexico, where I've been lately, they have a shrewd saying: *Un clavo saca otro clavo*, meaning that "one nail drives out another"—as much as to say, that one love cures another.'

'Ah, stranger! that may be all very well in Mexico, whar I've heard they ain't partickler about thar way o' lovin'; but we've a sayin' here jest the contrairy o' that: "Two bars can't get into the same trap."'

'Ha, ha, ha! Well, your backwoods proverb is perhaps the truer one, as it is the more honest. But you have not yet told me the full particulars of your affair with Marian? You say she has gone away from the neighbourhood?'

'You shall hear it all, stranger. I reckon thar can be no harm in tellin' it to *you;* an', if you 've a mind to listen, I'll make a clean breast o' the whole bisness.'

The hunter proceeded with his revelation—to him, a painful one—and, although I had already divined most of the particulars, I interrupted him only with an occasional interrogative. The story was as I had anticipated. He had been in love with Marian Holt; and was under the impression that she returned it. She had given him frequent meetings in the forest—in that very glade, where we had encountered the Indian girl, and in which we were still lingering—her father was not aware of these interviews, as there had been some coolness between him and the young hunter, and the lovers feared that he might not approve of their conduct. This was the prologue of the hunter's story. The epilogue I give in his own words.

'"Twar a mornin'—jest five months ago—she had promised to meet me here; an' I war seated on yonder log waitin' for her. Jest then, some Injuns war comin' through the gleed. That girl ye saw war one o' 'em. She had a nice bullet-pouch to sell, an' I bought it. The girl would insist in puttin' it on; an' while she war doin' so, I war fool enough to gie her a kiss. Some devil hed put it in my head. Jest at that minnit, who shed come right into the gleed but Marian herself! I meant nothin' by kissin' the Injun; but I s'pose Marian thort I did: she 'd already talked to me 'bout this very girl; an' I believe war a leetle bit jealous o' her—for the Injun ain't to say ill-lookin'. I wanted to 'pologise to Marian; but she wouldn't listen to a word; an' went off, in a way I niver seed her in before. 'Twar the last time I ever set eyes on her.'

'Indeed!'

'Ay, stranger, an' it 's only this minnit, an' from that same Injun girl, that I 've heerd she 's married, an' gone off to the Mormons. The Injun's had it from some o' her people, that seed Marian a crossin' the parairies.'

'This Indian damsel—Su-wa-nee, I think you named her—what of her? She appears to take a considerable interest in your affairs.'

'Ah! stranger, that 's another o' the konsequences o' doin' what wan't right. Since the day I gin her that kiss, she'd niver let me alone, but used to bother me every time I met her in the woods; an' wud a come arter me to my own cabin, if it hadn't a been for the dogs, that wud tar an Injun to pieces. She war afeerd o' them; but not o' me, no matter how I thraitened her. I war so angry wi' her, for what had happened—though, arter all, 'twar more my fault than hern—but I war so vexed wi' her about the ill-luck, that I used to keep out o' her way as well as I could, an' didn't speak to her for a long time. She got riled 'bout that, an' thraitened revenge; an' one night, as I war comin' from Swampville, 'bout this time, only 'twar as dark as a pot o' pitch, I war jest comin' out into this very gleed, when all o' a suddint my ole hoss gin a jump forrard, an' I feeled somethin' prick me from behind. 'Twar the stab o' some sort o' a knife, that cut me a leetle above the hip, an' made me bleed like a buck. I know'd who did it; tho' not that night—for it war so dark among the bushes, I couldn't see a steim; but I kim back in the mornin', an' seed tracks. They war the tracks o' a moccasin; an' I know'd them to be hern.'

'Su-wa-nee's tracks?'

'Sartin. I know'd them well enough, as I'd often seed her tracks through the crik bottom.'

'Did you take no steps to punish her?'

'Well—no—I didn't.'

'How is that? I think it would have been but prudent of you to have done something—if only to prevent a recurrence of the danger.'

'Well, stranger, to tell truth, I war a leetle ashamed o' the whole bisness. Had it been a man, I'd a punished *him;* but they *do* say the girl 's in love wi' me, arter her Injun way; an' I didn't like to be revengeful. Besides, it war mostly my own fault; I had no bisness to a fooled wi' her.'

'And you think she will not trouble you again?'

'I don know about that, arter what 's happened the night. She 's gone away thraitnin' agin. I did think she 'd gin up the notion o' revenge; for she know'd I 'd found out that 'twar her stabbed me. I told her so, the next time I seed her; an' she 'peared pleased 'bout my not havin' her ta'en up. She said it war generous o' the White Eagle—that 's the name her people gies me—for thar 's a gang o' them still lives down the crik. She gin me a sort o' promise she wouldn't trouble me agin; but I warn't sure o' her; an' that's the reezun, stranger, I didn't want ye to go far away.'

'I think it would be prudent in you to keep well on your guard. She appears to be rather an unreflecting damsel; and, from what you have told me, a dangerous one. She certainly has a strange way of shewing her affection; but it must be confessed, you gave her some provocation; and, as the poet says, "Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned."'

'That 's true, stranger.'

'Her conduct, however, has been too violent to admit of justification. You appear to have been unfortunate in your sweethearts—with each in an opposite sense: one loves you too much, and the other apparently not enough! But how is it you did not see her again—Marian, I mean?'

'Well, you understand, I wan't on the best o' tarms wi' old Hick Holt, an' couldn't go to his clarin'. Besides, arter what had happened, I didn't like to go near Marian anyhow—leastwise for a while. I thort it would blow over, 's soon 's she 'd find out that I war only jokin' wi' the Injun.'

'So one would have supposed.'

'Twar nigh two weeks afore I heerd anything o' her; an' then I larned that she war gone away! Nobody could tell why or whar, for nobody knew, 'ceptin Hick Holt hisself; an' he ain't the sort o' man to tell sayerets. Lord o' mercy! I know *now;* an' it 's worse than I expected. I 'd sooner a heerd she war dead.'

A deep-drawn sigh, from the very bottom of his

soul, admonished me that the speaker had finished his painful recital.

I had no desire to prolong the conversation; I saw that silence would be more agreeable to my companion; and, as if by a mutual and tacit impulse, we turned our horses' heads to the path; and proceeded onwards across the glade.

As we were about entering the timber on the other side, my guide reined up his horse; and sat for a moment gazing upon a particular spot—as if something there had attracted his attention. But what? There was no visible object—at least, none that was remarkable—on the ground, or elsewhere!

Another sigh, with the speech that followed, explained the singularity of his behaviour.

'Thar!' said he, pointing to the entrance of the forest-path—'thar's the place whar I last looked on Marian!'

CHAPTER XVI.

A PREDICAMENT IN PROSPECT.

For half a mile beyond the glade, the trace continued wide enough to admit of our riding abreast; but, notwithstanding this advantage, no word passed between us. My guide had fallen back into his attitude of melancholy—deepened, no doubt, by the intelligence he had just received—and sat loosely in his saddle, his head drooping forward over his breast. Bitter thoughts within rendered him unconscious of what was passing without; and I felt that any effort I might make to soften the acerbity of his reflections would be idle. There are moments when words of consolation may be spoken in vain—when, instead of soothing a sorrow, they add poison to its sting.

I made no attempt, therefore, to rouse my companion from his reverie; but rode on by his side, as silently as he.

Indeed, there was sufficient unpleasantness in my own reflections to give me occupation. Though troubled by no heart-canker of the past, I had a future before me that was neither brilliant nor attractive; and the foreknowledge I had now gained of squatter Holt, had imbued me with a keen presentiment, that I was treading upon the edge of a not very distant dilemma.

Once, or twice, was I on the point of communicating my whole affair to my travelling-companion; and why not? With the openness of an honest heart, had he confided to me the most important, as well as the most painful secret, of his life: why should I withhold my confidence from him on a subject of comparatively little importance?

My reason for not making a confidant of him sooner has been already given. It no longer existed. So far from finding in him an ally of my yet hypothetical enemy, in all likelihood, I should have him on my side—at all events, I felt certain I might count upon his advice; and, with his knowledge of the *situation*, that might be worth having.

I was on the eve of declaring the object of my errand, and soliciting his counsel thereon, when I saw him suddenly rein in, and turn towards me. In the former movement, I imitated his example.

'The road forks here,' said he; 'the path on the left goes straight down to Holt's clarin'—the other's the way to my bit o' a shanty.'

'I shall have to thank you for the very kind service you have done me, and say "Good-night."'

'No—not yet. I ain't agoin' to leave ye, till I've put you 'ithin sight o' Holt's cabin, tho' I can't go wi' ye to the house: as I told ye, he an' I ain't on the best o' tarms.'

'I cannot think of your coming out of your way—especially at this late hour. I'm some little of a tracker myself; and, perhaps, I can make out the path.'

'No, stranger! Thar's places whar the trace is a'most blind, an' you might get out o' it. Thar'll be no moon out. It runs through a thick timbered bottom, an' thar's an ugly bit o' swamp. As for the lateness, I 'm not very regular in that way; an' thar's a sort o' road up the crik by which I can get home. 'Twan't to bid you good-night, that I stopped here.'

'What, then?' thought I, trying to conjecture his purpose, while he was pausing in his speech.

'Stranger!' continued he in an altered tone, 'I hope you won't take offence if I ask you a question?'

'Not much fear of that, I fancy: ask it freely.'

'Are ye sure o' a bed at Holt's?'

'Well, upon my word, to say the truth, I am by no means sure of one. It don't signify, however; I have my old cloak and my saddle; and it wouldn't be the first time, by hundreds, I 've slept in the open air.'

'My reezuns for askin' you are, that, if you ain't sure o' one, an' don't mind stretchin' yourself on a bar-skin, thar 's such a thing in my shanty entirely at your sarvice.'

'It is very kind of you; and, perhaps, I may have occasion to avail myself of your offer. In truth, I am not very confident of meeting with a friendly reception at the hands of your neighbour Holt, much less being asked to partake of his hospitality.'

'D' ye say so?'

'Indeed, yes. From what I have heard, I have reason to anticipate rather a cold welcome.'

'Indeed? But'——

My companion hesitated in his speech—as if meditating some observation which he felt delicate about making.

'I 'm a'most ashamed,' continued he, at length, 'to put another question, that war on the top o' my tongue.'

'I shall take pleasure in answering any question, you may think proper to ask me.'

'I shedn't ask it, if it wa'nt for what you've jest now said; for I heerd the same question put to you this night afore, an' I heerd your answer to it. But I reckon 'twar the *way* in which it war asked that offended you; an' on that account your answer war jest as it should a been?'

'To what question do you refer?'

'To your bisness out here wi' Hick Holt. I don't want to know it, out o' any curiosity o' my own—that's sartin, stranger.'

'You are welcome to know all about it. Indeed, it was my intention to have told you before we parted; as well as to ask you for some advice upon the matter.'

Without further parley, I communicated the object of my visit to Mud Creek—concealing nothing that I deemed necessary for the elucidation of the subject. Without a word of interruption, the young hunter heard my story to the end; but, from the play of his features, as I revealed the more salient points, I could perceive that my chances of an amicable adjustment of my claim were far from being brilliant.

'Well, do you know,' said he, when I had finished speaking, 'I had a suspeecion that that might be your bisness. I don know why I shed a thort so; but maybe 'twar because thar's been some others come here to settle o' late, an' found squatters on thar groun'—jest the same as Holt's on yourn. That's why ye heerd me say, a while ago, that I shedn't like to buy over *his* head.'

'And why not?'

I awaited the answer to this question, not without a certain degree of nervous anxiety: I was beginning to comprehend the counsel of my Nashville friend on the ticklish point of *pre-emption*.

'Why, you see, stranger; as I told you, Hick Holt's a rough customer; an' I reckon he'll be an *ugly* one to deal wi', on a bisness o' that kind.'

'Of course, being in possession, he may purchase the land. He has the right of pre-emption.'

''Tain't for that. *He* ain't agoin' to *pre-empt*, nor buy neyther, an' for the best o' reesuns: he hain't got a red cent in the world, an' couldn't buy as much land as would make him a millyun patch—not he.'

'How does he get his living, then?'

'Oh, as for that, jest some'at like myself. Thar's gobs o' game in the woods—both bar an' deer; an' the clarin' grows him corn. Thar's squ'lls, an' 'possum, an' turkeys too; an' lots o' fish in the crik—if one gets tired o' the bar an' deer meat, which I shed niver do.'

'But how about clothing, and other necessaries that are not found in the woods?'

'As for our clothin', *it* ain't hard to find. We can get that in Swampville, by swopping skins for it, or now an' then some deer-meat. O' anythin' else, thar sin't much needed 'bout here—powder, an' lead, an' a pound or two o' coffee, an' tobacco. Once in a while, if ye like it, a leetle *old corn*.'

'Corn! I thought the squatter raised that for himself?'

'So he do raise corn; but I see, stranger, you don't understand our odd names. Thar's two kinds o' corn in these parts—that as has been to the still, and that as hain't. It's the first o' these sorts that Hick Holt likes best.'

'Oh! I perceive your meaning. He's fond of a little corn-whisky, I presume?'

'I reckon he are—that same squatter—fonder o't than milk.'

'But surely,' continued the hunter, changing the subject, as well as the tone of his speech—'surely, stranger, you ain't agoin' on your bisness the night?'

'I've just begun to think, that it *is* rather an odd hour to enter upon an estate. The idea didn't occur to me before.'

'Besides,' added he, 'thar's another reesun. If Hick Holt's what he used to be, he ain't likely to be very *nice* about this time o' night. I hain't seen much o' him lately; but, I reckon, he's as fond o' a drink as ever he war; an' 'tain't often he goes to *his* bed 'ithout a skinful. Thar's ten chances agin one, o' your findin' him wi' a brick in his hat.'

'That would be awkward.'

'Don't think o' goin' to-night,' continued the young hunter in a persuasive tone. 'Come along wi' me; an' you can ride down to Holt's in the mornin'. You'll then find him more raisonable to deal wi'. I can't offer you no great show o' entertainment; but thar 's a piece o' deer-meat in the house, an' I reckon I can raise a cup o' coffee, an' a pone or two o' bread. As for your horse, the ole corn-crib ain't quite empy yet.'

'Thanks—thanks!' said I, grasping the hunter's hand in the warmth of my gratitude. 'I accept your invitation.'

'This way, then, stranger!'

We struck into the path that led to the right; and, after riding about two miles further, arrived at the solitary home of the hunter—a log-cabin surrounded by a clearing.

I soon found he was its sole occupant, as he was its owner—some half-dozen large dogs being the only living creatures, that were there to bid us welcome.

A rude horse-shed was at hand—a 'loose box,' it might be termed, as it was only intended to accommodate one—and this was placed at the disposal of my Arab. The 'critter' of my host had, for that night, to take to the woods, and choose his stall among the trees; but to that he was well inured.

A close-chinked cabin for a lodging; a bear-skin for a bed; cold venison, corn-bread, and coffee for supper; with a pipe to follow: all these, garnished with the cheer of a hearty welcome, constitute an entertainment not to be despised by an old campaigner; and such was the treatment I met with, under the hospitable *clapboard* roof of the young backwoodsman—Frank Wingrove.

A PAINTER'S TABLE-TALK.

We have biographers enough and to spare in the present day, but we have by no means too many good ones. So soon as any one dies who has the least pretensions to greatness, his 'Remains' are wrangled for by a whole tribe of posthumous editors, and *réchauffé* in half-a-dozen forms for the library table. When the subject is of itself noteworthy, the interest is often beaten out to gold-leaf thinness, for the purpose of spreading over those two volumes, which are the orthodox number for biography, as are three for fiction. When, on the other hand, the original materials are scanty, the result is meagre indeed, and has commonly to be eked out by the introduction of the hero's godfathers and godmothers, or by an appendix with his genuine autograph, and half-a-dozen letters to his wine-merchant. To meet with readable 'Recollections' of even the most eminent man is therefore rare, while to be presented with such respecting one whose feet have kept the cool sequestered vales, or at most have climbed the hills of Life, and not the mountains, is almost unexampled. Mr Tom Taylor is one of the few who has succeeded in editing both kinds of autobiography. He shewed not only appreciation of his subject, but judgment in pruning and suppressing, when he gave us that memorable book, the life of Haydon; his present labour of love* has been expended upon a less known painter, the execution of whose works was more equal to his conception of what they should have been. Robert Leslie seldom—scarcely ever—painted 'out of his own head;' he suffered the old poets, satirists, and story-tellers to supply his subjects, and contented himself with embodying their creations more satisfactorily and strikingly than perhaps any other artist. His name, therefore, is not so familiar to the public as are his works; and thousands have seen and admired his 'Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church,' his 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman,' or his 'Sancho Panza and the Duchess,' who have been grateful to Addison, and Sterne, and Cervantes, rather than to himself, for the treat he set before them. His own life was prosperous, as it deserved to be, and proportionally uneventful, nor is that one of the two volumes which treats solely of himself and his own doings by any means the more interesting. The whole work is modestly but accurately entitled *Autobiographical Recollections*, and forms one of the most charming examples of table-talk we ever read. Not seldom have we sat *tête-à-tête* with some retired Lion or Lioness of Art or Literature, and listened to their discourse upon what they have heard or seen in bygone times; what great ones they have met under this and the other circumstance, and what good thing was said which the greedy public had as yet not fastened upon. When a monologist of this sort is judicious of selection, and not too egotistical, we know no more pleasant companion; and just such a one do we find in the book before us, with the additional advantage that we can shut it up (which is difficult to be done with the Lion), when we have had a sufficiency of anecdote, and walk away.

Leslie sailed to America in 1799, in a ship carrying twenty-four guns, and was attacked by a French privateer, greatly superior in force. The temper of the English, young and old, towards France at that bellicose period was curiously exemplified in the course of the action. 'A wad from one of the

* *Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie.* J. Murray.

Frenchman's 32-pound carronades struck the starboard quarter-rail, and flew back, spinning round with great velocity. The captain instantly attempted to jump on it and stop it, almost pushing me down to get it. Then tearing and cutting it to pieces, he charged the larboard 6-pounder several times, and, stuffing the fragments of the wad into it, fired it back again at the Frenchman, swearing bitterly at the whole nation all the time. Two boys, from thirteen to fifteen years of age, got a stroke or two from the first officer for dancing hornpipes on the main-deck during the heaviest part of both ships' fire. Another boy, in carrying forward a 24-pound cartridge, had it shot away from his hands. "There," said he, with an oath directed to the Frenchman, "you ——, now I must go back for another!"'

It is rare, however, to find even so much of personal matter as the above in Mr Leslie's volume; his modesty shrinks from narrating what happens to himself, however indirectly; and he prefers to record the sayings of such eminent persons as the world is eager to listen to, and with whom he enjoyed peculiar opportunities of associating. His account of Coleridge, about whom so much has been written, in blame as well as praise, is exceedingly favourable. 'It is not the lot of any one, twice in his life,' writes he, 'to meet with so extraordinary a man.' The poet, in speaking of his favourite Shakspeare, observed 'that the difficulty was great in imagining an expression adequate to the feelings of Othello when he first sees Iago after having discovered his villainy, and he thought it a master-stroke of Shakspeare to surmount it as he has done:

> I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
> If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.'

And again: 'I can never read,' said he, 'any of those scenes in which children are introduced, without laying the book down, and *loving Shakspeare over again*.' Coleridge's lectures were extemporaneous, but he had books about him for quotation; on turning to one of these, which happened to be a work of his own, he said: 'As this is a secret which I confided to the public a year or two ago, and which, to do the public justice, has been very faithfully kept, I may be permitted to read you a passage from it.' 'Speaking of the utilitarians, he observed: "The *penny-saved penny-got* utilitarians forget, or do not comprehend, *high moral utility* —the utility of poetry and of painting, and of all that exalts and refines our nature." He thought Lord Byron's misanthropy was affected, or partly so, and that it would wear off as he grew older. He said that Byron's perpetual quarrel with the world was as absurd as if the spoke of a wheel should quarrel with the movement of which it must of necessity partake.' Leslie once found Coleridge driving the balls on 'a bagatelle board for a kitten to run after them. He noticed that, as soon as the little thing turned its back to the balls, it seemed to forget all about them, and played with its tail. "I am amused," he said, "with their little short memories."' A few days after his tragedy of *Remorse* appeared, Coleridge 'was sitting in the coffee-room of a hotel, and heard his name coupled with a coroner's inquest, by a gentleman who was reading a newspaper to a friend. He asked to see the paper, which was handed to him with the remark, that "it was very extraordinary that Coleridge, the poet, should have hanged himself just after the success of his play; but he was always a strange mad fellow." "Indeed, sir," said Coleridge, "it is a *most extraordinary* thing that he should have hanged himself, and be the subject of an inquest, and yet that he should at this moment be speaking to you." The astonished stranger hoped he had "said nothing to hurt his feelings," and was made easy on that point. The newspaper related that a gentleman in black had been cut down from a tree in Hyde Park, without money or papers in his pockets, his shirt being marked "S. T. Coleridge;" and Coleridge was at no loss to understand how this might have happened, since he seldom travelled without losing a shirt or two.'

Almost all who knew him, though it were ever so slightly, were moved to come to him for advice in all matters, save those, we conclude, concerning the investment of money. 'When Allston was suffering extreme depression of spirits, immediately after the loss of his wife, he was haunted, during sleepless nights, by horrid thoughts; and he told me that diabolical imprecations forced themselves into his mind. The distress of this to a man so sincerely religious as Allston may be imagined. He wished to consult Coleridge, but could not summon resolution. He desired, therefore, that I would do it; and I went to Highgate, where Coleridge was at that time living with Mr Gillman. I found him walking in the garden, his hat in his hand (as it generally was in the open air), for he told me that, having been one of the Blue-coat boys, among whom it is the fashion to go bareheaded, he had acquired a dislike to any covering of the head. I explained the cause of my visit, and he said: "Allston should say to himself, '*Nothing is me but my will.* These thoughts, therefore, that force themselves on my mind are no part of *me*, and there can be no guilt in them.' If he will make a strong effort to become indifferent to their recurrence, they will either cease, or cease to trouble him." He said much more, but this was the substance; and after it was repeated to Allston, I did not hear him again complain of the same kind of disturbance.' Of Charles Lamb and his associates, Coleridge wrote: 'His character is a *sacred* one with me; no associations that he may form can hurt the purity of his mind, but it is not, therefore, necessary that I should see all men with his eyes.' And again: 'Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections.'

From the dread of appearing affected, says Leslie, 'Lamb sometimes injured himself by his behaviour before persons who were slightly acquainted with him. With the finest and tenderest feelings ever possessed by man, he seemed carefully to avoid any display of sentimentality in his talk. The following trifling anecdote is merely given as an illustration of his playfulness. I dined with him one day at Mr Gillman's. Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr Gillman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said: "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr Gillman's did the business for me."' But he would give replies of that kind when something of quite another character was expected from him, through the morbid fear above alluded to; and the painter, Stothard, suffered from the same weakness, from which, indeed, few graceful and poetic minds are altogether exempt. 'Full as his countless works are of exquisite sentiment, I never heard him use the word *sentiment* in his life. I spoke to him one day of his touching picture of a sailor taking leave of his wife or sweetheart, and he said: "I am glad you like it, sir; it was painted with japanner's gold size."'

Of Sidney Smith, Mr Leslie has much to say, all of it good, of course, and some of it new; nor does a story lose anything in our painter's hands, who has an excellent eye for colour and effect. 'At a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which he was present, the conversation turned on the custom, in India, of widows burning themselves, an instance of which was recent. When the subject was pretty well exhausted, Smith began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him.

"But, if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself."

"Lady Lyndhurst," he replied, "would no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a state affair. First, a procession of the judges, and then of the lawyers."

"But where, Mr Smith, are the clergy?"

"All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor."'

Sidney Smith, after travelling for some hours in a stage-coach with one other passenger only, a lady, remarked, as he was about to leave her: "We have been some time together, and I daresay you think me a very odd fellow, and would like to know who I am."

"Indeed, sir, I should."

"Well, then, madam," he said, as the coach stopped, and he was getting out, "I must inform you that I am the stout gentleman who was seen by Mr Washington Irving's nervous friend."'

With reference to George IV.'s known dislike to Peel, and contempt for his plebeian origin, and supposed want of 'taste,' the witty canon used to tell this story: 'Peel, when in the ministry, and on a visit at the Brighton Pavilion, was called out of bed in the middle of the night to attend his majesty in what—his dinner having disagreed with him in a very alarming manner—the king supposed to be his last moments. Peel was much affected, and the king, after a few words, which he could scarcely utter, said: "Go, my dear Peel—God bless you! I shall never see you again;" and as Peel turned to leave the room, he added faintly: "Who made that dressing-gown, my dear Peel? It sits very badly behind. God bless you, my dear fellow! Never employ that tailor again."'

Samuel Rogers, who has had but hard measure dealt him by many an autobiographer and writer of 'Recollections,' is spoken of by Leslie almost lovingly; but 'gently comes the world to those that are cast in gentle mould,' and it must have been scarcely possible for the most satirical of men to keep their acid in the presence of one so genial as our author. We can easily believe, however, how excellent a story-teller was the poet-banker, and what a fund of stories the aged author of the *Pleasures of Memory* must have possessed. He spoke one day of a 'wretch who, for some atrocious crime, was hanged in chains. His whole life had been so desperately wicked, that the country people believed his body would be carried away by the devil. The day after his execution, their prediction seemed verified, for the corpse was gone; but, strange to say, in about eight or ten days, it was there again, safely enclosed within the irons, and as if but newly dead. The truth was, that on the night of the execution, a farmer and his son who had been for some days from home, were returning in a cart, and passing close to the gibbet, were startled by a groan from the body, and then a feeble voice imploring help. When they got the fellow home, they nursed him with the greatest care, till, in the middle of one night, his deliverer was disturbed by a noise, and discovered the villain in the act of packing up every article of value in the house which he could conveniently carry away. The farmer had just time to awake his son, who agreed with him that they had better put their new friend into his chains again.'

Of Sir Walter Scott, although Leslie stayed at Abbotsford, and knew him well, there is nothing very quotable; but he testifies to some gross inaccuracies in the Life by Lockhart, which, although concerning matters of little importance, are significant, indeed, of the doubtful character of the book as a record of facts. The two best things, perhaps, in all our painter's Table-talk, are told, however, of persons unknown to fame. Here is a story told by one Morgan, a sea-captain, concerning the choice of a husband at sea, which may afford a profitable hint to young ladies *en voyage*: 'Single ladies often cross the water under the especial care of the captain of the ship; and if a love-affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually the *confidante* of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady was placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice. "Come on deck," he said, "the first day when it is perfectly calm—the gentlemen will, of course, all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down; then do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will be the first to jump after you. I will take care of you."

'A calm day soon came; the captain's suggestion was followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at the same instant. But between these two the lady could not decide, so exactly equal had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain. "Take the man that didn't jump—he's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."'

The other anecdote is one of which the same may be said as Rogers remarked of a certain *mot* of Smith's—that the non-appreciation of it would prove the total lack of humour in any man. 'Maltby was one of the most absent of men. While in Paris together, Rogers dined at a party where a lady who sat next him did not know him at first, but after hearing him talk for some time, discovered who he was. Maltby was not at this dinner, and Rogers telling him of this lady, said, "She asked if my name was not Rogers." "And was it?" inquired Maltby.'

There is not one word, in all Mr Leslie's *Recollections*, that can give a moment's pain to man or woman; they respect the memories of the dead as well as the feelings of the living; and well would it be for those without the charmed circles of art and literature, if hands like his could be more often found fit to be trusted with a note-book.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Now that volunteers and rifle-practice have become an institution, recognised by royal demonstration and national sympathy, it appears that more and more study and attention will be paid to the science and art of the subject. The rifle, and how to use it, has been the text of popular lectures: the Royal Society lent their spacious meeting-room for a course of lectures to the corps which drills in the quadrangle of Burlington House; and many a man who never before thought on the subject, now understands something of the theory of projectiles. An eminent professor at Glasgow, not content with theory, betook himself for a fortnight to Hythe to learn the practice, and has returned to his post a skilled marksman. These instances denote an earnest, not to say a studious spirit, which can hardly fail to have a generally beneficial result, especially when taken in connection with another fact, proved by the incidents of the past few months—namely, that time can be spared from business for physical training and exercise without any detriment, and with positive advantage to tens of thousands of men.

The science of terrestrial magnetism may be said to have advanced another step by the publication of General Sabine's second volume of St Helena *Observations*—a large and handsome quarto. It includes a notice of results obtained at Pekin, Falkland Islands, Cape of Good Hope, and other places. The author is well known for his researches into the interesting science herein treated of; among the latest facts which he has brought to light is the identity of the observed phenomena

at places far apart. For instance, if the movements of the magnet, the yearly maxima and minima, be represented by two lines, or curves, as they are called, the direction of the lines is found to be the same at Toronto in the northern hemisphere, and at Hobarton in the southern, the same also at St Helena and at Kew, and indeed at all the stations. The figure produced by the two lines may be described as presenting somewhat the form of a vase; and though at one station the vase may appear broader or narrower than at another, it is still easy to see that in essential outline they are identical. In this interesting fact we discover that the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are subject to one general law.

A paper read before the Royal Society at the last meeting for the session, contains information likely to be useful to seamen. It embodies a report drawn up by Mr Evans for the Admiralty *On the Deviations of the Compass on Board of Iron-built Ships and Wood-built Ships in the Royal Navy*, and establishes certain principles and conclusions which go far to diminish the risk of navigation in ships built with metal. Many readers will remember that, some years ago, Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, introduced a compensation magnet to neutralise the effect of the ship's magnetism on the compass; but this method having been found liable to danger, is now disused by the Admiralty. The system at present adopted is a standard-compass elevated on a short mast a sufficient height above the deck to be unaffected by the iron of the ship, with which the steering-compass is compared by often repeated observations. Vigilant attention to this comparison is one of the characteristics of a good captain: the necessity for vigilance will be understood by a few words of explanation. Iron is more or less magnetic; an iron ship is therefore magnetic, and the amount of magnetism varies with the direction in which she lies while building. If the head be to the north, the magnetism will not be the same as if the head had been placed to the south, and similarly for the other points. Whatever the amount of magnetism, it undergoes a change by the launch, and by the position in which the vessel is moored during the fitting, and by the putting in of her machinery: every addition to the iron-work, and every blow struck thereon, makes a difference. Setting the machinery in motion makes another change, the trial-trip another; in fact, not till after the ship has made sundry trips, and endured some knocking about, does the magnetism 'shake down,' as Mr Evans says, to anything like a permanent quantity. There is yet another vicissitude to be encountered when the vessel crosses the line, for with her entrance upon the southern hemisphere, a change in the magnetism begins and continues through the voyage, until it is entirely different from that which prevailed in the northern hemisphere.

We thus see that with such fluctuations, no reliance could be placed on a permanent compensation. The deviation of the compass of the *Great Eastern* changed full seven degrees in the voyage from the Thames to Weymouth; an amount of error more than sufficient to lead to wreck, and only to be guarded against by constant watchfulness and comparison with the standard.

Wood-built steamers, because of their machinery, are also liable to fluctuations of their magnetism, but not to such rapid ones as are iron vessels. The *Plumper* cruised about Vancouver's Island for sixteen months, before the deviation of her compass reached the amount prescribed by theory; and similar results have been noted on board the *Highflyer*, one of the ships now employed in China. The compass-observations made by Captain Shadwell in this latter vessel are mentioned as a valuable contribution to the science of navigation.

The result of the whole sum of observations hitherto obtained is satisfactory; confidence is insured by the use of an elevated standard-compass, and it is found possible to reduce the liability to error by attention to certain rules. Iron ships should be built with their head to the north; while rigging, they should be moored with the head in the opposite direction, and the standard-compass should be placed as far from the stern as possible; but should the vessel have been built head to south, then the compass must be as near to the stern as possible. It is found, moreover, that the magnetism of the machinery is the very contrary to that of the vessel; hence they neutralise each other to some extent, and so decrease the error.

We have dwelt upon this subject because of its importance, and the desirability of making it known as widely as possible, at a time when every month sees a multiplication of iron ships, either in the royal navy or in the mercantile marine. The Report from which the foregoing particulars are gathered, will doubtless appear in the *Philosophical Transactions*, where it will be available for all who take interest in navigation. It gives us pleasure to mention in connection herewith, that a cheap serviceable barometer, approved by the Board of Trade, is now manufactured by Negretti for service at seaports and fishing-stations. Had this barometer been in use along the eastern coast prior to the gales of May and June, it is probable that many of the fishermen who then perished would now be living.

M. Pasteur, of Lille, has recently published a book *On Fermentation*, which throws new light on one of the unsettled problems of chemistry. He shews that the germ in which fermentation originates is a living substance—organic, not inorganic, as some suppose; and leads to the conclusion that there is a remarkable analogy between fermentation and physiological action. In fermentation with yeast, for example, there is a perpetual renewal of the yeast, and at the same time certain curious relations appear between vital phenomena and mineral substances. Introduce yeast globules into a mixture composed of candied sugar, ammoniacal salt, and a phosphate, and the ammonia will disappear by transformation into the complex albuminous matter of the yeast, while the phosphate gives itself up to form new globules. One of the elements of yeast is carbon, and this, in the present example, is derived from the sugar. M. Pasteur further explains and illustrates the process of lactic fermentation, which most chemists have considered as organic matter in course of alteration; but the lactic yeast is now shewn to be really an organised substance, composed of globules which are smaller than those of beer. In the fermentation of tartaric acid, a further discovery was made of a surprising nature: among substances known to opticians are right-handed and left-handed tartrate of ammonia, so named from the direction in which their solutions rotate rays of light. They have no effect on polarised light; but in the experiments here referred to, fermentation took place in the right-handed only, while the left-handed, similarly prepared, did not ferment, but underwent a change in which it was found to act with energy on polarised light. These experiments are of a refined character, and can only be properly appreciated by chemists; we cannot, however, pass them unnoticed in our record of scientific progress, if only for the reason that most of the practical applications used in the arts have originated in philosophical laboratory experiments.

Electricity, as a remedy for the silkworm disease, has been tried with success in the south of France. We have as yet no particulars of the mode of application, but we hear that a sericulturist subjected some of his worms to a gentle electric current, and got excellent cocoons from every one; while others, left to themselves, either died or gave no silk, or but a small quantity.

The statement, so often put forth of late years, that no perceptible difference could be detected between the air of a mountain-top and of a London alley, is no longer admissible, for refinement in the construction of chemical instruments enables experimentalists to discover differences which, though exceedingly small, do nevertheless exist, and become important when large masses of air are taken into account. Dr Frankland shews, in a recent communication to the Chemical Society, that there is not only a perceptible difference between the air of town and country, but between the air of different parts of the same town. The air near the sea contains more carbonic acid than that on land, and sea-air contains more carbonic acid and oxygen in the day-time than during the night; the explanation being, that dissolved air containing these two elements escapes from the warmed surface of the water. The scope of the experiments made to elucidate this question may be inferred from the fact, that the samples of air submitted to test were collected over an area from Paris to Madrid, from Berlin to Mexico, and at a height of 18,000 feet during a balloon ascent. Demonstration of this fact appears to involve the necessity of yet more attention to the subject of ventilation: if the open air of a town shews a diminution or deterioration of its oxygen, how much more is the air confined in houses, schools, barracks, and churches, liable to change for the worse. The complaints regarding boys at school, that they 'don't get on,' are often referable to the atmosphere of carbonic acid gas which the close-pent urchins are compelled to breathe.

Mr Pirogoff, the distinguished Russian surgeon —the Astley Cooper of St Petersburg—has recently made an extraordinary series of anatomical studies, the results of which, to be published in a collection of life-size plates with descriptive text, will doubtless be prized by anatomists. One of the difficulties that physiologists have had to contend with, is the displacement, more or less, after death, of the organs placed in the soft tissues, besides their alteration in other particulars. It occurred to Mr Pirogoff twenty years ago, that these might be avoided by exposing the bodies which he wished to dissect to the action of frost; and he placed them for three days in a temperature eight degrees below zero, such as frequently prevails during the Russian winter. The corpses thus treated acquire the consistence of wood; the interior organs, when exposed, retain their form and position, because the dilatation of the water which they contain counterbalances the contraction of nerve or muscle. The mode of operation was to cut the bodies into thin slices, or veneers, presenting three different aspects—transversal, longitudinal, and median—and with the organs in the exact position which they hold during life. Then, to transfer these to paper, the frozen surface of the several slices and sections is moistened with a sponge dipped in warm water; a thin coat of ice forms thereupon, a sheet of glass is laid upon that, and a sheet of transparent paper on the glass, and, by tracing on this, every line and figure is reproduced which the anatomist may desire. By operating in this way, Mr Pirogoff has obtained a magnificent series of plates, in four portions, comprehending sections of the head, of the neck and spinal marrow, of the breast and abdomen, and of the extremities. By another process which he calls sculptural anatomy, he lays open the cavities of the body, and has thereby settled the question as to whether certain portions of the interior contain air or solid matter, or whether the membranes closely enwrap their respective organs.

In a little work on the prevention and treatment of deafness, published eight years ago by one of our first authorities on the subject, Mr William Harvey, the well-known aurist of Soho Square, it is remarked, that 'the fashion now so prevalent among the ladies in dressing the hair entirely conceals that beautiful organ the ear, and it is to be feared that it will give rise, in many instances, to ear-disease.' This prediction is now fulfilled. The London aurists are full of business, arising from this 'absurd and unnatural fashion of bolstering up the hair with a large pillow of superficial matter, thereby preventing a free and indispensable current of the external atmosphere, and concealing that beautiful organ, which was designed to be one of nature's prettiest attractions.' It is time to make our fair countrywomen comprehend that air is as essential to hearing as to seeing; and that it is bad taste, as well as bad judgment, to cover up with bandages an organ 'so beautifully adapted,' as Mr Harvey writes, 'to collect and reflect the rays of sound, and conduce to the well-being of the race in various ways.'

The meeting of the British Association, which took place at Oxford in the beginning of the month, was behind that of the previous year in attendance and interest, but was marked by some animated discussions, and by some striking traits of an improved liberality of feeling towards science. There was an abundance of Arctic celebrities present—Sir Edward Belcher, Dr Rae, and Sir John Richardson, besides Mr Parker Snow, who proposes an expedition to recover the papers of the Franklin exploration: consequently polar matters occupied a considerable space. In the usually temperate region of the Statistical Section, a blind gentleman, named Fawcett, made an elaborate assault upon Dr Whewell, for some remarks of his condemnatory of the deductive method of political economy, and this in the leonine presence of the Master of Trinity himself, who made a vigorous reply. The Asiatic travellers, the brothers Schlagentweit, gave in the Physical Section some valuable reports on their magnetic observations in India. The speculations of Darwin regarding the Origin of Species, and the arguments for the enlarged antiquity of man from the flint implements of the drift of Picardy and the bone-caves of England and Sicily, were very prominent in the Zoological and Geographical Sections. On the former subject, the Bishop of Oxford made an oratorical display, which led to a smart and somewhat silencing reply from Professor Huxley. Some objections from Professor Owen, too, underwent a sharp rebuke from the same hand. The audiences seemed much divided on both subjects. But the most remarkable demonstration of the week, was the sermon of Dr Temple, in St Mary's, on Sunday morning. Its breadth of view gave the highest satisfaction to the *savans* present, and a general wish was expressed that it should be published.

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill. F. D.

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THE LAW IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE.

An opinion was expressed in high quarters, not very long since, that the more costly departments of civil litigation were gradually becoming less and less employed, and would shortly be unnecessary in our highly favoured land. The county courts were doing *all* the legal business, and ere long the 'superior courts of common law at Westminster,' with their imposing array of ermined judges, coifed serjeants, silk gownsmen, and utter barristers, might without any great inconvenience to the public be swept away, and their site be profitably occupied by that ever-extending, never-to-be-completed building—the stones of one portion of which are decaying before the mortar uniting the stones of another part has grown hard—the New Palace of Westminster.

Now, if any persons of a credulous turn of mind placed confidence in such a happy prospect as this, we can scarcely imagine their disappointment upon glancing over a volume just issued by the Secretary of State for the Home Department—namely, the *Judicial Statistics* for the past year. We live in an age of *figures*, when the most beautifully developed theory is every day shewn to be fallacious by an appeal to calculation, and in which the most reasonable assumptions are made altogether invalid by the 'returns' contained in a government blue-book.

The 'dying out' of litigation in the superior courts was to a certain extent contradicted by the issue of *86,270 writs* of summons, or, in other words, by the commencement of that number of actions in those courts last year. The ordinary yearly number of writs issued—taking an average of twelve years—is 88,144, shewing a decrease last year of only 1874; certainly not such an alarming falling off as to lead us to prognosticate the immediate downfall of the institutions from which they issued. Most people are afraid of the launch of a writ against them, although now, instead of being the immediate precursor of a sponging-house and admission to bail, or of a delivery over to the custody of the sheriff, it is but a request from her Majesty the Queen to the defendant to pay the plaintiff the money declared to be owing. Accordingly, we find that not one-third of the defendants served with her Majesty's polite communication cared to dispute the claim made upon them, but either paid the debt and costs at once, or made an arrangement to satisfy their creditor in some other way. Nevertheless, 23,762 bold individuals 'entered an appearance' in the courts, and manfully began that tedious journey which ends with the trial of the cause, and a verdict one way or another. Between the appearing in a cause and the obtaining or losing a verdict, there are innumerable pitfalls. Declaring, pleading, replying, rejoining, demurring, &c., all have to be successfully passed before a cause can, in due legal form, be brought before the sacred twelve, whose deliberation upon it is so anxiously sought; and, accordingly, we find that out of the 23,000 and odd plaintiffs just mentioned, only 3309 set down their causes for trial, and no more than 965 causes were, after argument on both sides, duly determined by a jury. 965 causes out of 86,270 writs issued! The percentage, certainly, is very small, and yet the amount recovered in each action averages upwards of L.340, being L.324,388 in the aggregate.

The report from which we are quoting supplies information respecting the particular matters upon which this amount of litigation was indulged in, and for which this large sum of money was recovered. We find that 222 actions were upon bills and promissory-notes, 35 on bonds, 245 for simple contract debts, 168 for work and labour performed by the plaintiffs, 87 for money lent, 19 for personal injuries sustained by reason of railway and other accidents; while 22 young ladies entered the courts to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage, and 105 causes were the result of slanders and libels. Much has been said of late years about the cruelty of 'starving' jurymen into a verdict, and of the impossibility of their agreeing in certain cases. We find that, last year, 28 juries had to be discharged without giving a verdict, out of the 965 who tried the causes we have just enumerated—hardly a sufficient number, we imagine, to cause the old-fashioned jury system, with all its undisputed advantages, to cease to become one of the institutions of our country.

We have already spoken of the 'writ of summons,' and every tyro in the law knows that there are other writs, of a much more unpleasant character, issued in various stages of the proceedings, and also after judgment, in order to enforce the decision of the court. The writ of *fieri facias* takes possession of the goods of the unfortunate defendant, and of these 14,052 were sealed during 1859. The *capias ad satisfaciendum* spreads its tightly grasping fingers over his body, and 8142 unhappy individuals experienced its power during the last-named period. The writ of elegit is content with the land and freehold property, and was issued in 42 cases; while the writ of possession, resorted to in actions of ejectment, put 583 anxious applicants in possession of their recovered premises.

The *trial* of this multitude of causes, and the issue of all these hard-named writs, to give due effect to solemn proceedings, by no means, however, marks the

whole judicial proceedings connected with the courts of common law at Westminster. At every stage of an action, from its commencement to its close, difficulties continually arise, which can only be disposed of under judicial authority. To come before the court with each of these petty troubles, would exhaust the time and patience of three times the number of judges at present on the bench, and accordingly they are settled at *chambers*. Every judge has his chambers, and a clerk there located, rejoicing in the name of a chamber-clerk, whose duty it is, upon application, to bring parties by summons before the judge whom he represents, and upon due attendance, to settle their differences, by drawing up an order for that purpose under the judge's directions. From these judges' chambers there were issued, last year, 41,315 summonses, 34,024 common orders, and 10,840 special orders, while swearing to the alarming extent of 28,300 affidavits was indulged in. The transfer from the court to the chamber of the greater part of this immense mass of business, has been effected within the last few years at a vast saving of public money, time, and convenience; and whereas, in the year 1829, the courts were so burdened with trifling applications consuming valuable time, that, at the end of the year, no fewer than 800 odd causes remained undisposed of in the Queen's Bench alone, the improvement in modern times has been so great, that 50 cases only in all three courts were found remanets, for want of time to try them, on the 31st December 1859.

It appears, that out of the 965 actions tried, 531 were attempted to be re-adjudicated upon by the court sitting in Banc; 96 of these were either ordered to be tried over again, or were in some manner differently decided by the superior tribunal. Even the court in Banc did not satisfy some adventurous individuals, for no fewer than twenty appealed to the more solemn and far more expensive judgment of the Court of Error, only *four*, however, being successful in setting aside the judgment of the court below.

We take breath, after running thus rapidly through the superior courts, and then step from our elevated position, to ascertain what the county courts have been doing during the past year.

The reader, we daresay, knows that the county courts of this country have been established during the reign of the present sovereign—that they are about 59 in number, and are spread throughout the whole of England and Wales, to take cognizance of all debts and other causes of action, with a few exceptions, from a shilling up to L.50.

Last year, 714,623 plaints were issued from these courts, and 373,657 were actually adjudicated upon, being on the average 17 per diem for each county-court judge! The jury system does not appear to obtain very largely, for in only 988 cases out of this large number of plaints was it resorted to. Indeed, the question to be determined in these courts is generally one of extreme simplicity, as may be imagined from the number of cases disposed of being whether the money demanded is owing or not. In 285,984 cases, the plaintiff successfully proved his case; in 137,978, the defendant voluntarily gave up the contest, and paid the money; in 588, the defendant did not appear to dispute his liability; in 8861, the plaintiff was non-suited, or 'hadn't a leg to stand upon;' while 9089 defendants triumphantly cleared themselves of the claim brought against them. The amount of the debts recovered in these courts equalled L.851,732; the costs made a pretty little picking for the lawyers of L.37,628; while the moderate *fees*, for which the county courts have been so much celebrated, realised L.215,623—being rather more than one quarter of the total amount recovered by the suitors of the court during the year.

To liquidate this immense sum of debts, costs, and fees, 27,284 warrants of commitment were issued against losing parties, 9003 debtors were imprisoned, 98,589 executions were levied, and 3776 unlucky individuals had their goods and chattels sold, to escape from the clutches of the law. Notwithstanding the terrible item of *fees*, the county court is undoubtedly the poor man's court, and is resorted to in cases where, without such judicature, the money in dispute would be altogether lost; the average amount of each debt recovered last year being but L.2, 9s. 1d.

The public generally, we imagine, know but little of the borough, hundred, and manorial courts; and, until the issue of the Home Secretary's report, everybody out of their own immediate operation was in ignorance respecting the amount of business transacted in them. They are mostly relics of the feudal system, or of a state of the law happily at the present day entirely unknown. Who would believe that, not many years ago, a court in Derbyshire had power to adjudicate in case of theft by ordering the thief's hand to be nailed to a block of wood!—or that, in Essex, a court of civil judicature met on a small hill during the night, had all its proceedings written down with a piece of coal, and confined all oral proceedings to *whispering!* At the present time, there are about twenty-three of these courts in operation, multitudes of others existing *de jure*, although obsolete *de facto*. The Lord Mayor's Court of London disposed of L.392,978 worth of property during the year, the court of the Sheriff of London of L.31,979, and the remaining courts of L.15,169 altogether. Some of these courts, indeed, appear to be 'fast going to the dogs;' and one can imagine the famine-struck appearance of the judge and officers of the Oswestry Court of Record, the total amount of the plaints entered in which during the period we are examining reached only L.3.

We have neither time nor space to go into the returns from the Court of Bankruptcy; we may mention, however, that in 1859, 1054 persons were declared bankrupt, their debts amounting to L.3,645,037. Of this large sum, rather more than one-quarter was eventually placed in the hands of official assignees for distribution amongst the creditors. It is interesting to read the opinion of the commissioners as to the *causes* of bankruptcy. Out of the 1054 cases which came before them, they trace 295 to reckless, unsound speculation, and excessive trading; 124 to interest, discounts, accommodation-bills, and suretiship; 323 to incompetence, neglect, and personal extravagance; and 145 cases only to unavoidable misfortune.

Two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five insolvent debtors 'took the benefit of the act' last year, 93 being professional men, 26 officers of the army or navy, 88 clerks, 1686 traders, 44 shopmen, &c.; their total debts amounted to L.313,483, of which L.26,343 was recovered and divided amongst the creditors.

And what is the return from that much vilified, yet much sought after tribunal, the Court of Chancery? Its returns run through many thousand figures; and by no means without an aching head have we been able to make a comprehensive abstract of them. Know, then, that the High Court of Chancery adjudicated upon 4020 claims during the past year, amounting to L.1,288,387. It passed 1746 accounts, represented by L.6,995,153; sold 490 estates, and realised for them L.1,745,840; made demands of railway shareholders to the tune of L.799,092; visited by its commissioners 69 lunatics, and placed their property under proper control, receiving into its own hands for distribution L.330,149. In order to transact all this business, 2083 'bills in chancery' were filed, and 2558 'petitions to the court' were presented, whilst the hardworking clerks in the dirty old building at the end of Chancery Lane, known as 'the Accountant-general's Office,' duly spread the sum of L.15,315,223 over no fewer than 22,174 separate accounts.

We have but two other courts to notice: the one takes cognizance of collisions and other disasters upon the stormy ocean; and the other decides upon the disasters occurring to many a goodly vessel upon the sometimes stormy sea of matrimony.

The Court of Admiralty has not been idle; it has disposed of 31 cases of salvage, 71 cases of damage by collision, 29 matters relating to wages, and 21 other nautical suits. The total amount of property adjudicated upon has been about half a million sterling.

In the Divorce and Matrimonial Court, 2 persons have instituted proceedings to have their marriages declared to be *no* marriages, 211 have petitioned to be divorced, and 80 to be separated *mensâ et thoro*, while only 9, being separated, have applied to have the silken cord of wedlock rebound around them. When one remembers that, a couple of years ago, to dissolve a marriage cost some three or four thousand pounds, it is refreshing to know that *two* of the last year's suitors of the court sued *in formâ pauperis*, making affidavit that they were not worth £5 in the world! The number of cases actually decided last year amounted to 202; but as 300 causes remained on the books at the beginning of the year, it appears that nearly 400 claims have yet to be adjudicated upon.

Such is a brief summary of the business which, during a single year, has been transacted by the courts of civil judicature throughout England and Wales. The grand result of our figures is, that about 839,240 persons last year went to law, or were 'thrown into Chancery;' and although not one-quarter of this number prosecuted their suits to trial and verdict, that, by the direct instrumentality of the courts of common law and equity in our country, property to no less an amount than £11,627,441 was dealt with.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Look forth on the forest ere autumn wind scatters
  Its frondage of scarlet, and purple, and gold:
That forest, through which the great 'Father of Waters'
  For thousands of years his broad current has rolled!
Gaze over that forest of opaline hue,
With a heaven above it of glorious blue,
And say is there scene, in this beautiful world,
Where nature more gaily her flag has unfurled?
Or think'st thou, that e'en in the regions of bliss,
There 's a landscape more truly Elysian than this?

Behold the dark sumac in crimson arrayed,
  Whose veins with the deadliest poison are rife!
And, side by her side, on the edge of the glade,
  The sassafras laurel, restorer of life!
Behold the tall maples turned red in their hue,
And the muscadine vine, with its clusters of blue;
And the lotus, whose leaves have scarce time to unfold,
Ere they drop, to discover its berries of gold;
And the bay-tree, perfumed, never changing its sheen,
But for ever enrobed in its mantle of green!

And list to the music borne over the trees!
  It falls on the ear, giving pleasure ecstatic—
The song of the birds and the hum of the bees
  Commingling their tones with the ripples erratic.
Hark! hear you the red-crested cardinal's call
From the groves of annona?—from tulip-tree tall?
The mock-bird responding?—below, in the glade,
The dove softly cooing in mellower shade?
While the oriole answers in accents of mirth—
Oh, where is there melody sweeter on earth?

In infamy now the bold slanderer slumbers,
  Who falsely declared 'twas a land without song!
Had he listened, as I, to those musical numbers
  That liven its woods through the summer-day long—
Had he slept in the shade of its blossoming trees,
Or inhaled their sweet balm ever loading the breeze,
He would scarcely have ventured on statements so wrong—
'Her plants without perfume, her birds without song.'
Ah! closet-philosopher, sure, in that hour,
You had never beheld the magnolia's flower!

Surely here the Hesperian gardens were found—
  For how could such land to the gods be unknown?
And where is there spot upon African ground
  So like to a garden a goddess would own?
And the dragon so carelessly guarding the tree,
Which the hero, whose guide was a god of the sea,
Destroyed before plucking the apples of gold—
Was nought but that monster—the mammoth of old.
If earth ever owned spot so divinely caressed,
Sure that region of eld was the Land of the West?

The memory of that scene attunes my soul to song, awaking my muse from the silence in which she has long slumbered. But the voice of the coy maiden is less melodious than of yore; she shies me for my neglect: and despite the gentlest courting, refuses to breathe her divine spirit over a scene, worthy of a sweeter strain.

And this scene lay not upon the classic shores of the Hellespont—not in the famed valleys of Alp and Apennine—not by the romantic borders of the Rhine, but upon the banks of *Mud Creek* in the state of Tennessee!

In truth, it was a lovely landscape, or rather a succession of landscapes, through which I rode, after leaving the cabin of my hospitable host. It was the season of 'Indian summer'—that singular phenomenon of the occidental clime, when the sun, as if rueing his southern declension, appears to return along the line of the zodiac. He loves better the 'Virgin' than 'Aquarius;' and lingering to take a fond look on that fair valley he has fertilised by his beams, dispels for a time his intruding antagonist, the hoary Boreas.

But his last kiss kills: there is too much passion in his parting glance. The forest is fired by its fervour; and many of its fairest forms the rival god of the north may never clasp in his cold embrace. With suttee-like devotion, they scorn to shun the flame; but with outstretched arms inviting it, offer themselves as a holocaust to him, who, through the long summer-day, has smiled upon their trembling existence.

At this season of the year, too, the virgin forest is often the victim of another despoiler—the *hurricane*. Sweeping them with spiteful breath, this rude destroyer strikes down the trees like fragile reeds, prostrating at once the noblest and humblest forms. Not one is left standing on the soil: for the clearing of the hurricane is a complete work; and neither stalk, sapling, nor stump may be seen, where it has passed. Even the giants of the forest yield to its strength, as though smitten by the hand of a destroying angel! Uprooted, they lie along the earth, side by side—the soil still clinging to the clavicles of their roots, and their leafy tops turned to the lee—in this regular allinement slowly to wither and decay!

A forest, thus prostrate, presents for a time a picture of melancholy aspect. It suggests the idea of some grand battle-field, where the serried hosts, by a terrible discharge of 'grape and canister,' have been struck down on the instant: not one being left to touch the bodies of the slain—neither to bury nor remove them. Like the battle-field, too, it becomes the haunt of wolves and other wild beasts; who find among the fallen trunks, if not food, a fastness securing them from the pursuit both of hound and hunter. Here in hollow log the black she-bear gives birth to her loutish cubs, training them to climb over the prostrate trunks; here the lynx and red cougar choose their cunning covert; here the racoon rambles over his beaten track; the sly opossum crawls warily along the log, or goes to sleep among

the tangle of dry rhizomes; and the gaunt brown wolf may be often heard howling amidst the ruin, or in hoarse bark baying the midnight moon.

In a few years, however, this sombre scene assumes a more cheerful aspect: an undergrowth springs up, that soon conceals the skeletons of the dead trees: plants and shrubs appear—often of different genera and species, from those that hitherto usurped the soil—and the ruin is no longer apparent. Its mournful picture has given place to one of luxuriant sweetness: the more brilliant sheen of the young trees and shrubs, now covering the ground, forming an agreeable contrast with the sombre hues of the surrounding forest. No longer reigns that melancholy silence, that, for a while, held dominion over the scene. If, at intervals, be heard the wild scream of the cougar, or the distant howling of wolves, these scarcely interrupt the music falling endlessly upon the ear, poured out from the throats of varied songsters—the red cardinals, the orioles, the warbling *fringillidæ*, and the polyglott thrushes—who meet here, as if by agreement, to make this lovely sylvan spot the scene of their forest concerts.

Shortly after leaving the cabin of the young backwoodsman, my path, hitherto passing under the gloomy shadows of the forest, debouched upon just such a scene. I had been warned of its proximity: my host, at parting, had given me directions as to how I should find my way across the *herrikin*, through which ran the trace that conducted to the clearing of the squatter—some two miles further down the creek.

I was prepared to behold a tract of timber laid prostrate by the storm—the trees all lying in one direction, and exhibiting the usual scathed and dreary aspect; but instead of this, on emerging from the dark forest, I was agreeably surprised by the glorious landscape that burst upon my view.

It was, as already stated, that season of the year when the American woods array themselves in their most attractive robes—when the very leaves appear as if they were flowers, so varied and brilliant are their hues—when the foliage of the young beeches becomes a pale yellow, and glimmers translucent against the sun—when the maples are dieing off of a deep red, and the sumac and sassafras turning respectively crimson and scarlet—when the large drupes of the Osage orange, the purple clusters of the fox-grape, and the golden berries of the persimmon or Virginian lotus, hang temptingly from the tree—just at that season when the benignant earth has perfected, and is about to yield up, her annual bounty; and all nature is gratefully rejoicing at the gift.

No wonder I was agreeably impressed by the gorgeous landscape—no wonder I reined up, and permitted my eyes to dwell upon it; while my heart responded to the glad chorus, that, from bird and bee, was rising up to heaven around me! I, too, felt joyous under the reflection, that, amid such lovely scenes, I had chosen my future home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BACKWOODS VENUS.

After indulging for some time in a sort of dreamy contemplation, I once more gave the bridle to my horse, and rode onward.

I was prepared for a tortuous path: my host had forewarned me of this. The *herrikin*, he said, was only about three hundred yards in breadth; but I should have to ride nearly twice that distance, in crossing it; and his statement proved literally true.

The old trace, passing down the creek bottom, had run at right angles to the direction of the storm; and, of course, the trees had fallen perpendicularly across the path—where they still lay, thick as hurdles set for a donkey-race. Some of them could be stepped over by a horse, and a few might be jumped; but there were others that rose breast high; and a flying-leap over a five-barred gate, would have been an easy exploit, compared with clearing one of these monstrous barriers. I might add, also, from experience, that leaping a log is a feat of considerable danger. There is no room for 'topping;' and should the iron hoof strike, there is nothing that will yield—but on the other side the pleasant prospect of a broken neck—either for the horse or his rider!

Not being in any particular hurry, I took the matter quietly; and wound my way through a labyrinth worthy of being the maze of Fair Rosamond.

I could not help remarking the singular effect which the *herrikin* had produced. To the right and left, as far as my view could range, extended an opening, like some vast avenue that had been cleared for the passage of giants, and by giants made! On each side appeared the unbroken forest—the trunks standing like columns, with shadowy aisles between: the outward or edge row trending in a straight line, as if so planted. These shewed not a sign that the fierce tornado had passed so near them; though others, whose limbs, almost interlocked with theirs, had been mowed down without mercy by the ruthless storm!

I had arrived within fifty yards of the opposite side, and the dark forest was again before my face; but even at that short distance, the eye vainly endeavoured to pierce its sombre depths.

I was congratulating myself, that I had passed the numerous logs that lay across the path, when yet one more appeared between me and the standing trees. It had been one of the tallest victims of the tornado; and now lay transversely to the line of the track, which cut it about midway. On nearing this obstacle, I saw that the trace forked into two—one going around the tops of the decaying branches, while the other took the direction of the roots; which, with the soil still adhering to them, formed a round buttress-like wall of full ten feet in diameter. The trunk itself was not over five—that being about the thickness of the tree.

It was a matter of choice which of the paths should be followed: since both appeared to come together again on the opposite side of the tree; but I had made up my mind to take neither. One of my motives, in seeking this forest-home, had been a desire to indulge in the exciting exercise of the chase; and the sooner I should bring my horse into practice, the sooner I might take the field with a prospect of success. Log-leaping was new to my Arab; and he might stand in need of a little training to it. The log before me had open ground on both sides; and afforded a very good opportunity for giving him his first lesson.

Thus prompted by St Hubert, I was about spurring forward to the run; when a hoof-stroke falling upon my ear, summoned me to desist from my intention.

The sound proceeded from the forest before my face; and, peering into its darkness, I could perceive that some one, also on horseback, was coming along the path.

This caused me to change my design, or rather to pause until the person should pass; for had I continued in my determination to leap the log, I should, in all likelihood, have dashed my horse at full gallop against that of the approaching traveller: since our courses lay directly head to head.

While waiting till he should ride out of the way, I became aware that I had committed an error—only in regard to the *sex* of the person who was approaching. It was not a *he!* On the contrary, something so very different that, as soon as I had succeeded in shading the sun-glare out of my eyes, and obtained a fair view of the equestrian traveller, my indifference was at an end: I beheld one of the loveliest apparitions ever made manifest in female form, or, I need scarcely add, in any other shape.

It was a young girl—certainly not over sixteen years of age—but with a contour close verging upon

womanhood. Her beauty was of that character, which cannot be set forth by a detailed description in words. In true loveliness, there is a harmony of the features that will not suffer them to be considered apart; nor does the eye take note of any one, to regard it as unique or characteristic: it is satisfied with the *coup d'œil* of the whole, if I may be permitted the expression. Real beauty needs not to be considered: it is acknowledged at a glance: eye and heart, impressed with it at the same instant, search not to study its details.

The impression made upon me at first sight of this young girl, was that of something soft and strikingly beautiful, of a glorious golden hue—the reflection of bright amber-coloured hair on a blond skin, tinged with a hue of vermilion—something that imparted a sort of luminous radiance divinely feminine. Even under the shadow of the forest, this luminous radiance was apparent—as if the face had a *halo* around it! The reader may smile at such exalted ideas, and deem them the offspring of a romantic fancy; but had he looked, as I, into the liquid depths of those large eyes, with their blue irides and darker pupils; had he gazed upon that cheek tinted as with cochineal—those lips shaming the hue of the rose—that throat of ivory white—those golden tresses translucent in the sunlight—he would have felt as I, that something *shone* before his eyes—a face such as the Athenian fancy has elaborated into an almost living reality, in the goddess Cytherea.

In short, it was the Venus of *my* fancy—the very ideal I had imbibed from gazing upon many a picture of the Grecian goddess. The prognostication of my friend had proved emphatically false. If not *Venus* I saw before me, it was her *counterpart* in human form!

And this fair creature was costumed in the simplest manner—almost coarsely clad. A sleeved dress of homespun with a yellowish stripe, loosely worn, and open at the breast. A cotton 'sun-bonnet' was the only covering for her head—her bright amber-coloured hair the only shawl upon her shoulders, over which it fell in ample luxuriance. A string of pearls around her neck—false ones, I could see—was the sole effort that vanity seemed to have made: for there was no other article of adornment. Even shoes and stockings were wanting; but the most costly *chaussure* could not have added to the elegance of those *mignon* feet, that, daintily protruding below the homespun skirt, fell along the flank of the horse.

More commonplace even than her homespun frock was the steed that carried her—a sorry-looking animal, that resembled the skeleton of a horse with the skin left on! There was no saddle—scarce the semblance of one. A piece of bear-skin, strapped over the back with a rough thong, did service for a saddle; and the little feet hung loosely down without step or stirrup. The girl kept her seat, partly by balancing, and as much by holding on to the high bony withers of the horse, that rose above his shoulders like the hump of a dromedary. The scant mane, wound around her tiny fingers, scarcely covered them; while with the other hand she clasped the black reins of an old dilapidated bridle.

The want of saddle and stirrup did not hinder her from poising herself gracefully upon the piece of bear-skin; but hers was a figure that could not be ungraceful in any attitude; and, as the old horse hobbled along, the rude movement all the more palpably displayed the magnificent moulding of her body and limbs.

The contrast between horse and rider—the old *critter* and the young *creature*—was ridiculously striking: the former appearing a burlesque on the most beautiful of quadrupeds, while the latter was the very impersonation of the loveliest of biped forms.

It is scarcely probable that the Cyprian goddess could ever have been brought into such ludicrous juxtaposition—a shame upon Mercury if she was! In classic lore, we find mention of no such sorry steed; and, for his counterpart in story, we must seek in more modern times—fixing upon the famed charger of Calatrava's knight. But here the analogy must end: the charms of the dark-haired Dulcinea can be brought into no comparison, with those of the golden-haired wood-nymph of the Obion Bottom.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SERIES OF CONTRE-TEMPS.

At sight of this charming equestrian, all thoughts of leaping the log were driven out of my mind; and I rode quietly forward, with the intention of going round it.

It might be that I timed the pace of my horse—*mechanically*, no doubt—but, however that may have been, I arrived at the prostrate tree, just as the young girl reached it from the opposite side; and we were brought face to face, the log-barrier between us.

I would have spoken; but, for the life of me, I could not think of something graceful to say; and to have used the hackneyed phraseology of 'Fine morning, miss!' would, in those beautiful blue eyes that glistened under the shadow of the sun-bonnet, have rendered me as commonplace as the remark. I felt certain it would; and therefore said nothing. Some acknowledgment, however, was necessary, and, lifting the forage-cap from my head, I bowed—slightly, as such a salutation required—but with all the *verve* that politeness would permit.

My salutation was acknowledged by a nod, and, as I fancied, a smile. Either was grace enough for me to expect; but, whether the smile was the offspring of a feeling in my favour, or at my expense, I was unable at the moment to decide.

I should have an opportunity of repeating the bow, as we met again in going round the tree. Then I should certainly speak to her; and as I turned my horse's head to the path, I set about thinking of something to say,

I had taken the path leading to the right, and which passed around the root: since of the two ways this appeared to be the shortest and most used. What was my chagrin, when, in glancing over my arm, I perceived that I had made a most grievous mistake: *she* was going in the opposite direction!

Yes—she had chosen to go round the branching tops of the dead-wood—by all the gods, a much wider circuit!

Was it accident, or design? It had the appearance of the latter. I fancied so, and fell many degrees in my own estimation. Her taking what was evidently the 'roundabout' direction, argued unwillingness that we should meet again: for the *mazy* movement we were now performing precluded all chance of a second encounter, except with the great log still between us; and even that no longer *vis-à-vis* as before, but *dos-à-dos*, almost on the instant of our approaching!

To insure even this poor privilege, I rode rapidly round the great buttress of roots, that for a moment concealed the fair equestrian from my sight. I did this with the intention of being forward in time. So rapidly did I pass, and so absorbed was I in the idea of another sweet salutation, that I saw not the fearful creature that lay basking upon the log—on the sunny side of the upheaved mass of earth.

Once on the other side, I discovered that I had made a third mistake—equally as provoking as the second—I had arrived *too soon!* Golden-hair was away up among the tangle of the tree-tops. I could see her bright face gleaming through the branches—now and then hidden by the broad leaves of the bignonias that laced them together; and to make me still more miserable, I fancied that she was moving with a *studied slowness!*

I had already reached that point where the path parted from the log. I dared not pause: there was

no excuse for it—not the shadow of one could I think of—and, with a lingering look towards that glittering attraction, I reluctantly headed my horse to the forest.

A last glance over my shoulder made no improvement in my situation: she was still behind the trellised leaf-work of the bignonias; she had stayed perhaps to pluck a flower.

'Happier far if I had never seen her!' was the reflection that occurred to me, as I entered under the gloomy shadow of the trees—less gloomy than my own thoughts.

With one thing I now reproached myself: why had I been so shy with this forest damsel? the very way to secure her indifference. Why had I not *spoken* to her, if only in commonplace? Even 'Good-day' would have promised me a response; and the result could not have been more unfavourable. Why the deuce had I not bidden 'Good-day?'

I should have heard her voice—no doubt an additional charm—for I never yet saw a beautiful woman with a harsh voice; and I fear the inverse proposition is equally true. Why passed I without speaking? No doubt, she deems me a *yokel!* Perhaps it was my very shyness she was smiling at? S'death! what a simpleton—— Ho! what do I hear? A woman's voice—a cry?—of terror? There again!—a scream! the words, 'Help, oh! help!' Is it she who is calling? Yes—yes—it is she!

By such strange sounds were my reflections interrupted.

Turning my horse with a wrench, I urged him back along the path. I was yet scarcely a dozen lengths from the log—for the reflections above detailed were but the thoughts of a moment.

Half-a-dozen leaps of my steed brought me back to the edge of the standing timber; where I pulled up, to ascertain the purport of the singular summons that had reached me.

I made no inquiry: no explanation was needed: the scene explained itself: for, at the moment of my emerging from the shadowy path, I had a tableau under my eyes, expressive as it was terrifying.

The girl was upon the other side of the log, and near the point where she should have turned off from it; but, instead of advancing, I saw that she had come to a halt—her attitude expressing the wildest terror, as if some fearful object was before her! The jade, too, shewed affright, by snorting loudly—his head raised high in air, and his long ears pointing forward.

The young girl was dragging mechanically on the bridle—as if to head him away from the spot; but this was impossible: another log overlapping the first, formed an avenue, into which the horse had backed, so narrow as to leave not the slightest chance of his turning in it! There was no way of his getting from between the two trunks, but by going straight forward or backward. Forward he *dared not go;* and backward he was moving, as fast as the nature of the ground would permit: now halting with his hips against one of the logs; then with a quick rush backward against the other, that, but for the support thus obtained, would have brought him upon his haunches!

The retrograde movement on the part of the horse was evidently the result of terror, at sight of some object in front. It was aided also by the half-mechanical action of the rider; who, dragging continuously on the bridle, and repeating her cries for help, appeared equally suffering from affright!

My astonishment was of short duration. Effect and cause came under my eye almost at the same instant. The latter I saw upon the log in hideous form—the form of a *cougar!*

Slowly advancing along the dead-wood—not by bounds or paces, but with the stealthy tread of a cat—his long red body stretched out to its full extent, the beast more resembled a gigantic caterpillar than a quadruped. I could scarcely detect the movement of his limbs, so closely did the monster crawl; but his great tail, tapering three feet behind him, was seen vibrating from side to side, or at intervals moving with quick jerks: expressive of the enjoyment he was receiving in the contemplation of his prey—for such he deemed the affrighted maiden before him.

I saw not the cougar's face—hideous sight at such a moment—nor yet his eyes. Both were turned from me, and fixed steadfastly upon his intended victim.

The fierce beast did not perceive my approach: perhaps a fortunate circumstance. Once or twice, I saw him pause, as if crouching for the spring. Luckily, the old horse, making a fresh retrogression, caused him again to advance along the log, in the same creeping attitude as before.

With a glance, I had comprehended the situation: indeed, at the first glance I understood it perfectly.

My delay in acting only arose from the necessity of preparing for action; and that did not take long.

It was habitual with me to carry my rifle over my shoulder, or rested across the pommel of my saddle: in either case, always in hand. It was but the work of a moment to get the piece ready.

The pressure of the muzzle against my horse's ear, was a signal well understood; and at once rendered him as immobile, as if made of bronze. Many years of practice—during which I had often aimed at higher game—had steeled my nerves and straightened my sight. Both proved sufficiently true for the destruction of the cougar. Quick after the crack, I saw his red body roll back from the log; and, when the smoke thinned off, I could see it writhing upon the ground.

Why the beast had fallen to my side, I could not tell: for he was fairly on the ridge of the dead-wood when I fired. Perhaps, on receiving the shot, he had fancied that it came from the only enemy visible to him; and by an instinct impelling him to escape, had tumbled off in the opposite direction.

I saw he was not yet dead, but wriggling about among the branches. It was clear that the piece of lead had taken the 'spring' out of him. The bullet had passed through his spine, crashing the column in twain.

After playing upon him with my revolving pistol, until I had emptied three or four of its chambers, I had the satisfaction of seeing him give his last spasmodic 'kick.'

* * * *

What followed, I leave to the imagination of my reader. Suffice it to say, that the incident proved my friend. The ice of indifference was broken; and I was rewarded for my sleight-of-hand prowess by something more than smiles—by words of praise that rang melodiously in my ear—words of gratitude spoken with the free innocent *naïveté* of childhood—revealing, on the part of her who gave utterance to them, a truly grateful heart.

I rode back with my fair protégée across the track of fallen timber—I could have gone with her to the end of the world. The tortuous path hindered me from holding much converse with her: only, now and then, was there opportunity for a word.

I remember little of what was said—on my side, no doubt, much that was commonplace; but even *her* observations I can recall but confusedly. The power of love was upon me, alike absorbing both soul and sense—engrossing every thought in the contemplation of the divine creature by my side. I cared not to talk—enough for me to look and listen.

I did not even think of questioning her as to whence she had come. Even her name was neither asked nor ascertained! Whither she was going, was revealed only by the accident of conversation.

She was on her way to visit some one who lived on the other side of the creek—some friend of her father. Would that I could have claimed to be her father's friend—his relative—his son!

We reached a ford: it was the crossing-place. The

house, to which her visit was intended, stood not far off, on the other side; and I must needs leave her.

Emboldened by what had passed, I caught hold of that little hand. It was a rare liberty; but I was no longer master of myself. There was no resistance; but I could perceive that the tiny fingers trembled at my touch.

* * * *

The old horse, with provoking impatience, plunged into the stream; and we were parted.

I watched her while crossing the creek. The crystal drops sparkled like pearls upon her naked feet. Some of them dashed higher by the hoofs of the horse, were sprinkled upon her cheek, and clung to the carmined skin as if kissing it! I envied those diamond drops!

Lingering upon the bank, I gazed upon her receding form—with my eyes, followed it through the forest aisle; and then, saw it only at intervals, moving like some bright meteor among the trees. At length, by a sudden turning in the path, it was taken from my sight.

A TABULAR VIEW OF THE FROG AND SNAIL.

The eatable frog of France differs from its English cousin both in its colour and habits. It rejoices in the name of *La Grenouille Mangeable* (*Rana esculenta viridis, aquatica*), and those who thought to ridicule their Gallic neighbours under the name of Jean Crapaud, convicted themselves of a zoological as well as social solecism.

The colour of the French frog is generally of a lively green; the belly is white, and three stripes of yellow run down the back and sides, giving it a 'neat but not gaudy' appearance. A few black spots scattered about it, increasing with its age, serve, like crows' feet, to mark the flight of years. The skin is soft and always supple, owing to a waterproof composition which continually exudes from its pores. Its organs of sight and hearing are remarkably keen, the eyes being large, prominent, and brilliant, and surrounded with a ring of gold. The ears are placed behind the eyes, and covered with a tense membrane, which, while it keeps out the water, does not impede the hearing. The muzzle is pointed; the mouth rather large, and furnished with minute teeth; the nostrils small and delicate. The shape of the body is almost elegant, the inferior limbs being long and slender; and its movements, whether in leaping or swimming, are remarkable for their grace and agility. It may interest some of our readers to know, that the hind-legs are nearly twice as long as the front, and that it has four fingers and five toes on their respective members, the thumb and the great toe being of larger proportions than the rest. With all these natural advantages, it is not surprising that Monsieur Frog should be the hero of many a romance, and bear throughout Europe the character of a successful wooer. His conjugal affection, however, is unmistakable, and not even the *Divorce Court* could separate him from the object of his annual attachment. His heart is of such strong emotions, that cruel experimenters have found that it continues to beat for seven or eight minutes after being detached from its body; and that, although deprived of air, its pulse beats on without the action of the lungs. In its juvenile state, the frog opens and shuts its mouth and eyes with each beat of its pulse, an operation eminently ridiculous in the human subject. Its food consists of anything which comes across it, either on land or in the water—worms, leeches, snails, beetles, *n'importe quoi*, as long as it is alive and kicking. It projects its long tongue which is furnished with a glutinous fluid; fixes its prey, and conveys it to its throat in the twinkling of an eye. The operation is so instantaneous as to be imperceptible. Its appetite is good, and its bill of fare rather comprehensive; it will even swallow young mice, ducklings, and callow nestlings of aquatic birds, if they come within its reach.

If the frog has a weak point, it is in the notion which it possesses, in common with many of the highest order of mammalia, that it can sing; and, accordingly it has considerably injured its reputation by shewing off its voice. The French frog is even more conceited in this respect than the English; and to whatever cause it is to be attributed, a party of French frogs cannot get together without making such an intolerable jabber and croak as would last an English *coterie* for their natural lives. 'Brek-kek-kek-kek, coax-coax; brek-kek-kek-kek, coax-coax!' is still the burden of their chant, as it was in the time of Aristophanes; and the old grievance has descended from generation to generation, without any symptom of alleviation or justice to Frogland. Curiously enough, the males make the most noise, being furnished to that end with a kind of bladder in the neck, or double-action bagpipe; but, on the other hand, the voices of the females are the hoarsest and most aggravating. When, however, intent upon doing the agreeable, they have another tone of voice—soft, sweet, and plaintive, like a bell heard in the stillness of summer evening; from which some naturalists have inferred that it is only the married couples, and old maids, and bachelors, whose voices are so harsh and grating, the courting and honey-moon tones being pitched in a different key.

Although frogs have no tailors' or milliners' bills, they follow the fashions in having a new suit every week or fortnight during the summer, and in casting off the old skin as frequently; but, like many gay people in their country, they lie torpid all the winter, hiding away in some subterraneous or subaqueous retreat, and living, no one knows how, on their own resources.

Another point of resemblance to the human species is, that when they have fulfilled their destiny, and hatched a family of tadpoles into the world, their gay colours fade, and their whole appearance becomes rusty and seedy, so much so, that the country-people think they are then transformed into toads. They are, however, in reality, very long-lived and vivacious, and even when deprived of air and other essential conditions of life, they manage to live; they will even exist for some time under an exhausted receiver.

Frogs have many enemies, and few friends. In the water, they fall a prey to snakes and eels, pike and trout, and many aquatic birds; while on land, hawks and owls, moles and weasels, make an occasional meal of them. We have even seen it stated that wolves are fond of them; but this may be a mistranslation from the Latin *lupus*, which stands both for the wolf and the pike.

In France, however, they are reserved for a higher mission—no less than that of figuring as a *plat* of twenty francs, and making their entrance and their exit by the light of wax *bougies* and the popping of champagne. The most esteemed species frequent deep clear pools, not muddy ditches, and are not easily caught by hand. Civilisation, however, has found out their weak points. Sometimes they are caught at night, by being dazzled with bright lights and torches; their brilliant eyes reflecting the light, and the expert fisher easily getting them into his net. But the most successful bait is a bit of red cloth,

which, being moved about before them, they cannot resist its fascination, but jump at it, and are generally caught by the concealed hook. In some parts also, as in the neighbourhood of Paris, they are frequently dragged from their homes by great rakes.

And now as to the antipathy which exists to the frog as an article of food. If it is coincident with the old aversion to the French, now is the time to put an end to it. With our 'alliance cemented in blood,' and the *entente cordiale* baptized in wine, all national antipathies must vanish; and if we open our mouths to the liquids, we must not shut them to the solids. If we swallow the claret, there is no reason why we should strain at the frog. For any antecedent objection, we might quote Plutarch *De Pyth. Orac.*, to the effect that to the Greeks the frog was a 'sacred emblem of preservation in floods and inundations, and also of lymphatic prophecy,' whatever that may be; and Philastrius Brixiensis tells us that it was held sacred in Egypt, which Jablonsk confirms when he informs us that it is found in the Bembine table sitting upon the lotus. It was also regarded as an emblem of poetic inspiration (Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 46), especially of the turgid and inflated style of poetry. With those, however, who are still unconvinced by its emblematic and sacred qualities, we must try lower appeals, and endeavour to stimulate their appetite by the following receipts.

Fricassée of frogs.—Skin and prepare the hind quarters; blanch (not the cook's name, but a *modus operandi*), and throw them into cold water; drain, and put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter, a clove of garlic, parsley, onions, and chives, sweet herbs and spices; let them soak a little on the fire, but not to brown; add a thickening with a glass of wine, a little stock and salt; stew them slowly for twenty minutes; add a little cream; finish with yolk and lemon juice; garnish with lemon. *Probatum est.*

Fried frogs.—Prepare as above, and lay them in a *marinade* or pickle of equal parts of vinegar and water, with sweet herbs, garlic, shallot, parsley, and onions shred small, and spices; leave them for an hour or two; fry them in oil or top-pot, or shake them in a floured cloth, or dip them in butter or egg, and fry them. The result is a dainty dish. *Experto crede.*

If he was a bold man who first ate an oyster, we hold it to be equally incontrovertible that he was a bolder or more hungry man who ate the first snail; and that he must have had as much 'heart of oak and triple brass about his breast' as the mariner who first trusted his fragile bark to the truculent sea. Nevertheless, the snail has been regarded as an article of food from the earliest ages; and all naturalists, from Pliny to the present writer, agree in recommending it to their readers, without, however, very distinctly committing themselves to the fact of their being for their own parts great consumers of the delicacy.

Pliny, then, who is always a great authority and true friend in these doubtful matters, immortalises one Fulvius Hirpinius as the bold individual who first cultivated a taste for snails; and this to such an extent that he built a grand snaillery, and fattened his pets upon meal and mulled wine, with a spicing of aromatic herbs and other confections. For the edification of those who may be inclined to follow his example, it is recorded that this noble Roman and great man constructed his snaillery in his country-house at Tarquinia by building a wall full of compartments; and that he kept the different species in their particular houses—the Reatian in one, the Illyrian in another, the African in a third, and so on. His example found numerous imitators, for in Pliny's time snails had become a favourite dish with the Roman gourmands, and every corner of the empire was ransacked for the finest and fattest specimens. The islands seem to have produced the finest sorts, for the names of Astypalus, Sicily, the Balearic Isles, and Caprea, were as significant a commendation as Milton, and Colchester, and Cancale, when applied to the bivalves.

The practice of fattening snails for the table lasted for many centuries; and there were to be found many establishments for this purpose, known as *escargotieres*, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria, during the last century. The monasteries and convents had almost the monopoly of this business; and Addison speaks of having seen the snailleries of the Capuchins at Friburg and Ulm, which supplied millions of these delicacies to the Austrian religious establishment during Lent. These parks, as they were called, were shady courts, surrounded with old walls, and abundantly supplied with moss-grown stones and the plants in which snails do mostly congregate; moreover, a close net-work or trellis covered the top of the court, to check the roving propensities of the inmates, and to prevent them, as Mr Weller remarked upon a similar provision, 'from losing themselves outside.'

Like the frog, the snail never found many admirers in England as a comestible; but in France, especially in the western and southern departments, it is a favourite article of food, and an important item of commerce. They are not only used for home consumption, but even sent abroad to America, the Antilles, and Senegal. Some idea of the estimation in which they are held may be formed from the price current, which varies according to size and quality; from a penny to twopence per hundred at Toulouse, but those which are sent to Paris, from Burgundy, Champagne, and Franche Comté, realise as much as sixpence per hundred. The latter, however, are of a very large and succulent description, known as *Helix Pomatia*, the vine-snail or Burgundy oyster. The entire animal is nearly three inches long, of a yellowish or greenish gray, and its skin covered with rough tubercles. Its shell is proportionately large, thick, and strong, of a brownish or yellowish colour, with irregular bands and markings. It is common in the vineyards, woods, and hedges in the north and centre of France, but is not a habitant of the south. Its shell is, however, frequently found in the Roman ruins which abound in Provence—the Provincia Romana—and from this it is inferred that it was one of the species which the Romans imported for their particular gratification.

It is common in the north of Europe, and is now abundant in our own country; but it is only since the middle of the sixteenth century, when a Howard of Arundel naturalised them in the county of Surrey, that we have participated in the general beatitude. There are many other kinds of snails, with various characteristics and recommendations. In the south of France—not to travel beyond the scene of their canonisation for the table—we have *Helix aspersa*, the spotted snail, the common garden snail of England; *H. nemorosa*, the woodland snail; in Languedoc, *H. lactea*, the milk-white snail; and *H. verniculata*, the worm-shaped snail, called also Mourgueta, or the little nun, from its habit of retiring so far into its shell as to be invisible to the outer world.

At Marseille, the *H. Pisana*, or snail of Pisa, is in most request, being eaten to the amount of some five or six thousand francs every year. This is a pretty and delicate-looking snail, with a yellowish shell, marked with brown bands, and the interior of pearly rose. This would be a good snail to begin upon, if we were recommending a course, as it has a much less formidable appearance than the large *Pomatia*, or Burgundy oyster. These are the principal species in France which are in request for the table, but it must not be supposed that they are gathered at random, or cooked without serious preparation.

The paternal government, which excludes mushrooms from the delights of the capital, does not permit snails to enter without a passport, and a certificate of their having undergone strict discipline. It has been remarked that snails have a particular penchant for all sorts of poisonous plants; and probably, if they were eaten in their natural state, the consequences would be dangerous. The head-gardener of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, has the greatest difficulty in preserving his *belladonnas*, his *daturas*, his *lobelias*, *mandragoras*, hemlocks, and even his tobacco-plants from the attacks of the snails; for if there is one plant more poisonous than another, it is sure to be the favourite food of these gentry. We have often remarked that they seem to feed on the poisonous *fungi* with great avidity.

These bad habits have, therefore, given rise to the precaution of interdicting the use of snail-flesh except during the winter season, when, by reason of their hybernation and prolonged fast, they have absorbed or otherwise purged themselves of all the poisonous residue of their food. If they are made use of at other seasons, they are subjected to a long course of previous fasting for the same purpose. The hybernation of the snail is curious. As winter approaches, it retires into cracks and holes of walls and trees, and there passes the winter. In order to exclude the cold and draughts, it covers the door of its house with what scientific people call an epiphragm, which, being interpreted, is a kind of glass-door formed of its own juices, dried and hardened to the consistence of shell. This kind of front-door it also uses during the great heats of summer, in order to prevent too great loss of moisture.

If any of our English cookery-books recommend a dish of snails, it is generally with a diffident air, and an appeal to their medical rather than their gastronomical virtues; for instance, snail-powder, which is made of these mollusks dried in an oven, shell and all, and then bruised in a mortar, is only recommended as a dose to be taken as an emulsion; and slater or slug powder, which is similarly prepared, is recommended as more slimy, and consequently more suitable for consumptive patients.

Here, however, is a genuine receipt for snail-broth: Wash them extremely well, and throw them into very hot water; take them out of the shell, and pass them through several waters, *working them well with the hand;* slice them, pound the shells, and put all into a sauce-pan, with as much water as will cover them; boil, skim, and let them simmer for several hours; add a little salt, sugar, and a very small quantity of mace, to correct the mawkish taste; and then serve them—or as some would say, as Abernethy recommended the cucumber to be served, throw them out of the window.

The cookery-book confesses the taste to be somewhat mawkish; and the French writer on the subject says that their flesh is *fade* and *coriace*, and requires strong seasoning. The late traveller Burckhardt, we are told, used to amuse himself in eating flies, to accustom him to all sorts of food; and on this system a course of snails and slaters will be no bad preparation for foreign travels. And even if John Bull has an objection to

> Snaps and snails
> And puppy-dogs' tails,

there is no reason why he should be so very particular in his diet, and call everything unclean to which he is unaccustomed from his calfhood. The day may come when he will be compelled to leave his celestial food, his sempiternal roast and boiled, to feed on garbage, to dine upon raw offal with the Zulus, or to make one of a big *chicha* or *mishla* drink upon the Mosquito shore; but at anyrate, with the rapid increase of population, and contemplating the possible stoppage of the import of the staff of life from abroad, England expects every man to do his duty in adopting every addition to his bill of fare which science and sense shall introduce; and so, adieu, and good appetite.

MACAULAY'S MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

We did not know, when we bewailed Macaulay's death a few months ago, the full measure of the debt we owed to him. We felt, indeed, that he had touched nothing which he had not adorned; that he had attempted nothing in which he did not admirably succeed; but we were unaware, until the publication of these miscellaneous writings,* how much he had adorned and succeeded in. In addition to the prose works now reprinted, with most of which we were already well acquainted, and all of which, even the least known, such as the essay upon Barère, for instance, carry with them some tremendous evidence of the hand that wrote them†—there are some poems which may take rank with the best of his *Lays*. The subjects of these are very various: a love-song blushes beside a withering political satire; an epitaph mourns in the next page to a rakehelly ballad; but all are skilfully imagined and carefully composed, and would set any other writer, who had written nothing else, in the list of acknowledged and good poets. There is no more slovenliness in those of 1813 than in those of 1856; no sound without sense; no outburst of too enthusiastic youthhood. This graybeard juvenility, this young wisdom, rises, indeed, to aggravation in Lord Macaulay; one feels indignant with a man whose earliest writings shew no trace of his having been a boy; whose opinions in adolescence have been fully formed upon the most judicious political models. It strikes us somewhat aghast to discover an 'old Whig' in the person of a lad of nineteen. Toryism and Radicalism are excusable enough at such an epoch; but the former the young Macaulay regards with sublimest contempt; and the latter he salutes after this uncomplimentary fashion:

A RADICAL WAR-SONG.

Awake, arise, the hour is come,
For rows and revolutions;
There 's no receipt like pike and drum
For crazy constitutions.
Close, close the shop! Break, break the loom,
Desert your hearths and furrows,
And throng in arms to seal the doom
Of England's rotten boroughs.

. . . . . .

Copley to hang offends no text;
A rat is not a man, sir:
With schedules and with tax-bills next
We 'll bury pious Van, sir.
The slaves who loved the Income Tax,
We 'll crush by scores, like mites, sir,
And him, the wretch who freed the blacks,
And more enslaved the whites, sir.

The peer shall dangle from his gate,
The bishop from his steeple,
Till all recanting, own the State
Means nothing but the People.
We 'll fix the church's revenues
On Apostolic basis,
One coat, one scrip, one pair of shoes
Shall pay their strange grimaces.

* *The Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay.* Longmans.

† 'As soon as he (Barère) ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies? A man who has never been within the tropics, does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara, has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs, may be said not to know what it is to lie.'

We'll strap the bar's deluding train
In their own darling halter,
And with his big church Bible brain
The parson at the altar.
Hail, glorious hour, when fair Reform
Shall bless our longing nation,
And Hunt receive commands to form
A new administration.

. . . . . .

Down with your sheriffs and your mayors,
Your registrars and prectors,
We'll live without the lawyer's cares,
And die without the doctor's.
No discontented fair shall pout
To see her spouse so stupid;
We'll tread the torch of Hymen out,
And live content with Cupid.

Then, when the high-born and the great
Are humbled to our level,
On all the wealth of Church and State,
Like aldermen, we'll revel.
We'll live when hushed the battle's din,
In smoking and in cards, sir,
In drinking unexcised gin,
And wooing fair Poissardes, sir.

By very far, however, the best of the Macaulay ballads, and perhaps the best historical ballad in the language, is, '*The Battle of Naseby*, by Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.' The writer of the present notice disentombed that glorious poem, and published it, some half-a-dozen years ago, in the *Westminster Review*, to the huge delight of readers who were unacquainted with that old Quarterly of Mr Knight's, wherein lies, half unheard, full many a stirring ballad and graceful song. The *Naseby* is too long to be quoted here; but these four verses, describing the charge of Rupert and its effects, with the redeeming charge of Cromwell, will give forth a ring of that true metal of which the whole is composed:

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Why it was that Lord Macaulay never fathered such a song as the *Naseby*, while he permitted *Ivry* and the *Armada* to appear among his recognised pieces, we do not know; perhaps he shrank from such an appearance of republican enthusiasm, even though it was manifested by proxy, and in the person of a fictitious character. What he chiefly lacks as a poet—and it is a great lack—is originality of form. He borrows, not his ideas, indeed, but the whole structure of his poems from other writers; and this—notwithstanding that almost in every case the copy is better executed than the original—combined with the fact, that the author himself is never visible, but always embodied in some historical or other character, has led to his being placed far lower in the list of bards than he deserves. His great eminence as a prose writer has also tended to diminish his poetic reputation with that numerous class who grudge to place a doubled laurel upon any man's brow. And yet how splendid the imagery, how spirited the hymns of praise, in this *Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad*—a poem equal, as it seems to us, to any, or to any save one, of those composing *Lalla Rookh*. Thus he makes Jubal sing to the nation sprung from the loins of Cain, in praise of their common father:

Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,
Wake the trumpet's blast of fire,
Till the gilded arches ring.
Empire, victory, and fame,
Be ascribed unto the name
Of our father and our king.
Of the deeds which he hath done,
Of the spoils which he hath won,
Let his grateful children sing.

When the deadly fight was fought,
When the great revenge was wrought,
When on the slaughtered victims lay
The minion stiff and cold as they,
Doomed to exile, sealed with flame,
From the west the wanderer came.
Six score years and six he strayed
A hunter through the forest shade.
The lion's shaggy jaws he tore,
To earth he smote the foaming boar,
He crushed the dragon's fiery crest,
And scaled the condor's dizzy nest;
Till hardy sons and daughters fair
Increased around his woodland lair.
Then his victorious bow unstrung
On the great bison's horn he hung.
Giraffe and elk he left to hold
The wilderness of boughs in peace,
And trained his youth to pen the fold,
To press the cream, and weave the fleece.
As shrunk the streamlet in its bed,
As black and scant the herbage grew,
O'er endless plains his flocks he led
Still to new brooks and pastures new.
So strayed he till the white pavilions
Of his camp were told by millions,
Till his children's households seven
Were numerous as the stars of heaven.
Then he bade us rove no more;
And in the place that pleased him best,
On the great river's fertile shore,
He fixed the city of his rest.
He taught us then to bind the sheaves,
To strain the palm's delicious milk,
And from the dark-green mulberry leaves
To cull the filmy silk.
Then first from straw-built mansions roamed
O'er flower-beds trim the skilful bees;
Then first the purple wine-vats foamed
Around the laughing peasant's knees;
And olive-yards and orchards green,
O'er all the hills of Nod were seen.

Of our father and our king
Let his grateful children sing.
From him our race its being draws,
His are our arts, and his our laws.

Like himself he bade us be,
Proud, and brave, and fierce, and free.
True, through every turn of fate,
In our friendship and our hate.
Calm to watch, yet prompt to dare;
Quick to feel, yet firm to bear;
Only timid, only weak,
Before sweet woman's eye and cheek.
We will not serve, we will not know,
The God who is our father's foe.
In our proud cities to his name
No temples rise, no altars flame.
Our flocks of sheep, our groves of spice,
To him afford no sacrifice.
Enough that once the House of Cain
Hath courted with oblation vain
The sullen power above.
Henceforth we bear the yoke no more;
The only gods whom we adore
Are glory, vengeance, love.

There are many lines in this poem which remind one of 'the Keeping of the Bridge' in the *Lays of Ancient Rome;* some, indeed, have been obviously broken up and made use of for that far later, though scarcely greater effort. Macaulay never wasted his words; nor did he pretend to write verses by inspiration. He composed, or seems to have done so, according to the mood, not of the moment, but of the month, and upon subjects suggested by his reading, or his companionship at the time. Thus, it scarcely needs the date to tell us that Praed and he must have been intimate when he wrote his *Sermon in a Churchyard*, which begins:

Let pious Damon take his seat,
With mincing step and languid smile,
And scatter from his 'kerchief sweet,
Sabean odours o'er the aisle;
And spread his little jewelled hand,
And smile round all the parish beauties,
And pat his curls, and smooth his band,
Meet prelude to his saintly duties.

Let the thronged audience press and stare,
Let stifled maidens ply the fan,
Admire his doctrines and his hair,
And whisper: 'What a good young man!'

It must be confessed, however, that in this particular style of off-hand though polished description, he falls short of his gifted friend. Lord Macaulay's literary executor has been accused of withholding poems that should have appeared in this collection, and in particular *The Cavaliers' March to London*, as being a proof how well the poet could write even upon that side to which his political sympathies were opposed. But in the first place, there is the similarity, which has been already alluded to in another case, existing between it and the *Radical War-song*, to the extent —in verses we have purposely omitted in our quotation of the latter poem—of whole lines and even couplets; and secondly, the Cavaliers' song is only Cavalier in name, and in reality lampoons the court-party by its outrageous sentiments. As, however, the poem is excellent of its kind, and not accessible to the great majority of our readers, we here subjoin it, and fitly close our paper with Macaulay's own spirited lines:

THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON.

To horse, to horse, brave cavaliers,
To horse for church and crown;
Strike, strike your tents, snatch up your spears,
And ho for London town!
The imperial Harlot, doomed a prey
To our avenging fires,
Sends up the voice of her dismay
From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maidens' shrieks,
The 'Change with merchants' sighs,
And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,
And tears in iron eyes;
And, pale with fasting and with fright,
Each Puritan committee
Hath summoned forth to prayer and fight
The Roundheads of the city;

And soon shall London's sentries hear
The thunder of our drum,
And London's dames, in wilder fear,
Shall cry: 'Alack! they come!'
Fling the fascines—tear up the spikes;
And forward one and all.
Down, down with all their train-band pikes!
Down with their mud-built wall!

Quarter?—Foul fall your whining noise,
Ye recreant spawn of Fraud!
No quarter—think on Stafford, boys;
No quarter—think on Laud!
What, ho, the craven slaves retire!
On—trample them to mud!
No quarter—charge! no quarter—fire!
No quarter—blood, blood, blood!

What next? In sooth, there lacks no witch,
Brave lads, to tell us where;
Sure London's sons be passing rich,
Her daughters wondrous fair;
And let that dastard be the theme
Of many a board's derision,
Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
Of any sweet Precisian.

Their lean divines of solemn brow,
Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
From an unwonted pulpit now
Shall edify the people;
Till the tired hangman, in despair,
Shall curse his blunted shears,
And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear
Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang above his own Guildhall
The city's grave recorder,
And on the den of thieves we'll fall,
Though Pym should speak to order.
In vain the lank-haired gang shall try
To cheat our martial law;
In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
That 'Strangers must withdraw.'

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,
We'll build a glorious pyre,
And tons of rebel parchment there
Shall crackle in the fire.
With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
Petition, psalm, and libel,
The colonel's canting muster-roll,
The chaplain's dog-eared Bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze
Where England's pest expires,
And lead along the dance's maze
The beauties of the Friars.
Then smiles in every face shall shine,
And joy in every soul;
Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh you sip
The goblet's rich carnation,
Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
The wink of irritation;

Drink to those names, those glorious names—
Those names no time shall sever—
Drink in a draught as deep as Thames,
Our Church and King for ever!

BOWLS AND BOWLING-GREENS.

How meagre and unsatisfying to the human soul is the food offered to it by Encyclopædias! They may set at rest a doubt of the intellect; they may satisfy the desires of the pocket by settling a disputed bet; but beyond the bare mechanical statement of a fact, how rarely do they stray. I look for my favourite game of Bowls in one of them, and I find the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, author of several ingenious poems, in its place. I consult one of the best of them, and am humiliated to behold this charming subject dismissed in three-and-forty lines. In a third I read this idiotic (if not intentionally insulting) statement: 'Bowls, an English game, *played with bowls;* these are generally made of *lignum vitæ*.' I wonder out of what material the gentleman's head was constructed who imparted that interesting information: if it had been elderwood, he could scarcely have been more pithy. Of bowling-greens, whereon he might surely have whiled away a pleasant five minutes, the man says absolutely nothing.

A Bowling-green is nature's billiard-table, and the game at bowls compared to that pernicious pastime, is as gaslight unto sunlight, or as the sparkling water of the mountain-stream to that which is kept in tanks, and filtered by some patent process. The man that could object to Bowls as a carnal amusement, must be a Puritan indeed, and ought to be made to swallow the Jack. It is so simple, that a child may learn its rules in a few minutes, and yet it requires such skill, that one may live to threescore-and-ten, and never understand one's own bowls—an aphorism, although we say it who should not say it, which may take rank with many of Solomon's. That sagacious monarch, it is more than probable, did not play bowls; and the more was the pity, since it is just such qualities as he is represented to have possessed which constitute a good player. Your intention, it is true, is simply to approach and lie by the Jack as nearly as possible; but the means to be taken for the insurance of that result require a judgment of the highest order. A number of players have been before you (suppose), and placed their missiles like a *chevaux de frise* all around the desired object. To the unpractised eye, there is absolutely no ingress—no 'port' as it is called—for anything bigger than a marble. It is true that the half of those bowls belong to your own side; but the unpractised eye does not conceal from itself—if it is an honest eye, and not inclined to blink matters—that that circumstance rather makes matters worse; for it *is* worse to knock away a friend who is 'in,' or to knock in an enemy who is 'out,' than not to get in with one's own bowl.

I have known a very tolerable player, nay, even a 'skip,' or captain of the side, to alter an existing score in this manner. His friends, who, let us suppose, are represented by *a*, have five bowls 'in,' or nearest the Jack; his enemies—the *b*s—of course being 'nowhere;' and *x*—for the unhappy man is alive, and shall remain unknown—has to play the last bowl. That it is a dangerous bowl, there is no doubt. His allies, from the other end of the green, give warning-voice that they are willing to take what they have got, and be thankful; that he had better not attempt another shot. His foes, pretending to be his friends, invite him, on the contrary, to 'put in another.' They bring their Grecian gifts of advice gratis to an only too eager market. The wretched *x* entertains an idea—'a conception,' as he calls it—of vast but obscure character. This gentleman is ordinarily a most trustworthy 'skip;' but when he proclaims, as he sometimes does, that a splendid thought has struck him—the odds against the execution of which are always about 99 to 1—the knees of all his side are loosened with dismay. A mistake in prose-writing is excusable enough—*humanum est errare*—but in poetry, in the divine art, a false rhythm, a discord, a bathos, and far worse, the writing the exact opposite of that which you had intended to write, is not to be forgiven. *X* delivered his bowl with even more than his usual consideration, and watched it for some moments with his arms calmly folded after the manner of the late Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte; but at length perceiving what was about to happen, he fled up the grassy bank that fringed the Green, and was seen no more amongst us for the remainder of the season. *X* had put 'in' a bowl of the *b* party—put it in first, good reader; had altered the score that was standing $+5$ in his own favour to -1.

If such misfortunes, then, may happen to the best regulated 'skips,' you may conceive the dangers that beset a novice. His value as a player is, indeed, represented mathematically by the $\sqrt{-1}$; he is just as likely to do harm to his friends as to do good. He is thrown in at the end, when the rest of his side has been chosen, like the piece of suet which is cast into the butcher's scale to make up the weight. The present writer (whose personal characteristic is modesty) is indebted for some of his best lessons of humility to the discipline of the Bowling-green. As there were philosophers of the Porch, so doubtless there would have been of the Green—had the ancients cultivated greens; and, indeed, it is the belief of the more enthusiastic Bowlers, that the philosopher Bias invented the pastime, and gave his illustrious name to the means whereby the missiles are impelled to left or right. Some persons, on the other hand, imagine this to be derived from the bias, or disposition of the mind to *go to one side*—namely, one's own side; to consider one's own bowl 'in,' when to every disinterested eye it is certainly *not* in; but this we must leave to the etymologist. Certain it is that, in Bowls, the wish is not only father to the thought, but to the assertion; and the amount of contradictory evidence which I have heard delivered around a Jack concerning the proximity of this or that, would not disgrace the court of the Old Bailey. I have even known a case where a gentleman of exceeding, and indeed somewhat exceptional rectitude, incurred great unpopularity in a certain bowling-club by introducing a spring measure which could not be tampered with, but always gave an accurate result. Before the introduction of that measure, the club had been used to estimate their distances by their respective pocket-handkerchiefs, which being of a more or less elastic texture, had given various results, suited to every mind; and they resented the intrusion of the spring measure as the imposition of a tyrannical act of uniformity.

Again—to return to the difficulties of this science—the bowl-player has to guard not only against existing dangers; he has to calculate also upon those which are likely to happen after he has played. If the bowls of his own side are 'in,' he has to protect them, so that the next player may do them no evil; he has to stifle in his breast the desire of self-display—a most healthful discipline, which it is difficult indeed for some to submit themselves to—and to lie modestly (not nearing the desired object at all) a guard-ship in the offing, 'a block' against which the coming foe may dash himself in impotent rage. As this is one of the severest acts of self-denial and self-devotion of which the human soul is capable, so it is, physically, exceeding difficult to compass. It is all very well for a 'skip' to exclaim 'Guard,' in an authoritative voice, and as if it were as easy as essay-writing; but it is no light mandate for even the best and most obedient of players

to obey. You are generally 'narrow' or 'wide,' or 'short' or 'strong,' or something else you shouldn't be, and you are greeted accordingly, throughout the progress of the bowl, with some such remarks as these: 'Where *are* you coming to? What *is* the good of you?' or in a reflective whisper, that can, however, be heard over the whole Green. 'The stupid *idiot*, why did I ever choose him on my side?' To evade these observations, some persons—nay, I regret to write, some 'skips'—will lay their bowl only a few feet before them, easily blocking the way of the following player, it is true, but that at a loss of self-respect, I should hope—and certainly of the respect of the next player—which it is needless and would be painful for me to enlarge upon. Such feelings of indignation, however, are transient as the bowls themselves and leave as little trace behind them. At no time (not even when engaged in antagonistic measurement) does the genuine—that is to say, the reflective—Bowler become so outrageous in his sentiments as to preclude all hope of reconciliation, for well he knows his mortal enemy of the moment may be his sworn ally upon a reconstituted 'side,' within the hour, whose bowls he will then have to stand by as by his own.

A Bowling-green is indeed no place for bad humour, but for pleasant companionship and a sort of decorous mirth, bearing no nearer relation to the vulgar merriment of a skittle-alley, than does a minuet to a jig. The time at which the game is generally played is propitious for active and yet unfatiguing amusement—the long cool evenings of summer, when the labours of the day are over, and nothing intervenes between man and his rest-chamber less pleasant than his supper. The place seems especially set apart for quiet recreation. It is almost always a retired spot, cut off from the thoroughfares of Life, and is necessarily more or less agreeable to look at. The clean-shaven, well-rolled green, with its sloping banks of grass on the four sides, and the seats or garden-chairs with which they are usually furnished, are objects that please every eye. The situation, too, of bowling-greens is generally charming, either in its seclusion, or, if it be open, in the views which can be seen from it. When belonging to a town, they are commonly placed, for obvious reasons, in the outskirts; and if not, they are surrounded by high walls after the monastic fashion. The most beautiful bowling-greens in England are to be found at Cambridge and Oxford. Whether the monks diverted themselves with bowls, I do not know; but if so, they must have tucked up their frocks pretty high, just as a 'skip' I have in my mind's eye tucks up his coat-tails—as though the sun were his fireplace, and he were warming himself thereby as in the reading-room of his Club. How odd it must have looked to have seen them playing in their horsehair shirt-sleeves! How pleasant it must have been, when their game was over, to have refreshed themselves from the fruit-trees upon their grand old walls, or in the surrounding garden, and may-be with a flagon of good ale from the buttery hatch! What pleasant pictures of my own bygone time the thought of those old Bowling-greens calls up! The restful evenings beneath the shadow of collegiate elms, when nothing stirred the summer air save the sound of far-off chapel tinklings, and the near thud of the huge bowls—far larger than in these degenerate days are made; or at the river's side, to whose very brink we played, or watched, in pauses of the game, the fleets of shallops shooting by, and listened to the music of their oars: nor was the well-iced tankard lacking, I wot, nor eke the weed that maketh content the soul of man.

No matter: there be Bowling-greens elsewhere. I see one with my outward and physical eye; I sit, even now, upon its sloping sward, and jot these thoughts down in my note-book, while my indignant 'skip' upbraids me for my idle inattention. 'You waste your time on nothing,' cries my skip, not knowing that I am writing of himself. He is a fine sight when in the act of delivering his bowl, which he performs with a supernatural solemnity; but when it has left his hand, he becomes a wonderful spectacle. He twists his fingers as though he were making a cat's cradle, and turns his hands one over the other as though he were washing them 'with invisible soap in imperceptible water.' He wheels upon one heel for axis, and watches the progress of his bowl with an agonised expression of countenance; he inclines his body as the bias inclines the bowl; he becomes, indeed, so utterly one with that missile, that I am half surprised he does not revolve as it does, and lie on his back with his face to the sky when it has finished. If the bowl is good, he is careful to mention it, along with the information that he always sends good bowls; if bad, he remarks that the company had better watch his second attentively, for it will be worth their while, since he has never been known to give two bad ones. My honoured 'skip' has, however, only a just confidence in himself, and is the best player, perhaps, upon our Green; that is to say, with the exception of one person, whom a constitutional modesty—which has been already alluded to—prevents me from more particularly indicating.

A DARK PAGE FROM RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Few readers of Russian history will fail to remember the name of Count Alexey Orloff, one of the most prominent actors in the murder of Peter III. of Russia. But treacherous as was that deed, it loses half its blackness when compared with another committed by him at the instigation of Catharine II., widow and successor to the murdered monarch.

Catharine, not being a native Russian princess, was most desirous of removing from her path all who might be supposed likely to disturb the security of her government; and in order to effect her purpose, in one instance, she and her associate Orloff exercised a degree of fiendish ingenuity almost unparalleled in history. The unfortunate girl who excited the jealousy of Catharine was a Russian princess, and granddaughter to Peter the Great. Elizabeth II., his daughter, contracted a private marriage with Count Alexey Razumoffsky, and three children, two sons and a daughter, were the issue of this union. Of the sons, it is only necessary to say that one was accidentally killed, and the other not judged of sufficient political importance to excite either jealousy or suspicion. But it was otherwise with the young Princess Tarranakoff, the subject of our story.

The ambitious designs of the Empress Catharine with regard to Poland excited the indignation of the Polish nobles, and one of these, the Count Radzivill, conceived the design of using this young native princess as an instrument in supplanting her. For this purpose, by dint of bribing her female attendants, he secretly removed her to Poland, and thence to Italy. Many attempts were made to induce Radzivill to place the young princess in the power of Catharine; but though reduced to poverty by the confiscation of his estates, the promise of their restoration, and the offer of the most costly bribes, failed in inducing him to yield. No effect being produced by such proposals, the empress had recourse to threats. Mysterious communications were conveyed to the Polish count, intimating that ruin and misery impended over the Princess Tarranakoff, which could be averted only by his ceasing all correspondence with her. Whatever ambitious designs might have actuated Radzivill, he was most anxious for the safety of the unfortunate

girl. What could he do? Shorn of his estates and dignities, and in a foreign land, how was he to protect her from a powerful empress and most unscrupulous woman? Unhappily, he yielded to these covert menaces, and took a final leave of the princess, having first exacted a pledge from the Russian government that she should remain unmolested.

This separation effected, the most difficult part of Catharine's work was completed, and by the aid of the Count Alexey Orloff, and one of his infamous associates, the rest became easy. Though the murderer of her husband, Count Alexey retained the favour of his imperial mistress; doubtless, she found him a most useful tool in accomplishing other dark deeds, though a fouler crime than the one committed on this hapless princess could hardly disgrace human nature. When first resident at Rome, the granddaughter of Peter the Great was amply supplied with everything befitting her rank; but at the time Orloff came thither, she was almost in want, and occupying a poor lodging in a humble quarter of the city. Judge of her surprise when an elegantly attired officer called upon her to offer his services. Though he was to all appearance wealthy, and *her* situation one of actual indigence, he paid her the same respect as though she had been seated on the imperial throne. When invited to sit in her presence, he respectfully declined. 'Misfortune,' said he, 'cannot alter your claims to our respect. Can I, when you are before me, forget that the granddaughter of the illustrious Czar Peter the Great is entitled to all the homage I can offer? Is it for me, because you are in a foreign land, to forget that to you, and not to the tyrannical foreigner who occupies it, belongs the imperial throne of Russia? I have not the honour to be your countryman, but believe me, princess, I am not the less devoted to your service, in which I would freely lay down my life.'

The unfortunate princess listened with delight and thankfulness to this address. It was long since such respectful language had greeted her ears, and the departure of Radzivill had almost reduced her to despair. She answered this flattering speech in terms which proved how much pleasure it had given her, and desired to know to whom she was indebted for this solicitude respecting her welfare. To this her visitor replied: 'That his name was of little moment, since he was only the ambassador sent by some of her most influential countrymen, whose hearts bled to think that she, the descendant of one so doubly illustrious as the Czar Peter the Great had proved himself to be, should be exposed to neglect and indigence in a foreign land.' The princess being naturally curious to know the names of those whose interest was so deeply excited in her behalf, again pressed her visitor for information on this point, but he still refused to gratify her curiosity. He, however, begged permission to present one who would explain all; and having obtained it, withdrew as from the presence of a sovereign prince, having first knelt to kiss her hand.

The visitor who thus imposed on the credulity of the Princess Tarranakoff was indeed employed by one of her countrymen, he being the spy and associate of Count Alexey Orloff. The uniform in which he appeared was of course assumed for the occasion, as he was in reality a man of most infamous character, a Neapolitan by birth, and chosen as his tool by the count, because he had already committed crimes sufficient to prove that he would enter unscrupulously into the designs of that nobleman. Ribas, for that was his name, did not at once introduce Orloff to the presence of his intended victim; he repeated his visit, and finding that she was in actual need, induced her to make use of his purse, and by the respect he paid her, completely won her confidence.

Now was Orloff's time. When informed that the schemes of his emissary had proved successful, and the princess was duly prepared to listen to and believe whatever he might advance, the principal tragedian, as we may call him, appeared on the stage.

Better skilled in the ways of a court than was his emissary, the deference of the latter sank into insignificance when compared with that of his more polished employer; and so well did the latter play his part, that the princess became devotedly attached to the man whom she believed to be a model of all that was noble, good, and disinterested. In a short time, Orloff had cause for exultation in the success of his plan, for the princess readily consented to be his wife. A sham-marriage completed the deception, and was followed on the part of the princess by a brief period of unclouded happiness. Never for a moment did she suspect the imposition that had been practised upon her, but built with the most perfect faith on the affection and sincerity of him she believed to be her husband.

One day he entered her presence with an air of the greatest concern, and on her inquiring the reason of his sadness, Orloff replied: 'Ah, dearest, I may well look sorrowful, since I must leave you—you whom all here call the good and the beautiful. But who can tell how good or how beautiful you are in my eyes? You, the granddaughter of one who made himself as illustrious by his deeds as by his high station, yet deigned to bestow on me the treasure of your love.'

'Why speak of this, Alexey?' said the princess. 'My birth mattered little when you sought and found me poor—nay, in want. It was not on an illustrious princess you fixed your affections, but on a neglected and unfortunate woman. Why should we part? Can I not accompany you? Am I not your wife, and as such, is it not my pleasure to sacrifice my convenience to yours?'

It was, of course, no part of Orloff's intention to leave his wife behind, though he was desirous that she should propose to accompany him. Hitherto, she had been carefully watched, though unknown to herself, she having attributed the continual presence of the count to the devoted affection he professed for her. She was now informed that he had received a summons to join the squadron he commanded at Leghorn, and thither she also went, and was received with many demonstrations of respect. Orloff's scheme was fast approaching its completion, and the Empress Catharine, exulting in its success, prepared to shower honours on those who had laboured so zealously in her behalf.

It was a lovely day, with the blue sky only as an Italian sky can be, when the Princess Tarranakoff, escorted by her husband, stepped into a magnificent barge. Gay, and in the highest spirits, the princess laughed and chatted with her attendants, little dreaming of the horrible fate impending over her. It had been arranged that she should be permitted the indulgence of a marine excursion, and she was assisted up the side of the vessel by her obsequious husband. The lookers-on saw the sails spread without suspicion, and waved their farewells, deeming that they should soon witness the return of the party. The hapless princess, was doomed never to revisit the shores of Italy. On board the ship were none save the creatures of Orloff; and now, having his wife completely in his power, he revealed his treachery in all its blackness and fiendish ingenuity. The delicate wrists of the princess were manacled, and the granddaughter of the czar was taken back to her native land, not, as she had been led to expect, with the honours due to her rank, and the prospect of a throne, but as a wretched prisoner.

It would be utterly impossible to depict the agony of mind she must have endured during this gloomy voyage, but probably no human being ever suffered greater. For during several years after her arrival, she was the inmate of a dungeon in the Russian capital. Catharine triumphed in the success of her plan, and amply rewarded those who had too successfully

carried it out. Europe might exclaim against her, but her object was gained, and the Princess Tarrana-koff was in her power. In her dark prison-house, the unhappy young woman spent, it is said, six years, and her deliverance came in a dreadful fashion. The autumnal equinox was at hand, and a furious gale raged in St Petersburg. The angry waves of the Neva lashed the sides of the prison in which she was confined. Absorbed in sorrowful recollections, she scarcely heeded the storm, until she noticed that the floor of her dungeon was wet; then the horrible thought crossed her mind, that the river was rising. Perceiving that the water gained in height, she shrieked aloud; she strove, by every means in her power, to attract the attention of her jailer. But no human aid was at hand. She raised herself as high as possible by means of the articles of furniture in her cell, but still the waters pursued her. The whole of the ground-floor of the prison was laid under water. When the gale had passed over, and the impetuous Neva returned to its ordinary course, her jailer found only the corpse of what had been the victim of Count Alexey Orloff's treachery, and the jealous hatred of Catharina Alexiewna.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE-MATCH.

SPECIAL trains had been running from Waterloo to Wimbledon throughout the 'rifle-week,' as fast as passengers accumulated at the station. On Saturday, when the Queen's Prize was contended for, when what has been called the examination for double-first in rifle-shooting came on, crowds filled the carriages as fast as they could be got ready. We went down in the morning. Volunteers in all shades of uniform, with rifles, and pouches well stored with ammunition, were waiting on the platform, and took the train by assault as soon as it was formed. I sat opposite a gentleman in braid, with a long Enfield, and very positive opinions about the match. The carriage was full. We talked butts and projectiles all the way down. Wimbledon Station was reached in about a quarter of an hour, and we found an irregular stand of cabs waiting to take us to the common. 'Here you are, sir; Hansom! half-a-crown; two shillings.' 'Bus! plenty of room inside; shilling each.' We went by the bus. It bristled with arms, and was double loaded outside; the volunteers sitting with their legs dangling down like those of mutes on a return-hearse. There was quite a study of pendent boots from the window at which I sat. In about a mile and a half, we were set down outside a fence like a hoarding round a half-built house. Passing through the entrance, where we paid one shilling, we found ourselves on the common —a wide heath, with patches of furze, and a fringe of tents. The eye took in the arrangements at a glance. Within the fringe of tents, which contained mainly refreshments, were a row of others in pairs, about a hundred yards apart, opposite and corresponding to pairs of butts 500 yards off. These were mounds of earth, some 15 feet high, and 30 feet wide. Beyond them was a still more distant line, nearly a mile off. In front of each stood the targets—plates of iron about half an inch thick, and six feet square, white-washed, with a black centre two feet in diameter. The furthest were so distant that the centre was just visible as a little black dot not much bigger than that of an 'i.'

The tents from which the firing was going on were surrounded by crowds of people, who were kept from interfering with the shooters by a rope passed round a ring of stakes driven into the ground. The firing-tents to the right were occupied by the candidates for the Queen's Prize of L.250; those on the left were hard at work at 'Aunt Sally.' We visited these first. 'Aunt Sally' is adapted from the popular venture of that name at fairs and races. You pay a shilling for your shot, and the receipts are divided at the close of the day among those who hit the centre. I walked up to the tent opposite the third pair of butts; a crowd of gallant volunteers were waiting for their turn to shoot. The tent from which they fired in rotation was about eight feet wide, open before and behind. At the entrance, a man sat with pen, ink, and paper, ready to receive the moneys, and put down the names of those who hit the centre. Some twenty men were standing in single file, treading close on each other's heels, and shuffling forward as the turn of the leading man came to fire; after which he moved off to the right, round the tent, reloaded, and took his place again in the line —like the processions in the smaller theatres. You might fire in any position. This liberty was freely used. Some stood; some knelt in the approved Hythe posture; others sat down, and gathered up their knees as if they were going to take their place in a circle of 'Hunt the Slipper;' others lay flat down upon their stomachs. The mistakes made were occasionally odd enough. 'Hollo! sir, you have forgotten to cock your rifle.' 'You have not put up your sight.' 'That is the wrong butt you are aiming at.' One fat fellow sat down with a jolt, and fired right up into the air!

Close beside each target was a bullet-proof iron shed, shaped like the body of a Hansom cab off its wheels: in this the marker sat, and signaled the result of each shot. A dark-blue flag shewed that the centre was hit; a white one, that the white part of the target had been struck; a red, waved close to the ground, that the ball had fallen short.

Armed with a race-glass, lent to me by one of the bystanders, I sat down on the grass at the entrance of the tent, and watched the shooting. The target, I have said, was 500 yards off, and the centre two feet in diameter. No one was allowed to fire from a rest. This, then, was no child's play, though many of those present joined in it with great merriment. The party who were firing belonged to a genuine London corps; many of them, till within the last few months, never had a rifle in their hands. The shooting, however, was remarkably good. One smart young fellow was telling me how he knew nothing whatever about shooting until lately. When his turn came, he laid himself flat down on the ground, and quietly drove his bullet right into the centre—that is, he would have hit a man more than a quarter of a mile off. I stood by the tent for some time; again and again the distant flag was waved, shewing that the target had been struck; and this was the skill of men who hitherto had spent their lives behind the counter or at the desk. Think of that, ye sneering martinets and swaggering French colonels! Here were thorough-bred Cockneys, poking fun at one another, but all the while making practice that would rival or even beat the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, without seeming to think they were doing anything out of the way. A soldier alone, who stood by me, expressed any surprise.

Presently, the order came to cease firing; and the markers, waving large red flags, to indicate danger, came out of their holes, and went to dinner. Most

of the spectators turned into a huge refreshment marquee, furnished by Strange, the caterer at the Crystal Palace. All tastes were suited; you could dine at any figure at well-ordered tables, or be happy on the grass with a slice of bread and cheese and a pot of porter.

During the armistice, I walked up to the butts. For many yards in front of them the ground was covered with flakes of lead, the bullets that struck the iron having been, not flattened—that is too gentle a word—but actually splashed about. The targets were spotted all over with hits. Those untrained, inexperienced Londoners would have utterly cut up a body of horse or foot half a mile off!

When the firing began again, I went to see the conclusion of the contest for the Queen's Prize—the highest honour of the week. The competitors had already been shooting at the 800 and 900 yard ranges; and when I walked up, a party of the Scots Fusilier Guards, in undress, were fixing up the tent to fire from at the final distance of 1000 yards. The target was also in this case white, with a centre two feet in diameter. It looked hopelessly distant.

Imagine yourself standing at the Oxford Street circus, and expected to hit a tea-tray in Tottenham Court Road.

There was quite a purple haze, that made the butt look like a distant hill, the target shewing like a white cottage at its foot with one small window.

Thousands of spectators had now assembled to watch the progress, or rather final struggle, of the match. The signal-flags were so distant, that many would not trust their naked eyes, but used a telescope.

In a very short time, the strife became exceedingly interesting. Mr Ross and another gentleman were ahead of the rest, and equal. It was Mr Ross's turn. He knelt down, aimed deliberately, and pulled the trigger. Alas! his rifle was only at half-cock. This threw him out for a minute. Several voices, sympathetically enough, said: 'Ah, now he will miss.' A shade of nervousness crossed his mind. His close competitor, strung up to the tightest strain of excitement, lay down flat upon the grass, and hid his face. Ross, having now cocked his rifle, missed, as was predicted.

The other gentleman picked himself up from the ground, and came forward. See! he kneels down, steadies himself upon his heel, and puts his rifle to his shoulder. No—not yet—something dazzles him. He takes it down for a moment, and passes his hand over his eyes. Another aim—crack! Yes—up goes the white flag; the target is hit—he is one ahead.

Now, Mr Ross, this is the crisis of your fame: miss, and you lose the prize; hit the centre, and you win—that will count two, and leave you victor by one point. It is a trying moment. The little dot on the white target seems to move further off; you can barely see it; but to hit it, with that small candle-end of lead you have just pushed into your rifle, shade of Robin Hood, behold! Now for nerves of steel, and a pulseless heart.

All hold their breath. The marker's hand stops midway with fresh-dipped pen; the very policemen on duty shade their eyes with their palms to catch sight of the possible signal. The gallant young volunteer kneels coolly down in the door of the tent, and raises his rifle. Crack! a puff of smoke; no other sound breaks the silence. No!—yes, yes, it *is* the dark flag; he *has* struck the centre, that little hopeless dot, no bigger than a parasol, nearly a mile off; and the suppressed breath of the multitude bursts forth into a well-earned cheer.

After this, he shot off one or two ties, and established his victory.

And now fresh bodies of volunteers came pouring into the common, dusty, and, to judge of the rate at which they rushed into the refreshment-booth, when they had piled arms, thirsty as sand.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

The blue of the forget-me-not
Is blossoming in the sky,
The gentian-flower's most inner heart
Hath not so deep a dye;
'Tis purest sapphire liquefied,
That glows in glory and in pride.

The young leaves on the elder rods
Shine with a thin soft gold;
The cock, the farmyard Sultan,
Struts in the sunshine bold,
Transparent crimson all his crest,
Red brasen plumes upon his breast.

A Sabbath stillness fills the air:
The very larks aloft,
Scaling the white rose-puffs of cloud,
Are singing hushed and soft;
With pious meditation, feed
The tranquil cows in the green mead.

Patient and blind, with Samson strength,
The village church doth stand,
The hearse-plume yew its only kith
In all this English land,
The warder for long centuries
Of these poor country crofts and leas.

The rainbow glass has gone to dust,
The dial's lightning-rent,
The weather-cock upon the roof
Is crazed and tempest-bent;
The weather-beaten tower stands there,
Rapt in its long unceasing prayer.

A curious latticing of shade
Under the windows falls
A flickering of the yew-tree's gloom
Wavering on mouldy walls.
You hear the black-birds in the calm,
Between the pauses of the psalm.

The sunshine on the battered tombs
Sheds benedictions—smiles,
That passing, bless the children there
Sitting along the aisles;
While swallows underneath the eaves
Chatter about the coming leaves.

The vicar for a moment stops—
The thrushes in the laurels
Break in upon the half-read hymn
With snatches of their carols;
The sparrow on the window sill
Chirps with much love, but little skill.

On Sundays, how brave faces crowd
As the old bell tolls in!
Glossy their hair, happy their eyes,
Rich crimson brown their skin—
Pulling their forelocks down, they go,
What time the organ 'gins to blow.

W. T.

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MY POLICEMAN.

We are prone to acquisitiveness and appropriation. Egotism is a rampant vanity. The human being delights to speak of '*my* banker,' '*my* bootmaker,' '*my* lawyer,' '*my* church,' '*my* hair-dresser,' &c., as though he were personally the mainstay and support of all those institutions, and their sole mission was to promote his solace and comfort. He is very nearly saying '*my* world,' '*my* sun,' '*my* stars,' '*my* moon;' but he contents himself with thinking so, and acting accordingly. It is perhaps hard to realise how infinitesimally small is our share in the services of the man who even makes boots for us, not to touch upon those larger subjects, the planets, and other such accommodations; how many customers he serves, how many feet he fits, how many boots come off his lasts, how many pages there are in his ledger, with our name only on one of them; yet we are apt to contemplate that convenient, if sometimes urgent tradesman, very much as appertaining wholly to ourselves, as part of the trappings and vassalage of our dignity, and importance, and position in the state. I suppose this has ever been so, and ever will be to the end of the chapter. Little Totty up stairs, limited in her vocabulary, can yet utter, loudly if not fluently, '*my* nurse,' '*my* new *sooes*,' 'my mam-ma,' and 'my dad-da.' Tommy at the declensions, talks boldly and bluntly of '*my* schoolmaster,' '*my* class,' and '*my* school-fellows.' Even the gentlemen with the screened faces and the numbered tickets on their bosoms, whom I have seen, in grim illustrations, as taking cheerless promenades up and down the yard of Pentonville Model Prison, speak doubtless, each of them, of '*my* judge,' '*my* jury,' '*my* counsel,' and '*my* turnkey.' Of course, in the good society of which you and I, reader, are prominent members, we don't hear the last sort of expressions, and have no need, happily, of such offices; though I had once the misfortune to know a person who spoke constantly and confidently of *his* pawnbroker; however, *he* was a medical student; and afterwards, or perhaps contemporaneously, an insolvent; and next, a billiard-marker; and then a steward on a Sheerness steamboat; subsequently departing to California, and disappearing altogether. But this is a digression; I am about to relate how I identified with myself a very useful member of the social scheme, how, quite honestly and properly, and without the slightest reference to the worthy 'sitting magistrate,' I began to regard an inferior officer of justice as 'my policeman.'

For two hours I had been leaning on the sill of an open second-floor window, with my eyes incessantly drawn to one object. If my attention had wandered at all, it had been but momentarily. It was night, with the moon up, and I had occasionally, perhaps, glanced at that orb, noting cursorily the white gauze cloudlets gather to it, like moths around a candle, and melt, and pass away. But this had been only idly, vacuously. I had soon dropped down again to earth, and settled on a man below in the street, leaning against a lamp-post, with his face upturned to me. A policeman, decidedly. I could detect a shine on the top of his hat; yes, and his belt, and the well-known shape of his great-coat. Now, I was not nervous about burglars. I had little alarm as to the house being broken into—my stake in the tenement being small; I was 'only a lodger.' It was not, then, any great joy to me to know that the state was always, as it were, looking thus carefully after my interests, or what it imagined to be such. I did not require all this unremitting attention; I did not want a policeman all to myself. I felt that, as a householder even, it was a redundancy; and that, with due regard to my position as a lodger on the second floor, it was simply preposterous. Besides, it is possible, we all know, to have an overplus even of a good thing. There is danger in excess, even in excess of security. A life may be insured to such an extent as to render it well worth the next of kin's making away with; a glorious ally may render a nation such powerful support that the very aid becomes a peril; we may tie up our money so tightly as never to be able to get at it again; we may so arm the house with ammunition as to make it absolutely combustible. To be too sure, is to be unsafe. A policeman eternally protecting me—really, there was something in it rather alarming.

And what had I done, more than any other citizen, to entitle me to this extra regard? I was simply sitting at an open second-floor window, in a quiet London street, and, I admit it—for the whole case must come into court—smoking my pipe. I am in favour of that position for full fumous enjoyment. I know that the best *when* and *where* are moot-points with smokers; that some cleave to smoking up a chimney, some in bed, others—epicures—in a hot bath; I declare for the open window. There is a pleasant air of compromise about it, a serene blending of the within and the without. In fact, it is part of this history that I was, rightly or wrongly, smoking at an open window at midnight, when my attention was drawn to the policeman in the street below.

Now, it is possible—for I decline to impeach my neighbours, or to suggest insinuations to their prejudice—it is possible, I say, that my conduct was unusual and improper, and, as such, worthy the attention of the police. A conscientious constable, in the

discharge of his duties, might not be able to overlook the strangeness of my proceedings. Without any precise legal enactment on the subject, there might be a strong police-feeling that smoking at an open window at midnight was not a becoming thing, and excited suspicion, and called for attention and disapproval. But still, did it need, and I longed to put it so to the indefatigable officer—did it need so earnest a supervision? And if necessary to-night, was it indispensable last night, and the night before that? for on all these occasions have I smoked at my window, and has a policeman watched me from below?

The night was very quiet; no wind, no passers-by in the street, no clattering cab-wheels—only the dumb moon above, with its pallid, ghostly shine, and that immovable, staring, stony policeman below. A sense of awe began to steal over and possess me, and I fell into a sorrowful contemplation of my circumstances, and of what this thing might mean. I believe I am voted stupid at certain tea-tables; and I know that Captain Lansquenet (old Norman family, one of her Majesty's gentlemen-at-arms—served in Spain, Mexico, Cuba, Servia—was one of the Nizam's body-guard—held a commission from the Sultan—is spotted with orders and decorations on occasions—a fire-eater, in fact—and a very good hand at cards) openly spoke of me at the club as a 'muff,' after my celebrated revoke at whist. It was before Sacharissa jilted me, and married the bank-director; and I confess I was rather abstracted at the time. I did not resent the remark; I will not trouble the reader with the reasons why I did not; suffice it, they were very good. Can it be that I have involuntarily and unconsciously rendered myself amenable to the laws? Am I a criminal without knowing it? What have I done? Am I a bigamist? Scarcely that, I think; for there are all my letters to Sacharissa, tied up neatly with pink ribbon, just as they came back from her, when our engagement was broken off. I have written much, and foolishly enough, I daresay; but surely I have not signed any one else's name; I am not a forger. Have I received stolen goods? I glance round the room—anxiously, I confess. Is there any alien property here to which another can lay claim, and straightway charge me with fraudulent appropriation? No, it cannot be. These are my chattels, all, and fairly—the water-colour sketch of me over the fireplace—*C. Blithers, fecit*, in the corner. He flattered me, I think. He was a good-natured creature, was Charles, before he married, and we quarrelled. Or perhaps I was thinner then. My desk, my flute, which the unmusical wretch on the first floor sent up to beg I would desist from playing while he was in the house, or he would come up and make me (What *did* he mean?); my walking-stick, my ink-stand, my writing-chair, my Britannia metal tea-pot, the hat with the glazed surface I wore during that dreadful yachting mistake with Rattlin (of the Stamp-office); and up in a corner the pile of copies of my book—not a success, I own—returned unsold, from my publishers: surely all these are mine, honestly enough. Let me review my life. What sin of the past have the Eumenides awoke? Am I so callously criminal that I do not even know when I do wrong? What a lost creature I must be! Let me think. I was not attentive at school; I did not improve the shining hours as I might have done, I feel—and I think I owed the pieman money when I left. I remember now that I certainly did so, and I never sent down the amount of his claim, or my address. And I misrepresented the amount of my income to Sacharissa's papa—which was the more unfortunate, as he was the tax-collector in my district—and I was heavily assessed, and contributed excessively to the revenue of the country in consequence. Yet these are not things of which the law takes cognizance. In what have I offended? I did not leave a card after that grand uncomfortable banquet at Porkins's. I am afraid I rather avoided the Misses Porkins on Sunday last in Kensington Gardens. I am in bad odour with the Hodgkinsons (of Spencer Place, Brixton), because I did not produce the regulation knife, spoon, and fork, when they would make me godfather to little Bella Hodgkinson. I reviewed Bathurst's poems rather savagely; I was bilious at the time, and I do *not* like Bathurst. However that has nothing to do with this matter. Those are not things that would come before a judge at *Nisi Prius*. It cannot really be that I am a criminal; and I shiver as a vision passes before me of a police report: 'A respectable-looking man brought before the magistrate, charged with the following extraordinary conduct'—'that the worthy magistrate declined to deal summarily with the offence'—'applause in court, with difficulty suppressed'—'bail refused'—'the prisoner taken away in the van'—a crushing leader in a morning newspaper, beginning, 'Another of those colossal swindlers who periodically convulse the monetary world,' &c.—agonising interviews with an attorney, who fully believes in the guilt of his client, and prepares accordingly an absurdly sophistical defence. Serjeant Handy retained for the prisoner—Dandy, Q. C., being retained by the other side—'Gentlemen of the jury'—'the prisoner at the bar'—sensation—'Guilty, my lord'—'penal servitude for fourteen years.' Then a man comes to cut my hair, and to crop off my whiskers, and another bears on his arm a prison suit. I shiver all over; I begin to reckon how old I shall be when the term of punishment has expired. Yes; I am so and so now—I shall be so and so then. Dear me—quite old! And then I collect myself, and pull down my waistcoat. I am innocent!—they cannot touch me; I defy them!—let them do their worst; and—— I look out of the window, and find that the policeman has never moved, but is still leaning against the lamp-post, staring at me from below.

What can it mean? I find my telescope, and in a nautical manner, endeavour to make him out more distinctly. I bought it during my courtship of Sacharissa—in sand-slippers—at Margate. It is not a very good glass. I think the shopman found me preoccupied, and took me in. I cannot perceive the policeman much more clearly, still I gaze at him prolongedly; and at last my pent-up feelings carry me away, and I call out to him, loudly, excitedly, 'Hi!'

But he does not move; he makes no sign. Surely he *must* hear me. I shout again; I gesticulate; I am noisy—disgracefully, unneighbourly so. But there is no corresponding action on the part of the policeman. He might be a stuffed specimen of a constable, he is so silent and motionless; he *ought* to be a stuffed specimen, railed in at a museum, with a label in front of him, addressed to the spectator: 'You are requested not to touch,' his conduct is so wanting in life and police-manliness—so incompatible with the proper performance of his duties. I begin to think that, after all, he can only be a fictitious, and not a real figure; and I long—as one always does at museums, in spite or in consequence of the label referred to—I long to touch him. I am naturally curious, perhaps; but it seems to me that, given an imitation policeman, it is a matter of importance to ascertain all about so unusual a postulate; to examine it well, discover whether the stuffing is hay or horsehair; whether the face is made of wax, or wood, or gutta-percha, or the vague material known as composition. My inquisitiveness becomes unbearable; positively, I will sally forth, and sift this thing to the bottom. Out I rush, accoutred as I am, only adding the glazed covered yachting-hat to the existing conditions of my toilet. I have on a Turkish-patterned dressing-gown; and my appearance at the moment when I advance to the policeman is something between that of Mr Mantalini, and Mr Cooke,

as Jack Junk, in the favourite drama of the *Floating Beacon*.

I pause a little in front of the object of my inquiry, and proceed towards him with caution. Gradually I find myself close to him. I accomplish this quite uninterruptedly. I perceive that he is asleep—fast asleep—his eyes half open in a queer peering way, not staring, as I had imagined, when contemplating him from above. He takes no more heed of me than he did when I was up stairs. I determine to wake him. But a question arises as to the better manner of accomplishing this. If I rouse him violently, he may awake, and charge me with assaulting or obstructing him, and I may finish the night in the station-house. I touch him tenderly, therefore, and whisper loudly in his ear a certain familiar policeman phrase: 'From information I received.'

The effect is magical. He starts up; he assumes an erect posture.

'Hullo!'

'This won't do, you know.' I affect a tone of firm but not unkind remonstrance.

'I beg your pardon, sir; it's all right.'

'Why don't you go on your regular beat? What do you do always standing here? Why don't you go about feeling the door-handles in the regular way? What's the good of your coming out here to go to sleep against the lamp-post?'

There was some alarm on his face, some expression of remorse and shame when I commenced; but he relaxed into a grin as I finished, and he toyed with his whiskers coolly, carelessly.

'Blessed if I did not think it was the inspector at first! It's you, is it, sir? Well, that's funny too.'

'What's funny? Do you know me?'

'Know you! why, of course I do. I've known you for ever so long. Why, I'm here to have my eye on you;' and he laughed lustily.

'And why, pray, are you to have your eye on me?' I inquire angrily, anxiously. He did not answer directly; as a rule, I find constables do not.

'You live up there, where the light is, two pair front, you do. You sit a-smoking there, all hours, you do; I've seen you, bless you, often; and you read books and things at the winder; and you used to play the flute at one time, you did; I've heard you. My eye, you are a flat at the flute!' and he grinned again.

'And is that *why* you come here to watch me?' I inquire ironically.

'Well, if you ask me, it ain't. You see, this here is how it is: we've put you under sur-*wi*-lance.'

'What? It's not possible.'

'It *is* a lark, and no mistake.' He seemed intensely amused.

'What have I done? Do they take me for a traitor? Do they think me capable of conspiring against the state; of seeking, for one moment, to undermine the glorious constitution of this free and enlightened country?' A fine glow of indignation came over me, and I felt eloquent; and was so.

'Well, it isn't that quite. You see, it's been put about—I won't say by whom—but it *has* been put about—that you're a smasher;' and he laughed more heartily than ever.

'A what?'

'Well, there *has* been a good number of bad half-crowns about of late; very neatly done, too, they are, I will say that for them. But there—it's dry work talking—and what's the use of it when it's done?' He rubbed his hand across his lips.

I thought I knew what that meant.

'Wait a minute;' and I re-entered the house, to come out presently with a jug. There was the sound as of some one drinking.

'Here's luck! This is tidy, this is stiffish, you know; but I think more water would spoil it. Here's luck, and Polly!'

He nodded, and grinned, and drank with great gusto.

'Polly? Who's Polly? What has *she* got to do with it?'

'Well, you ain't a bad sort; I don't so much mind if I put you up to a move. Polly's your servant.'

'Well?'

He went through a series of extraordinary grimaces, expressive of cunning, and admiration, and suppressed emotion.

'You love her?' I inquired, rather sternly perhaps; for it behoved me, as a second-floor lodger, to set my face against any tampering with the affections of a member of the household. The policeman deemed the question to be too forcibly or sentimentally put; he hesitated.

'Well, leastwise I keep company with her; and she's a fine gal, I will say that for her. Weighs a good ten stone, I should say, if she's an ounce.'

Had he been a cannibal conning a victim, he could not have spoken with greater relish of the weight of his future wife.

A word or two about this young woman. She was of great size and muscle, and from the west of England. We called her Mary Ann. This name, the policeman gave me to understand, affection had condensed into Polly. She was not handsome, but of exceeding good-nature, clever at scouring floors and hard rough work generally; of a heavy hand, in which tumblers, and wine-glasses, and egg-cups seemed to break as of themselves, plates and dishes to glide from her, and fall shattered on the floor in suicidal efforts to escape her violence. She was of amazing strength; and a legend was current in the house of her having on one occasion carried a weighty chest of drawers all the way from the back kitchen to the front attic on her head. She was celebrated for her splendid manner of lifting down heavy trunks from the tops of cabs, to the astonishment even of the drivers of those vehicles—and your cabman is not readily astonished. She had red hair; on the back of her head, a cap of rusty black net, generally perched like an ill-defined filmy bird, with a tendency sometimes to fly away altogether when Mary Ann moved rapidly. In colour, her face oftentimes matched her cap. She had arms like a gladiator, and she wore black stockings and carpet slippers. And my policeman loved her.

'You see, I come from her part of the country—that's how it was—that's what begun it. She ain't the sort of girl as takes up with anybody, I can tell you. I had a deal of trouble with her—no end of snubbing. "She didn't want any keeping company, or such rubbish," she says; "get out with you, and let me clean my winders;" and she does; she cleans every winder in that house, and well too—not a lick and a promise—and there's a many of them. But when I says I'm Cornish, lor! you should have seen her—such a change; and so we settled the thing—in time;' and the policeman stopped.

'But how about your going to sleep?' He grinned at this.

'Lor! it's simple enough; only people don't think of it, and don't try it, and don't know of it. You've been asleep lying, haven't you? Yes, and sitting? You never did it standing up? Well, it's just as easy—ah, and walking about too, when you've got into the way of it. I can sleep anyhow, I can—walking, running—ah, standing on my head, turning summersets, I shouldn't wonder, though I never tried it.'

'Do many policemen do it?'

'Well, I don't know. I don't like for to go committing of others, you understand; but it's my private opinion, as there's a deal of work done in this country by people asleep, though it ain't generally understood, and they don't understand it theirselves. They get into the way of it, and go about doing their work just as I do—trying the doors, and flashing the lantern about, and looking after suspicious characters

and cats, and hard asleep all the while—ah, and dreaming, if you come to that. *I* ain't the only policeman as is up to that, I can tell you; there 's many more in my division I could name if I liked, but I won't?'

'But don't the dishonest take advantage of this?'

There was a wondrous mixture of affability and cunning, with a slight infusion of pity, in the smile with which he replied to my query. I put it again more forcibly.

'How can you stop a burglary while you 're asleep?'

'Well, the prigs is up to a good many pinches of snuff, but not to all of them.' (A mysterious expression, I submit it as I heard it, but am not quite clear as to its meaning.) 'Besides, you see it don't always pay to stop a burglary.'

'You may receive a knock of the head,' I suggested.

'You may get a topper, of course'—he seemed to prefer his own form of expressing the same idea—'it isn't *that* so much. But people hardly say, "Thank you;" the prisoner gets his penal servitude, or what not, and the constable gets just nothing. But *after* a burglary you 're thought something of; and there 's open house, go in and have what you like—and talk it over, that 's what people enjoys—and look at the doors and winders, and smell the bolts, and poke into keyholes, and seem as if you 'd got something about it inside your head, but wasn't going to let it out, not for ever so. And then there 's the "hue and cry" and the "dedective" employed, and people gets kidded on ever so; and there 's always a knife and fork for you as long as you can keep it up, and talk about being "on the scent." It lasts a good time, does a right-down burglary. How uncommon good this jug is, to be sure!'

It seemed to me I was obtaining extraordinary insight regarding police-policy.

'But you don't even walk about; you lean up against that lamp-post, and go to sleep.' He meditated over this for some time.

'The fact is,' he confessed, rather gloomily, 'that since it 's come over me about Polly, I ain't the man I was; I can't command myself as I used to. I go off to sleep, and yet I can't get through my work in the old regular way. I'm drawn here, that 's how it is, willy-nilly, like a fish at the end of a line. *She* draws me—I can't help myself.'

'Haven't you ever been caught?'

'Well, the fact is, I have. The inspector came up one night'——

'Yes, and'——

'I put it on him about *you* being a smasher, and so pulled through.'

'You did, did you; then I say how dare you'——

'Hush! here he is; take the jug'—this in a hurried whisper; then angrily, loudly, as though desirous of being overheard: 'Get on; I won't have it—it 's no use; be off!' in a policeman's most peremptory manner, the while winking a furtive understanding with myself.

I heard the tramp of approaching footsteps—the inspector going his rounds. I fled precipitately, re-entered my house, regained my rooms. I looked again from the window; the inspector had evidently passed on satisfied. My policeman had resumed his old attitude; he was again leaning against the lamp-post asleep.

And he loved, that very knowing man, who slept and dreamed, and yet fulfilled his duty, going on his beat in the regular way—a scarecrow, a painted policeman, a semblance, not a reality, yet apparently as efficacious as the genuine article, until Love found him out, and transfixed him at his post. And *she* loved, too, Mary Ann, the Cornish maiden, of the iron arms, of the manly biceps; she loved him—hence the vanishment of my Macassar Oil, the marvellous evaporation of my Eau-de-Cologne. (I have arrived at that time of life when, as a bachelor, it is necessary to pamper and preserve my appearance a little.) I had noticed that Mary Ann had taken to the adornment of her person. What a brooch she had on on Sunday! what an exuberant manifesto in mosaic gold! And she is leaving off her cap, taking to a net, I believe of *chenille*, but am doubtful about feminine materials. And her bonnet! I had nourished at one time incendiary designs against it, like an injured agriculturist before his injurer's rick. Yes, she too loved.

An imperious defiant servant—very bent upon scouring, and dusting, and cleaning, but not possessing a mind for much beyond. She always seemed to me to object to my presence, as an inconvenience and obstruction in the way of cleaning purposes. I think she would have preferred my being a chair or table, so that she might have flapped about me with a duster, or scrubbed me with a viciously hard brush. In her eyes, my humanity was a misfortune for which I was perhaps to be rather pitied than punished; but still she objected to my having breakfast, because it made crumbs, or ascending what she called *her* stairs in muddy boots; and I know that the litter of papers sometimes disfiguring my apartments, annoyed her grievously. I was perpetually undoing her work; was, in fact, an untidying, as she was a tidying machine; and she regarded me from an antagonistic point of view in consequence.

She slammed doors violently; she brought the tea-tray down on the table with a cruel clatter—particularly maddening if I happened to be writing or reading at the time, and the disturbance jarred on me unexpectedly. She was a hard woman.

'Do that again,' I cried, much exasperated by a more than ordinary clamour, 'and I'll tell Z 18 of you.'

I hardly knew what I was saying. The effect upon her was remarkable; she turned pale.

'Lor! why, how did you?'—— But she did not continue—she was too much overcome; she left the room softly and silently, quite a changed creature.

She regarded me wonderingly after that; she seemed unable to comprehend how I had become the master of her secret affection for 'my policeman.' She broke no more wine-glasses, she slammed the door not once after that, she never complained again about *her* stairs, or the litter in my room. I was better than a chair or a table in her eyes thenceforward.

Soon after, she left her place—to be married, as was rumoured amongst the lodgers; and I lost sight of my policeman. He neglected the lamp-post. It was evident I was released from surveillance.

Some time in the summer before last, I was going on a railway journey; an official in a uniform, with a tremendous beard and a red scarf, was aiding me with my luggage. He was quite obsequious about it, entered the carriage with me, and groped under the seat, depositing my travelling-bag. That accomplished, he looked towards me with a peculiar expression.

'The servants of the company ain't allowed to receive gratooities under any pretence whatever,' he remarked.

I thought I recollected his wink. 'Z 18,' I said.

'I knew you directly I set eyes on you. Thank you, sir; much obliged. You 're just the same. Yes, I 've cut peelering. I think this is a better line. Do I sleep as much as I did? Well, there *is* a good deal of it about.'

'Amongst signal and points men?' I asked.

'Rather, occasionally. That *was* an accident on Tuesday.'

'I hope the engine-driver is all right for this trip?'

'Well, he 's a wide-awake man generally. I don't think he often dozes much by his boiler—only a little now and then, perhaps, *in the tunnels!*'

This was a comfortable reflection for a traveller.

Soon the train began to move.

'How 's Polly?' I asked.

He whispered his reply. 'She 's an uncommon woman, that 's what she is. *Twins*, sir, and made nothing of it.'

That was the last occasion of my meeting 'my policeman.'

A PARADISE OF FOOLS.

The love of narcotics and intoxicating compounds is so universal, it may almost count as an instinct. Every nation has it in a greater or less degree; some in the shape of opium, some of smoke, some in drink, some in snuff; but from the equator to the snow-line, it exists—a trifle changed in dress, according to the climate, but always the same need, always the same desire. Kings have decreed punishments on the secular side; priests have anathematised on the spiritual; lawmakers have sought to pluck out the habit, root and branch, from their people; but all to no good—man still goes on smoking, snuffing, and chewing; putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, and finding immense satisfaction in a practice that makes him both an invalid and a madman, and never quits him till it has laid him fairly in the grave.

The practice of self-stupefaction dates far back. Those terrible shaggy old Scythians made a paradise for themselves out of the fumes of burning hemp-seeds; the Greeks had their nepenthes and their henbane; the Romans knew the virtues of opium and the black drop; and their Locusta, the Tofana of her age, could carve out a way for an enemy's death, as pleasant in its course as it was certain in its end. Lethe itself might have been only the poetic name for the prose idea of a huge river of laudanum—like a child's imagination of a world of cake; and the Delphic ravings were perhaps caused by certain fumes of an intoxicating character, whose precise name is unknown. Later down in the great tide of life, we find Paracelsus founding his fame and influence on the unpublished properties of opium; and what was half the necromancy of the dark ages but bang and hachshish, and the rest of the magic compounds of a like nature? In the East, until opium was discovered, and, indeed, independently of opium, hemp has been the great madman-maker. Hemp, which in Europe means fibrous mats and the toughest of cordage, is there a soft fibreless plant, saturated with narcotic juices, and of no textile value whatever. There is the same difference, also, between the hemp of North and South America; tropical heat converting ropes into bang, by some mysterious process of nature as yet kept secret. Besides making hachshish or bang, hemp performs the functions of tobacco, and is sometimes smoked in very unorthodox pipes, such as cows' horns, gourds, cocoa-nuts, and the like. But this tobacco is made only after the resinous juice—which is the narcotic—has been taken away; and this is done in some parts of India in rather a strange manner. Men clothed in leather dresses rush violently through a plantation of hemp, brushing the plants this way and that, so that the soft resin, called *churrus*, adheres to the leather; it is afterwards scraped off and kneaded into balls, the selling value of which is five or six shillings the pound. In Nepaul, a finer kind is gathered delicately by the hand, and sells at double the amount of that got by the leathern dresses of the rest of India. The Persians collect their churrus by pressing the plant between coarse cloths, the resinous juice on which can be scraped off, as from the leather; the churrus of Herat is considered the most powerful of all the varieties of the drug. Hemp resin, when pure, is blackish gray in colour, fragrant but narcotic in odour, slightly warm, bitter, and acrid in flavour. The famous hachshish, which makes men mad with joy, and leaves them mad with despair, is a dark-green, bitter, highly perfumed preparation of this churrus, of about the consistence of sirup; and of effects that may well pass for miraculous. No other drug has such a potent influence on the brain as this; none seems to affect the imagination so entirely. Dr Moreau once took a dose, just before going to the opera, and it seemed to him that he was three hours in getting through the passage (he was probably not three minutes). M. de Saulcy took a dose, the effects of which lasted the whole day; that day seemed to him to have been a hundred years. Half the *Arabian Nights*' stories introduce hachshish—not always by name—as one of their means of action; and some people say they were composed under its influence. Acting as it does on the imagination, it produces all kinds of strange, wild, and consecutive visions, sometimes very beautiful, sometimes very terrible.

Afreets and jinns are daily companions with the Eastern takers of hachshish; they hold long conversations together, make far journeys, see wondrous sights, live through eventful lives, all the time that the poor wretch is lying drunk in his fool's paradise upon the straw, and spending, on unsubstantial visions, the wealth and energy which should have gone to build up a noble and useful life. Those fits of delirium, often repeated, close finally in disease and madness—a sad realistic ending to the sensations of indescribable happiness, the thrillings of immeasurable incommunicable joy, the elastic frame, the teeming brain, the atmosphere of love and glory, and divinest beauty, which make up the sum of those hachshish dreams.

The Assassins of the Mountain, of whom every one has heard, were simply Hachshischins, or the takers of hachshish; but their hempen madness generally choosing a turbulent and aggressive outfall, leading them to the somewhat unpleasant demonstration of cutting their neighbours' throats, the name came gradually to be synonymous with all bloodthirsty and riotous people whatever, and, in English, was corrupted into assassins—hachshischins, or the takers of hachshish—men ever ready for some impromptu act of violence and murder.

The Sheik Haider, chief of the ascetics of his day, was the discoverer of the dangerously delightful properties of hemp. For ten years he had lived in the monastery of the Fakirs, a recluse from man and pleasure, but one day he chanced to go out into the fields alone. When he returned, he was a changed man—gay, blithe, communicative; in nothing resembling the gloomy saint who had wandered forth into the fields, dull of brain and dead of heart, to whom life was a long act of penance, and joy a thing of the past. He told his friends that he had seen a plant which had seemed to dance in the sunlight; that, struck with its appearance, he had eaten some of its leaves, when, on the instant, earth was transformed to paradise, and love and beauty flowed where only stupor and stagnation had crept before. His companions went with him to the place, found the plant dancing in the heat, ate the leaves like their sheik, and were confirmed hachshischins for evermore. The sheik was accustomed to take his portion steeped in wine, and the bright green tint it gave to the liquor was the

meaning of 'the emerald cup,' so celebrated in Eastern poetry. This discovery of the intoxicating properties of hemp was in the year of the Flight 658. Twenty-two years afterwards, the severest ordinances were passed against the hempites. Their teeth were knocked out: they were persecuted and maltreated; and the famous valley or garden of Djoneina, where all the inhabitants were given over to the practice, was rooted up and laid desolate. But man's desires were stronger than legal enactments. In twelve years' time after this raid, the users and abusers of hemp were as powerful and numerous as ever; and now the problem would be to find an Eastern who has not, at some time or other, known by experience the fascinating effects of hachshish. It is even creeping into America; and men with turn-down collars and whittled sticks send themselves into a state of stupor and delirium by means of the same drug as that which made the Assassins of the Mountain so terrible, and gave the world some of the best stories in Scherzerazade's collection.

The Hindoos make several preparations of the plant and juice. After it has flowered, and the resinous juice been extracted, the dried plant is made into bundles two feet long, and three inches in diameter, each bundle containing twenty-four plants, which are sold for smoking. The larger leaves and capsules, without the stalks, are called Bang, Subjee, and Sidhee, and make, first, an intoxicating drink; next, an intoxicating tobacco; and thirdly, an intoxicating conserve called majoon—a lozenge-shaped mass of butter, flour, milk, sugar, and bang, sweet and pleasant to the taste, and of potent properties. One dram of majoon is enough for a beginner, but an old hand may venture on three. Almost all kinds of carnivora eat this conserve greedily, and become ludicrously drunk in consequence. The Hindus sometimes mix the seeds of the datura with their hachshish, with what specific effect is not quite clear. The eaters of hachshish have almost always voracious appetites; and, in some instances, the effect of hallucination and delirium ends at a moment, abruptly and without gradation; in others, it passes off gradually, and by a painful effort.

Dr Heinrich took a dose of a very powerful kind, called *Birmingi* (the laughter-producer) *macht keif*, got at Bucharest in hard black tablets, very smooth, inodorous, insipid, and tough, becoming, on mastication, a pappy mass, which in time dissolves, and leaves a crumbling solid substance as a residuum. The doctor took ten grains, and the dose began to operate in about an hour and a half. He met an acquaintance in the town, where he had gone, and to him he talked incoherent nonsense; his face and eyes were red and inflamed, and everything he saw or did had a ludicrous aspect. Suddenly, he became pale and sad, his excitement and pleasure faded, and the whole world seemed dead, gray, cold, and narrow; his blood was boiling, and seemed to surge to his head like a heated fountain. He drank cold water, and bathed his head and neck also in cold water, and for a time was better, but in five minutes the attack was renewed. He thought he was dying, and spoke of his dissection; and so he continued for three days, with intermittent attacks, growing gradually less severe, but the effects not passing entirely away until long after.

The 'gift,' as the Turks call opium, plays even a more important part in the paradise of fools. It is a more sleepy serpent than bang, more deadly, and less delicious; still its votaries are just as devoted as the others, and its reign as deplorably universal. But it has, as a set-off against its hideous evil, a counterbalance of good; the gift stands between the angel and the demon, with a considerable leaning, however, to the demoniac side. When fresh, opium-juice is of a pinkish colour; this juice is placed in shallow vessels, to allow a coffee-coloured liquid to drain off, when (in Benares) it is dried to the required consistence by exposure to air in the shade; in Malwah, it is immersed in linseed oil; and in Turkey, it is beaten up with saliva, a process almost as nasty as the Friendly Islanders' cava, to which we shall come presently. It is prepared for the market in various forms. The Bengal opium is made into balls of three and a half pounds-weight, about the size, each, of a child's head, coated with poppy-leaves, fastened together by the lewah, or coffee-coloured liquid drained off in the shallow saucers. Garden Patna opium is in square cakes, one inch thick, and three in diameter, wrapped in thin plates of mica. Malwah opium is in round flattened cakes, ten ounces in weight, packed in 'boosa,' or coarsely powdered poppy petals—sometimes packed in nothing at all. Cutch opium is in small cakes, an inch in diameter, enclosed in fragments of leaves. Kandeish opium is in round flattened cakes, weighing half a pound. Egyptian opium is also in round flattened cakes, about an inch in diameter, covered with the vestiges of some leaf. Persian opium is in sticks, six inches long, and half an inch in diameter, covered with smooth satiny paper, and tied with cotton. Smyrna opium is both round and flattened, in cakes of irregular weight, and covered with the capsules of a species of dock. And Constantinople opium is either in large irregular cakes, or small regular convex balls, covered with poppy-leaf, and two inches or so in diameter. Of all these kinds, the English market receives most gladly the Smyrna opium. Besides these, there are various adulterations, some of them being balls of Madras tobacco, with an inside of sand, the balls neatly made, and rubbed over with a watery solution of *chandu* (the extract for smoking obtained from the pure opium); and others mere cakes of refuse, admirably pounded and washed, so as to resemble the real thing to all save the unbelieving Frank, with his accursed tests and infidel microscope.

The opium used for smoking is an after-preparation—a purified process, by which all the irritating matter is got rid of, and only the soothing and soporific qualities remain. This smoking opium, or chandu, is got, among other ways, by intense heat, and requires much care in the process. The men who work at it lead a strange life of physical discomfort and mental excitement; half-dead with heat in the day, drunk with arrack at night, and, as some say, though others deny, in a perpetual state of cerebral exaltation from the fumes of the boiling opium. So precious is the drug, that the very paper through which the chandu is strained is carefully preserved; as also the bowl of water in which the workmen from time to time wash their hands; as also, again, the refuse, consisting of charcoal, oil, salts of opium, and unconsumed chandu. This refuse is smoked by the poor, who cannot afford chandu, and costs them just half the price. When smoked, it leaves a second residuum, called by the Chinese *samshing*. Samshing is mixed with arrack, and drunk by the very poorest—beggars, outcasts, and the like, who cannot go without their drug, and who yet cannot afford its price.

In Egypt, several varieties of conserve are made of hellebore, hemp, and opium, to each of which kind a separate manifestation of enjoyment is given. Thus, one kind makes one sing, another talk wild and fast, a third dance, a fourth gives wondrous visions, and a fifth simply induces a lazy sleep, calm, peaceful, and unexcited. In China, opium is smoked; in Java and Sumatra, it is eaten mixed with sugar and ripe plantain; the Turks take theirs in pills, or mixed with sirups, which are either moist or dried into small cakes, with the words Mash-Allah, 'the Gift of God,' written on them. When two or three drams a day have lost their effect, they mix corrosive sublimate with the opium, until they get to ten grains. The Hindu makes his gates of paradise out of pills; and the English swallow laudanum, as it comes from the shops—bitter, poisonous, adulterated; of infinite blessing to the diseased, but always hateful to the

healthy. It is almost incredible to what quantities the opium-eater and laudanum-drinker can gradually attain. Dr Christison speaks of one woman who took a dram of solid opium daily for ten years; Lord Mar, for thirty years, drank two or three ounces of laudanum daily; De Quincey got to a daily dose of eighty small teaspoonfuls, or eight thousand drops—about enough for three hundred and twenty patients under ordinary hospital treatment; and half an ounce in the twenty-four hours is not at all an uncommon amount for constant drinkers. But the worst feature in the English practice is, the immense number of deaths it causes among the infants of the poor. A dose of 'quietness' is given by the busy mother or the careless nurse, and the 'quietness' comes so often, that the little creatures are finally quieted out of the world altogether. So with the Chinese. The delicious dream of the opium-smoker is followed by the hideous waking of the drunkard; with shattered nerves and ghastly fancies, the wretched being must fly again to the source of his delight and his despair. The opium-pipe must undo what the opium-pipe has done; and thus he fulfils the same sad round of dreaming ecstasy, and waking misery, until disease, madness, imbecility, and death close that terrible chapter of misused life for ever.

As much beloved by its adherents, but by no means so maleficent, tobacco—l'herbe sainte, l'herbe sacrée, l'herbe propre à tous les maux, la panacée antarctique, as it was called by its early admirers—helps men also to a mild kind of heaven. Not so deliriously delicious as that got out of hachshish, nor so soothingly enchanting as that from opium, it yet has its own special gift of calm delight, and, if it does not intoxicate, soothes and refreshes. Brought by Raleigh or some of his men from Virginia; christened by Jean Nicot for the benefit of future botanists; patronised, in the shape of snuff, by French and Italian princedom; evilly entreated by English royalty—tobacco has gone through the course appointed to most things human—the small beginning, the sharp opposition, the steady way, and the final triumph, with opponents hanging their diminished heads. Tobacco is now an institution. Banished from the drawing-room, it is paramount in the clubs; worshipped under protest, and possible fine in the railway-carriage, it is at times on the omnibus top: the soldier smokes it, the sailor chews it, the elderly matron snuffed it in years gone by, and still a few devotees are to be found, lurking in holes and corners, with breastplates of a golden brown, and handkerchiefs curiously embroidered. Tobacco can make the hungry man forget his hunger, the shivering man indifferent to the cold; it can lessen the toilsomeness of the journey, and brighten the weary way; it can soothe the aching heart and still the throbbing pulse; it can do all that opium and hachshish do in their special spheres, and without their special evils. So powerful is the sainted herb which Raleigh brought, and Jean Nicot thought worthy of his own name. Small need have I to praise it; small need to advocate free use of this heavenly weed. Dirty habits, ruined digestions, offensive rooms, cross wives, intense enjoyment, and spoiled furniture, attest the universality of its reign, and make the task of proselytising unnecessary. On the whole, seeing that man must and will have some kind of narcotic stimulant, some kind of drug which shall still the nerves but awaken the brain, tobacco is as good as anything else, answering its legitimate purposes, but not going so far beyond them as the two deadly charmers spoken of before; and though not a particularly clean habit, the use of it is not so bad as betel-nut chewing or cava-drinking, excepting, indeed, in the United States, where it is simply a disgusting nuisance.

Betel-nut chewing, as practised by the Malays and others, may be a vastly pleasant, but is a highly offensive operation. A slice of the areca-nut is wrapped up in a leaf of the betel-pepper, smeared over with a little powdered lime; and this combination is chewed incessantly, in consequence whereof all the population, male and female, adult and infantine, have black teeth and blood-red gums and lips, and give out incessant showers of blood-red saliva. A Malay would go without food rather than without his areca-nut, which he calls pinang; his betel pepper-leaf, which is siri; and his powdered lime, which is chunam. The lime excoriates the lips and mouths of strangers, but the natives are used to it, and find it greatly to their liking. The Cingalese also use the nut with a like preparation, and have, in consequence, teeth of ebon blackness, and lips and gums of hideous red. The Burmese chew the *coon:* a slice of areca-nut, a piece of cutch, and some tobacco, rolled up in a leaf of betel-pepper, smeared over with tempered quick-lime. Cutch is from the *Acacia catechu*, and is a powerful astringent, well known in English commerce. One value of this betel-nut nastiness is, that it counteracts the effects of an over-dose of opium, which is convenient—the bane and the antidote growing side by side. When the teeth are worn, and not able to chew the nut, attendants perform that kind office for their masters, who would think life very little worth having if they could not chew their areca quids.

The cava of the Friendly Islands is another preparation that does not seem cleanly to European tastes. This is a drink made of the chewed root of the Ava pepper, and is accounted as near perfection, in the way of intoxicating liquid, as the Friendly Island mind can conceive. A whole party sits in solemn conclave with their chief, chewing cava; the round balls which each puts out of his mouth are then laid reverently in a bowl, and water is poured on them. This water, after sundry ceremonies, is ladled out into improvised cups of screwed-up banana leaves; and then is the company transported to the seventh heaven!

The coca palm is another masticatory delight—a stomachic and a tonic, tasting like grass, and dyeing the lips and saliva green.

A few people use thorn-apple (*Datura*), and a few others, nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), and some henbane, and some the bitter-sweet; in fact, whatever can excite or soothe, stimulate or quiet, has its users and its votaries, no matter at what cost. The seeds of the datura are often given in India to stupefy those whom it is intended to rob or ill-treat in any way; and the lethargy or stupefaction induced sometimes lasts for two days or more. In Peru, it is given to the nearest relative of a sick man, who takes it in order to discover the sorcerer or *mohari* who has given his friend the disease—for all disease is by witchcraft in Peru. He dreams, under the influence of datura, and when he recovers, he describes to his family the person of the sorcerer he has seen. They then set out in a body, and compel the mohari indicated to undertake the cure. If the dreamer has seen no person in his dreams at all, the first mohari met with is obliged to undertake the cure instead. Should the patient die during the dreaming of the relative, the mohari dreamed of must die too.

In Siberia and Kamtchatka, the fly agaric (*Amenita muscaria*), so poisonous with us, does duty for a narcotic stimulant—a great boon in a country where potatoes never ripen, cabbages never heart, and pease only flower, and where, therefore, hemp or henbane, or any of the more powerful plants of paradise, could not be produced. And what does it signify, whether it be tobacco, hemp, opium, henbane, thorn-apple, coca-root, or fly agaric, if the same result is obtained from each? All that is required is, first excitement, then stupefaction; and whether this comes from smoking, chewing, snuffing, or drinking, what matters it to the devotee wrapped in his delicious dream?

One thing is as good as another, he thinks; and who shall say that the paradise of a weed is better than the paradise of a fungus?

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XX.—SWEET AND BITTER.

SLOWLY and reluctantly, I turned back from the stream, and once more entered amid the wreck of the hurricane. Along the sunny path, the flowers appeared to sparkle with a fresher brilliancy, imbuing the air with sweet odours, wafted from many a perfumed chalice; the birds sang with clearer melody; and the hum of the honey-bee rang through the glades more harmoniously than ever. The 'coo-coo-oo' of the doves blending with the love-call of the squirrel, betokened that both were inspired by the tenderest of passions. 'Pensando de amor,' as the Spanish phrase finely expresses it; for at that moment, the beautiful words of the southern poet were in my thoughts, and upon my lips:

Hasta las fieras
En sus guaridas
Enternecidas
Pensan de amor!

Even the fierce beasts in their forest lairs become gentle under the influence of this all-pervading passion.

I rode on slowly and in silence—my whole soul absorbed in the contemplation of that fair being, whose image seemed still before my eyes—palpable as if present. My heart quivered under the influence of a gentle joy. The past appeared bright; the present, happiness itself; the future, full of hope. I had found the very 'wilderness-home' of my longings; the fair spirit that should be my minister! No doubt rose before my mind to dim the brilliant prospect before me—no shadow hung upon the horizon of my hopes. The prospect before me appeared bright and sunny as the sky over my head. Within, and without, the world was smiling—all nature seemed tinted with the hue of the rose!

This delightful reverie lasted for a time—alas! too short a time—only while I was traversing the track, that, but the moment before, I had passed over in such pleasant companionship.

On arriving at the scene of my late adventure, a turn was given to my thoughts. It had been a scene of triumph, and deserved commemoration. The body of the panther lay across the path. His shining skin was a trophy not to be despised; and, dismounting on the spot, with my hunting-knife I secured it. I could point to it with pride—as the first spoil obtained in my new hunting-field; but I should prize it still more, as the memento of a far sweeter sentiment.

In a few minutes, it was folded up, and strapped over the cantle of my saddle; and, with this odd addition to my equipage, I once more plunged into the forest-path.

For the next mile, the trace led through heavy bottom-timber—such as we had traversed, after leaving the settlement of Swampville. The black earth, of alluvial origin, was covered deeply with decayed vegetation; and the tracks of horses and cattle had converted the path into mud. At intervals, it was intersected by embayments of wet morass—the projecting arms of a great swamp, that appeared to run parallel with the creek. Through these, my horse, unused to such footing, passed with difficulty—often floundering up to his flanks in the mud. Though it was but the hour of noon, it more resembled night, or the late gloaming of twilight—so dark were the shadows under this umbrageous wood. As if to strengthen the illusion, I could hear the cry of the bittern, and the screech of the owl, echoing through the aisles of the forest—sounds elsewhere suggestive of night and darkness.

Now and then, light shone upon the path—the light that indicates an opening in the forest; but it was not that of the friendly clearing. Only the break caused by some dismal lagoon, amidst whose dank stagnant waters even the cypress cannot grow—the habitat of black water-snakes and mud-turtles; of cranes, herons, and qua birds. Hundreds of these I saw perched upon the rotting half-submerged trunks—upon the cypress 'knees' that stood like brown obelisks around the edge; or winging their slow flight through the murky gloom, and filling the air with their deafening screams.

On both sides of the trace towered gigantic trees, flanked at their bases with huge projections, that appeared like the battlements of a fortress. These singular protuberances rose far above the height of my horse—radiating from the trunks on every side, and often causing the path to take a circuitous direction. In the deep gloom, the track would have been difficult to follow, but for an occasional blaze appearing upon the smooth bark of the sycamores.

The scene was by no means suggestive of pleasant reflections—the less so, since I had ascertained, from my host of yesternight, that the greater portion of Section No. 9 was of just such a character; and that there was scarcely a spot upon it fit for a 'homestead,' except the one already occupied!

'Such an "encumbrance" on my estate,' reflected I, 'is worse than the *heaviest mortgage*;' and I should have been willing at that moment to part with the timber at a very 'low valuation.' But I well knew the value of such a commodity. On the Thames or Mersey, a mine of wealth—on Mud Creek, it would not have been taken as a gift!

My spirits fell as I rode forward—partly influenced by the sombre scenes through which I was passing—partly by the natural reaction which ever follows the hour of sweet contentment—and partly, no doubt, from some unpleasant presentiments that were once more shaping themselves in my mind. Up to this time, I had scarcely given thought to my errand, or its object. First the gay hues of the morning, and then the romantic incidents of the hour, had occupied my thoughts, and hindered me from dwelling on future plans or purposes. Now, however, that I was coming close to the clearing of the squatter, I began to feel, that, I was also *approaching a crisis*.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RUDE RESPONSE.

An opening of about two acres in extent, of irregular semicircular shape, with the creek for its chord, and a worm-fence zigzagging around its arc—scarcely a clearing, since trees bleached and barkless stand thickly over it; a log shanty, with clapboard roof, in the centre of the concavity, flanked on one side by a rude horse-shed, on the other, by a corn-crib of split rails; all three—shed, shanty, and crib—like the

tower of Pisa, threatening to tumble down: near the shanty, a wood-pile, with an old axe lying upon the chop-block; by the shed and crib, a litter of white 'shucks' and 'cobs;' in front, among the stumps and girdled trees, a thin straggle of withered corn-stalks, shorn of their leafy tops—some standing, some trampled down. Such was the picture before my eyes, as, with my horse, breast up against the fence, I looked into the clearing of Squatter Holt.

It must be the place—*my* place? there was no other clearing within miles. My directions had been given with exact minuteness of detail. I had followed them to the letter: I could not be mistaken? I had reached Holt's Clearing at last.

I had ridden quite up to the fence, but could see no gate. A set of bars, however, between two roughly mortised uprights, indicated the entrance of the enclosure.

The top bar was out. Not feeling inclined to dismount, I sprang my horse over the others; and trotted forward in front of the shanty.

The door stood wide open; and I had hopes that the sound of my horse's hoof-stroke would have brought some one into it; but no one came.

Was there nobody within? I waited for a minute or more, listening for some sign of life in the interior of the cabin; but no voice reached me—no sound of any one stirring!

Perhaps the cabin was empty? Not untenanted: since I could see the signs of occupation, in some articles of rude furniture visible inside the doorway.

Perhaps its inmates had gone out for a moment, and might be in the woods, near at hand?

I looked around the clearing, and over the fence into the forest beyond. No one to be seen! no one to be heard! Without the cabin, as within, reigned a profound silence. Not a living thing in sight—save the black vultures—a score of which, perched on the dead-woods overhead, and fetid as their food, were infecting the air with their carrion odour. Although within easy range of my rifle, the foul birds took no heed of my movements; but sat still, indolently extending their broad wings to the sun—now and then one coming, one going, in slow silent flight—their very shadows seeming to flit lazily among the withered maize-plants that covered the ground.

I had no desire to appear rude. I already regretted having leaped my horse over the bars: even that might be regarded as rather a brusque method of approach to a private dwelling; but I was in hopes it would not be noticed—since there appeared to be no one who had witnessed it.

I coughed and made other noises, with like unfruitful result. My demonstrations were either not heard, or if heard, unheeded.

'Certainly,' thought I, 'if there be any one in the house, they must not only hear, but *see* me;' for although there was no window, I could perceive that the logs were but poorly 'chinked;' and from within the house, the whole clearing must have been in sight. Nay, more, the interior itself was visible from without—at least the greater part of it—and, while making this observation, I fancied I could trace the outlines of a human figure through the interstices of the logs! I became convinced it was a human figure, and furthermore, the figure of a man.

It was odd he had not heard me! Was he asleep? No: that could not be—from the attitude in which he was. He appeared to be seated in a chair, but with his body erect, and his head held aloft. In such position, he could scarcely be asleep?

After making this reflection, I coughed again, and louder than before; but to no better purpose! I thought the figure moved: I was sure it moved; but still with no sign of stirring from the seat!

'Cool indifference!' thought I—'what can the fellow mean?'

I grew impatient; and, feeling a little provoked at the inexplicable somnolency of the owner of the cabin, I determined to try whether my voice might not rouse him.

'Ho! house, there!' I shouted, though not loudly; 'ho!—holloa!—any one within?'

Again the figure moved—but still stirred not from its seat!

I repeated both my summons and query—this time in a louder and more commanding tone; and this time I obtained a response.

'Who the h—l *air* you?' came a voice through the interstices of the logs—a voice that more resembled the growl of a bear, than the articulation of a human throat.

'Who the h—l air you, anyhow?' repeated the voice, while, at the same time, I could perceive the figure rising erect from the chair.

I made no answer to the rough query: I saw that my last summons had been sufficient: I could hear the hewn floor-planks cracking under a heavy boot; and knew from this, that my questioner was passing towards the door.

In another instant, he stood in the doorway—his body filling it from side to side, from head to stoop.

A fearful-looking man was before me—a man of gigantic stature, with a beard reaching to the second button of his coat; and above it a face, not to be looked upon without a sensation of terror: a countenance expressive of determined courage, but, at the same time, of ferocity, untempered by any trace of a softer emotion. A shaggy sand-coloured beard, slightly grizzled; eyebrows like a *chevaux-de-frise* of hogs' bristles; eyes of a greenish-grey, with a broad livid scar across the left cheek, were component parts in producing this expression; while a red cotton kerchief, wound, turban-like, around the head, and, pulled low down in front, rendered it more palpable and pronounced.

A loose coat of thick green blanket, somewhat faded and worn, added to the colossal appearance of the man; while a red flannel shirt served him also for a vest. His large limbs were inserted in pantaloons of blue Kentucky *jeans* cloth; but these were scarcely visible, hidden by the skirt of the ample blanket-coat that draped down below the tops of a pair of rough horseskin boots reaching above the knee, and into which the trousers had been tucked.

The face of the man was a singular picture; the colossal stature rendered it more striking; the costume corresponded; and all were in keeping, with the rude manner of my reception.

It was idle to ask the question. From the description given me by the young backwoodsman, I knew the man before me to be Hickman Holt the squatter.

CHAPTER XXII.

A ROUGH RECEPTION.

For fashion's sake, I was about to utter the usual formula: 'Mr Holt, I presume?' but the opportunity was not allowed me. No sooner had the squatter appeared in his doorway, than he followed up his blasphemous interrogatory with a series of others, couched in language equally rude.

'Wha's all this muss about? Durn yer stinkin' imperence! who are ye? an' what are ye arter?'

'I wish to see Mr Holt,' I replied, struggling hard to keep my temper.

'Ye wish to see Mister Holt? Thur's no *Mister* Holt 'bout hyar.'

'No?'

'No! durnation, no! Didn't ye hear me?'

'Do I understand you to say that Hickman Holt does not live here?'

'You understan me to say no sich thing. Ef 't's Hick Holt you mean, he diz live hyar.'

'Hick Holt—yes—that is the name.'

'Wal! what o' 't, ef 't is?'

'I wish to see him.'

'Lookee, hyar, strenger!' and the words were accompanied by a significant look; 'ef yar the shariff, Hick Holt ain't at home—ye understan me? *he ain't at home.*'

The last phrase was rendered more emphatic, by the speaker, as he uttered it, raising the flap of his blanket-coat, and exhibiting a huge bowie-knife stuck through the waistband of his trousers. I understood the hint perfectly.

'I am not the sheriff,' I answered in an assuring tone.

I was in hopes of gaining favour by the declaration: for I fancied, that my bizarre reception might be owing to some error of this kind.

'I am *not* the sheriff,' I repeated impressively.

'Yar not the shariff? One o' his constables, then, I s'pose?'

'Neither one nor other,' I replied, pocketing the affront.

'An' who air ye, anyhow—wi' yar dam glitterin' buttons, an' yar waist drawd in, like a skewered skunk?'

This was intolerable; but remembering the advice of my Nashville friend—with some additional counsel I had received over-night—I strove hard to keep down my rising choler.

'My name,' said I——

'Durn yar name!' exclaimed the giant, interrupting me; 'I don't care a dog-gone for yar name: tell me yar bizness—that 's what I wanter know.'

'I have already told you my business: I wish to see Mr Holt—Hick Holt, if you like.'

'To *see* Hick Holt? Wal, ef that 's all yar bizness, you 've *seed* him; an' now ye kin go.'

This was rather a literal interpretation of my demand; but, without permitting myself to be *nonplussed* by it, or paying any heed to the abrupt words of dismissal, I replied, half interrogatively.

'You, then, are he? You are Hick Holt, I suppose?'

'Who said I ain't—durn yer imperence? Now then! what d'ye want wi' me?'

The filthy language, the insulting tone in which it was uttered, the bullying manner of the man—evidently relying upon his giant strength, and formidable aspect—were rapidly producing their effect upon me; but in a manner quite contrary to that anticipated by Master Holt. It was no doubt his design to awe me; but he little knew the man he had to deal with. Whether it might be called courage or not, I was just as reckless of life as he. I had exposed my person too often, both in single combat and on the battle-field, to be cowed by a bully—such as I fancied this fellow to be—and the spirit of resistance was fast rising within me. His dictatorial style was unendurable; and discarding all further prudential considerations, I resolved to submit to it no longer.

I did not give way to idle recrimination. Perhaps, thought I, a firm tone may suit my purpose better; and in my reply, I adopted it.

Before I could answer his question, however, he had repeated it in a still more peevish and impatient manner—with an additional epithet of insult.

'Wal, Mister Jaybird,' said he, 'be quick 'bout it! What d' ye want wi' *me?*'

'In the first place, Mr Hickman Holt, I want civil treatment from you; and secondly'——

I was not permitted to finish my speech. I was interrupted by an exclamation—a horrid oath—that came fiercely hissing from the lips of the squatter.

'Durnation!' cried he; 'you be d——d! Civil treetmint i'deed! You 're a putty fellur to talk o' civil treetmint, arter jumpin' yar hoss over a man's fence, an' ridin' slap-jam inter his door, 'ithout bein asked! Let me tell yer, Mister Gilt Buttons, I don't 'low any man—white, black, or Injun—to enter *my* clarin' 'ithout fust knowin' his reezun. Ye hear that, d'ye?'

'*Your* clearing! Are you sure it is *yours?*'

The squatter turned red upon the instant. Rage may have been the passion that brought the colour to his cheeks; but I could perceive that my words had produced another emotion in his mind, which added to the hideousness of the cast at that moment given to his features.

'Not my clarin'!' he thundered, with the embellishment of another imprecation—'not my clarin'! Shew me the man, who says it 's not!—shew 'm to me! By the Almighty Etarnal, he wont say 't twice!'

'Have you *purchased* it?'

'Neer a mind for that, mister; I 've *made* it: that 's my style o' purchase, an', by G—! it 'll stan' good, I reck'n. Consarn yar skin! what hev you got to do wi 't, anyhow?'

'This,' I replied, still struggling to keep calm, at the same time taking the title-deeds from my saddle-bags—'this only, Mr Holt. That your house stands upon Section No. 9; that I have bought that section from the United States government; and must therefore demand of you, either to use your *pre-emption right*, or deliver the land over to me. Here is the government grant! you may examine it, if you feel so inclined.'

An angry oath was the response, or rather a volley of oaths.

'I thort that war yar bizness,' continued the swearer; 'I thort so; but jest this time you 've kim upon a fool's errand. Durn the government grant! durn yar preemption right! an' durn yar title-papers too! I don't valley them more 'n them thar corn shucks—*I* don't. I 've got *my* preemption dockyment inside hyar. I 'll jest shew you that, mister; an' see how ye 'll like it.'

The speaker turned back into his cabin, and for a moment I lost sight of him.

'Preemption document!' he said. Was it possible he had purchased the place, and was gone to fetch his title-deeds? If so——

My reflection was cut short. In another moment he reappeared in the doorway; not with any papers in his hand—but, instead, a long rifle, that, with its butt resting on the door-stoop, stood almost as high as himself!

'Now, Mister Turn-me-out!' said he, speaking in a satirical triumphant tone, and raising the piece in front of him, 'thar 's *my* title—*my* preemption right 's the right o' the rifle. *It 's* clar enuf: ye 'll acknowledge that, wont ye?'

'No,' I replied in a firm voice.

'Ye wont? the h—l, ye wont? Look hyar, stranger! I 'm in airnest. ' Look in my eye, an' see if I ain't! I gi' ye warnin' then, that ef ye 're not out o' this clarin' in six jumps o' a squ'll, you 'll niver go out o' it a livin' man. You see that ere stump? Its shadder 's jest a creepin' up to the house: the minnit that shadder touches the wall, I 'll shoot you down, as sure 's my name 's Hick Holt. Mind, I 've gin ye warnin'!'

'And I give you warning, Mr Holt, that I am prepared to defend myself; and if you miss'——

'Miss!' ejaculated he, with a contemptuous toss of the head—'miss, ye fool! thar 's no fear o' that.'

'If you miss,' continued I, without heeding the interruption, 'I shall shew you no mercy. If you are going to take the cowardly advantage of having the first shot, I have my advantage too. In self-defence, I shall be justified in killing you; and if you fire at me, I shall certainly do so. Be warned! I never spare a coward.'

'Coward!' exclaimed the colossus, with an imprecation that was horrible to hear.

'An' how ef I don't miss?' continued he, apparently calming his rage, and speaking with a significant sneer—intended to awe me, by insinuating the certainty of his aim. 'How ef I don't miss, Mister Popgun?'

'You may, for all that. Don't be too sure of hitting—I 've been shot at before now.'

'You 'll niver be shot at *arter* now, 'ceptin' you

leave this clarin'. One crack from my gun 'll be enuf for ye, I reck'n.'

'I'll take my chance. If it should go against me, *you* wont gain by it. Remember, my good man, it's not a duel we're fighting! You have chosen to attack me; and if I should fall in the affair, I've faith enough in the law, to believe it will avenge me.'

I fancied that my speech produced some effect upon the fellow, and seeing that he remained silent, I followed it up by words of similar import:

'If it be my fate to fall, I leave behind me friends who will inquire into the affair of my death. Trust me, they will do so! If I kill you, it will be but justifiable homicide: and will be so adjudged; while your killing me will be regarded in a different light: it will be pronounced *murder!*'

I gave full emphasis to the last word. On hearing it, my antagonist shewed sign of emotion. I fancied I saw him tremble, and turn slightly pale! With an unsteady voice he replied:

'Murder? No, no! I've gin ye warnin' to go. Ye've time enuf yet to save yerself. Git out o' the clarin', an' thar'll be no harm done ye!'

'I shall not go out of the clearing, until you've acknowledged my claim.'

'Then you'll niver go out o' it alive—I swar it by G—! niver!'

'You are determined, then, to be my *murderer?*'

I again pronounced the word in the most emphatic tone. I saw that it affected him in some singular way: whether through a fear of consequences; or that there still lingered in his heart some spark of humanity; or, perhaps—but least probable of all—he was beginning to be ashamed of his foul play. By which of those three motives, or by what other inspired, I could not guess; but he seemed to cower under the imputation.

'Murderer!' echoed he, after a moment of apparent reflection. 'No, no; it 's bad enuf to hev the blame o' that, 'ithout bein' guilty o't. I ain't agwine to *murder* ye; but I ain't agwine neyther to let ye go. I mout a did so a minnit agone, but ye 've lost yer chance. Ye 've called me *coward;* an' by the Etarnal! no man 'll say that word o' Hick Holt, an' live to boast o't. No, mister! ye 've got to die; an' ye may get yarself ready for 't, 's soon 's ye like. Coward i'deed!'

'I repeat it—your act is cowardly.'

'What act?'

'Unprovoked attack upon me—especially since it gives you the first shot. What if I were to shoot you down now? With the pistol you see in my holster here, I could send six bullets through your body, before you could bring your rifle to your shoulder. What would you call that? Sheer cowardice, would it not be? and murder too?'

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DUEL WITHOUT SECONDS.

While I was speaking, I saw a change pass over the countenance of my colossal antagonist—as if some new resolve was forming in his mind, that affected the programme he had already laid out. Was it possible I had touched him on a point of honour? It was this purpose I desired to effect; and, though hopeless it might appear, I continued the only kind of appeal that, with such a spirit, seemed to promise any chance of success.

'You *dare* not play fair in this game?' I said, banteringly. 'You *are* a coward; and would murder me! you want the first shot: you know you do?'

'It 's a lie!' cried the colossus, raising himself to his full height, and assuming an air of chivalric grandeur I could not have deemed him capable of—'it 's a lie! I don't wish to murder ye, an' I don't want the first shot neyther.'

'How?'

'I hain't so little confidence in my shootin' as to care for you an' yar jim-crack gun! Nor is Hick Holt in such consate wi' his life eyther, that he 's afeerd to risk it. Tho' ye air a stuck-up critter, I wont gi' ye the opportunity to 'kuse me o' foul play. Thar 's grit in ye, I reck'n; an' seein' that 's, made me change my mind.'

'What!' I exclaimed, taken by surprise at the speech, and fancying it promised an end to our altercation—'you have changed your mind! you mean to act justly then?'

'I mean, it shall be a *fair stan'-up fight* atween us.'

'Oh! a duel?'

'Duel, or whatever else ye may call it, mister.'

'I agree to that. But how about seconds?'

'D'ye think two men can't fight fair 'ithout seconds? Ye see yonner stump standin' nigh the bars?'

'Yes—I see it.'

'Wal, mister, thar you'll take yar stand—ahind or afront o' it, whichsomever ye like best. Hyar 's this other un, clost by the crib—thar'ill be my place. Thar 's twenty yards atween 'em, I reck'n. Is that yar distance?'

'It will do as well as any other,' I replied mechanically—still under the influence of surprise not unmingled with a sentiment of admiration.

'Dismount, then! Take yar pouch an' flask along wi' ye—ye see I've got myen? One shot at ye's all *I'll* want, I reck'n. But ef thar shed be a miss, look out for quick loadin'! an' mind, mister! thar 's one o' us 'll niver leave this clarin' alive.'

'About the first shot? Who is to give the signal?'

'I've thort o' that a'ready. It'll be all right, I promise ye.'

'In what way can you arrange it?'

'This way. Thar 's a hunk o' deer-meat in the house: I mean to fetch that out, an' chuck it over thar, into the middle o' the clarin'. Ye see them buzzarts up thar on the dead-woods?'

I nodded in the affirmative.

'Wal—it wont be long afore one or other o' them flops down to the meat; an' *the first o' 'em that touches ground, that'll be the signal.* That 's fair enuf, I reck'n?'

'Perfectly fair,' I replied, still speaking mechanically; for the very justness of the proposal rendered my astonishment continuous.

I was something more than astonished at the altered demeanour of the man. He was fast disarming me. The unexpected action had subdued my ire; and all consideration of consequences apart, I now felt a complete disinclination for the combat!

Was it too late to stay our idle strife?

Such was my reflection the moment after; and with an effort conquering my pride, I gave words to the thought.

'Yar too late, mister! 'twont do now,' was the reply to my pacific speech.

'And why not?' I continued to urge; though, to my chagrin, I began to perceive that it *was* an idle effort.

'Yuv ris my dander; an', by G—! yuv got to fight for it!'

'But surely'——

'Stop yar palaver! By the tarnal airthquake, I'll gin to think *you* air a coward! I thort ye'd shew the white feather afore 'twar all over!'

'Enough!' cried I, stung by the taunt; 'I am ready for you one way or the other. Go on.'

The squatter once more entered his cabin, and soon came out again, bringing forth the piece of venison.

'Now!' cried he, 'to yar stand! an' remember! neyther fires *till a bird lights on the groun'.* Arter that, ye may go it like blazes!'

'Stay!' said I; 'there is something yet to be done. You are acting honourably in this affair; which I acknowledge is more than I was led to expect. You deserve one chance for your life; and if I should fall,

it will be in danger. You would be regarded as a murderer; and that must not be.'

'What is 't you mean?' hurriedly interrogated my antagonist, evidently not comprehending my words.

Without answering to the interrogatory, I drew out my pocket-book; and, turning to a blank leaf of the memorandum, wrote upon it: '*I have fallen in fair fight.*'

I appended the date; signed my name; and, tearing out the leaf, handed it to my adversary.

He looked at it for a moment, as if puzzled to make out what was meant. He soon saw the intention, as I could tell by the grim smile.

'You're right thar!' said he, in a drawling tone, and after a pause. 'I hedn't thunk o' that. I guess this dockyment 'll be nothin' the wuss o' my name too? What's sauce for the goose, air likewise sauce for the gander. Yar pencil, ef ye pleeze? I ain't much o' a scholard; but I reck'n I kin write my name. Hyar goes!'

Spreading out the paper on the top of a stump, he slowly scribbled his name below mine; and then, holding the leaf before my eyes, pointed to the signature—but without saying a word.

This done, he replaced the document on the stump; and, drawing his knife, stuck the blade through the paper, and left the weapon quivering in the wood!

All these manœuvres were gone through with a cool composure, as if they were only the prelude to some ordinary purpose!

'I reck'n, strenger,' said he, in the same imperturbable tone, 'that'll keep the wind from blowin' it away, till we've settled who it's to belong to. Now, to yar place! I'm agwine to throw the deer-meat!'

I had already dismounted, and stood near, rifle in hand. Unresistingly, I obeyed the request; and walked off to the stump that had been designated without saying another word, or even looking around. I had no fear of being shot in the back: for the late behaviour of the man had completely disarmed me of all suspicion of treachery. I had not the slightest fear of his proving a traitor; and no more did I hold him to be a coward. That impression was gone long ago.

I confess, that never with more reluctance did I enter upon the field of fight; and at that moment, had my antagonist required it, I should not only have retracted the allegation of cowardice, but, perhaps, have surrendered up my claim to the clearing, though I knew that this could be done only at the expense of my name and honour. Were I to have done so, I could never have shewn my face again—neither in the settlement of Swampville nor elsewhere. Even among my polished friends of more fashionable circle, I should have been taunted—branded as a coward and poltroon! The rude character of my adversary would have been no excuse—especially after the manner in which he was acting. 'Backed out' would have been the universal verdict!

Moreover, notwithstanding the apparently calm demeanour the squatter had now assumed—courteous I might almost call it—I knew he was implacable in his determination. There was no alternative—*I must fight!*

I reached the stump; and, turning on my heel, stood facing him. He was already in his place—with the joint of venison in one hand, and his long rifle in the other. The hour was nigh, when one of us should make an abrupt exit from the world!

Such a destiny, for one or other of us, I saw depicted in the impassible face of my adversary—as plainly as if written upon the sky.

I could read there, that there was no chance of escaping the combat; and I resigned myself to meet it.

'Now, mister!' cried my antagonist in a clear firm voice, 'I'm agwine to chuck the meat. Remember! neyther's to fire, till a bird lights on the groun'! Arter that, ye may go to it like h—l!'

I saw him swing the joint once or twice round his head; I saw it hurled aloft, and then whirling through the air; I saw it falling—falling, till the sodden sound told that it had reached the ground.

That was a fearful moment!

A LAST LAUGH WITH THOMAS HOOD.

In spite of a well-known saying concerning heroes and their body-servants, the more we know of a really great man, the greater he generally seems. When the greatness is combined with loveableness, this is almost always the case; nor do we remember to have risen from the perusal of the life of a single favourite author, without an increased attachment to his memory. It would have been a sad thing to many of us if these last memorials of Thomas Hood* had shewn that good and genial writer to have been a churlish or close-fisted man—had exhibited a frown or sneer behind that laughing mask of his; but we took up the volumes without the least apprehension of that nature, and we lay them down with a greater attachment to him who forms their subject than before. What a capacity for love and friendship had that fine fellow's soul! How naturally he flew to the rescue of the weak or the ill-treated! What noble indignation he felt for the tyrant and the bigot! How the hearts of all good men were attracted towards his, no matter how different from his own were their dispositions and callings! How grateful his modest spirit was for a little kindness! How bitterly, too, alas, he felt unkindness, and how the daws did peck at that heart of his worn always upon his sleeve! He loved his fellow-creatures, but despite that universal sympathy, he did not (as sometimes happens) love his wife and children less. All children were, indeed, inexpressibly dear to his tender nature. When prostrated by sickness, and in far from good pecuniary circumstances, he would still find time and spirits to address a laughter-moving letter to one of his favourite little folks; and this when his writing had got to be of considerable value—a period at which the most prolific authors are apt to be chary of their correspondence. Of three letters thus indited to the children of his stanch friend, Dr Elliot, then residing at Sandgate, we hardly know which to select for its charming humour, lurking pathos—for the writer was at the time sick, almost unto death—and the writer's adaptability to the capacities he was addressing.

'My dear Jeanie—So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old playfellow, M—— H—— (he *can* play—it 's work to me), to help you to make little puddles in the Sand, and swing on the Gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough—so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

'If you do catch a big one with strong claws—and like experiments—you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry. The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water-parties, or salt

* *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* Edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Moxon.

soirées. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations.

'I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weeds. The truth is Mr David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr Watts's Sluggard. I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your Doll, whether it turns her into half a "doll-fin."

'I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet-oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad.

'Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets, or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls," but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a Doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf-elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby-whale by her sailor-brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea-stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet—and we can *always* keep sucking them!

'When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good-by, for my paper gets short, but not stouter. Pray, give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs H—— and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your affectionate friend, THOS. HOOD.

'The other Tom Hood sends his love to everybody and everything.

'*P.S.*—Don't forget my pebble: and a good *naughty-lass* would be esteemed a curiosity.'

To Jeanie's brother, he writes: 'I used to catch flat fish with a very long string-line. It was like swimming a kite! But perhaps there are no flat fish at Sandgate—except your shoe-soles. The best plan, if you want flat fish where there are none, is to bring codlings, and hammer them into dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and seeing it all over red spots, thought I had caught the measles.' He hopes the lad will be better soon, 'for somebody told me you had the shingles;' and with regard to swimming, the poor sick man observes: '*I* only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas.' To Mary Elliot, a still more youthful correspondent, he says: 'I remember that, when I saw the sea, it used sometimes to be very fussy, and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps, full of water?

'If you want a joke, you might push Dunnie into the sea, and then fish for him, as they do for a Jack. But don't go in yourself, and don't let the baby go in and swim away, although he *is* the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar, and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you! The water of the sea is so saline, I wonder nobody catches salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time, and the time before that; and dear me, how I kicked, and screamed—or, at least, meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. I think I see *you* being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose, like a button, into your mouth, like a button-hole, for fear of getting another smell and taste! By the by, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry "Quack?" Some animals can! I would try, but there is no sea here, and so I am forced to dip into books. If you would catch a crab for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and, if I was his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

'And now, good by; Fanny has made my tea, and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and, I am afraid, took them all to Miss H——, or somebody that it shouldn't.'

These two volumes are principally filled with letters, for Hood's life, like that of most literary men, was devoid of any striking incidents; like that of many of his brethren too, it was beset with pecuniary cares, which hampered him for the last ten years of his life, and undoubtedly hastened his end. He married at twenty-five (in 1824), contrary to the wishes of his wife's family, but the young couple never found cause to repent of their union: they loved one another fondly to the last, and Death, at the end, did but separate the husband and wife by a few months. Their first child scarcely survived its birth. 'In looking over some old papers,' says the editor, 'I found a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, inscribed in my father's handwriting:

> Little eyes that scarce did see,
> Little lips that never smiled;
> Alas! my little dear dead child,
> Death is thy father, and not me,
> I but embraced thee, soon as he!'

In 1835, in consequence of the failure of a firm, Mr Hood and family were obliged to take up their residence at Coblenz, where their ignorance of the language sometimes places them in the most ludicrous situations, heightened doubtless in the telling by the exaggerative author of *Up the Rhine*.

'Our servant knows a few words of English too; her name is *Gradle*, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now, she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by shewing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

'*Gradle*. Ja! yees—hühn—henne—ja! yees.

'*Jane* (a little through her nose). Hmn—hum—hem—yes—yaw, ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bole for dinner?

'*Gradle*. Hot wasser?

'*Jane*. Yaw in pit—pat—pot—hmn—hum—eh!

'*Gradle* (a little off the scent again). Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein.

'*Jane*. Yes—no—good to eeat—chicken—cheeken—chocking—choking—bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—eeggs—hune, heine—hin—make cheekin broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry!

'*Gradle* (quite at fault). Pfeltrighchtch!—nein.

'*Jane* (in despair). What shall I do! and Hood won't help me; he only laughs. This comes of leaving England! (She casts her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) Here, Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmn—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—hmn, hum, wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers.

'*Gradle* (hitting it off again). Feethers—faders—ah hah! fedders—ja, ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders, ja, ja!

'*Jane* echoes Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw!

'Exit Gradle, and after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills!!!'

Poor Mrs Hood tries her hand on cookery, and really with great success, although her husband pretends not to believe in it; his fun is, indeed, for family wear, and not merely of that artificial sort which only sets other people's dinner-tables in a roar. There must have been more laughter in that little humble lodging at Coblenz, and among that exiled household, than in half the splendid tourist-parties who 'did' the Rhine in those summers with travelling-carriage and courier.

'Yesterday morning,' writes his wife, 'I set to work very seriously to make some potted beef, and succeeded, little thinking what ungrateful jests I should draw upon my poor head from Hood.

'Being proud of my own fabrication, I produced it at tea, when De Franck came, and then commenced the jokes of the good-for-nothing. He asked with apparent interest how it was made, and I said: "I pounded it in a pestle and mortar." "But, then, dear, we have not got one, you know."

'In short, he insisted that, like the Otaheitan cooks, I had *chewed* it small; and as I happened, having the face-ache, to put my hand to my jaw at the time, it seemed a corroboration, of which he made full use. Upon this hint, he huddled joke upon joke, till we were convulsed with laughter, and to-day Franck declares he laughed in the middle of the night. Hood called it "bullock jam," and when I asked him what he would eat, he replied, "What you *chews*." . . . . I must now tell you my story about the Christmas pudding. The lieutenant was with us on Christmas day, and enjoyed my plum-pudding so much, that I promised to make one for him. Hood threatened to play some trick with it—either to pop in bullets or tenpenny nails; and I watched over my work with great vigilance, so that it was put into boil without any misfortune.

'I went to bed early, telling Gradle to put it, when done, into the drawing-room till the morning. Hood was writing, and says it was put down smoking under his very nose, and the spirit of mischief was irresistible. I had bought a groschen's worth of new white wooden skewers that very morning. He cut them a little shorter than the pudding's diameter, and poked them in across and across in all directions, so neatly, that I never perceived any sign of them when I packed and sealed it up the next day for De Franck's man to carry over to Ehrenbreitstein. He came to thank me, and praised it highly. I find that while I was out of the room, Hood asked him if it was not well trussed, and he answered "Yes" so gravely, that Hood thought he meditated some joke in retaliation, and was on his guard. At the ball, the truth came out—he actually thought it was some new method of making plum-puddings, and gave me credit for the woodwork. He had invited two of his brother officers to lunch upon it, and Hood wanted * to persuade me that the "Cardinal" officer had swallowed one of the skewers! Now, was not this an abominable trick?'

The spirit of fun had such a mastery over Hood, that he could not describe any common event to a business correspondent without accompanying it with a *feu de joie* of pleasantries, such as it would take a whole battalion of ordinary jokers to produce. 'Did I give you the history of a steamer built at Bruges? They quite forgot how she was to get down the canal, and they will have to take down the brickwork of the locks at a great expense—some 1500 francs instead of 25; all along of her width of paddle-boxes. Well, the other day, 10,000 people assembled to see her launched; troops, band, municipals, everybody in their best; and above all, Mr T——, the owner, in blue jacket, white trousers, and straw-hat. So he knocked away the props, and then ran as for his life, for she ought to have followed; but, instead of that she stuck to the stocks, as if she had the hydrophobia. Then they got 200 men to run from side to side, and fired cannons from her stern, and hauled by hawsers; but "there she sot," and the people "sot" till nine at night, and then gave it up. She has since been launched *somehow*, but in a quiet way quite. She looked at first very like an *investment* in the *stocks*, and I should fear her propensity may lead her next to stick on a *bank*. The only comfort I could give was, that she promised to be *very fast*. To heighten the fun, the wine was chucked at her by a young lady who thought she was going; I know not what wine, but it ought to have been *still* champagne.'

These laughable epistles are often interspersed with sad intimations of pecuniary embarrassments, and the dread particulars of the progress of that disease, which fixed its cruel claws in him so early, and never left him till the day of his death. Towards the last, his 'best things' were written in almost agonies, and nearly all his own portion of the *Comic Annual*—including the wonderful wood-cuts—emanated from a sick-bed. He could not write for his Magazine—which was so largely and graciously eked out by his brethren of the pen, during that time of trouble, as to make us in love with Literature—for the number but one before his death, but he furnished two pictorial embellishments—'Hood's Mag,' a magpie with a hawk's hood on; and the 'Editor's Apologies,' a collection of bottles, leeches, and blisters—the fruits of his sick-room fancy. His own family was the only one which was not delighted with that *Annual*, well thumbed in every house, which, writes his son, we ourselves 'did not enjoy till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it. The only article that I can remember we ever really thoroughly enjoyed was "Mrs Gardiner, a Horticultural Romance," and even this was composed in bed. But the illness he was then suffering from was only rheumatic fever, and not one of his dangerous attacks, and he was unusually cheerful.'

Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed but that Hood's fun was perfectly genuine; the nature of the man was too elastic and genial for any circumstances, however untoward, to depress. It is recorded of him, though not in these volumes, that upon a mustard-plaster being applied to his attenuated feet, as he lay in extremity, he was heard feebly to remark, that there was 'very little meat for the mustard.'

After all, the works of Thomas Hood that will live the longest are not his humorous pieces. The

* 'And nearly succeeded in doing so, innocently assisted by the officer in question, with whom the pudding had not altogether agreed. As he did not know English, and my mother was not yet up in German, a pantomime ensued on his part expressive of indigestion, but construed, by my father, as descriptive of the agonies of an internal skewer.'—T. H.

serious side of his character is even more worthy of attentive admiration; and *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* will survive *Miss Kilmansegge*, although there is no wittier, and scarcely a wiser lesson in the language than is exhibited in that young lady's narrative. The couple of verses, *To Minerva, from the Greek*, are excellent, and well worthy of a place in the *Fragments* at the end of these interesting volumes:

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,
And let us have a Lark instead.

But these are by no means equal to a pathetic poem, entitled *The Pauper's Christmas Carol*, which appeared in the same number of *Punch* as *The Song of the Shirt*, and would have been deservedly famous, but for the overshadowing of its still greater companion. As a better example, however, of his peculiar faculty of insinuating sympathy under the guise of affected hardness, we will conclude with the *Lines in Answer to a Poem entitled 'Spring,' signed 'Pauper,' in the Athenæum*, which will be new to all our readers:

Don't tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle;
Nosegays grow for other bosoms—
Churchwarden and Beadle.
What have you to do with streams?
What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo-song, or pensive dreams?—
Nature's not your Parish!

What right have such as you to dun
For sun or moonbeams, warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions—amorous fancies!—
While your betters' flames miscarry—
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
Don't we *make* you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm—
Fragrant winds, that blanch your bones!
You poor can always keep you warm—
An't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
Roses fair and vi'lets meek,
You cannot look for everything
On eighteen-pence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?
If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed?
What's weather to the cropless? You
Don't farm—but you are farmed!
Why everlasting murmurs hurled
With hardship for the text?—
If such as you don't like this world,
We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

ICE-WRECKED.

WITH a fair breeze we sped down Channel, until, on the fourth day, the bluff Land's End was waning in the distance. As it faded from our view, some few tears were shed at the remembrance that it was our last sight of the native land we were leaving for ever, but they were quickly dried in the anticipation of brighter days to come; for we were westward bound, not in search of occupation, but in the chartered ship of our employer, a man of large fortune, who was about to establish an immense farm, of which I was to be manager, in one of the far western districts of Canada; while the other passengers, skilled artisans and labourers, all held suitable engagements.

Our hearts were free from anxiety for the future, and full of cheerfulness and hope; and as we bowled along over old Ocean, there were few evenings when the pleasant echo of music did not float by on the waves, as the young people danced and sung beneath the stars, and the joyous shouts and laughter of children mingled with the passing surges. And best and pleasantest of all was the kindly face of Mr Grant, our principal, as he watched the happiness of those around him.

We had nearly crossed the Atlantic, and were beginning to look eagerly for our first sight of the New World, when a sudden change occurred in the temperature, and the balmy days of April were followed by a May cold and cutting almost as winter. At length we entered the broad estuary of the St Lawrence, and then the mystery was solved, for its entire surface was checkered with masses of ice; evidently the broken-up winter covering of the river above being swept by the current out to sea. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the ice-fields as they flashed and sparkled like gigantic gems in their setting of azure sea. Many were of great size also, like floating islands, and the heaped up blocks upon their surface gleamed from a distance like cities of dazzling crystal.

The wind was in our favour, and our good ship sped up the Gulf, threading her way through the channels of the floating ice-fields, while hour after hour her passengers stood watching with unwearied eyes the splendid scene around them. Even when night came, there was the same eager throng of gazers, for those large frozen plains glittered in the moonlight with a strange spectral beauty none of us had ever seen before.

After a time, a mass of ice huger than common appeared floating down the stream. Subsequently, we learned it was part of the cone the spray forms every winter before the Falls of Montmorency. On it came, gleaming palely against the deep-blue sky like a castle of spotless marble, rising in tower, and turret, and massive buttress, and enriched by the most delicate tracery. Every eye was fixed upon it in breathless admiration, as it swept majestically by, until, as it passed between us and the wind, by its loftiness it momentarily becalmed us. Suddenly, the stationary ship received a severe shock, which vibrated not only through all her timbers, but through every one of the hundred and forty human beings who formed her living freight. Never shall I forget the shrieks of terror that followed, quick as an echo, upon the shock, as women, well-nigh frantic with fear, clasped their children to their bosoms, believing that the ship had struck upon a rock, and that their last moment was come. A cry from the bow, that it was but a blow from the ice, somewhat relieved their fears, and they stood quietly by, while the helm was put down, and the sails drawn round, in the effort to free us from the huge mass of ice which still lay across the vessel's bows, pressing and grating audibly against her timbers. A minute more, and above the din of blocks and cordage, and the stamping of men's feet, there arose a wild cry that echoed far and wide over the surrounding ice-fields, and through every cranny of the neighbouring ice-castle—'The ship is sinking!'

It was an appalling announcement; and unfortunately it was a true one. The ice had struck us heavier than we thought, and its hard, sharp edge, keen and resistless as that of a knife, pressing against the bows of our vessel—undefended as she was by the double timbers needed for ice-encounters—had cut them completely through, so that the water rushed in with the force and rapidity of a cascade.

What a fearful scene of terror and confusion ensued! the shrieks and lamentations of women, the cries of children, and the silent anguish of men, as they beheld the fears and danger of those dearest to them.

On none did the blow fall heavier than on me; for I had a delicate wife on board, and of my two little ones, the younger was an invalid. Meanwhile, no time was lost. There was no space to lower the boats, and the pale, terrified passengers were hurriedly passed down, by the bowsprit, upon the ice. It was touching to see some snatch a cloak or wrapper as they passed, the sole relic of all their worldly possessions; while others, in their terror, departed without even that. A few provisions were next sent down, quickly followed by the crew; and then we stood a wretched, cowering group upon the ice-field that had wrought us so much evil, watching for the last moment of the good ship, which had brought us in peace and safety more than two thousand miles. It was not long in coming. Suddenly the bow bent low, as if to salute the waves, and the stern rose high into the air; then, with a rapid forward movement, the stately ship passed silently down into the bosom of the deep, every tall mast and tapering yard in its place, and every sail spread to its uttermost, and gleaming whitely in the moonlight, until each in its turn passed from our sight. For a few moments there was a troubled vortex, and then the moonlit sea rolled placidly on, and the gentle night-wind swept over the spot, leaving no trace of the fearful shipwreck, which in scarce ten minutes from the time the ice struck our devoted vessel, had left us exposed and helpless upon the broad sea, our only refuge that desolate field of ice, which, hard, inhospitable, and shelterless, pierced us through with its intense cold.

That night was one of infinite suffering to hardy men; what, then, must it have been to the feeble and helpless? It was terrible to hear the wailing of the children exposed to such rigorous cold, and the fruitless efforts of their distracted parents to shield them from it. A few loose planks and spars had been thrown over from the ship, and the scramble to obtain them was like a struggle for gold. I was so fortunate as to secure one, and on it I placed my poor wife and elder child, rolled together in our only cloak; while through the live-long night I paced to and fro beside them, with the little one wrapped in the breast of my coat, striving in vain to still its cries; and as I walked, my feet clung to the frozen pavement beneath them, and the cold shot up through my limbs like an icy fire, causing intolerable pain.

As the night passed on, the cold increased, or else we felt it more; and many times, as I looked on the shivering beings crouching around me, I thought that few among them would survive till morning. But thanks, under Providence, to the officers of the ship, who served out, at short intervals, small allowances of spirits, the day dawned on all save a few small children, my own dear babe among them. And truly, when I looked on the wide waste of waters around us, dotted here and there by silvery ice-fields, but uncheered by a single sail, and thought of our desolation, our misery, and probable fate, I felt it was mercifully called away from the evil to come. But the mother could not feel so, and amid her own sufferings, her tears fell fast on the sweet placid face that would never weep again.

With the morning, the ship's company and passengers were mustered, to ascertain if any were missing, and great was our consternation to find that our employer, Mr Grant, was absent. Every inquiry was made, and every search among the crevices and crannies of our rugged ice-raft, but all in vain. In the confusion and misery of the night, none had missed him, nor was any trace of him to be found, and we were at length compelled to believe that our kind friend and master had either perished in the wreck, or else in his passage to the ice. However it happened, it was a new calamity, and one that, despite our own extremity, grieved us deeply; and besides our regret for the individual himself, there came the remembrance human selfishness soon brings in such cases, that all our prospects had perished with him, and that even should we be rescued, we must commence the world again friendless and destitute.

Meanwhile, many were the eager eyes continually scanning the horizon in the vain search for a friendly sail. As the day wore on, the sun shone brilliantly out, and his beams flashed in a thousand dazzling rays on our ice-raft, until we were almost blinded by their radiance. Yet they shed a warmth through our chilled frames for which we were most thankful, and in many spots they melted the ice, which ran in little rills, enabling us to quench our thirst, without filling our mouths with ice. Twice in the day, a little biscuit and raw pork were distributed to us, and thus sadly and sufferingly passed the day, till a second night of misery set in. This proved far worse than the former, for ere long, wild gusts began to howl over the ocean-wastes, out among which we now had drifted; and heavy waves lashed and raged around us, and dashed themselves against our refuge; and though they had not power to put it into motion, we knew not how soon they might sweep over it, or shatter it in pieces. It was a fearful night, and so exhausted and despairing did it leave us, that we scarce could rouse ourselves to exertion, until a sailor's cry of 'Sail ho!' awoke fresh hope.

How many tearful eyes brightened, and heavy hearts throbbed quick and gratefully, as they watched that sail speed on towards us before the last breath of the expiring gale! As she drew near, the only fear was lest she should not have space for all. Nearer and still nearer she came, until we could see the men upon her decks, and then—we scarce could believe our eyes—she passed us by, unobserving or unheeding the signal we had raised upon a spar, and the dark group of human beings clustered round it. If unheeding, Heaven forgive them, for it was a fearful depth of despair into which to fling back so many of their fellow-creatures. The women sank down too heart-stricken for words, and the men lifted up their voices in bitter indignation at the cruelty that could thus leave women and children to perish. Death in one of his most fearful forms did indeed seem pressing close upon us, for our scanty stock of food was exhausted. Many flung themselves at length upon the ice, utterly indifferent to all outward objects; while others prayed earnestly over the dear ones for whom all earthly hope was past.

Suddenly a loud shout rose above the plash of the waves and the murmur of sorrowful voices, and echoed cheerfully over our frozen resting-place. Every eye turned seaward, and there, but a few fathoms from us, lay a large vessel, which, absorbed as we were in our misery, had approached us unperceived. Her bulwarks were filled with sympathising faces, and to our feeble cheer of welcome, there came back so hearty a response, that it sent a glow through our shivering frames.

Never was kindness greater than that which we poor ice-wrecked voyagers received from the crew and passengers of that ship, crowded though she already was. To their care and attention we owed not only our own lives, but those of the dear ones who seemed about to die; and never can we feel sufficiently grateful for their good offices, or the many sacrifices they made on our behalf.

The ship was westward bound, and on our arrival in Canada, the account of our misfortunes brought us many offers of employment. Years have passed since then, and the world has gone well with us, but nothing can erase from our minds the haunting remembrance of the fearful days and nights we passed upon that miserable ice-field.

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AN INTERESTED PROPOSITION.

I AM a member of a rather ancient family, one which once occupied a much more elevated position in society than it does at the present writing, and which, during the reign of the last Henry, enjoyed rather extensive territorial possessions in a northern county. The Loosefits of Lancashire—I am a Loosefit—had wealth enough and to spare in those old days; but the later generations of the stock have, from the very causes which, according to the political economists, should have contributed to increase their substance, declined in prosperity and importance, and forfeited that claim to pre-eminence which it was once their pride to assert and maintain. The reader is not, however, to suppose that there has been any blot on the family scutcheon. No; our sole crime has been our fecundity; we have increased and multiplied too fast; for several generations past there has not been a single family of Loosefits who have not reared half-a-dozen healthy children at least, while some have even exceeded the half-score. Thus, it has happened that the hereditary acres, spite of the rigid laws of entail, became by degrees split up, distributed, alienated, and finally, with some inconsiderable exceptions, have slipped through the family fingers into other hands: thus it came to pass that I, a Loosefit in the direct line from Sir Lancelot Loosefit of Battlebrunt, found myself at my majority, with all my ancestral aversion to the defilements of commerce, the possessor of an income of a few hundreds a year only, secured on the old Battlebrunt estate, and heir to 'the Scrub,' a waste of some sixty acres on the skirts of Shindy-craggit.

I am not going to trouble the reader with my personal history, either before or after my majority: my object is rather to make him acquainted with the predicament in which I find myself at this present moment, and which, not being by any means peculiar to myself, must be interesting to many besides. I am some two or three years past fifty now, and the partner of my lot, whom I married thirty years ago, will touch the half-century this very month. I reside at Loosefit Lodge—that is the name we have given to our semi-detached villa at St John's Wood—and am the father of eight scions of the Loosefit stock; so that I and mine form no exception to the prolific capabilities which characterise our race. My son and heir, Augustus-George, and my seven daughters, Arabella, Clara, Maud, Florence, Amy, Lucinda, and Cornelia, form, although I say it myself, as fine a family as ever assembled round an English fireside; and my Honoria, their mamma, assures me that, in point of amiability and general attractiveness, our dear girls are unexceptional. This maternal laudation, which the reader can supply for himself, is all very true and well deserved, I have no doubt, though I can never remember much of it, because, while Honoria is going on in this way, I am apt to be thinking of the confounded expense the dear girls have already put me to, and because I have a suspicion, which generally turns out to be correct, that these pleasing flatteries are but a prelude to a further demand upon my purse. Thank Heaven that Augustus-George is at last off my hands, and after the costly cramming and coaching, which I was sadly afraid would be all thrown away, has finally passed, and gone to battle his way as he best can among his brother-griffins in India. But my trouble is that the worst remains behind—that the girls, in spite of their undeniable charms and accomplishments, manifest no tendency to flit from the parent nest, and bless with their soothing cares the independent homes which they are all so well calculated to adorn. This it is which troubles me. There is Arabella, the eldest, in her twenty-ninth year, though, to be sure, she doesn't look it, and I am not such a brute as to remind her of it; and it is a fact, which I am compelled to admit to myself, and which my wife, I know, admits to herself, though, for the sake of each other's feelings, we keep our convictions in our own breast, that all the others are grown up to 'womanly estate,' as it is called, though where the 'estate' is, I should very much like to know. Not that this condition of affairs is so palpable to everybody as it is to us; the three youngest, Amy, Lucinda, and Cornelia, are still styled 'the children,' and are made to do lessons and submit to the authority of the elders, though it is becoming plainer day by day that that domestic comedy is approaching its last act; indeed, it would have been played out long ago, but that Honoria is unwilling to obtrude the maturity of the elder girls, and insists on the continuance of this little deception, which, by the way, has its advantages in a pecuniary point of view. Even while the girls *were* children, it was no small struggle to do justice to them all, and to keep Augustus-George at Doctor Drencham's, while he was getting prepared for Ailebury, but we managed it on the whole (Mrs Loosefit is a most excellent manager) tolerably well. Arabella—bless her!—worked incessantly, day and night, at French, Italian, German, piano and guitar, fancy-work and flower-painting, and really did wonders, becoming so far advanced at length, that by the time she was nineteen, we were in a condition to discharge the governess, and induct her into the post. It is true, the girls had each and all to be finished off with a year at a genteel seminary; and Miss Backboard's

terms were seventy guineas per annum, not to mention the entrance-money, and the silver forks and spoons, which never found their way home again. This, in connection with the cost of Augustus-George's outfit, led us into some temporary embarrassment; but we escaped from that at last by the sacrifice of the Shindycraggit property, which, although it enabled us to speak casually concerning our estate in Lancashire, was never the source of much addition to our income. I was unwilling to part with the land, though it was but a waste, but was induced to the sacrifice for the sake of the girls, who, I hoped, would go off all the quicker for the polish they would receive at Miss Backboard's. I am sorry to say that at present there are no symptoms of even a prospective decrease in our family circle; the dear girls go on harmoniously together, but there are no signs of their going off. It is true that Cornelia, the youngest, after a temporary visit to an aunt at Brighton, came home about three months ago in a state of solemn flutter and excitement, which alarmed us at first with fears for the dear child's health, but which turned out to be the result of some attentions she had received from young Adolphus Paget, who has a post at the Treasury and good expectations, and who made his appearance at St John's Wood shortly after, where he was closeted with Honoria for a full hour, while I was away at the club. What took place I do not exactly know; but I do know that the affair, and especially the apparition of the lover himself, created a most indignant sensation among the elder girls, who were shocked at the indelicacy of the idea; and that Mrs Loosefit—who probably thought, and, indeed, she said as much, that it was beginning at the wrong end—put a period to the business in the most decisive manner, and sent Mr Paget to the right-about.

Meanwhile, I cannot escape from the fact, that the seven dear and charming sisters are an awful drag upon my limited means. It is the confounded dress, the everlasting vagaries of female costume, and the 'little bills' it involves, which are the cause of my profound anxieties. The old system of management which we carried out when the girls were conveniently dissimilar in stature, and ranked like a row of pillars drawn in perspective—Arabella, at five feet seven, representing the foreground, and Cornelia, at four feet one, the vanishing point—and which enabled us to work the same expensive garment through the whole descending series by a little ingenious cutting, transforming, and perhaps occasional dyeing—that system is no longer available. The dear girls have grown of a uniform height; they are *all* five feet seven, or within an inch of it more or less—and it is impossible to economise on the old plan in the face of such distressing uniformity of stature. The dresses of the elders will no longer come in for the younger branches; and if they would, I know well enough that the younger branches, who feel what is due to themselves, would rebel against wearing them. As Mrs Loosefit says, the girls must dress, or they have no chance of going off, and you may as well bury them alive, in this age of refinement, as make dowdies of them; accomplished and amiable as they are, you cannot circulate them in society without the passport of fashionable attire. Mrs Loosefit is right; it must be so—spite of the sarcastic dictum of that fellow Cowper, who lived in the bush like a savage, and never had daughters to establish in the world, we unfortunate fathers of feminine families must conform to the decrees of Society, which rules us with a rod of iron. Though dress 'drains our cellars dry,' and 'makes our larders lean,' we must submit, or worse will happen.

Now, all these candid confessions of mine are introductory to a proposition which I have to make to that class of public benefactors who are constantly appealing to us in the newspapers, and who live by administering to the wants of their fellow-creatures. What I would wish some enterprising speculators to establish forthwith, would be a species of Milliners' and Dressmakers' Mudie—a grand central female wardrobe for general circulation, having, of course, branch dépôts in the provinces—where such necessaries as bonnets, mantles, dresses, shawls, and cloaks, including every variety of fashionable attire that goes to the making up of the outer woman in this fashionable age, might be selected for temporary wear, and returned as soon as the wearers were tired of them, and exchanged for others. The rates of the annual or quarterly subscriptions for these advantages might be easily assessed in just proportion to the frequency of the changes and the description of goods required by the subscribers. There is no doubt that the speculation would pay exceedingly well; and if it were inaugurated by a joint-stock company, with limited liability, I would not mind taking a few shares myself. Such an establishment would afford to women what all women are so fond of—a continual variety in dress—and would save them from the mortification of feeling that they were the subjects of ill-natured remarks through wearing the same dress for any length of time. Where is the experienced paterfamilias who does not know that, in regard to female costume, it is very often not the decay of the material that annoys the fair wearer so much as the obstinate endurance of it? The Dressmakers' Mudie would abolish all that. How glad should I be to enter the names of my seven charming girls as subscribers, and to pay anything in reason for a constant supply of the costume most in fashion—and there must be thousands in circumstances similar to mine who doubtless would be ready to accord their patronage to the plan. I acknowledge there is a difficulty to be got over as regards the fitting department: all the charming women are not, like my dear girls, exactly five feet seven—some are a little dumpy, and some, it is possible, are a little stout, or even fat; but a set of easy directions might be prepared which would enable the subscribers to forward their individual measures in cases where they could not attend in person; and in this era of elastic fabrics, any little inaccuracies might be compensated by the application of the elastic principle to the articles of circulating costume. Think of this promising proposition, O my advertising friends—prepare your materials, pitch your habitation, and publish your tariff—and above all, be quick about it, for I am anxious to become an immediate subscriber.

TUNING-FORKS AND MUSICAL PITCH.

The Society of Arts has been occupying itself with a very curious question, well suited to a body not exactly scientific, artistic, or industrial, and yet occupying a sort of borderland between those three domains of inquiry. This question relates to the standard of musical pitch, as determined by a tuning-fork or other instrument yielding a uniform sound. Singers and other musical people are becoming perplexed by the gradually increasing elevation of pitch in the music they sing or play. '*Vivi tu*' or '*Suives moi*,' '*Il mio tesoro*' or '*Let the bright Seraphim*,' are not pitched at a higher standard—*on paper*—than they were, in the days when the respective composers sent forth those melodies into the world; and yet the singers feel and know that they *are* higher, when striving to make them in accord with their accompanying instruments. It is certain that C♯, or A♭, or F♯ are not the same notes now as they were in the early part of the century; they, and all other notes in the scale, are sharper than before, and are becoming sharper and sharper as time goes on. How much longer can this process continue without ruining the beautiful voices of our public singers? How much longer will it be before singing becomes screaming?

Verdi is said to have ruined some of the finest voices in Europe, by introducing so many loud and high notes in his vocal music; but even music composed in lower keys is becoming more difficult to sing than formerly, because each note of a particular name is rising in actual pitch. The French government—the French like to have things done for them by their government, even to the tuning of fiddles—and the Society of Arts in this country, are trying to dive down to the bottom of this evil, with a view of devising a remedy.

All sounds are produced by vibrations of the air; and when those vibrations are sufficiently numerous within a space of time, the sound is musical. If there are very many vibrations in a second, the sound is high or acute; if fewer, it is low or grave. When the largest pipe in the largest church-organ is giving forth its vast body of sound, the air is agitated by about thirty-two vibrations in a second; when a *prima donna* is giving forth her notes in *altissimo*, the vibrations are very many thousands in a second; and there is every shade of variety between these two extremes. We, of course, may give any name we please to any sound; but it is necessary to adopt some name, in order to be intelligible to each other. Musicians agree to designate by the letter C a particular note, and by six other letters of the alphabet six other sounds bearing peculiar relations to it. The middle C of the pianoforte, or the lowest C on the flute, sometimes called tenor C, is due to a rapidity of vibrations, varying from about 500 to 540 in a second. Why it is that this wide range exists, is the very point on which learned people are now debating and inquiring. When we speak of the particular note in question, we always mean one due to *about* 520 vibrations—a few more or less—per second; and we assume that all the other notes in the octave, and all the octaves in the scale, bear a determinate relation to this number. Love of brevity prevents us from indicating the means by which this amazing rapidity of vibration can be measured.

A commission and a committee, of which we shall say something presently, have collected abundant evidence that the standard of pitch has risen and is rising. But before going further, we must make still two remarks necessary for the clear understanding of this matter. The first is, that the word *diapason*, though having various shades of meaning, is now often used in exactly the same sense as musical pitch; and we shall therefore employ either term at pleasure. The second is, that in speaking of any particular musical note being due to (say) 500 vibrations per second, we mean 500 *single* vibrations; some writers call this number 250, just as if we were to say that one vibration or oscillation of a pendulum consists of the swing in one direction, *and then back again;* but it is now usually deemed more convenient to consider the single swing, or the movement of the vibrating body in one direction, as a vibration; and it is in that sense that the middle C of the pianoforte is due to something more than 500 vibrations per second.

Glück's operas, composed in the last century, prove, by the manner in which the vocal parts are arranged, that his music was intended for a much lower diapason than that now in use. Nearly all church organs, especially those of old date, are below the present opera and concert pitch: in some instances to the extent of more than a whole tone. Messrs Broadwood, the celebrated pianoforte-makers, have in their possession three tuning-forks of different pitch: one, corresponding with the Philharmonic standard thirty years ago, is used by them for tuning pianos intended for accompaniments at vocal concerts; a second, higher in pitch, is employed for tuning pianos to take part in orchestral compositions; and a third, still higher, is the Opera and Philharmonic standard of the present day. Thus is afforded curious proof of this tendency of the diapason to travel *upwards;* there is a difference of about a semitone between the first and third of these forks. They have the means, at the Grand Opera of Paris, of tracing the diapason ever since the year 1699; and there is no departure whatever from the rule that this standard has a tendency to change, always in an upward direction: the middle C was 489 vibrations in 1699, and 538 in 1859. In the last-named year, the Opera standard in London, St Petersburg, and Berlin, was even higher by a few vibrations than that at Paris. Some years ago, when the Royal Society of Musicians used to furnish a band to assist at the annual concert of the charity children at St Paul's—a concert this year (1860) held at the Crystal Palace—it was found impossible for some of the instruments to tune down to the pitch of the cathedral organ; and, as a consequence, Mr Goss was much troubled how to hide the discords. The same skilful organist was embarrassed in a similar way during the performance of the music in the cathedral on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852; because the pitch of all the other instruments, made in recent years, was higher than that of the old organ. In 1858, there were three provincial Musical Festivals held in towns where there are large organs; there was a difference of at least a semitone between the highest and lowest of the organs; and the leading orchestral players, who went from London to the festivals, were much puzzled how to adapt their diapason to the exigencies of each case. French musical instruments, made for sale in England, are tuned higher than those intended for use in France, on account of the difference of diapason between the two countries. Mr Tutton, who for a quarter of a century has been connected with the fine band of the Horse Guards, finds that the pitch has gradually been rising during that period, through causes not evident to him at the time. Madame Otto Goldschmidt, *née* Jenny Lind, has publicly stated, that even in the short space of twelve years the pitch has risen sufficiently to make the change painfully felt by the singers of high-voiced or soprano music. At Exeter Hall, the directors have found it a somewhat difficult matter to determine on the tuning of the organ: seeing that Handel's standard pitch was very much lower than the more recent one of Mendelssohn, and that it is impossible to make the same organ do equal justice to the oratorios of both composers, without doing a little injustice to both. Lastly, 'an eminent performer, acting on previous experience, provided himself, on a recent musical tour, with no less than *thirteen* concertinas, tuned to different pitches, varying to the extent of about a tone and a half!'

Next comes the question, *why* does the standard of musical pitch tend to rise? If all the players in the chief European countries are irresistibly bent to do this, there must be some cause worth finding out. So far as concerns musical instruments constructed of wood, metal, or fibre, it is possible to raise the standard of tone very considerably; but this is not the case in reference to the human voice, which remains pretty much the same in the nineteenth as it was in the eighteenth and preceding centuries; and therefore, as our vocalists frankly acknowledge that the standard is becoming too high for them, it is a fair question to ask, why they consent to be bound by it? The fault is thrown upon the instrumentalists and instrument-makers. There is a feeling among these persons that music is more 'brilliant' when played on instruments tuned to a high pitch; and as brilliancy is one of the effects at which they aim, they would rather sacrifice the singers than lose the chance of attaining this end. The great improvements made during the last few years in wind-instruments have, in almost all cases, been accompanied by a rise in pitch. When the Emperor Alexander I. became 'proprietor' or colonel of an Austrian regiment, he ordered new instruments to be made for the

band; the manufacturer, in order to increase the brilliancy of tone, unhesitatingly raised the pitch considerably; and the example was thereupon followed by other military bands, who all raised their diapason. This belief in increased brilliancy or sonority, seems to prevail very much among military musicians; but the truth of the opinion is in part contested by many violinists, who assert, that, whatever may be said as to brilliancy, stringed instruments lose a portion of their sonority or body of sound by being screwed up to a high diapason. M. Bender, conductor of the band of the Guides at Brussels, actually employs two diapasons; one, too high for vocal music, being especially intended to give brilliancy to military instruments. It is believed by many persons, on fair evidential probability, that tuning-forks are subject to slight molecular changes affecting the rapidity of vibration; so that, to some extent, a standard itself may cease to be a standard in lapse of time. The effect of changes of temperature and moisture in organ-pipes is still more considerable, and more generally admitted. Mr Hullah states, that the organ at St Martin's Hall never gives forth the same musical pitch during morning rehearsal as during evening concert, on account of the difference of temperature; and that he is thereby much tried in his endeavours to bring all the instruments and voices into harmony with the organ. Some of the sensitive performers in Mr Costa's magnificent opera-band clearly appreciate a difference between the winter and summer diapason of that orchestra, due entirely to difference of temperature. Sir John Herschel, a man who is as learned in the philosophy of music as in other kinds of philosophy, has pointed out a probable cause for the tendency of the diapason to rise, in the *modulations* belonging to the theory of harmony; but we shall not attempt to deal with that abstruse matter here.

And now concerning the remedial measures for this musical malady. First, we may mention a reform partly carried out about thirty years ago. The Philharmonic Society, a great authority in all musical matters, being desirous of settling a determinate musical pitch, the subject was taken up by Sir George Smart, Mrs Billington, Mr Braham, and Mr Griesbach, representing respectively the conductors, the lady singers, the male singers, and the instrumentalists of the London concert-rooms. They agreed, by a method of compromise, as to the standard of pitch which would most nearly meet the wishes of all, without troubling themselves about acoustics or vibrations, or any other scientific lore; then they requested Mr Broadwood to prepare a tuning-fork correspondent thereto, which was found to give about 520 vibrations for the note C; and this became the Philharmonic standard for many years. The next notable reform was effected in Germany by a number of leading musicians who met at Stuttgart in 1834; they agreed upon a tuning-fork which all would adopt; and to this fork, sounding the note A, they gave 880 vibrations, corresponding with 528 for tenor C. A notable movement was next due to Mr Hullah. When this gentleman commenced teaching singing in London on Wilhelm's system, about the year 1842, his pupils wanted tuning-forks all uniform in pitch; because this particular method of teaching vocal music is maintained independent of all instrumental accompaniment. He found that the tuning-forks existing at that time were very discordant; some were made to sound the note A, others to sound C; but the A of one fork was dolefully out of tune with that of another, and the same was true of the group of C forks. He made arrangements for procuring any required number of forks uniform in pitch, and decided that the number of vibrations adopted as the standard for tenor C should be 512. Some of the existing forks were above this standard, others were below it; it was a convenient mean at that time. Moreover, it afforded great facility for calculation, seeing that the successive octaves of the standard note would be represented by the successive doubling of numbers—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, &c. The tuning of the forks was undertaken by Mr Tomlinson, who, by a careful use of Cagniard de la Tour's *Sirène*, prepared many hundreds all exactly alike in pitch. If composers, conductors, vocalists, instrumentalists, and instrument-makers had chosen to adopt the same standard as Mr Hullah, the discordant concords—a phrase that really does express the thing meant—of our musicians would have been cured; but they did not, and so the doctors have had again to be called in.

They are French doctors of whom we shall now speak, who look up to the government for inspiration. About the middle of the year 1858, the imperial government appointed a commission to inquire into the best mode of establishing a *diapason normal*, or standard musical pitch. The names of the commissioners comprised many well known in the realms of music—such as Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, and Ambrose Thomas, as well as a few men of science. These commissioners employed about half a year on the inquiry, and presented a report early in 1859. They started with a unanimous admission that the standard of pitch differs in different countries; that it differs among different musical establishments even in one and the same country; that there is a tendency everywhere to an elevation of pitch; and that great confusion arises from this circumstance. They collected music-forks from various parts of Europe, tested them all, and solicited opinions as to which of them, if any, possessed the best requirements for a standard. Nearly every one agreed that the Paris Opera standard should be lowered; but then came the question, how much? Some proposed a lowering of a quarter of a semitone, in order that existing musical instruments might easily be adapted to it; some half a semitone; and some a complete semitone. The commissioners found that, all things considered, the wishes of musical persons would most nearly be consulted by lowering the standard pitch about half a semitone. They recommended that the Opera A fork should be lowered from 896 to 870 vibrations per second, equivalent to a lowering from 538 to 522 for tenor C. Consequent upon this, there appeared one of those Napoleonic decrees which seem to be equally applicable to the annexation of a province and the making of a tuning-fork. By this decree, the standard above named is sanctioned; it is to be compulsory upon all musical establishments supported in any way by the state; the standard tuning-fork is to be deposited with the *Conservatoire de Musique;* and all the other establishments are to keep verified copies of it. The normal diapason was to come into force in Paris on the 1st of July 1859, and in the provinces on the 1st of December following; and after those dates, no musical instruments were to be admitted into the public establishments unless constructed and attuned according to the standard.

This brief notice of the French commission will prepare us to trace the operations of the English committee. Rather more than a year ago, Mr Harry Chester drew the attention of Mr Dilke to the proceedings of the French commission, and pointed out how desirable it would be if a reform on this subject could be wrought in England as well as in France. Both were members of the Council of the Society of Arts; and in a written communication, Mr Chester added: 'It occurs to me that, in the absence of any competent musical authority legally or officially established in England, the Society of Arts might convene a conference of musical magnates, amateurs as well as professionals, composers, instrument-makers, vocalists, and instrumentalists, to discuss the subject, and to determine whether the society should frame a

resolution, and get it extensively signed: to the effect that the persons signing accepted the French decision, and would use their influence to procure the adoption of the same uniform pitch. By such a measure, we might make what would be equivalent to a voluntary law for ourselves; and public opinion, thus expressed, would lead the instrument-makers generally to confine themselves to that standard.' Consequent on this suggestion, a meeting was held at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on the 3d of June 1859; and a very remarkable meeting it was, at which there was a strong muster of musical men. We find the names of Benedict, Blagrove, Broadwood, Collard, Ella, Godfrey, Otto Goldschmidt, Gray, Davison, Hill, Walker, Willis (these last five being organ-builders), Griesbach, Hullah, Lindsey Sloper, Sir George Smart, Wylde, Wornum. One lady graced the assembly: Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind. Many of these persons spoke on the occasion; and letters, expressive of opinion, were received from Miss Dolby, Cipriani Potter, Alfred Mellon, Mr Goss, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, and other persons known in the world of music. The musical critics and the musical amateurs were also strongly represented; and physical and mathematical science appeared there in the persons of Dr Whewell, Dr Arnott, and Professor Lunn. What was done and said on that occasion, we need not trace with any fulness, seeing that many of the facts stated in the former part of this article rest on the authority of competent persons present at the meeting. Suffice it to say, that almost every one agreed in opinion that the diapason has gradually risen; that it is still rising; that a further rise ought, if possible, to be checked; and that the settlement of a definite standard, once for all, is very desirable. Some thought that the human voice ought to be held chiefly in view, in settling this standard, while others wished rather to rely on musical instruments; but all assented to the appointment of a committee, to be intrusted with a searching examination of the subject. An enormous committee, consisting of more than fifty persons, was named—possibly under the belief that unpaid committeemen, as usual, would seldom attend very punctually. Composers, conductors, vocalists, instrumentalists, professors, amateurs, connoisseurs, and critics, were among the members of the committee; while the scientific phase of the subject was to be watched over by Dr Arnott, Professors Goodeve, Lunn, De Morgan, Wheatstone, and Willis, and Dr Whewell.

While the committee were engaged in their labours, Sir John Herschel sent a written statement of his opinions. He stoutly fought for the 512. He expressed astonishment that the French commission had determined on 522, as the number of vibrations for standard C; and as he felt convinced that, sooner or later, we must come to the mathematically simple and easily calculated 512, he proposed to work the reform at once and effectively, by adopting those figures. The instrument-makers will be a little puzzled by *any* change; but he thinks the puzzlement would not be increased by making the full required alteration at once.

After just twelve months' labours, the committee presented their Report in June of the present year. The Report states that all the persons examined agree that the pitch has risen, and that a standard not permitted to indulge in further alteration would be very desirable; they nearly all agree that this standard ought to be lower than the present opera pitch; but that much diversity of opinion exists as to the question, how much the lowering ought to be. The musical instruments now in use could be coaxed to a little lower standard; but this coaxing would be inoperative if tried to the extent of a semitone. In other words, existing orchestral instruments tuned up to the opera pitch of 546, could not, except in a few special kinds of instrument, be lowered to 512; and therefore players would have to buy new instruments, to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. This, the committee think, would ruin the proposed reform altogether; for instrumentalists would not like to be out of pocket, chiefly to please the vocalists. Among many suggested solutions, the committee chose the following: Nearly midway between 546 and 512 is 528, the diapason established by the Stuttgart musicians in 1834. Now, the instrumental players informed the committee that they could lower their tone to this extent without much inconvenience; while the vocalists admitted that it would be an improvement on the present standard, although not to the extent that might be wished. Moreover, 528 happens to be a good number for the fundamental note of the octave; because it admits of the other notes of the scale being expressed in whole numbers, without fractions. They therefore gave a nearly unanimous vote for 528.

At a general meeting which followed the presentation of the Report, Sir John Herschel, Mr Wentworth Dilke, and Mr Chorley, energetically struggled for 512; they thought we *must* come to it at last, and therefore the sooner the better. Being beaten, they next tried to make the standard 528 merely a temporary one, to be accepted with an understood proviso that, at some future period, it should be changed to 512. But this was opposed by nearly all the committee; on the ground that the committee's labours would be quite fruitless unless they were able to suggest a diapason which would be both generally acceptable and regarded as final. Even Mr Hullah, favourable to his old 512, consented to forego it altogether for the sake of unanimity.

And so this very curious matter rests. Whether 522, imperial measure, will really be obeyed by French musicians; whether a non-official 528 will govern English fiddlers and pipers; whether 546 will insist on reigning at Covent Garden, and 512 at St Martin's Hall—the future must shew. We offer no apologies for drawing the reader's attention to the matter; for—what with Handel and Mendelssohn Festivals, Tonic Sol Fas, Orpheonistic Meetings, Monday Popular Concerts, Brass Band Contests, Italian Operas two or three deep, and Canterbury Balls without number—we are becoming a very musical people; while the subject is really an interesting and curious one.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WAITING THE WORD.

In truth was it a fearful moment—one to shake the steadiest nerves, or thrill the stoutest heart. To me, it was an ordeal far more terrible than that of an ordinary duel; for there was lacking the motive—at least on my side—which usually stimulates to an affair of honour. Sense of wrong I felt, but too slightly for revenge—not enough to steel the heart to the spilling of blood. Anger I *had* felt but the moment before; and then I could have fought, even to the death; but my blood, that had boiled up for an instant, now ran coldly through my veins. The unexpected behaviour of my adversary had calmed my wrath—acting upon it like oil upon troubled water.

Thus to fight without seconds; to die without friend to speak the last word of worldly adieu; or to take the life of another, without human being to attest the fairness of the act; no earthly eye beholding us; no living creature save the black vultures—appropriate instruments to give the death-signal—ominous witnesses of the dark deed: such were the appalling reflections that came before my mind, as I stood facing my determined antagonist.

It would scarcely be true to say, that I felt not fear; and yet it was less cowardice, than a sort of vague

vexation at risking my life in so causeless a conflict. There was something absolutely ludicrous in standing up to be shot at, merely to square with the whim of this eccentric squatter; and to shoot at him seemed equally ridiculous. Either alternative, upon reflection, appeared the very essence of absurdity; and, having ample time to reflect, while awaiting the signal, I could not help thinking how farcical was the whole affair.

No doubt, I might have laughed at it, had I been a mere looker on—herald or spectator; but, unfortunately, being a principal in this deadly duetto—a real wrestler in the backwoods arena—the provocative to mirth was given in vain; and only served to heighten the solemnity of the situation.

The circumstances might have elicited laughter; but the contingency, turn whatever way it might, was too serious to admit of levity on my part. Either horn of the dilemma presented a sharp point. To suffer one's-self to be killed, in this *sans façon*, was little else than suicide—while to kill, smacked strongly of murder!

And one or the other was the probable issue—nay, more than probable: for as I bent my eyes on the resolute countenance of my *vis-à-vis*, I felt certain that there was no chance of escaping from the terrible alternative. He stood perfectly immobile—his long rifle raised to the 'ready,' with its muzzle pointing towards me—and in his eye I could not read the slightest sign, that he wavered in his determination! That grey-green orb was the only member that moved: his body, limbs, and features were still and rigid, as the stump behind which he stood. The eye alone shewed signs of life. I could see its glance directed towards three points—in such rapid succession, that it might be said to look 'three ways at once'—to the decoy upon the ground, to the shadowy forms upon the tree, and towards myself—its chief object of surveillance!

'Merciful Heavens! is there no means to avert this doom of dread? Is it an absolute necessity, that I must either kill this colossus, or be myself slain? Is there no alternative? Is there still no chance of an arrangement?'

Hopeless as it appeared, I resolved to make a last effort for peace. Once more I should try the force of an appeal. If he refused to assent to it, my position would be no worse. Better, indeed: since I stood in need of some stimulus to rouse me to an attitude, even of defence. This thought swaying me, I called out:

'Holt! you are a brave man. I know it. Why should this go on? It is not too late'——

'*You* air a coward!' cried he, interrupting me, 'an' I know it—a sneakin' coward, in spite o' yar soger clothes! Shet up yar durned head, or ye'll scare away the birds! an', by the tarnal! ef you do, I'll fire at ye, the fust that takes wing!'

'Let that be the signal, then!' cried I, roused to an impatient indignation by this new insult: '*the first that takes wing!*'

'Agreed!' was the quick rejoinder, delivered in a tone that bespoke determination to abide by it.

My irresolution troubled me no longer. Thus driven to bay, I felt that further forbearance would not only be idle, but dangerous. It was playing with my life, to leave it in the hands of this unrelenting enemy. Better make *him* suffer for his sanguinary folly, than be myself its victim.

Stirred by these thoughts, I grasped my rifle—now for the first time with a determination to make use of it. By the same prompting, my eye became active—watching with resolute regard the movements of the birds, and measuring the ground that separated me from my adversary.

Notwithstanding the sting which his words had inflicted, I was yet hampered by some considerations of mercy. I had no desire to *kill* the man, if I could avoid it. To 'cripple' him would be sufficient.

I had no fear of his having the shot before me. Much practice had given me such adroitness in the use of my weapon, that I could handle it with the quickness and skill of a juggler. Neither did I fear to miss my aim. I had perfect reliance on the sureness of my sight; and, with such a mark as the huge body of the squatter, it was impossible I could miss. In this respect, the advantage was mine; and, at so short a distance, I could have insured a fatal shot—had such been my intention. But it was not; the very contrary was my wish—to draw blood, without inflicting a mortal wound. This would perhaps satisfy the honour of my antagonist, and bring our strife to an end.

Whether any such consideration was in his mind, I could not tell. It was not visible in his eye—nor his features that, throughout the whole scene, preserved their stern statue-like rigidity.

There was no help for it—no alternative but to shoot at him, and shoot him down—if possible, only to wing him; but, of course, a sense of my own danger rendered this last of less than secondary importance.

A single exchange of shots would, no doubt, decide the affair; and the advantage would lie to him who was 'quickest on the trigger.'

To obtain this advantage, then, I watched with eager eye the behaviour of the birds. In like manner was my antagonist occupied.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DUEL DELAYED.

Full five minutes passed, and not one of the vultures shewed sign of stirring—five minutes of prolonged and terrible suspense.

It was odd that the birds had not at once swooped down upon the piece of venison: since it lay conspicuously upon the ground—almost under the tree where they were perched! A score of them there were—ranged along the dead limbs—each with an eye keen of sight as an eagle's! Beyond doubt, they observed the object—they would have seen it a mile off, and recognised it too—why, then, were they disregarding it—a circumstance so contradictory of their natural instincts and habits, that, even in that dread hour, I remarked its singularity?

The cause was simple enough: no doubt the birds had already glutted themselves elsewhere. Some wild beast of the wood—more likely, some straying ox—had fallen a victim to disease and the summer heats; and his carcass had furnished them with their morning's meal. There was evidence of the truth of this, in their blood-stained beaks and gorged maws, as also the indolent attitudes in which they roosted—many of them apparently asleep! Others at intervals stretched forth their necks, and half spread their wings; but only to yawn, and catch the cooling breeze. Not one of all the listless flock, shewed the slightest disposition to take wing.

There were several already in the air, wheeling high aloft; and two or three had just joined their companions, increasing the cluster upon the tree. These had arrived, after we had taken our stand; and others were constantly coming down. But the signal mutually agreed to was mutually understood: it was the *departure* of one of the birds—not its *arrival*—that was to give the cue of *entrée* to the tragic act—the signal for the scene of death.

Those five minutes to me appeared fifty—ah! far more than that: for, brief as was the actual time, a world of thoughts passed through my mind during its continuance. The past and future were alike considered. The memory of home, kindred, and friends; the probability that all such ties were to be severed now and for ever; some regret that laurels lately won were to be so briefly worn; the near prospect of life's termination; of a death inglorious—perhaps scarcely to be recorded; vague visions of a future world; doubts

not unmingled with dread, about the life to come: such were the thoughts that whirled confusedly through my brain.

And the *proximate* past had also its share in my reflections—perhaps occupying the largest space of all. That thing of light and gold—who but an hour ago had filled my heart to overflowing—was still there, mingling with its last emotions! Was I never more to look upon that radiant form? never more behold that face so divinely fair? never more listen to that melodious voice? Never more!

The negative answer to these mental interrogatives—though only conjectural—was the bitterest reflection of all!

Still stir not the vultures: only to preen their black plumes with fetid beak; or, extending their broad wings, to shadow the sunbeam from their bodies. It is the hour of noon; and the sun, shining down from the zenith, permeates the atmosphere with his sultriest rays. The birds droop under the extreme heat. It imbues them with a listless torpor. Carrion itself would scarce tempt them from their perch.

Five minutes have elapsed; and not one moves from the tree—neither to swoop to the earth, nor soar aloft in the air.

I no longer wish them to tarry. The suspense is terrible to endure—the more so from the ominous stillness that reigns around. Since the last angry challenge, not a word has been exchanged between my adversary and myself. In sullen silence, we eye each other, with scintillating glances watching for the signal. * * * *

The situation was more than unpleasant. I longed for the *finale*. My antagonist also shewed signs of impatience. No longer preserving his statue-like *pose*, his body began to sway from side to side; while at intervals, he stamped the ground with his heavy heel. From the increasing anger that betrayed itself in his looks, I expected an explosion.

It came at length.

'Durn them buzzarts!' cried he, with a hurried gesture, 'thar a gwine to keep us stannin' hyar till sundown. Durn the sleepy brutes! we can't wait no longer on 'em. I dare ye'——

The challenge thus commenced was never completed—at all events, I did not hear its conclusion; and know not to this hour what he meant to have proposed. His speech was either interrupted, or his voice drowned, by the shrill neighing of my horse—who seemed startled at some sound from the forest. Almost at the same instant, I heard a responsive neigh, as if an echo from behind me.

I heeded neither the one nor the other: I saw that the birds were aroused from their lethargic attitude. Some of them appeared as if pressing upon their limbs to spring upward from the tree. The deadly moment had come!

With my rifle raised almost to the level, I glanced rapidly towards my antagonist. His piece was also raised; but, to my astonishment, he appeared to be grasping it mechanically, as if hesitating to take aim! His glance, too, shewed irresolution: instead of being turned either upon myself or the vultures, it was bent in a different direction, and regarding with fixed stare some object behind me!

I was turning to ascertain the cause, when I heard close at hand the trampling of a horse; and, almost at the same instant, an exclamation, uttered in the metallic tones of a woman's voice. This was followed by a wild scream; and, simultaneously with its utterance, I beheld a female form springing over the bars! It was a young girl, whom I recognised at a glance, as she I had encountered in the forest!

I had not time to recover from my surprise before the girl had glided past me; and I followed her with my eyes, as she ran rapidly over the space that separated me from the squatter. Still mute with surprise, I saw her fling herself on the breast of my colossal antagonist, at the same time crying out in a tone of passionate entreaty:

'Father, dear father! what has *he* done? Mercy! O mercy!'

'Good God! *her* father? Holt *her* father!'

'Away, Lil!' cried he in a peremptory tone, removing her arms from his neck. 'Away, gurl! git ye gone from hyar!'

'No, father! dear father! you will not? What does it mean? What has *he* done? Why are you angry with *him*?'

'Done! gurl? He's called me *coward*; an' 'ud drive us out o' house an' home. Git you gone, I say! Into the house wi' ye!—away!'

'Mercy! O father, have mercy! Do not kill him. He is brave—he is beautiful! If you knew'——

'Brave? beautiful?—gurl, yar ravin'! What do you know about him? Ye've niver seed him afore?'

'Yes, dear father! only an hour ago. If you but knew—it was he who saved me. But for him—— Father! he must not—he shall not die!'

'Saved ye? What do ye mean, gurl?'

'Hilloo! what's all this rumpus?'

The familiar ejaculation, and its adjunct interrogatory, admonished me that a new personage had appeared upon the scene. The voice came from behind.

On turning, I beheld the unexpected speaker—a man on horseback, who had ridden up to the bars; and having halted there, was craning his neck into the enclosure—gazing upon the scene that was being enacted there, with a singular half-comic, half-satirical expression of countenance!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PEACEMAKER.

Without knowing why, I hailed the arrival of this stranger as opportune. Perhaps his presence, added to the entreaties of that fair young creature—still urgent in my behalf—might prevent the effusion of blood. Indeed, I had already determined that none should be spilled by *me*—let the consequences be as they might; and whatever was to be the *dénouement* of this awkward affair, I had resolved that my rifle should have nought to do in deciding it. The piece had fallen to the 'order arms;' the ill-omened birds had forsaken their perch; and, now soaring in the blue sky, almost beyond the reach of human vision, their movements were no longer heeded—either by my adversary or myself.

Turning away from the stranger—whom I had only regarded for a second or two—I faced again to the more interesting tableau in front of me. That, too, was rapidly undergoing a change. The squatter no longer clung to his rifle: the girl had taken it from his hands; and was hurrying with it into the door of the cabin. There was no hindrance made by my antagonist! on the contrary, he appeared to have delivered it over to her—as if the affair between us was to have a pacific termination, or, at all events, a respite.

What surprised me more than all was the altered demeanour of my adversary. His whole manner seemed to have undergone a sudden change. Sudden it must have been: since it had taken place during the second or two, while my attention was occupied by the newly arrived horseman. What still further astonished me, was, that this transformation was evidently produced by the presence of the stranger himself!

That it was not due to the young girl's interference, I had evidence already. That had not moved him for a moment. Her earnest appeal had received a repulse—energetic and decisive, as it was rude; and of itself would certainly not have saved me.

Beyond doubt, then, was I indebted to the stranger, for the truce so unexpectedly entered upon.

The change in Holt's demeanour was not more sudden than complete. At first, an air of astonishment had been observable; after that, an expression of inquietude—becoming each moment more marked. No longer did he exhibit the proud aspect of a man, who felt himself master of the ground; but, on the contrary, appeared cowed and quailing in the presence of the new-comer—whom he had met at the entrance, and at once invited into the cabin. This manner was observable in the half-mechanical courtesy, with which he removed the bars, and took hold of the stranger's horse; as also in some phrases of welcome, to which he gave utterance in my hearing.

For myself, I was no longer regarded—any more than if I had been one of the dead-woods that stood around the clearing. The squatter passed without even looking at me—his whole attention seemingly absorbed by the new arrival!

It was natural I should regard with curiosity an individual, whose presence had produced such a wonderful effect; and my scrutinising gaze may have appeared rude enough to him.

I cannot say that he elicited my admiration. On the contrary, his appearance produced an opposite effect. I beheld him with what might be termed an instinct of repulsion: since I could assign no precise reason for the dislike, with which he had inspired me on sight.

He was a man of about thirty years of age; of a thin spare body, less than medium height; and features slightly marked with the *bar* sinister. A face without beard—skin of cadaverous hue—nose sharply pointed—chin and forehead both receding—eyes small, but sparkling like those of a ferret—and long lank black hair, thinly shading his cheeks and brows—were the prominent characteristics of this man's portrait.

His dress was of a clerical cut and colour—though not of the finest fabric. The coat, trousers, and vest, were of black broad-cloth—the coat and waistcoat being made with standing collars, similar in style to those worn by Wealeyan ministers—or more commonly by Catholic priests—while a white cravat, not over clean, and a hat with curving boat-brim, completed the saintly character of the costume.

Judging from his personal appearance, I concluded that I saw, in the individual before me, the Methodist minister of Swampville. If so, it would account for the obsequiousness of his host, though not satisfactorily. There was something more than obsequiousness in Holt's manner—something altogether different from that deferential respect, with which the gospel minister is usually received in the houses of the humbler classes. Moreover, the character of the squatter—such as I had heard it, and such as I had myself observed it—bore no correspondence with the attitude of reverence he had so suddenly assumed. Even under the hypothesis, that the new-comer was his clergyman, I was puzzled by his behaviour.

He in the ecclesiastical costume appeared to be a man of few words; and of gesture he made a like limited use—having passed me, without even the courtesy of a bow. On the contrary, I was honoured with a glance of cynical regard—so palpable in its expression, as to cause an itching in my fingers, notwithstanding the saintly gown. I contented myself, however, with returning the glance, by one I intended to bear a like contemptuous expression; and, with this exchange, we separated from each other.

I remained by my stand without offering remark, either to the squatter or his guest. The only change I effected in my position, was to sit down upon the stump—where, with my rifle between my knees, I resolved to await the issue.

All idea of using the weapon was gone out of my mind—at least, against Hickman Holt. He was *her* father: I would as soon have thought of turning its muzzle to my own body.

I tarried, therefore, with no hostile intention. On the contrary, I only waited for an opportunity to propose some pacific arrangement of our difficulty; and my thoughts were now directed to this end.

I had every chance of observing the movements of the two men: since, instead of entering the cabin, they had stopped in front of it—where they at once became engaged in conversation. I took it for granted that I was myself the subject; but, after a time, I began to fancy I was mistaken. Judging from the earnest manner of both—but more especially from Holt's gestures and frequent ejaculations—something of still greater interest appeared to be the theme of their dialogue. I saw the squatter's face suddenly brighten up—as if some new and joyous revelation had been made to him; while the features of his visitor bore the satisfied look of one, who was urging an argument with success.

They were evidently talking of some topic beyond my affair, and unconnected with it; but what it could be, I was unable even to guess. Perhaps had I listened more attentively, I might have arrived at some knowledge of it—since words were occasionally uttered aloud—but my eyes were busier than my ears; and at that moment, neither the squatter nor his guest was the subject of my thought. Beyond them was the attraction that fascinated my gaze—that thing of roseate golden hue, whose shining presence seemed to light up the dark interior of the cabin—gleaming meteor-like through the interstices of the logs—now softly moving from side to side, and now, thank Heaven! gliding towards the door!

Only for a moment stood she silently on the stoop—one smiling moment, and she was gone. Her fair face was once more hidden, behind the rude *jalousie* of the logs; but the smile remained. It was mine; and lingered long within the trembling temple of my heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

YES—YES!

Towards the interior of the hut, hallowed by such lovely presence, I continued to direct my glances—with an occasional side-look, noting the movements of the two men. Whatever had been the exciting topic of discourse, but the moment before, I saw that it was now changed; and that I was now myself the subject of their conversation. This I could tell by their looks and gestures—evidently bearing upon me and my affair.

Conscious that I was observing them—and as if desirous of conferring more privately—they passed round to the rear of the cabin; where for the time they were out of my sight as well as hearing. So far from regretting this movement, it was just what I desired: it left me free to continue the pleasant espionage in which I had engaged.

Now more boldly my eyes explored the dark interior of the hut—more freely roamed my glance along the interstices of the logs. Gladly should I have gone up to the doorway—fain would I have been to enter—had I not been restrained; but delicacy, and something more, stood in the way; and I was forced to keep my ground.

Again I saw the bright form flitting within. Gliding gently across the floor—as if on tiptoe, and by stealth—the young girl paused for a while near the back-wall of the cabin. Close behind this, the two men were conversing. Did she go there to listen? She might easily hear what was said: I could myself distinguish the voices, and almost the words. She remained motionless; and, as well as I could judge, in an attitude of attention—her head lowered, and her body slightly bent forward.

I was forming conjectures as to her motive, when I saw her moving away from the spot. In another instant, she appeared in the doorway—this time evidently with some design, as her manner and attitude

betokened. For a moment, she stood upon the stoop, fronting towards me, but with her face averted, and her eyes by a side-glance directed towards the rear of the hut. She appeared to look and listen—as if noting the position of the men; and then, seemingly satisfied that she was not herself observed, she suddenly faced round, and came gliding towards me!

Taken by surprise—a surprise mingled with sweet satisfaction—I rose to my feet; and stood silently but respectfully awaiting her approach.

I had acted with prudence in not speaking: for I saw by her manner that the movement was a stolen one. Moreover, the finger, raised for an instant to her lips, admonished me to silence. I understood the signal, so piquantly given; and obeyed it.

In another instant, she was near—near enough for me to hear her words—delivered in a half-whisper. She had paused before me in an attitude that betokened the fear of interruption; and, before speaking, she cast behind her another of those unquiet looks.

'Brave stranger!' said she, in hurried undertone, 'I know you are not afraid of my father; but oh, sir! for mercy's sake, do not fight with him!'

'For *your* sake,' I said, interrupting her, and speaking in a low but impressive tone—'for your sake, fair Lilian, I shall not fight with him. Trust me, there is no fear. I shall bear anything, rather than'——

'Hush!' said she, again motioning me to silence, at the same time glancing furtively behind her. 'You must not speak: you may be heard! Only listen to me. I now know why you are here. I came out to tell you something.'

'I listen.'

'Father does not now wish to quarrel with you: he has changed his mind. I have just heard what they said. He intends to make you a proposal. Oh, sir! if you can, please agree to it; for then there would be no trouble. I hope there will be none!'

'For you, fair Lilian, I shall agree to it—whatever the conditions be. Can you tell me what proposal he intends making me?'

'I heard him say he would *sell*—— Oh, mercy! they are coming—if I am seen'——

The murmuring words were drowned by the louder voices of the men—who were now heard returning round the angle of the wall. Fortunately, before they had reached the front of the cabin, the young girl had glided back into the doorway; and no suspicion appeared to be entertained by either of the clandestine visit just paid me.

On rounding the corner, the stranger stopped; while the squatter continued to advance, until within a few paces of where I stood. Then pausing, he erected his gigantic form to its full height; and, for a moment, confronted me without speaking. I noticed that his countenance no longer bore signs of angry passion; but, on the contrary, betrayed some traces of a softer feeling—as of regret and contrition.

'Strenger!' said he at length, 'I've two things to propose to ye; an' ef you'll agree to them, thur's no need why you an' I shed quarrel—leest of all plug one another wi' bullets, as we wur agwine to do the minnit ago.'

'Name your conditions!' rejoined I, 'and if they are not impossible for me to accept, I promise you they shall be agreed to.'

With Lilian in my thoughts, they would be hard indeed, if I could not square with whatever terms he might propose.

'They ain't unpossible—neyther o' 'em; thur only just an' fair.'

'Let me hear them—believe me, Hickman Holt, I shall judge them most liberally.'

'Fust, then, you called me a coward. Do ye take that back?'

'Willingly I do.'

'So fur good; an' now for the tother proposal I hev to make. I don't acknowledge yar right to this clarin'. I've made it; an' call it my own, as a sovereign citizen of these United States; an' I don't care a cuss for preemption right, since I don't believe in any man's right to move me off o' it. But I ain't so durned partickler 'bout this hyar bit o' groun'. Another 'll answer my bizness equally as well—maybe better—an' ef ye'll pay me for my *improvements*, ye can take both clarin' an' cabin, an' hev no more muss about it. Them's my proposals.'

'How much do you expect for these improvements? At what sum do you value them?'

I trembled, as I awaited the answer. My poor purse felt light as it lay against my bosom—far lighter than the heart within; though that had been heavier but an hour before. I knew that the sack contained less than two hundred dollars, in notes of the Planters' Bank; and I feared that such a sum would never satisfy the expectations of the squatter.

'Wal, strenger,' replied he, after a pause, 'thur worth a good wheen o' dollars; but I shan't valley them myself. I'll leave that part o' the bizness to a third individooal—my friend as stands thur; an' who's a just man, an's been some'at o' a lawyer too. He'll say what's fair atween us. Won't ye, Josh?'

I thought this rather a familiar style of address, on the part of the squatter, towards his clerical and saint-like friend; but I refrained from shewing my astonishment.

'Oh, yes,' replied the other, 'I'll value the property with pleasure—that is, if the gentleman desires me to do so.'

'How much do you think it worth?' I inquired with painful anxiety.

'Well, I should say that, for the improvements Mr Holt has made, a hundred dollars would be a fair price.'

'A hundred dollars?'

'Yes—in cash, of course, I mean.'

'Will you be satisfied with that sum?' said I, turning to Holt for the answer.

'Parfitly satisfied—so long's it's in cash.'

'I agree to give it then.'

'All right, strenger! a bargin's a bargin. You kin shell out the dollars; an' I'll gie you pursession afore this gentleman—who'll witness it in writin', ef you like.'

'I want no writing. I can trust to your word.'

It was no flattery: I felt at the moment that the squatter—rudely as he had acted—was still possessed of an honourable principle; and I knew that, under the circumstances, his word would be not only as good as his bond, but *better!* I made no hesitation, therefore; but, counting out the money, placed it upon the stump—alongside that curious document, impaled there by the blade of the squatter's knife.

'When 'ud ye like to take pursession?' asked the outgoing tenant.

'At your convenience,' I replied, wishing to behave as courteously as possible.

'It won't take *me* long to move. My furniter ain't very cumbersome; an' I kud let ye in to-morrow, ef 't wan't that I hev some unexpected bizness with my friend hyar. Say day arter the morrow? Ef ye'll kum then, ye'll find me ready to deliver up. Will that answer for ye?'

'Admirably!' was my reply.

'All right, then! I'd ask ye in, but thar's nothin' to gie you—'ceptin' that piece o' deer-meat, an' its raw. Besides, strenger, I've some partickler bizness *jest now*, that I'm bleeged to see to.'

'Oh, never mind! I shall not need refreshment till I reach Swampville.'

'Wal, then, I'll bid you good-mornin', at the same time wishin' you luck o' your bargin.'

'Thanks—good-morning!'

I leaped into my saddle, and turned my horse's head towards the entrance of the enclosure. I should

have given him the touch to go forward with more reluctance, had I not perceived the fair Lilian gliding out of the cabin, and proceeding in the same direction!

Two or three of the bars had been replaced by the clerical visitor; and she had gone, apparently, to remove them. Was it simple courtesy, or a pretence to speak with me? My heart heaved with a tumultuous joy, as I fancied that the latter might be her motive.

When I reached the entrance, the bars were down; and the young girl stood leaning against one of the uprights—her round white arm embracing the post—envied piece of timber!

'Promise me, we shall meet again?' said I, bending down, and speaking in a half-whisper.

She looked back towards the cabin with a timid glance. We were not observed. The two men had gone into the horse-shed. In her fingers, I noticed the flower of a bignonia. She had taken it from among the golden tresses of her hair. Her cheek rivalled the crimson of its corolla, as she flung the blossom upon the saddle-bow.

'Promise me!' I repeated in a more earnest tone.

'Yes—yes!' she replied in a soft low voice, that resembled the whisper of an angel; and then, hearing noises from the house, she glided hurriedly away.

'Yes—yes!' cried the mimic thrush, as I rode on through the tall tulip-trees. 'Yes—yes!' repeated a thousand rival songsters; or were the sounds I heard but the echoes of her voice, still pealing through the glad chambers of my heart?

A DAY UNDER ARMS IN HYDE PARK.

In common with the remainder of the 20,800 volunteers who assembled under arms in Hyde Park on the memorable 23d of June, I have no doubt that I should feel considerable difficulty in assigning the real motive which first led me to enrol myself in the gallant Hundred-and-first Middlesex. Indeed, were I asked to state the reasons why I should not have done so, I could respond with much greater facility. Professionally, I have at my disposal but the very parings and fag-ends of leisure hours; and personally, I have neither the length, strength, nor, as the advertisements of outfitters say, 'the breadth round the shoulders,' to enable me to match myself with advantage against one of our possible Zouave visitors. If anybody had told me six months ago that I should be seen in Hyde Park with a long Enfield and a dust-coloured uniform, I should have laughed at him; and if my informant added that this escapade on my part would take place in presence of the Queen of England and half a million of her subjects, I should straightway have recommended him to the particular care of his medical attendant. Yet the prophecy would have been fulfilled. Constitutionally timid, with a strong love of ease, and a dislike amounting to an abhorrence of damp, my habitual conversation has been of the rifle and sword-bayonet; I have risen at fabulous hours to reach the rendezvous at the appointed times of drill; and I have run through all the moods and tenses of the proverbial 'Volunteers' weather.' A description of what I have undergone in the way of 'extension movements,' 'balance step without gaining ground,' and 'getting a comfortable seat upon my heel,' would constitute a neat medical treatise on nervo-muscular sensations. When I thought I had been trained and polished to the highest degree in the 'preliminary class,' which is the delicate synonym for the awkward squad, and I was permitted to join the ranks, it was only to find that new trials await the brave. Company-drill and the intricacy of 'fours' surmounted, I was exercised at position-drill till my arms ached again; and finally, my knees were made to take their turn of duty when the regiment was in fulness of time instructed in bayonet-practice. Do I repine at the sufferings which I have thus brought on myself? Would I now retire, if I might do so without discredit? Or am I even disgusted with the constrained and sign-post 'regulation' attitude in which fame and prizes were most certainly to be won on Wimbledon Common? No, a thousand times; and though I indignantly repudiate the feeling which leads men to stroll about the streets in uniform on every occasion, I would not have forfeited for any light consideration the enjoyment and privilege of sharing in the Hyde Park display. Friendship, class-feeling, emulation, or what the *Times* calls instinct, may have led to my enrolment in the first instance. As the poet says—

> Reason however able, cool at best,
> Cries not for service, or but serves when prest,
> Stays till we call, and then not often near,
> But honest instinct comes a *volunteer*.

Reflection and the feeling of *esprit de corps* have since done much to assure me that our new rifle-force is wise, beneficial, and invigorating in its tendencies, independently of it being in the present state of Europe, a necessity; I therefore rejoice in the step which I have taken.

I did not, however, sit down to moralise on the reasons for volunteering, or to indulge in reminiscences of the childhood of our young national guard, now fast arriving at ripe and hardy manhood, but to note down, whilst the impression remains, the appearance which the review presented to those who were actors, not spectators, on that interesting occasion. For at least a fortnight or three weeks previously, there had been the greatest activity among the different corps, and drilling proceeded from early morn to dewy eve. Those whose acquaintance with a barrack-yard is confined to the smart and orderly parade, or whose idea of a soldier's existence is derived from what they have themselves seen at reviews, or read in accounts of service abroad, know nothing of the laborious and prolonged training which has first to be submitted to, and can realise but faintly the difficulties which must be encountered where every individual is a raw recruit. Intelligence counts for less in the first instance than is popularly supposed, the rudimentary steps being almost mechanical. A volunteer who attempts to use his brains until he knows his drill thoroughly, or at least as well as his instructor, most commonly ends by going obstinately wrong, and throwing his comrades into disorder. After a certain stage is passed, intelligence is of course invaluable, as was signally proved in Hyde Park, where one of the commanding officers, in the excitement of the moment, gave an order at the crisis of marching past, which, if obeyed, would have sent the entire battalion across the field with their backs to the sovereign, and which was therefore quietly disregarded by those to whom it was addressed. Regiments which were to take part in the review were divided between the desire of making as strong an appearance as possible upon the ground, and the dread of admitting men who, by their incomplete acquaintance with drill, might render the line unsteady, and so bring disgrace upon the *corps*. Everybody, however, was animated by a steady determination to do his best; and 'the new men,' in all the cases with which I am acquainted, really did wonders in the short interval which remained for preparation. At last the important day arrived, and colonels-commandant were divided between hope and fear in perceiving that the companies mustered unusually

strong. In our regiment, one hundred more than we had ever before been able to get together attended; and we marched into the Park exactly one-fifth in excess of the approximate return furnished to the War-office.

The line of approach was thronged as I never saw it before, and never expect to see it again; every window had its half-dozen occupants, and carriages and cabs were hustled aside with a degree of unconcern, at the bottom of which I suspect was the feeling that every one had been forced to get out of *their* way at some time or other, and that now we were to have our innings. I am afraid anybody whose pursuits led him that day from the West End to the neighbourhood of London Bridge, did not much accelerate his movements by taking a vehicle. At the Strand, there was a regular block for more than half an hour. The streams of gray, green, black, and red soldiery which flowed from every quarter, were dammed up at Charing Cross, till they were able to fall in with the tide which swept onwards to Constitution Hill. Our contribution to the general current was speedily diverted through Spring Gardens into St James's Park, and our course was then directed, without serious impediment, along the Mall and past Buckingham Palace. As the Queen was still there, although the royal carriages were flying about in all directions, we received orders to 'carry arms;' and a check occurring somewhere in front just at the same moment, we remained in that respectful attitude for a longer period, I must frankly confess, than even my feelings of loyalty would have prompted. I began at last to have a dismal foreboding that either my arm or my rifle would drop, and that there would be a disgraceful *exposé* of the Hundred-and-first Middlesex in the eyes of the public. Just then I learned, from some unmistakable though suppressed exclamations, that the sensation I have described was by no means confined to my individual case; and instantly—spiteful as the avowal may appear—I felt comforted, and could have held out for half an hour longer. Every one of my neighbours had his own specific for obtaining relief, by getting the little-finger here, or the middle-finger there; but, like the thousand infallible prescriptions for the toothache, the only sound advice that could be given was to bear it. Little did the admiring public know, as they looked at us with our rifles so trimly at 'the shoulder,' and with our feet monotonously 'marking time,' what we would have given to change places for five minutes with even the most unconscious of those infants, whose mammas never could have intended them to be present in such numbers in the very densest of the crowd. At last the welcome order to advance was given, followed soon after by 'March at ease,' and a change of position instantly removed all sense of inconvenience. The character of the crowd was now altering rapidly. We had left behind the London of every-day experience—the busy, bustling metropolis, with just leisure enough to stare at the volunteers as they passed, feeling all the while that it was a pity they interfered so desperately with the thoroughfare; and we had got into the holiday, sight-seeing quarter, where we were surrounded by hundreds of the possessors, and thousands of the would-be possessors of green, red, white, and orange tickets, streaming on as fast as intervening obstacles would allow towards the scene of operations in Hyde Park. I have witnessed in my time numberless gatherings, which have been individually described in print next day as 'the brilliant concourse of beauty and fashion,' but I am bound in candour to admit, that I never before saw an equal number of lovely women. Philosophers may account for it as they like—uniforms *do* exercise a potent influence over the female mind. What reciprocal effect may have been experienced in our ranks, I will not pretend to say; but certain it is that we got wofully out of step, and that poor Jones, who is notoriously susceptible, lost consciousness altogether, and was bumped up against dozens of times by his rear-rank man.

When, after many difficulties that beset our path through the crowd, we at length found ourselves within the enclosure, the grandeur and significance of the display was not all at once apparent, for some gently rising-ground lay between the spot at which we entered the lines and the quarter of the Park where the sight-seers were principally assembled; but enough was visible to kindle a feeling of enthusiastic satisfaction, that the Hundred-and-first Middlesex had not been backward in its response to the appeal made to the loyalty and patriotism of the country. Before us were massed the regiments and brigades which had already taken up their ground; and in the loose formation of the moment, an idea of strength, even greater than the actual amount, was conveyed. It could not be said that there was any prevailing uniform: gray, green, drab, and stone-colour were there in profusion and in every variety of combination. On our right was drawn up the magnificent body of volunteer cavalry, which, having allowed itself more latitude in dress—an approach to invisibility not being equally requisite in their case as in that of riflemen—shone dazzlingly by contrast in scarlet, the true British colour. The corps most distinctly visible to us was the Duke of Manchester's squadron, each member of which, as he sat, was prepared to hold his own in a cross-country gallop, the horses being individually valued at fabulous sums. On our left, there was a thick line of trees, which the eye failed to penetrate; but from the hum of voices, and the occasional cheering, it was evident that the space they overshadowed was not less densely thronged than the other portions of the Park, which we now began to perceive were literally darkened with spectators. Our mingled sensations, as we marched on to take up our allotted position, it would be difficult to describe. There was the feeling, semi-incredulous and semi-bashful, which naturally possesses men of peaceful habits on finding themselves for the first time part and parcel of a large military force, the objects of curiosity and interest to countless thousands; there was likewise the longing hope, amounting to personal anxiety, that our own corps would not fail to acquit itself at least as well as others; and there was throughout a burning desire to know 'what they are saying of us over yonder.' Notwithstanding the endless variety of events on that day, I believe it to have been one of those occasions when incidents otherwise trifling stamp themselves on the mind of a nation. I shall not forget for years the disgust I felt when a band of school-boys, about thirty in number, which was marching nearly abreast of our corps, appropriated the first genuine cheer we had received in the Park. Nothing but the strongest sense of discipline restrained me from quitting my place and kicking the schoolmaster, when he directed the boys to 'salute,' in acknowledgment of the compliment. Whether we had not sufficiently recovered our equanimity, or whether we were looking about us too much at the time, or both, I do not pretend to say, but it is certain that our first attempts at executing the simplest manœuvres after we had been halted were anything but creditable. The consciousness that two crack metropolitan corps were looking at us critically on either flank did not improve matters. We did not actually get 'clubbed,' nor were the companies hopelessly mixed together, but short of that, I believe for the first two minutes we were doing everything that ought not to have been done. Since one unlucky 'half' in my school-days, I never remember such a humiliating sense of failure as I then experienced. At that moment, before the disorder could have been apparent to outsiders, our colonel rode to the spot, and, as if by magic, everything righted itself. He is an old soldier,

who has served with distinction, and, I may say, has almost created our corps. Between himself and every member of it the strongest feeling of regard exists. He had only looked at the company in which I happened to be—from which, being in front, wonders were of course expected—and I do not believe it lost 1-16th of an inch afterwards during the entire day. Now began the tedious process of 'dressing,' which I can well believe, if directed by a martinet, may be made the means of torture to a regiment. That shuffling backwards and forwards, without appearing to move, in that peculiar nondescript gait with which elaborate servants attend at table, and theatrical ghosts cross the stage, is to me the most odious of all the manœuvres on a field-day. In our case, it was got over as soon as possible; and nothing struck me more than the marked *politesse militaire* with which the requests, rather than commands, were made by the army-officers attached to each brigade, to whom the important task of 'getting a perfect line' was intrusted.

Whatever may have been the verdict of the 'Senior' or 'Junior United Service' Clubs—and where such a large body of men unaccustomed to arms, brought together for the first time, were scanned with critical eye, there must have been numberless shortcomings—I am bound to say, that on the field, if we were veterans of the Old Guard, we could not have been treated with more consideration and respect; indeed, the staff-officer who acted as *attaché* to our brigade, seemed, if I may use the expression, taken aback by the proficiency which the volunteers had attained in so short a time. Once, I remember, we all came down to 'order arms' with remarkable *ensemble*, and I overheard him say to our colonel, that 'regulars would be puzzled to do it better than that.' There was little now to occupy our attention till the arrival of her Majesty, so that we were at liberty to look about us. Standing, as we did, near the centre of the line, we had probably as fine a view of the day's proceedings as could be obtained from our side of the Park. Right across the green-sward, at a distance of several hundred yards, was the principal body of spectators, at whom we looked with scarcely less interest than their eyes rested on us. Too remote to permit of their being individualised, they were yet sufficiently near to present features lending to their array a motley and somewhat fantastical appearance. Along the ground-line, the prevailing shade was dark, and suggestive of a frock-coated assembly, save where, at intervals, some tall red streaks denoted that guardsmen had been posted to mark the limits which the crowd were not to pass, and to stake out, as it were, the ground reserved for the movements of the volunteers. Here and there, tufts of brilliant uniforms protruded beyond the *cordon*, and shone conspicuously by contrast with the background, like flower-beds cut in a spreading lawn. Overhead, the long line of wood-work, as if to complete the picture, not inaptly representing a wide strip of gravel-walk, supported the assembly, which, radiant with many colours, like a collection of choice exotics, was contributed by England's daughters, to heighten the display.

Beyond the limits of the wide arena in which the events of the day were to take place, stately edifices rose in a semicircular form, and upheld on their roofs a company scarcely inferior in point of numbers. The residence of the opposition leader in the House of Commons, and that of the marshal representing the court of France, in particular, were thus covered with spectators. The comprehensive and sweeping *coup d'œil* to be gained from those points, must have recalled to many the gorgeous displays of ancient Rome, though the amphitheatre was such as she never possessed. Nor, though military spirit and love of country were eminently Roman virtues, can the long and brilliant history of that great empire furnish a parallel to the scene, more striking even from its associations than by its actual grandeur, which in the present day was to be witnessed in one of her former colonies. Thoughts such as these, and the speculations to which they might have given rise, were put to flight by the appearance within the lines of the Duke of Cambridge, attended by a brilliant staff, who glanced along the ranks with evident interest. Not many minutes afterwards, the guns of the royal artillery announced that her Majesty had left Buckingham Palace, and was on her way to Hyde Park. I may mention that this was one of the first occasions on which the public had an opportunity of seeing a battery of the new guns invented by Sir W. Armstrong, which more resemble toys than weapons intended for actual service. But the sharp barking sound about their discharge effectually intimates that, if necessity arose, they could also bite. As the squadron of Life-guards which preceded the royal cortège came in sight, the whole line received orders to salute, and instantly the 20,000 rifles, as if of their own accord, sprang into the air and came down to the 'Present.' As the carriages drove slowly along the line, we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the royal party. The person who most engaged my attention, next to the Queen herself, was a French officer of rank, distinguished among the cloud of equestrians by his glowing scarlet pantaloons. We stigmatise turkeys as foolish birds for flying at pieces of red rag; but henceforth I shall be careful how I ridicule them. I had asked myself several times that day with what object I individually went to the Park, nay, till that moment, it was perhaps an open question whether I had risen or fallen in my own esteem by becoming a volunteer; but a single glance at those habiliments was sufficient to resolve all my doubts; I felt that, next to shewing our attachment to the sovereign, the object with which we had all attended was to make an impression on the mind of the individual—a baron, I believe—by whom they were worn; and my only regret was that the 2500 Orphéonistes, who were to arrive from France the following week, were not present in the most commodious reserved seats which the authorities of the War-office could prepare for their reception. I looked at my companions nearest me, and though not a word passed between us, I could trace the same sentiment sparkling in the eyes of all. I knew at once what Garrick meant by saying: 'I never play so well as when F—— is in the pit.' When the Queen had passed along the entire line, the royal company drew up at the flagstaff, and we prepared in our turn to make the circuit of the field. Not long ago, a special levée was held at St James's Palace, for the reception of officers of the different volunteer corps. Her Majesty was now to receive, in a suitable hall of audience, the homage of a portion, and only a portion of the national force of which those gentlemen had attended as the delegates.

It is worthy of being borne in mind, that the volunteers who assembled on this occasion in Hyde Park—a fair average of the force of which they formed but the sixth part—as nearly as possible equalled in numbers that British army which entered on the gigantic undertaking of crushing the power of Russia in the Crimea. Formed not of the waste leaves, but from the very flower of English society, they were the men to fight such a battle as the world has not witnessed since the days of Cressy and Agincourt, where the odds at which Englishmen discomfited their foes were greater even than those which earned for one of Napoleon's hussar regiments the vaunted motto of *Dix contre un*.

As I mentioned already, the execution of the few simple movements, when we were taking up our position, had not filled me with the belief that we individually should be distinguished by superiority of discipline; but I soon found that something—with which I am convinced the presence of that scarlet-trouser'd subject

of 'our great ally' had largely to do—had breathed into our ranks, and into our very step, a spirit and precision which I never remembered to have seen equalled on our own parade-ground. Our advance was but leisurely, as we had to make frequent halts; we were thus enabled to see a good deal of what was going forward at the other side of the Park. The cavalry brigade passed almost before we were aware of it, but we looked curiously and anxiously at the different infantry columns as they neared the royal carriage. The Honourable Artillery Company came first, marching splendidly, and, with their bear-skin hats and Guards' uniform, looking so like those privileged regiments, that one could not help feeling curious to know whether a spice of jealousy existed, or whether the grenadiers held the opinion that imitation is the truest flattery. The new Six-foot Guards came next, and their already towering height was increased by helmets somewhat after the Russian pattern. It must have been these which exercised such an imposing effect on the imagination of the correspondent of a French journal, as to make him write that no one but a nobleman was admitted into that corps.

I do not propose to follow in anything like detail the filing past her Majesty. The newspapers have recorded with impartiality the serviceable appearance of the artillery corps, the steady bearing of the London Brigade, the admirable time kept by the Westminsters, the tasteful uniforms and gallant appearance of the Irish and Scotch corps, the square and massive advance of the Inns of Court battalion, and the hearty greeting bestowed on the provincial regiments as they passed. The spectators saw more of these than I could possibly do; but while waiting to take our turn, I noticed that at every point which was likely to test the proficiency of the various corps, staff-officers were posted, or had stationed themselves, who scanned silently but minutely the mode in which the manœuvres were executed. The last wheel had brought us quite close to the line of spectators, and we could hear their friendly comments and encouraging cheers distinctly, as we halted to allow the other regiments in front of us to get well out of our way. At last, the regiment which had till then obscured our view in front moved off, and we saw before us a clear space, bordered on the right by an apparently interminable line of spectators, with some carriages close to the flagstaff, where we knew the royal party were drawn up. An unfailing test of manners and good birth, now, as in the days of the *vieille noblesse*, is said to be the mode in which one enters a drawing-room. That strip of grass was to be our *tapis d'honneur*, and our future credit depended greatly on the manner in which we marched across it. The rifles, which before had been trailed, were now brought to the shoulder, and we started, preserving the line as accurately as possible. The temptation to disobey the command, 'Eyes front,' was prodigious; but we resisted to the utmost of our power, as we knew well that looking to the right or left, swinging either arm, or failing to keep step during the execution of this manœuvre, would destroy the harmony and precision which constitute its entire effect. It was also imperative to preserve 'the touch' at a particular portion of the arm of one's right and left hand man, so that the whole line might go forward like a wall, or, as in the case of a machine, that all the parts should move together. Just before we reached the royal carriage, I managed to steal a momentary glance, which shewed me that her Majesty was standing and leaning forward, and that her face exhibited a degree of interest and gratification widely different from the expression of mere approval which *etiquette* imposes at ordinary displays.

An awkward joggle on my left awakened me to the danger of suffering my eyes to wander into forbidden paths. From that moment, if my spinal marrow had been frozen, I could not have exhibited less deviation from the perpendicular. The approving voices of the spectators soon convinced us that we had passed the trying ordeal with *éclat;* and they burst out again with increased cordiality when we wheeled to the left by successive companies to resume our position at the other side of the Park. We had now been for a considerable period under arms; we had nearly exhausted the details of the official programme; we had not unsuccessfully discharged the functions allotted to us; and all at once the true British craving for sandwiches burst out with violence. As we had not been told to bring ammunition, the cartouche-boxes, it was held, might very pardonably contain some 'ammunition-bread.' Flasks, not of powder, made their appearance, while cartridge-paper in sheets, and, spite of our sepoy experiences, greased into the bargain, soon covered the ground. Just as all but the slowest men had produced their edibles, and we were allowing ourselves ten minutes for refreshment, a horrid sound of 'Forward!' fell upon our ears. Then was to be witnessed the unaccustomed sight of troops with rifles in one hand and sandwiches in the other; numbers hastily trying to stow theirs away in boxes, whose straps were flapping about in most unmilitary disorder. Several volunteers, in their eagerness to escape rebuke, thrust their lunches inside their tunics, to be recovered at a more favourable opportunity. This was at length afforded by the delay consequent on the march of other corps, numbers of whom had still to pass before the Queen. Short pipes, also, began to emerge from surreptitious hiding-places; but this was an irregularity that could be only winked at, and was indulged at some risk: one of my neighbours had his pipe jerked from between his teeth by a sudden order of 'Three paces—right close.' At the expiration of nearly two hours, the marching past had concluded; and we once more found ourselves drawn up in a line extending across the Park for about a mile, with ranks in many instances fifteen deep. A sharp ringing blast by the trumpeter to the Duke of Cambridge gave the signal for the whole line to advance some hundred yards—a movement which must have looked remarkably well from the opposite side. A royal salute by all under arms completed the programme contemplated by the Horse-guards. But the occasion was not to end thus tamely. By one of those sympathetic impulses, vivid and irresistible as the electric current, which dart through masses assembled with a common object, the sentiments of the entire body found vent spontaneously in a cheer, expressive at once of their loyalty, devotion, and new-born spirit of self-confidence. This outburst of dormant feeling, exhibiting the strong personal affection which has been created and matured by the good government of the last twenty-three years, is said to have powerfully affected her Majesty; and the Duke of Cambridge not only sent an aide-de-camp to stop the cheering, which was in defiance of express orders, but waved his sword to enforce the command. It was not easy, however, to quell the tumult; the cheers were again and again repeated, and caps and even rifles kept time overhead, and were whirled round and round like leaves in a tornado. On the side of the spectators, the cheering was no less enthusiastic; and the departure of her Majesty was marked by all the characteristics of an ovation. It afforded me unmeasured gratification to learn that the French nobleman, to whom I before alluded, was profoundly impressed by the scene. I heard from a staff-officer, who stood close by his side, that, although he made the utmost efforts to preserve a calm exterior, when the cheering broke out, his colour came and went repeatedly; and his face betrayed the feeling that there would be more to be done than he had bargained for, should circumstances lead to his return

> With banner, brand, and bow,
> As leader seeks his deadly foe.

His Royal Highness the commander-in-chief having expressed to the officers in charge of the several brigades his admiration and astonishment at the highly creditable manner in which the various regiments had acquitted themselves, we prepared to leave the Park, which was completely deserted in an hour and a half afterwards. On the route homewards, more even than on our way to the review, I was struck with the thoroughly popular character of the volunteer movement. Everywhere we were recognised as of the people, and way was made for us, not only with good-humour, but with an evident pride in our appearance, as if the spectators felt that some portion of the credit we had earned was reflected on themselves. If the English character were not so widely different from the French, I am convinced there would have been instances of fraternisation in the streets. But very slight signs of fatigue were exhibited by the volunteers; whenever temporary stoppages occurred, many were to be seen rather dancing than 'marking time' in the places where they stood, to the lively airs played by the bands.

Taken as a whole, the volunteer review of the 23d June 1860 must be regarded as an event which not only does honour to the spirit and patriotism of the British race, but is without a parallel in ancient or modern history. The light in which soldiering was regarded in early centuries prohibits the supposition that it would be taken up, half as a pastime, half as a precautionary measure, by men engaged in other pursuits. In later periods, Spanish treasure and French conscription equally failed to produce an array to which the same *prestige* could attach. Turning from the contemplation of the past to the prospects of the future, the volunteering movement should be lauded and encouraged, for the beneficial influences that it will exercise on our English youth, and for the moral effect which it must produce on the minds of continental statesmen. Instead of those disgraceful panics which the rumours of a possible invasion periodically occasioned, England may henceforth feel confident that she is once more in a position to interfere with success abroad, and to keep her own in security at home.

RATS.

Of Rats, while their number is legion, the varieties are but three—the water-rat, black rat, and brown rat. The first named, a harmless inoffensive creature, subsisting entirely upon the roots growing in the water wherein he lives and dies, is more akin to the beaver than the rat, and may at once be dismissed as having been improperly thrust into a family with which he has no affinity. Of the remaining branches naturalised in England, the black rat (*Mus rattus*) claims precedence on the score of priority of occupation. Although Waterton, in his hatred of his brown brother, calls him 'an injured Briton,' there is little doubt of the eastern origin of the tribe. The precise period of its migration to this country is not to be fixed with certainty; but whether the rat first took up his abode here in the sixteenth century, as is generally supposed, or not, it is evident, from the frequent allusions to the 'insatiate little brute' in the poetry of the time, that it was familiar enough to the citizens of Elizabethan London. Rosalind, it will be remembered, talks of being be-rhymed when she was an Irish rat; and the friends of the lucky hero of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* can only account for his unceasing good-fortune by his being haunted by some fairy, old woman, or rat, the company of either being equally desirable and efficacious.

For a long period the black rat remained the sole representative of his race in England; but the ship that brought over the Elector George to fill the British throne, brought also the brown rat (*Mus decumanus*), destined to oust him from his possessions. The new-comer received the name of the Norwegian rat, on much the same principle as the white or crimson-coloured geological formation called 'green sandstone' was christened, as the Scandinavians were happily unacquainted with the animal until long after its naturalisation among ourselves. Whether the intruders came from India, Persia, or Gibraltar, is undecided. They at all events proved too strong for the elder fraternity, which gradually diminished before them; though there does not seem to be any foundation for the supposition of a deadly enmity existing between the two races, since in France they are found living amicably and sociably together. We incline to Mr Rodwell's theory, that the fairer foreigners, whether through their superior fascinations, or their superior strength, carried off the black ladies from their liege-lords; and so, in a few generations, the Browns would naturally obtain predominance in numbers over the Blacks. The latter, indeed, were thought to have become extinct, or nearly so. A man who had walked the sewers for twelve years, saw only two of them during the whole time. The proprietor of the well-known 'Happy Family' of cats, rats, mice, monkeys, and birds, used to sell specimens of the species at three guineas each, until the destruction of the St Giles's Rookery disclosed his hunting-ground, and spoiled the market. The black rat still lurks in the garrets and roofs of ancient London houses; and in some of the older metropolitan granaries, the workmen occasionally disturb 'great black fellows as would frighten a lady into asterisks.'

Since the irruption of the Browns, they have had a century and a half in which to increase and multiply, and have carried out that injunction at such a rate, that a rat-census for 1860 would make rather an alarming blue-book. The females breed at three months old, live in a state of polygamy, add to the vermin population five or six times in the year, and produce eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes as many as eighteen young in a litter. It has been calculated that in three years there will spring no less than 651,000 rats from a single pair. Although this seems too enormous a number to be correct, it would perhaps be difficult to overestimate the numbers of these animals. 600,000 rats were killed in Paris in the short space of a fortnight, merely to obtain their skins for a couple of manufacturers at Grenoble; 6000 have met their deaths from the dogs and men at the slaughter-house of Montfaucon in a month. At the present time, Marseille is overrun with them; traps and poison proving futile against the army of destroyers, who range even the public streets with impunity; the cats have fled in affright; and the only reliance of the inhabitants lies in the arrival of a cargo of English terriers, our little champions of the pit alone being of any avail against the invading host.

The voracity of rats is no less remarkable than their fecundity. Their taste is universal; nothing comes amiss to their palate. Their love for free-trade in corn makes it necessary to floor our Thames granaries with concrete and glass, and panoply their walls in sheet-iron. They swarm in the sewers near the slaughter-houses of Newgate Market, for the sake of the offal; they undermine stacks of cheeses in warehouses, often falling victims to their unskilful engineering, by being crushed by them. To the careful housewife, rats are a perpetual annoyance; supping off her best yellow or mottled, making light of her moulds and dips, defying her to save her bacon, or preserve her jams and pastry, poaching her eggs, licking her butter, dipping their tails in flasks of oil, and even devouring boots and shoes. They are the pests of the farmhouse, dirtying every place, boring holes in boarded floors, undermining stone pavements, gnawing harness, killing the chickens and ducks, or living in the heart of the corn-rick.

In spring, the country rat, forsaking the stack in which he has been snugly housed during the winter, takes to the fields; he burrows like the rabbit, and makes cruel war upon young leverets and game of all kinds. Not content with eating his fill of grain in the fields, he lays by a store for future use. With the arrival of autumn, the majority of barn-rats return to their old homes; some, however, prefer the wild life of the woods, and become regular poachers. These grow longer and more weasel-like, their hair shaggier, their whiskers longer, and their character altogether more determined and ferocious. Marauders of this sort have put the Zoological Society to great expense, to protect their charges against their depredations. They have driven the puffins from Puffin Island, and made the Cape geese in Richmond Park take to building their nests in the oak pollards, that they may hatch their eggs in security. In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs, rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out its fore-leg underneath the egg, steadies it above with its cheek, and hops away cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult affair, and probably an impossibility for a single rat to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed: the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind-legs; the female taking it thence in her fore-paws, secures it till her lord ascends a step higher; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A London pastry-cook had some fine eggs which he prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion, of course, fell upon the domestics. One of them, a maid-servant, hearing one night a noise on the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg-pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down stairs, and felt too interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws and head resting on the step above; the lady-rat rolled the egg gently towards her spouse; clasping it gently, but firmly, he lifted it carefully on the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it, when he descended a step lower; till the clever pair reached the lowermost floor with their prize uninjured.

The wholesale larceny with which the rat is too justly charged, is criminal enough, in all conscience, but worse remains behind. He has been known to make a meal of the fingers and toes of a living baby. Forty years ago, a piemaker, finding his delicacies unaccountably disappear, determined to lie in wait in his bakehouse one night, and so catch the delinquents. Unfortunately, they caught him, and devoured the unfortunate pieman in preference to his pies. There is one dish that is more tempting to the rat's palate than any other, and for which he will desert anything else in the eatable world, and that is, a defunct relative. Should two rats agree to settle their differences by a mortal combat, their friends and acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of the combatants, the spectators break up the ring, and incontinently set upon victor and vanquished, and eat them up then and there. Woe, too, to any unfortunate meeting with an accident, or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kith and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism, when Mrs Rat becomes a mother, she is obliged to hide her offspring, lest papa or some old gentleman of his acquaintance should make his dinner of them, which he would certainly do if he found them unprotected. For the same reason, wise old rats retire into solitude, disgusted with their kind; and if attacked in their retreat, prove desperate foes, beating off any rat, without regard to sex, that ventures to intrude on their privacy. An old gentleman of this description will keep a house clearer of vermin than any cat or dog, for he will allow no brother near his throne.

The rat can scarcely be considered a courageous animal; he relies more upon his cunning than strength, and in presence of a superior enemy, thinks only of escape; but if rendered desperate, by being pressed into a corner, will turn savagely on his pursuer—the sewer rat being incomparably more ferocious than his compeers.

The rat's weapons of offence and defence consist of four long sharp teeth, two in the front of the upper, and two in the lower jaw, formed like wedges, and always possessing a fine sharp cutting edge, coated with a hard enamel, the inner part being of a soft ivory-like composition. The teeth of the upper jaw work exactly into those of the lower one, their centres meeting in the act of gnawing, the soft part worn away in that operation being replaced by a fresh growth from the bottom. The incessant working of the animal's incisor teeth against the hard substance, prevents the jaw being locked by the rapid growth of the soft interior of the teeth. The hind-feet of the rat are so supple that they may be turned outwards, till the heel is in front; he is thus enabled to hang on to trees, railings, or walls by his hind-toes, and let himself down perpendicular places gently and safely.

In justice to an object of such universal dislike, it is but fair to mention the good qualities of the rat. He is not quite devoid of all feeling and affection; both Mr Jesse and Mr Cotton attest having seen blind rats being led by their companions to a place of security. Nor are instances rare of the rat becoming tame, and shewing its attachment to those who pet and fondle it; it can even be trained to live in amity with its natural foes the ferret, cat, and dog. When in a state of liberty, rats appear to be free from disease of any kind—a fact to be perhaps attributed to their great cleanliness, all their leisure time being spent sitting on end, cleaning their fur. To wetting their feet, they have a great aversion; even the sewer rats, who might not be expected to be so scrupulous, only taking to the sewage in case of danger. Spite, however, of their dislike of water, they do not allow it to interfere in their predatory excursions, or to prevent them establishing themselves on board ship. Once fairly lodged there, nothing will drive them away as long as they can find means of satisfying their thirst. They ascend the rigging to extract the moisture from the sails, and in default of water, attack the spirits till they are laid prostrate by intoxication. Ships are often so overrun with the creatures as to necessitate the use of brimstone and charcoal, by which they are suffocated. On the return of the steamer *Terrible* from the Mediterranean, four hundred were caught in three days; and on board of another man-of-war, the vermin destroyed a hundredweight of biscuit daily. However far they may gnaw their way through the interior of a vessel, they never pass through the sides, probably because the wood being saturated by the salt-water, becomes too nauseous for their taste.

Rat-catching as an occupation is in but low repute. The country rat-catcher, usually a man of few words, and those few not always to be relied upon, is a compound of the gipsy, gamekeeper, and poacher. By night or day, awake or asleep, he is seldom seen

apart from his dogs, ever ready to espouse their master's quarrels, and not backward in using their teeth on any disturber of his serenity. Looked upon with suspicion by all who employ him, the rat-catcher makes but a poor living, let him work as hard as he may. In London, an honest rat-catcher is looked upon as a rarity indeed, public opinion connecting them with dog-stealers, burglars, and other breakers of the laws. Nevertheless, such are to be found. The two principal members of the metropolitan fraternity destroy between them about nine thousand rats per annum, and have seldom less than from one hundred to a thousand on sale at the rate of two-and-sixpence a dozen: they calculate the cost of keeping one hundred rats in captivity at ten shillings a week. These legitimate practitioners contract with large establishments at an annual premium, according to the number of visits they are expected to make. The proprietor of a west-end hotel pays L.6 per annum; the rat-catchers attending once every week, capturing from twenty to thirty rats each time, which are of course their property. For the same amount, a metropolitan workhouse has its vermin poisoned regularly once a month. There are twenty-five regular rat-catchers in London, most of whom deal in dogs, ferrets, and rabbits. According to the last census, 2256 persons wrote themselves down 'vermin-killers.' The rat-catching of the London sewers is almost a monopoly, no one caring to interfere with the unpleasant trade of Jumper, Jem, and Jem's man. Carrying a bull's-eye lantern, a strong iron cage, and a short rake, these underground chiffonniers wade waist-deep in filth, to obtain rats for gentlemen who have a mind to try the prowess of their dogs against the fiercest opponents. More valuable prizes sometimes fall to their share, articles which have accidentally found their way down the drains, or been purposely thrown there by some fugitive thief. The worthy trio have not been suffered to follow their unsavoury calling quite unmolested. A lord mayor once threatened to punish them for trespassing, and an officious constable took them into custody for being found unlawfully in the city sewers, and having in their possession a key to unlock the various trap-doors. Since that, neither officials nor rivals have interfered with their pursuit. All those conversant with the subject agree, that the number of rats in the sewers has greatly diminished of late years: when flushing was first introduced, cart-loads of drowned rats were carried into the Thames; that is not the case now, either in consequence of a falling off in the sub-terrene population, or else because, as one familiar with the sewers suggests, 'rats is up to flushing now.' The sewers themselves afford but a small supply of food to their inhabitants; they serve rather as breeding-grounds, the animals making their homes in the holes formed by the falling in of bricks, or where old rotting house-drains in the smaller sewers empty themselves into a main one, whence they can find their way up into the adjacent houses. The introduction of pottery-pipes for drainage, impervious to the teeth of the rat, combined with improved trapping, has done wonders in decreasing the numbers of these rapacious vermin, by preventing them getting admission into the houses, and confining them to the unsupporting sewage.

Rat-catchers, who wish to allure the rats from any one place to another, either for the purpose of more conveniently destroying them, or the less commendable one of establishing them on the premises of one to whom they bear a grudge, practise rat-trailing. A red-herring is tied by the tail to a piece of string, with as little handling as possible. After dark, it is trailed round the places where the enemy is ensconced, the trailer striking off to the spot to which he wishes to attract the rats, and there leaving the bait. As soon as they catch the scent, off they set, nosing it like hounds, and in all probability will abide where the trail is left. Old rags, or a calf's tail sprinkled with oil of aniseed, is still more effectual, used in the same way.

Recipes for the extirpation of rats are as plentiful as remedies for the gout or toothache. Dead rats powdered with arsenic laid in their holes; live ones dressed in red, covered with hot pitch, or belled and turned loose; fumigation with salt, oil of vitriol, lupins, or smallage seed; pounded dog's tongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*) placed in their quarters, are all warranted to drive the unwelcome guests away. Phosphorus—when plenty of water is provided for them—is highly recommended as a destroying agent. Arsenical paste; oatmeal, coloquintida and honey; wild cucumber and black hellebore seeds; carbonate of barytes, mixed with dripping, have each their advocates, but the following is especially commended: Three ounces of treacle, one ounce of fine ground nux-vomica, well mixed together; then add one pound best white flour, half a pound bread-crumbs, cut to size of pease, and six drops of oil of caraways; mix thoroughly, and place near their holes.

Should any of our readers ever be bitten by a rat, no harm will follow if the part be immediately cleansed with yellow soap and warm water; and with this piece of information, which we hope they will never require, we take leave of them and our subject.

GRASS.

Beautiful sight—refreshing green,
Constant and true to changing Earth,
Whene'er she gives a flow'ret birth,
Thou near the floral child art seen.

The king-cup and the daisy fair
Would far less charming seem to me
Didst thou not robe the mead and lea,
And guard the floral beauties there.

On castle wall and rampart lone,
From fissures old I 've seen thee peep,
As if love-vigil there to keep
Over the damp decaying stone.

From the wet shingle on the beach
I 've seen thee lift thy tufted spears,
Oft brilliant with the briny tears
Of Ocean struggling up the reach.

In haunts unknown to single flower,
On boundless plains without a tree,
Thou spread'st thy couch of greenery,
For insect blithe a sheltering bower.

A desert wild seems scarcely so,
If we but meet thy visage fair,
Thou sweetly smiling round us there,
We think of meads where cattle low.

When far and long from home we 've been,
And come back with a fluttering heart,
With what a sudden joy we start,
Seeing once more thy distant green.

And if we have to seek a grave
Beneath the yew-tree's sacred gloom,
Though not one flower may on it bloom,
In beauty there thou 'rt sure to wave;

And many a warm and holy tear
From pious watcher's cheek thou 'st felt,
When on the rounded turf she 's knelt,
Marking the grave of one most dear.

Earth's glory, rich in quiet charms,
Not spices of far Araby
Match thy delicious fragrancy,
When thou liest dead in Autumn's arms.—J. R.

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THE CHRISTIANS AND PAGANS OF THE LEBANON.

WHEN the Emperor Constantine demolished the temple and overthrew the altars of Venus on Mount Lebanon, he did not thereby Christianise its mountaineers; that merit is said to belong to the famous Christian fakir, St Simeon the Stylite. How the Syrian Christians of the hills came to be called Maronites, has been variously explained. Nairon, Dandini, and other Maronite theologians, anxious to free their sect from all association with heresy, ascribe the foundation of the community to the Abbot Maron, who lived in the fourth century, and whom Theodoret and Chrysostom have mentioned in their works. Mosheim gives a very different account of its origin. According to him, the Lebanon was peopled by a rabble of escaped slaves, rebels, and vagabonds, known as the Mardiates. Soon after the Council of Constantinople had, in 680, condemned the Monotholetic doctrine, that after the union of the divine and human natures in the person of Christ, there was but one operation or will—the divine, in which the human was merged—the Mardiates embraced it, asserted their independence of Rome, made John Maro their bishop, under the title of 'Patriarch of Antioch,' and called themselves from him, Maronites. Volney, again, says the sect took its name from Maroun or Maron, a hermit living on the banks of the Orontes, and dying there in the odour of sanctity. After his death, several miracles were wrought by his bones, over which a tomb and chapel were erected at Hamah by the believers in the saintly ascetic. When the contest between the Greek and Roman churches was at its height, and each was striving to increase its strength, the partisans of the pope despatched one John the Maronite, a powerful preacher, to Syria, as bishop of Dgebail. Such was the influence he obtained over the Syrian Christians, that after defeating the Melkites—the friends of the Greek Church—in battle, he established an independent society, of which he was of course the head, and gradually extended his rule over the mountains, nearly as far as Jerusalem itself.

One thing is certain: about the year 1215, the Maronites effected a reunion with Rome, by abandoning the Monotholetic doctrine, and acknowledging the titular supremacy of the pope. They retained the right of electing their patriarch and using their own ritual, as well as the privilege of clerical connubiality. Rome, on its part, assisted them with means of supporting their clergy and churches, and provided gratuitous instruction for any Maronite youths who chose to visit Rome for theological purposes. At this time, they could assemble forty thousand men capable of bearing arms.

From time to time, the Ottoman sultans made vain attempts to subdue the Maronites. Amurath III. proved more fortunate than his predecessors; his general, Ibrahim, reduced them to submission, and enforced the payment of an annual tribute to the pachalic of Tripoli, from the vineyards and mulberry-groves of Kesrouan; a tribute payable, we believe, to the present day.

The Maronites now occupy the valleys and fastnesses of the principal Lebanon ridge east of Beyrout and Tripoli, extending inland to the Bekaa, the plain between Libanus and Anti-Libanus. They number—or rather, did number before the late massacres—some 220,000 people. They are described as a fine-looking, high-spirited, hospitable, frugal, honest race, spending their lives in the cultivation of the soil. The plantations of cotton and olives, the fields of corn, the mulberry-grounds and vineyards, that cover the fertile land of Kesrouan, bear testimony to their industry and its reward. Each village is governed by its sheik, from whose decision an appeal can be made to the bishops. The latter elect the patriarch, the election being confirmed at the Vatican. The head of the Maronite Church assumes the surname of Peter upon his consecration, and resides at the monastery of Kanubin; he never interferes with its secular interests, which are cared for by two chief-deacons. The bishops are divided into two classes—one having regular episcopal charges, the other being simple abbots without the cure of souls; there are Maronite bishops at Aleppo, Damascus, and Cyprus. The general clergy are permitted to marry once, before ordination, but neither the patriarch nor the bishops enjoy that privilege. It is no difficult matter to attain the latter dignity—the same person may be ordained in a few hours to the several offices of lector, exorcist, acolyte, subdeacon, deacon, presbyter, archpresbyter, and bishop; the entire transition from a layman into a bishop being effected in the course of a single day! Candidates for holy orders are received for four years at a college at Ain-el-Warka; the Syriac grammar, the church offices, general learning, and practical theology making up the course of study. Each village has its chapel, and each chapel its bell—an abomination to Moslem ears. The priests subsist upon the bounty of their flocks and the produce of their own labour. In 1827, there were no less than eighty convents in the Lebanon, of which sixty-six belonged to the Maronite monks. They dress in a brown woollen garb, and never taste animal food.

In performing divine service, several priests are engaged together, standing around the altar; they burn a great deal of incense. Formerly, the communion was taken in both kinds by both laymen and

clergy, but since 1736 the Romish fashion has been practised. To the same source they are indebted for confirmation and auricular confession. They consecrate the baptismal-water by prayer, the candidate is then plunged in it three times, but the formula is only said once, after which the baptized person is anointed upon the head and breast. Their minor services are—*nocturns*, held at midnight; *laudes*, at daylight; *tierce*, immediately before mass; *sexts*, at mid-day; *nones*, at three o'clock; *vespers*, at sunset; and *complins*, after supper. Each office consists of a preface and two or three prayers and hymns. The services are performed in Old Syriac, the gospel alone being read in the vernacular Arabic. During Lent, they do not eat till two or three hours before sunset; they also fast twenty days before the Nativity, and on every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year, abstaining from food until the afternoon. The Maronites dwelling in the neighbourhood of the sacred cedars, celebrate the Transfiguration with a religious service under the shadow of the venerable trees—the seven giants of Mount Lebanon.

The Druses, the most compact and united sectarians in Asia, occupy the whole of the southern range of the Lebanon chain, the western slope of Anti-Lebanon and G'bl-il-Sheikh, where they hold exclusive possession of upwards of forty towns and villages, and share two hundred with the Maronites; while about eighty villages in other parts of Anti-Lebanon are peopled by them. They owe their origin to a Persian, Mohammed Ben-Ismail-ed-Derazy, who settled in Egypt in 1017, and became such a fanatical disciple of that monster or madman, the Calif Hâkem, that he was driven from the country, and obliged to take refuge in the valley of Wady-el-Teim. Here he propagated his dogmas, which were afterwards modified by Hamza, whom the Druses venerate as their actual founder. This singular community believe in the unity of God and his manifestation of himself to men in the persons of seven individuals, the last of whom was Hâkem, of infamous memory. They also believe in the existence of five spiritual ministers of Heaven, who have from time to time appeared on earth, the chief of these being Christ and Hamza. According to them, all the souls that have been created in the world were numbered from the beginning, have never increased or diminished, and will so remain to all eternity; all the stars, suns, and moons in sight of the earth having been created for their sole use and good. They believe in the transmigration of souls—not allowing, however, that the souls of men ever pass into the lower animals—and look forward to the period when Hâkem shall be undisputed lord of the earth. They have rejected the seven points of Islamism, substituting for them seven others—1. Veracity (to each other only); 2. Mutual protection and assistance; 3. Renunciation of all other religions; 4. Profession of the unity of Hâkem as God; 5. Contentment with his works; 6. Submission to his will; 7. Separation from those in error, and from demons.

They are divided into two classes—Akals, or those initiated into the Druse mysteries; and Djahils, or the uninitiated. This distinction is one irrespective of sex, rank, or wealth; and any one may, after probation, pass from the lower to the higher class by making certain declarations, and renouncing certain indulgences. The Djahils are free from all religious duties, although cognizant of the leading features of the faith and the secret signs of recognition; they can eat, drink, and dress as they please. The Akals, on the contrary, are subject to many restrictions. They must not wear gold, silk, embroidered or fanciful apparel. Wine, spirits, tobacco, and snuff are forbidden luxuries. If rich, they must not have more than four sons born to them—if poor, half that number must suffice; and a female Akal is excluded from entering the temple for two years if she marries one of the uninitiated. An Akal never swears or utters obscene language, or tells a lie; and so fearful is he of receiving money that has been improperly acquired, that upon being paid any sum, he invariably employs a third party to exchange the coins, so that the cash he pockets may not be directly connected with the original donor. The Akals are treated with great respect and reverence by their less self-denying brethren; but should they break any of their vows in the slightest degree, they become outcasts from that time. As soon as one of them dies, a meeting is held, and every circumstance of his life rigidly criticised: if his reputation comes unscathed from the ordeal, they say: 'May God be merciful to him!' If otherwise, no prayer is offered, as they believe it would be inefficacious.

The Druse temples are all built in secluded situations; in these the Akals meet on Fridays after dusk, the men being separated from the women by a wooden railing. The proceedings begin with a general conversation on politics, in which they each relate any news they may have heard likely to affect the community. Passages are then read from religious books, and all join in the Druse war-hymn, describing the coming of the tribe from China, the destruction of the unbelievers, and the conquest of the world by the followers of Hâkem. Food is then distributed; and the principal Akals are left to concert any measures they may consider necessary for the general welfare; intelligence of a more private nature is now communicated without reserve, but anything requiring profound secrecy is discussed by a chosen committee of three. A Druse can commit no crime greater than that of betraying a national secret; the traitor is looked upon as an apostate from the faith, and meets with no mercy at the hands of the fraternity.

To enable the nation, upon occasion, acting as one man, intelligence is conveyed through the scattered people by means as simple as they are certain. The elder of each village temple represents his district at a town-temple, the elders of the town-temples communicate with the chief-priest at Bahleen, hear the central news in return, and retail it to the village elders, who communicate what concerns the entire community to the Akals of their respective districts, and what is secret, to the select few. The principle of co-operation is carried out thoroughly; and if a Druse family appears to act in opposition to the general policy, it is to serve a purpose, and with the full consent and approbation of the leaders of the nation. To gain their ends, they will assume the forms of any religion; many, seized in Damascus, have professed Islamism to save themselves, and been decapitated immediately by their captors, that they might die in the true faith.

The Druse women are all taught to read and write. Polygamy is unknown among them. Divorce takes place by mutual agreement; where that is wanting, an 'assembly of verification' is held, consisting of the relatives of both parties; and whichever is considered to be in the wrong, has to give up to the other one-half of his or her property. If the news is spread abroad that a man has divorced his wife, divorce her he must, however unfounded the report; and once a woman is divorced, her quondam husband must never look upon her face again. Should a female be detected in wrong-doing, no one will intermarry with her family until the offender has been put to death by her nearest male relative, who thus wipes out the disgrace, the authorities never troubling the murderer, who is considered to have done no harm. The birth of a child is an occasion of extravagant rejoicing; and the little stranger is serenaded the first night of his arrival—a species of welcome, considering the sort of music in vogue in the mountains, enough to frighten him out of his little life. A Druse mother would never forgive any one who rocked her child's cradle when its little owner was out of it, as she

firmly believes evil spirits are ever on the watch for such an opportunity of taking possession—they only do so, it seems, when the cradle is swinging—which, if they once obtain, they never quit till they have killed the infant.

The male Druses are hardy, robust, and long-lived; and every one of them, at need, a warrior. Corn is but little cultivated by them, every available spot being planted with the mulberry, silk being the staple product of the country. They employ the mule and ass as beasts of burden, their mountains being impassable for the Arab camels, and the roads rendered purposely difficult for horses, in order to impede the progress of troops. They eat three times a day: the morning meal consists of bread, cheese, and grapes; at mid-day, they dine on kibby—chopped meat and corn made into balls and fried—rice rolled in boiled vine-leaves, pilaff and curdled milk, salads and omelets; the richer among them sitting down to soup, fowls, and mutton, stewed with vegetables; but beef and pork are never eaten.

The government is in the hands of the grand emir, who pronounces sentence in criminal cases, decides civil causes, and settles all differences between his subjects. Not that they often appeal to him to do so; such matters are usually settled by the sheiks, who govern the seven districts into which the Druses are divided. They also collect the taxes—no onerous duty, as they are willingly paid; and after deducting a percentage for themselves, remit the balance to the emir. The Chief of the Stars is a great man among this strange people, and no enterprise of moment is ever undertaken without consulting him.

The early history of the Druse nation is lost in obscurity. They occupied the Lebanon prior to the invasion of Syria by the Crusaders. The Ottoman sultans made vigorous attempts to subdue them, but in vain, until Amurath III., after a fierce contest, compelled the mountain-warriors to succumb, and put an end to the anarchy then existing among them, by placing them under one head, responsible to the Porte. From this time, their annals are records of continual strife; they revenged the loss of their independence by losing no opportunity of practising predatory warfare upon their nominal masters. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Fakereddeen was emir, they obtained a victory over the Turkish forces which left them free for a time. Unfortunately, the emir, carried away by his success, joined the rebel pacha of Aleppo in sacking Damascus. The sultan answered this audacious act by sending an army of 15,000 picked men into the Lebanon. At this critical moment, internecine feuds broke out among the Druses; and when Fakereddeen assembled his forces on the banks of the Damoor, he found himself, from the defection of several chiefs, too weak to contend with the enemy, and leaving his army, he fled to Europe, and for nine years found an asylum at the court of the Medici. During his absence, the Druses, commanded by his brother and son, made head against the Turks, and, aided by the Maronites, drove them from the plains of the Bekaa, following up the success soon afterwards by a brilliant victory in a valley near Sidon, when 1200 Druses proved more than a match for 20,000 Turks. When Fakereddeen returned to his people, however, he found them beleaguered by a host of enemies. This was in 1622, during one of the severest winters ever known in the Lebanon. The emir resolved upon sallying forth upon the foe, and, axe in hand, led the way; his daring plan succeeded, and the Turks were glad to come to terms. Four years afterwards, Fakereddeen was invested by the sultan with the government of the mountain district from Jerusalem to Tripoli, a country inhabited by predatory hordes, who acknowledged no authority whatever; yet this troublesome dignity involved him in difficulties with the Damascene pacha, who paid for his interference by being well beaten. The Druses had now attained the height of their power, when their great captain and all his family were suddenly removed by the bowstring, after which the power of the Druse emir was gradually reduced, till it became a mere shadow of what it had been.

In 1768, a Druse chief, named Daher, assumed the title of sheik of Acre, Nazareth, Tiberius, Safat, and Galilee, and routed all the Ottoman armies sent against him. In 1772, a revolution was effected in Egypt, many of the Druses seduced to join the Porte, and Sidon was besieged by the Turks and their new allies. Daher galloped to Acre, found there some Russian vessels of war, struck a bargain, and returned to wage a fierce contest with his foes. His Russian friends bombarded the Turkish towns; the Druses soon fell off from the Moslems, and Daher's star was once more in the ascendant. In 1775, Jaffa fell before the Egyptian troops, but the death of their commander stopped the progress of the victorious army. The Ottoman government still professed peace and friendship towards Daher, but suddenly bombarded Sidon with their fleet. The gallant chief, unprepared for this, was seeking present safety in flight, when he was shot dead by a peasant. Djezzar appointed the Emir Bechir Shehaab governor of the Lebanon, but it was long before the Druses would consent to acknowledge his authority, and not until their leader, Sheik Beshir Djonbelat, had been decapitated at Acre.

In 1840, a peasant, whether Druse or Maronite is not known, emptied a basket of rubbish over his neighbour's wall, to the detriment of his neatly trimmed garden. The injured party was not inclined to put up quietly with such an affront from one who was of another faith; the personal quarrel expanded, each sought for champions, and so the feud grew day by day, till it assumed the shape of civil war. Still further to embitter the relation between the two sects, the Maronites sided with Mehemet Ali in his dispute with the Porte, while the Druses espoused the cause of the sultan, and suffered accordingly—Ibrahim Pacha leaving nothing but ruins wherever he carried the Egyptian forces. Since that time, the Maronites and Druses have been constantly breaking the peace. In 1845, a terrible war was carried on between them, both sides vying with each other in cruelty; above one hundred villages were utterly destroyed, two-thirds of which belonged to the Maronites.

Europeans are naturally inclined to side with the Maronites, but they are far from being the innocent sucking-doves their French sympathisers would have the world believe. The Druses are denounced as living incarnations of merciless intolerance, although they have, ere this, been held up as examples worthy of imitation by nations boasting of civilisation for 'the gentle spirit which guides them,' while, but fifteen years ago, the Maronite patriarch shewed his idea of toleration by launching an anathema at certain Protestant missionaries labouring among the Druses; forbidding any man to admit his fellow-Christians into his house, to visit them, to sell to them, to eat with them, or serve them in any way, under pain of incurring the curse of God, St Peter and St Paul, and fire and brimstone! The Druses have one claim upon English sympathy, which our French neighbours cannot be expected to appreciate: when a refugee from any land sets foot on Druse soil, he is free from pursuit and persecution; the Druse never surrenders a guest, whatever his faith may be; and the nation would rise as one man against any attempt to seize a refugee who had claimed their hospitality. Nothing, of course, can palliate the shocking massacres which have horrified Christendom; but it should be remembered, that a people numbering some 80,000 have fallen upon a nation counting 220,000 souls, to the male portion of which the musket and dagger are everyday articles of wear; and that the Maronites have provoked the strife by interfering at Constantinople for the destruction of their rivals, relying,

probably, if matters went against them, upon the intervention of the great Christian powers to save them from the consequences of their own acts.

A FANCY FAIR.

Come with me, male reader, to a fancy fair; there is one to-day at the Crystal Palace, and you couldn't have a better place. We will start, if you have no objection, from the Pimlico station, in preference to London Bridge; for I have the greatest possible dislike to having my ribs staved in, and my toes trodden upon; both which mishaps are sure to happen to one at the city terminus: besides, you steam through pleasanter country the other way. We are in the neighbourhood of Hungerford Market, and have therefore the advantage of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, inasmuch as there are not only three but four courses open to us: we may walk; we may 'cab' it (but that involves the payment of eighteenpence—with the certainty of a row when we pay it—and twopence toll); we may 'bus it; or we may go by boat, in which case we shall have the pleasure of seeing the derrick opposite Lambeth Palace, as it removes, by means of a series of coal-scuttle-looking machines, the deposit from the bottom of the Thames, and makes-believe to throw it into a barge moored close by, but as it seems to me, drops the greater part of said deposit into the river again; the satisfaction of snuffing up the double-distilled scent which Father Thames wears on his pocket-handkerchief; and the occupation of holding our hats on with one hand, and squeezing our noses with the other, whenever the wind is a little playful, and wafts to our nostrils the odoriferous memories of departed dogs. But, then, the boat is only twopence, and there is no grumbling, because you pay the legal fare. So let it be the boat, and, see, I have paid for two; but I shall expect you to repay the twopence, and I'll tell you why, as we proceed to Pimlico. You see I object to anybody's paying *twopence* for me, and I like to do as I would be done by. I don't mind his paying a good round sum, if he will; but the man I allude to won't do that. You must often have met such a man; he is about five feet six inches in height—never more, his generosity can't grow any higher—with a particularly good-natured face, and he always insists upon making all the *little* payments when he is in your company. I found him out very early in life, and it was a long while before I could manage to cure him of his propensity. At last I hit upon this plan: he insisted upon paying for my cigar and brandy and water as well as his own. Well, I didn't like it, but he pooh-poohed me; so I said I'd take two or three cigars. This rather staggered him, but still he paid. I then walked him up and down a few streets, racking my brains for an idea, and at last turned suddenly into a tailor's shop where I was known, pulling my generous friend in with me. I got measured for a coat, and told the tailor, when he sent it home, to forward the bill to Mr So-and-so—my generous friend. 'Oh! I daresay,' cried So-and-so, 'that's rather too good a joke.' 'Why,' said I, 'you've been paying for everything; I thought you wouldn't mind paying for this. It's very unkind of you to affront me by settling small accounts, which I can afford to settle myself, and then, when I should be really obliged if you would become liquidator in my stead, to refuse point-blank.' He never offered to pay for me again.

But here we are at Pimlico Pier, close by the pretty new Battersea Bridge, which you will observe they are going to hide from view on this side by building a railway bridge ingeniously in the way. Now we are at the railway station, and a nice quiet little place it is, so much more tolerable than that obstreperous London Bridge, where, if you don't get run over now and then, and your clothes spoiled, you are pretty sure to have your eye made an umbrella-stand of, or a truck run across your feet 'By your leave, sir.' Mark the country, too, as we puff along, how pretty it is. However, our object is the fancy fair, so let us talk of that. Know, then, that certain schools are in want of funds, and this is one of the means employed for raising them; for there are some most excellent people, you must be aware, who are by nature very charitably inclined, and hold the correctest possible notions upon the subject of education and its inestimable blessings, and yet it requires an alchemical process of the most subtle description to turn their inclinations and their notions out of the crucible in the form of gold and silver. One of the processes most in vogue is a public dinner; the benevolent guests are internally soothed by artistic cookery, and their hearts warmed by the choicest wines; and when the crafty chairman thinks they have arrived at subscription-temperature, he warily proposes his plan, heads the list with a good round sum, and so stimulates a generous rivalry amongst the rest; and the fashion of many a man's countenance is changed when he sees next day the liberality into which a noble emulation has betrayed him. Another process is the fancy fair, which has many advantages over the other, of which one is, that the subjects of it are generally, if not invariably, sober; and another, that the alchemists belong to the gentler sex.

And now, as we have arrived at the Palace, we shall see how matters are conducted. We walk along the grand transept until we arrive at the great organ, and opposite that is Vanity Fair. There is such a throng that you cannot see much at first; and the colours are so gay, that your eyes are perfectly dazzled; but by degrees you recover from your partial blindness, and discern three rows of elegant stalls, covered with pink and white drapery; and from the front of each stall hangs a piece of pink satin or muslin, on which are sewn white bows in the shape of the letters which form the name of the fair stall-keeper; and very aristocratic names some of them are, for ladies of rank like to play at shopwomen now and then, just as vulgar little boys and girls love to play occasionally at kings and queens. Upon my word, they act the shopwomen to such perfection, that you cannot help wondering whether they would mind taking the places of a few regular shopwomen for a week or two, whilst the latter go out of town to recruit their shattered health. You think it would be quite as great a charity as that in which they are engaged, but of course you dare not hint at such a thing. And now you are attracted by a notice in white letters upon a pink ground, hanging gracefully from a cord just at the entrance to the fair, which informs you that 'Change will be given.' Overwhelmed at the condescension herein displayed, and marvelling that a lady with a handle to her name should deign to take anything under a sovereign, you mentally congratulate all who mean to buy, but move off yourself in the opposite direction, as you don't intend to become a purchaser, even for the pleasure of receiving change from the hand of an Hon. Mrs.. *I* also sheer off, for I came merely as a spectator; yet I prophesy we shall both return penniless. The poet talks of a 'justum et tenacem propositi virum,' whom neither the passion of a blind rabble—as you learned, sir, when you made 'prava' agree with 'ardor'—nor the wink of a bullying tyrant, nor the blast that domineers over the restless Adriatic, could shake from his (truly British) solidity, or stolidity of resolution, and who, if the world were to go to what Americans call 'everlasting smash,' would 'pick up the pieces' without changing colour; but you will observe that he says nothing about fancy fairs. I should just like to see that 'justum et tenacem propositi virum' at a fancy fair, steadfastly purposed not to buy anything, and philosophically pooh-poohing the whole affair. I should like to see him sauntering along as we are,

now meditating upon things too high for common mortals, and casting a glance of mingled pity and contempt upon the purchasers at the stalls. It is my firm opinion he would look as scared as we do when our slow-paced course is suddenly arrested by a charming apparition. He would stop short, as we do before that elegant young lady, who, in a dress of the newest fashion, the most unexceptionable crinoline, a bonnet of Parisian make, and her hair done à la Grecque, impedes our further progress. He would, just as we do, feel much about the same emotion as though the Champion of England had 'caught him right amidships.' He would be as nervous as we are, and obliged to ask, as we ask, in somewhat tremulous accents, 'if she did him the honour of addressing him.' He would smile as sickly a smile as ours when she answered that 'she certainly did, and wanted to know if he wouldn't buy that conjuring-bag which she held in her hand.' He would try, as we try, to be jocose, and reply that 'he had never learned to conjure.' He would be as disconcerted as we are by the quiet response, that 'that didn't matter, if he'd only buy the bag;' and he would end, as we do, by buying it 'with pleasure.' With pleasure? Nay, with pain; but we're not brutes, I hope, and so we buy the conjuring-bag, and a jewel-box as well. Not that either you or I have any jewels, or any need of a jewel-box; and so we tell the young lady. But when she laughs a quiet laugh, and expresses a firm belief that if *we* don't want a jewel-box ourselves, we certainly 'know somebody who does,' we can't resist the soft insinuation: we are flesh and blood like other folks; and besides, one cannot refuse *a lady*. So we bow to fate, raise our hats, and depart with smiles upon our lips, and groans in our heart. We think we have weathered the storm; not so, however. Scarcely have we parted from the siren with the conjuring-bag, when we encounter two others, more lovely still, 'clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful,' who, rendered bold by companionship, accost us with nonchalance; they request that they may 'put down our names for a raffle.' The object to be raffled for is that cushion, which they carry between them, their own work. Our initials will do. There is no occasion to pay now; we can call at their booth—the Misses L——, before we leave, and pay our money, and learn the result. Of course, we have no objection. If they requested us to go and stand right in the middle of the basin of one of the big fountains as it played, we should do it; and if they begged us to buy the whole of the contents of their stall right off, we certainly should—on credit. If they would like to have our watches, here they are; and if they think they could raise anything for the schools upon our scarf-pins, they are very much at their service.

Having thus broken the ice, and begun to feel quite charitable, we think we may as well go right into 'the fair;' we therefore assume a recklessness befitting the occasion, and walk boldly up to a wheel-of-fortune kept by two sylphs of seventeen. The sylphs are in high feather, for they are particularly fond of anything in the way of speculation, hazard, lottery, or the lighter forms of gambling; although mamma forbids it strictly, except in the cause of charity. If a young woman keep a wheel-of-fortune at a public bazaar for the sake of maintaining her family, she is a very wicked person; but if a young lady keep a wheel-of-fortune at a fancy fair, for the sake of flirtation, and a distant and indistinct notion of promoting the cause of education, it is a very praiseworthy action, and besides, 'it's such fun.' It's a shilling a turn; and the two young goddesses inform us, with much eagerness, that 'there are no blanks, and not a single ticket marked less than sixpence.' We express our astonishment at the extreme fairness of this arrangement, and proceed, with enlarged views of the honesty of womankind, to expend shillings which we do want upon sixpenny articles which we don't. Of course, we could get double the number of articles for the same money, if we chose to go, humdrum fashion, to the stalls and purchase soberly; but we hope we know a little better than that. It's quite worth the extra sixpence to see the small white hand twirling the wheel round, and then resting upon it in its favourite attitude; and the blue eyes sparkling, and the rosy mouth open, and the even teeth glistening, and the general air of interest—for you know they are only playing at shopwomen, and really do feel a personal interest in what goes forward—and to hear the sympathetic, 'My goodness, how unfortunate you are! Did you ever, Hetty?' whenever I draw, as I *always* do, a sixpenny-ticket; and to be told, with an encouraging smile, that 'people who are unlucky at this sort of thing are sure to be lucky in *other matters*' (emphatically); and to be assured, with a dilation of eye and a seriousness of mouth, that there were tickets put in as high as 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., though I can't help thinking that they must have been either taken out again directly, or very soon drawn by skilful or fortunate adventurers. Nevertheless, we go on dipping, dipping into the magic-box twirled by the magic fingers, until our thumb and forefinger, by diligently travelling along our waistcoat-pockets, can pick up nought but the lining. We are afraid to ask how many dips we can have for our watches, and so confess that we have had, not enough—that wouldn't be gallant—but as much as a limited exchequer will allow.

The livelier of the two sylphs now trips away, begging us to follow her and choose our prizes—a bitter mockery for me, for I have drawn a sixpenny-ticket every time, and having availed myself of the kind permission to put that back and pay another sixpence for another dip, and so on for every succeeding dip, I am left at the end penniless, but with a solitary sixpenny-ticket; not that I mind much, when I see what a cause of mirth it is to the sylphs—and I can't help thinking how they must roar with laughter when they see a beggar in rags—but I envy you who have drawn two-shilling tickets, half-crown tickets, crown-tickets, and positively one of those (apocryphal, *I* thought) seven-and-sixpenny tickets. I'm easily satisfied, of course: the sylph puts a horrid little half-penny wooden doll, with a pennyworth of silk for a hat, and a sort of greatcoat for clothes, into my hand, and I bow and shew my teeth (I can't smile), as if I had received a handsome present, inwardly vowing that I'll give it to the very dirtiest little baby I meet by accident. You get better treatment: considering the tact you shew in choosing exactly what the sylph doesn't wish to get rid of, and in finding some objection to everything she recommends to you, and thereby bringing on a little friendly altercation, accompanied by bright smiles and deep dimples, I pronounce you to be well repaid. I'd pay another half-crown, if I had it, to be treated as you are in the case of those slippers.

You set your mind upon a tiny pair of Indian-straw slippers with little crimson satin bows in front, and lined with crimson silk. The sylph remarks that she doesn't know what you can possibly want them for, they certainly will not fit you; and you reply—a little saucily, *I* think—that you mean to give them away to your sister or your cousin, who have both very tiny feet. The sylph looks as though she thought a clumsy-hoofed fellow like you can't have a *sister* with a tiny foot, and pouts out: 'Your cousin, most likely, sir;' and then she gives a little musical laugh, which *I* think worth four half-crowns at least; but you take it as coolly as can be, and simply inquire if she has any more of the same size. Not being able to elicit any more slippers, you choose a pincushion, in the shape of a heart, a pen-wiper, a kettle-holder, and a painted screen. You would have liked that smoking-cap and that cigar-case, but you are afraid it would be a confession that you are a smoker; and I perfectly agree with you, that it is

rather too bad of ladies to inveigh against smoking, and yet offer a premium to smokers by selling smoking paraphernalia of their own manufacture. We now move away, and my envious spirit is a little appeased as I notice the difficulty you have in carrying your prizes, and how foolish you look when people stare at you. But jealousy will not allow me to offer you assistance. Let us now proceed to the Misses L——s' stall, and pay our subscriptions—for, of course, we kept those safe in another pocket—and ask who is the fortunate winner. We find it is a gentleman who facetiously gave as his initials X. X. X., being related probably to a famous brewing firm; and we congratulate ourselves upon being unsuccessful, when we reflect that we shouldn't have known what to do with the cushion, even if we had had sufficient courage to carry it home. We are now in a position to wander about the fair without danger, for we find that the candid statement, 'we haven't a farthing left,' is an all-sufficient answer to every solicitation. We are thought a little eccentric, but so is everybody who tells the plain truth. And so we saunter up and down, and listen to the tinkling of the bell, and the rattling of the hammer, and the stentorian voices of those two young gentlemen, who are conducting an auction with an energy, and a volubility, and a power of hyperbole which would make them valuable acquisitions to the successors of Mr George Robins. We envy and despise that fashionably dressed man, who has been standing for half an hour at least in front of the stall where the belle of the fair is dispensing rings and other gimcracks at exorbitant prices, to high-born admirers, and who evinces at the same time his love of active exercise, and his charitable disposition, by swaying his body backwards and forwards, holding his left arm a-kimbo, and employing his right in the application of a rose to his nostrils, whilst at intervals of about ten minutes he supports the cause of the schools by purchasing a smile from the aforesaid belle. But who is that sallow-faced man, with clean-shaved gills, a keen eye, and no gloves? He doesn't seem to buy anything, or to be expected to buy anything; he gazes upon the scene with calm disdain, and he looks as though he had somebody else's clothes on. See, he walks quietly up to that elderly lady, who has picked up a doyley, and is examining it. The doyley was on the ground, and the lady seems in no hurry to replace it. He lays his hand quietly on her arm, and requests her to 'come with him.' He's a detective policeman in plain clothes. So now let us get back to Pimlico.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE is a common belief, produced by that love for paradox peculiar to common minds, that a sailor is the best narrator of a sea-story, a barrister of an interesting lawsuit, and a fox-hunter of an exciting chase; whereas the truth is, that any other person of equal capacity, and equally acquainted with the facts, is almost certain to make a better describer of the matter. The sailor has been chiefly struck by the nautical circumstances of the case—the position and rate of speed of the ship, and how many bells were striking when the incident occurred—and crowds his relation with a mass of technicalities wearisome to the reader, and every one of which, beyond what is necessary for local colouring, goes to weaken its interest: the barrister is attracted by the niceties of the legal points, or bores you (Oh, how he bores you!) with an account of the state of temper Bigwig the judge (*his* judge) was in, and how Brazenface, Q. C. (whom we never heard of), was down upon him with even more than his usual assurance: while the fox-hunter is eloquent upon how Bullstile Copse was drawn blank, and how Latton Spinney was unproductive, because the holes had not been stopped, and that, therefore, they had to go on to Muddleham Gore.

These persons naturally miss or slur over the points that are most attractive to the general public, which an unprofessional man—who must, however, of course be himself acquainted with, and interested in, the subject—is careful to preserve. Thus it is that when a professor of any science endeavours to popularise the same, he has not so many readers as an amateur with equal intelligence; and that Mr Kingsley's *Glaucus*, for instance, was received with greater favour than any work upon the wonders of the sea-shore from a more technical hand. Similarly, Mr Francis Buckland has since achieved a success in the first series of his *Curiosities of Natural History*,* and now offers us a second. He retains certain circumstantial incidents that would be rejected by Mr Gosse perhaps, but which relieve the necessary details of his subject; and suppresses others, which those who are in want of more particular information know where to look for. We have especially to thank him for excluding all that dog (and dogfish) Latin which most of our marine writers are so proud of exhibiting, and for calling English fish by English names. He gets his information from fishermen rather than from scientific dictionaries; and is therefore enabled to tell us that the other name for pouters, instead of a classical term of half-a-dozen syllables, is 'stink-alives'—because they so soon become unfit for eating; also, that if a pouter be taken out of the water and put in again, the moment he is released from the hook, he 'gets blowed, and can't swim,' but floats on the surface, till a seamaw (gull) spies him, and 'whaffles him down.'

Although Mr Buckland's wanderings are mainly confined to the most frequented and Cockney watering-places about London, he generally finds something new and strange in them, or has something new to say of them. Even a heap of castaway rubbish from a bathing-town suggests to him some interesting reflections. 'Among the shingle on the Brighton beach, I found many interesting things, which most people would call rubbish. They are of no use in themselves; but imagine the beach to become suddenly fossil, and how interesting would all these bits of rubbish then become, as proving the existence of a highly civilised people who once inhabited these shores. We find, mixed up with fishbones, sea-weed, &c., various kinds of the jetsam and flotsam of the ocean. Rolled bits of ginger-beer bottles, made of clay; of wine-bottles, tobacco-pipes, &c., made of glass, proving the luxury of these ancient people; of old shoes, of knives, of hard slag (whence we might infer the existence of gas-works), of combs, hair-brushes, &c.; and, what is rather curious, I found a ball, as large as a good-sized turnip, and quite as round, composed entirely of human hair. The only way I can explain the formation of this ball is, that the hair taken from the combs of the inhabitants of Brighton is thrown away, floats down the drains into the sea, and there becomes regularly felted and matted together by the waves perpetually rolling it up and down on the hard shingle. . . . . The deposit of the river Thames is, likewise, most interesting, and a chapter might be written on the various articles found mixed with the bones of turtle, snakes, and sharks, and even tropical fruits, in the Isle of Sheppy, at the mouth of the Thames. By means of these, an observant explorer landing on the spot from his discovery-ship, even if he knew not of the existence of London, might come to the conclusion that the river which brought the deposits of human manufacture to the shore he was exploring, ran through a large city, inhabited by a highly civilised people, far advanced in the arts.

At Folkestone, our author made his first acquaintance with the 'man-sucker' (a kind of cuttle-fish), common on most sea-coasts, and yet perhaps never heard of by nineteen-twentieths of those who read this paper. The length of the specimen he dissected was about

* Bentley. London.

'two feet when spread out; the body of the shape and the size of a large Jersey pear; the head, in its outline, much resembled that of an elephant when viewed from the front, surrounded by eight long arms, the lower surface of which were covered with numerous sucking discs; and upon turning these away, the mouth was exposed, formed by two hard, black, horny beaks, exactly like the beak of a parrot, and this is well calculated to inflict a severe bite upon the unfortunate fish or crab that is held fast to it by the powerful suckers. These beaks are found fossil, and in early times of geology were a great puzzle to beginners, and there were many disputes as to what they were.' When fishing with a line about two miles out to sea, he espies another man-sucker of a large size floating quietly by. 'I was preparing to plunge in to catch him, or he to catch me with his suckers, but he saw me, and sank down out of sight like a ten-pound shot. He was floating with his beak upwards, and his arms hanging downwards like the plume on a soldier's helmet, the boss of the helmet representing the mouth. Determined not to be disappointed, I offered a reward of beer, and have obtained a living specimen of a "man-sucker." There is a certain poor old man who gets his living here by catching crabs in crab-pots among the rocks; he told me that, a day or two ago, near the harbour, a "man-sucker" got into one of his stalkers, and ate up two of his lobsters, worth a shilling. He "heaved" him overboard, because "he ain't no use." I explained that he was convertible into beer, and was of use, and the poaching man-sucker is now sprawling his long arms before me. The old man once tried the experiment of keeping one alive in the bottom of his boat when in harbour, "to frighten away the boys" from playing with the boat; but he found it had the contrary effect.

The colour of the specimen, when first caught, was that of brown silk, a pleasing colour to the eye, shot with gold; but the tints gradually got dull as the animal became exhausted. Underneath the skin of the body and the arms, is seen waving about, as if from cell to cell, a dark brown-coloured fluid, causing the tints of the skin to become at times almost white, at other times almost iridescent. I do not know that this fact has ever been noticed before. I find that strong brine has caused my pet man-sucker (who soon died) to turn of a red colour, like the outside of a bit of boiled beef. The conical eyes are defended with eyelids, which the animal closes when the eye is touched. The natural position, when at rest, is with the mouth turned downwards, and the suckers applied to the bottom of the vessel; they hold so tight that the creature can only be removed with difficulty; the moment one arm relaxes, the others hold firmer still. I allowed him to grasp my hand and arm—the feeling is that of a hundred tiny air-pumps applied all at once, and little round red marks are left on the skin where the suckers were applied; and when they were all fast, the animal could hardly be got off again. The sensation of being held by a "man-sucker" is anything but agreeable. The feeling of being held fast by a (literally) cold-blooded, soulless, pitiless, and voracious sea-monster, almost makes one's blood run cold. I can now easily understand why they are called "man-suckers," and why the natives of the Chinese and Indian seas have such a horror of them, for in these climates they are seen large and formidable enough to be dangerous to any human beings who may be so unfortunate as to be clutched by them.'

Mr Pennant writes, of the eight-armed cuttle-fish in the Indian seas, that it has been found to measure twelve feet in breadth across the central part, while each arm was fifty-four feet in length; thus making it extend from point to point one hundred and twenty feet. But it is not likely that either at Margate or Herne Bay so considerable a man-sucker will appear in the course of the present season. Of lobsters, the favourite food of these cuttle-fish, we learn that when first taken they are 'awful savage, and flies at ye like a dog.' They are apt to 'shoot their claws' when taken, as likewise are the crabs, which the London fishermen are therefore obliged to kill before putting them into the boiling-pot. They should of course be never put in hot water that does *not* boil. 'I lately saw a man in the street putting muscles into water which did not boil, in order to cook them. As the poor things went in, there was a peculiar hissing sound, and a scum on the top of the water. I remonstrated with him on his cruelty. "That 's nothing, sir; it 's only the things a-fretting themselves," was the answer. I asked him if he would not "fret himself" if he was gradually boiled to death. It was a new idea that had never struck him, and he promised to use boiling water for the future.'

Lobsters, if left on the rocks, never go back to the water of their own accord; they wait till it comes to them. 'I say this, because when the landslip took place near Lyme-Regis, in Dorsetshire, a great portion of the bottom of the sea was forced up by the weight of the landslip on the margin of the shore. On this suddenly elevated bit of ground there happened to be several lobsters, who doubtless thought the low tide had taken place with uncommon celerity, and that it would return again. Anyhow, the brutes, obedient to their instinct (I dare not call them stupid), waited for the tide to come up and cover them. Of course it never did come up again; they remained in their places, and died there, although the water was in many instances only a few feet from their noses, and they had not the sense to tumble into it, and save their lives.'

From lobsters to whales is with Mr Buckland an easy transition; he ranges from one to the other with a pleasant desultoriness which a man of sterner scientific mould would shudder at. On one occasion, a large whale appeared off Weymouth, and was seen by several fishermen. 'The affair was talked over at night in the public-houses; and one of the company, who happened to have a new seine-net which he had never used, was much taunted about it, and he was dared to go and net *this* whale with his new net. At first, he took it as a joke, but, under the influence of beer and the chaff of his comrades, he stamped his hand on the table, and said: "Well, —— me, if I don't go and shoot the net after him, catch or no catch." Accordingly, a sentry was posted, and the next morning, the whale was signaled as being in the offing. So the owner of the new seine put it into the boat, and, rowing quietly along, shot the net round the unsuspicious whale. At last, Master Whale put his nose into the net, and feeling something strange, charged against it, dragging men, boats, and all along with him. He then plunged and dived, and, ultimately taking the new seine-net, rolled about his body, right away with him, in spite of all the fishermen could do. They looked after the whale, who had gone off with the net, much as an angler looks into the water when a fine fish has escaped from his hook; but, however, the whale was gone, and the would-be captors rowed home disconsolate and whaleless.

'Some three or four days afterwards, as a coast-guard was going his rounds in the dead of the night, he saw a huge black mass come rolling in with the tide; it looked like a wreck, yet it was not a wreck, for a wreck has not a tail wherewith to flop the water as the object had. The coast-guardsman waited till the tide turned, and as it went down, he got near to this strange object, which had got hard and fast among the rocks. He then saw that it was a whale, and, what was exceeding strange, the whale had a net entangled round about him in the most complicated manner. "First come, first served," said the coast-guardsman to himself, as he pulled out

his knife and cut two great slashes in the whale's fat sides, during which operation the *whale kicked and evinced signs of life.* The finder then shut up his knife, and posted off with the news. Of course, as there was a net round the whale, his identity was established directly, and the owner of the net claimed the carcass, because his net had caught him; the coast-guardsman claimed it, because he had found him. Meanwhile, when the dispute was still going on, the lord of the manor put in his claim, as it was found between high and low water-mark; gained it, and took possession of the whale; cut him up, and boiled all the oil out of him, getting forty barrels—worth a lot of money—and there the matter ended.

'Some weeks afterwards, as the coast-guard was sitting on his "donkey"—the term applied to the portable stool used by these men—a respectable-looking gentleman walked up to him, and said: "My man, don't you recollect the whale that you found hereabouts some time since?"

"Yes, sir," said the man; "it was me as found him."

"Well, now, can't you recollect whether, when you cut him—as they tell me you did—he kicked and winced under the knife?"

"In course he did," was the answer: "he nearly knocked the knife out of my hand with his tail."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, bristling up all of a sudden, "now, I am a lawyer, and mind that you tell the same story to-morrow, sir; for as sure as to-morrow comes, you will have to *swear* that in court."

'On the morrow, the coast-guardsman swore that the whale was alive when first he saw him on shore, and that he knew it by the knife-test, as stated above. It was now the lord of the manor's turn to sing small, for he could not claim a thing if cast up *alive.* He had to refund the money he got for the oil, having taken all his trouble for nothing; so that, after all, the owner of the new seine caught his whale, got his new net back, and nearly a hundred pounds besides.'

The captain of a French vessel once saw a whale floundering upon a sand-bank at the Nore. He caused a rope to be tied tightly round above his tail, and as the tide rose the whale floated, and he was towed in triumph, as the crew imagined, on his way to Calais harbour. 'Mistaken Frenchmen! They had not got far before the whale shewed symptoms of returning life, by wriggling, twisting, and not following the ship in the orderly manner becoming a *dead* whale. At length, the dragging through the water, and the pulling at his tail, roused him up completely; he came *quite* to life, and threatened to damage the ship. The Frenchmen, finding they had caught a Tartar, cut the rope as it passed over the stern of the ship, and away went the whale one way, back again towards the mouth of the Thames, with a great, long, thick rope still tied to his tail and dragging behind him; the ship went the other way, towards Calais, having lost their prize.

'The whale was seen occasionally for some days after this, still with the rope on his tail. At last, he foolishly came into Whitstable Bay. The men in the oyster-boats saw him, and, by shouting and splashing, forced him up into shallow water, where the tide left him. They then wisely made sure of him by killing him outright. No pig-sticking knives were big enough or long enough to cut his throat, so they fixed scythes on to poles, and pierced him till he died. Then came the question, what was to be done with him? and at last a deputation of fishermen went up to Messrs —— & Co., in the city, the great dealers in whale-oil, whalebone, &c., who gave the fishermen L.80 for their capture, and sent down men, blubber-knives, iron pots, &c., to boil him up.' A scientific friend of our author's went down to dissect the creature, and was getting on capitally, although he was once very nearly smothered by slipping into one of the cavities of the heart. 'Nothing daunted by the smell or other disagreeable circumstances, he continued his dissection till he had made a valuable and interesting collection of preparations. One morning, when he was still working away, and the men boiling or "trying down" the oil, a very official-looking personage came up, and in a haughty manner said: "Leave off work all of you, directly; do nothing more to the whale. I claim this *fish* (he was no naturalist, for a whale is a warm-blooded animal, and no fish) in the name of the *lord of the manor*, and nothing whatever must be touched or removed." My friend had just taken out the whale's eye, which exhibits remarkable structures, and offering it to the new-comer said: "Well, I suppose the lord of the manor does not want the whale's eye?" "You may keep *that*, sir," was the answer. This disagreeable intruder then departed.

'While the dissectors, both anatomical and commercial, were recovering their wonder, from another quarter of the compass, lo! another Jack-in-office, who stalked into the assembled crowd, and with a wave of the stick proclaimed: "Touch nothing—move nothing—I claim all this in the name of *the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.*"

'Vultures smell the stinking carcass from afar; so, too, did it seem that the smell of this unfortunate whale had found its way so far as London, and even to the crown authorities, for yet another human vulture arrived on the wings of the wind, and, spreading his official papers over the putrid mass, pronounced: "*This is a royal fish, and I claim it in the name of the crown.*" Here, then, was a pretty mess, both literal and physical; the three claimants set to work disputing with each other for possession; the fishermen quietly wiped their oily hands, packed up their traps, and adjourned to the public-houses, to drink out their eighty pounds, and talk over the matter. My friend, seeing nothing could be done, packed up his whale's eye, and went back to London in an oyster-boat, as he carried such an aroma about with him that they would not take him in the coach. The three vultures then departed to their respective nests, and transferred the cause to the lawyers, who managed to spin out their disputes for a whole year.' Long before the legal gentlemen had finished, however, a fourth claimant appeared in the person of the sea itself, who, coming up with an unusually high tide, carried the whole property away, both blubber and bones.

There is no end to the interesting sights and sounds which Mr Buckland describes as being seen and heard by those who go down to the sea in fishing-boats, and make their business in the Channel. When drifting along, far away from land, through the murky darkness of the night, we do not wonder that the 'herring spear' sounds, to unlearned ears, supernatural and uncanny enough. 'All of a sudden, a curious rushing and a rustling sound was heard over and about the boat, accompanied by low musical twitterings; this phenomenon was not continuous; it passed away, and in a few minutes was again repeated; meanwhile all was darkness and mystery. He asked the men what strange noise that was; they shook their heads in ignorance; they did not know what it was, whether earthly or unearthly; they evidently regarded it with somewhat more than awe, and were unwilling to converse about it; their dread of it was great; all they knew was that it was the "herring-piece." I asked one of the oldest fishermen in Folkestone about this. He had heard the noise often, he told me, but that the Folkestone name for it was the "herring-spear." "I likes to hear it," he said; "we always catches more fish when it is about." And what is this "herring-piece," or "herring-spear," after all? The courage of the sturdy fisherman, who will face the gigantic waves of a storm from the south-west, and bravely run his boat down into the boiling surf to render assistance to the Indiaman that is firing minute-guns

on the Goodwin Sands, is appalled and trembles at the rushing noise of the wings and the musical call-notes of the flocks of those pretty little birds, the redwings, who choose a dark still night to wing their flight across the Channel to the British shores. Their time of migration is always about the herring-fishing time, and hence the noise caused by them in their flight is always associated with these fish. No harm follows the "herring-piece" to the listeners; not so with the "Seven Whistlers;" woe betide those who hear this evil-portending sound! "I never thinks any good of them," said old Smith; "there's always an accident when they comes. I heard 'em once one dark night last winter. They come over our heads all of a sudden, singing 'ewe-ewe,' and the men in the boat wanted to go back. It came on to rain and blow soon afterwards, and was an awful night, sir; and, sure enough, before morning, a boat was upset, and seven poor fellows drowned. I knows what makes the noise, sir; it 's them long-bill'd curlews; but I never likes to hear them."

Beside the sea-stories with which the latter half of this volume is plentifully bestrewed, there is a deal of pleasant Natural History table-talk which refers to the land only. Mr Buckland makes much affectionate allusion to his father, the late Dean of Westminster, and tells us several interesting anecdotes of that extraordinary man. Like many other less celebrated persons, he suffered from the incapability of the human mind to understand the right of property in connection with umbrellas. The dean could not bear to lose his umbrellas. They were not very good ones of their kind, but still he preferred to keep them. 'He lost two or three in one way or another, and at last he had inscribed, in conspicuous letters, on the handle of a new one he bought purposely, "Stolen from Dr Buckland," and this he never lost. It was fairly worn to a skeleton through long and faithful service, till at last it became so very shabby, that I often wished somebody *would* steal it; but the large label, "Stolen from Dr Buckland," kept away everybody; nobody even ever offered to "borrow" it on the wettest of wet days, although it often invitingly stood by itself, in solitary glory, in the umbrella-stand in the hall.'

His son seems to follow the doctor in his geological footprints, and has made, on his own account, a discovery second only to that of the world-famous Cheirotherium. He fancied that he had found out a remarkable creature, existing in our own time, and whose habitat was somewhere in London. 'During last winter, I frequently observed in the London streets, when the pavement was covered with snow, or with mud that would easily take impressions, foot-marks of a very remarkable and puzzling kind. A creature wearing a human hob-nailed boot had evidently passed along, but the creature had not left the "spoor," or track of an ordinary man, for the iron-shod heel was separated some two feet from the equally well-armed toe, and the interspace between them was not marked with any impression, so that the animal could not have had a sole to his foot. In its journeyings, strange to say, it had *invariably walked backwards;* the turning up of the mud at the heel shewed that, moreover, it had never walked in the centre of the pavement or in the street, but always at the roadside of the pavement. For days and days I hunted this creature by its track, up Regent Street (it never went over the crossing), down Oxford Street, both east and west, but I never could come up with it. Its home seemed, from the track, to be somewhere in the densely populated neighbourhood of St Giles's. As the Cheirotherium of ancient geological days was so christened on account of the track he made, I did not see why this Pre-Adamite animal, "the beast with a hand," should not have a modern cousin, "the beast with a foot," the true nature of both being uncertain at their first discovery. I therefore christened my mysterious creature "Podotherium," or the "beast with the foot"—a provisional name, until I could make out its real name and nature. The snow melted and the mud was nearly dried up, and I thought I should never solve the mystery as to what Podotherium was. At last, one day, after a heavy shower, I crossed the tracks very strongly and recently marked, by Wellington Street, Strand; I followed them up instantly, and found that this mysterious creature was only a poor old cripple, who, having lost his feet, could not walk upright after the ordinary fashion of men; he could only crawl along upon his knees, after the fashion of the monks of old, who have worn away with their ascending knees the stone steps going to the shrine of Thomas-à-Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. Necessity, in Podotherium's case, had been the mother of invention. He had cut an ordinary hob-nailed boot in two, had affixed the heel-part on to his knee, and the toe-part on to the place where the foot ought to have been; so that as he crawled along upon his knees, the heel-part of course had been going foremost, giving the appearance of a man walking backwards. "Podotherium" was gaining his livelihood by selling to passers-by tin funnels, which he carried in a string round his neck, and he therefore always kept, as his footmarks indicated, to the roadside of the pavement, to solicit custom.'

Upon the whole, Mr Francis Buckland has given us as pleasant a volume of adventure, information, and humour, as will be packed up in any man's carpet-bag this year as the companion of his autumn holiday.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AN ERRAND OF LOVE.

This second purchase and payment rendered necessary a communication with my Nashville friend. Fortunately, Swampville had a mail; and, to avail myself of it, I rode direct for the settlement.

On my return, I found Swampville, figuratively speaking, on fire. Short as had been the period of my absence, it had been marked by an incident of no ordinary character. That morning's mail had conveyed to the settlement the intelligence of a rare and interesting event—the discovery of the gold *placers* of California.

I had heard rumours of this before—only half believed, and not yet reaching to Swampville. Returned emigrants from California were now reported, as having arrived in St Louis and other frontier towns; bringing with them, not only the full account of the discovery, but its confirmation, in the shape of large 'chunks' of gold-bearing quartz, and bags of the yellow dust itself. The marvellous tale was no longer questioned, or doubted. The mail had brought newspapers from New Orleans and St Louis, giving detailed accounts of the digging of Sutter's mill-race by the disbanded soldiers of the 'Mormon Battalion;' of the *crevasse* caused by the water which had laid open the wonderful auriferous deposits; and describing also the half-frantic excitement which the news had produced in these populous cities.

In this, Swampville had not been slow to imitate them. I found the whole settlement on the *qui vive:* not only the idlers shewing an interest in the extraordinary intelligence; but the business-men of the place being equally startled out of their sobriety. A 'company' was already projected, in which many well-to-do men had registered their names; and even Colonel Kipp talked of transporting his *penates* across the great plains, and swinging the Jackson sign upon the shores of the Pacific! Swampville was smitten with a golden mania, that seemed to promise its speedy depopulation!

Though many of my old *camarados* of the Mexican campaign found fresh vent for their energies in this new field of enterprise, for me it had no attractions whatever. I therefore resisted the solicitations of the Swampvillians to 'jine thar company'—in which I was offered the compliment of a command. On that day, and at that hour, not for all the gold in California would I have forsaken my new home in the forest—under whose 'boundless contiguity of shade' sparkled in my eyes a 'metal more attractive.'

Instead of longing for the far shores of the Pacific, I longed only to return to the banks of Mud Creek; and chafed at the necessary delay that hindered me from gratifying my wish. Even the generous hospitality of Colonel Kipp—amiable under the influence of golden dreams—even the smiles of the simpering Alvina, and the more *brave* coquetry of Car'line—now become a decided admirer of my yellow buttons—were not sufficient to preserve my spirit from *ennui*.

Only at meals did I make my appearance at the hotel—at all other times, seeking to soothe the impassioned pulsations of my heart in the dark depths of the forest. There I would wander for hours, not listing where I went; but ever finding myself, as if by some instinct, upon the path that conducted in the direction of the creek!

It was some solace to listen to the notes of the wild wood—the songs of bird and bee—for these had become associated in my mind with the melodious tones of Lilian's voice—to look upon the forest flowers; more especially on the encarmined blossom of the bignonia—now to me a symbol of the sweetest sentiment.

The one most prized of all, I had carefully preserved. In a glass I had placed it, on the dressing-table of my chamber, with its peduncle immersed in water.

My zealous care only procured me a chagrin. On returning from one of my rambles, I found the flower upon the floor, crushed by some spiteful heel! Was it your heel, Caroline Kipp?

In its place was a bunch of hideous gillyflowers and yellow daffodils, of the dimensions of a drum-head cabbage—placed there either to mock my regard, or elicit my admiration!

In either case, I resolved upon a *revanche*. By its wound the bignonia smelt sweeter than ever; and though I could not restore the pretty blossom to its graceful campanulate shape, from that time forward it appeared in my button-hole—to the slight torture, I fancied, of the backwoods coquette.

In the two days during which I was denied sight of her, my love for Lilian Holt was fast ripening into a passion—which absence only seemed to amplify. No doubt the contrast of common faces—such as those I observed in Swampville—did something towards heightening my admiration. There was another contrast that had at this time an influence on my heart's inclinings. To an eye fatigued with dwelling long and continuously on the dark complexions of the south—the olivine hue of Aztec and Iberian skins—there was a relief in the radiance of this carmined blonde; that, apart from her absolute loveliness, was piquant from the novelty and rareness of the characteristic. Additional elements of attraction may have been: the *mise en scène* that surrounded her; the unexpected discovery of such a precious jewel in so rude a casket; the romantic incident of our first encounter; and the equally peculiar circumstances attending our second and last interview: all these may have combined in weaving around my spirit a spell, that now embraced, and was likely to influence, every act of my future existence.

Therefore, on the morning of the third day, as I mounted my horse, and turned his head in the direction of Holt's clearing, it was not with any design of dispossessing the squatter. Occupied with sweet love-dreams, I had as yet given no thought to the ruder realities of life. I had formed no plan for colonising—neither towards entering upon possession, nor extending the 'improvement' I had twice purchased.

Notwithstanding both purchase and payment, the squatter might still continue to hold his cabin and clearing—only sharing with me the disputed land. Welcome should I make him, on one condition—the condition of becoming his guest; constant or occasional—in either way—so long as I might have the opportunity of enjoying the presence of his daughter, and to her demonstrating my heart's devotion.

Some such idea, vaguely designed, flitted across my mind, as I entered upon my second journey to Mud Creek. My ostensible object was to take formal possession of an estate, and turn out its original owner. But my heart was in no unison with such an end. It recoiled from, or rather had forgotten its purpose. Its throbbings were directed to a different object: guiding me on a more joyful and auspicious errand—*the errand of love*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RED-SKINNED SIBYL.

Not a sound came from the forest to disturb my sweet musings. Silent was the sky of the Indian summer—soft and balm-laden its breeze. The trees stirred not; the branches seemed extended in the stillness of repose; even the leaves of the *tremuloides*, hanging on their compressed petioles, were scarcely seen to quiver. The rustling, heard at intervals, was but the fluttering of bright wings amid the foliage; or the rushing of some mountebank squirrel in reckless evolution among the branches—sounds harmonising with the scene.

Not till I had entered the glade was I aroused from my reverie—at first gently, by the sudden emergence from shade into light; but afterwards in a more sensible manner on sight of a human form, at a glance recognised as that of the Indian maiden.

She was seated, or rather reclined, against the blanched log; her brown arm embracing an outstretched limb; half supported on one leg—the other crossed carelessly over it in an attitude of repose.

Beside her on the log lay a wicker pannier, filled with odds and ends of Indian manufacture. Though I had ridden close up to the girl, she vouchsafed no acknowledgment of my presence. I observed no motion—not even of the eyes; which, directed downwards, seemed fixed in steadfast gaze upon the ground. Nothing about her appeared to move—save the coruscation of metallic ornaments that glittered in the sun, as though her body were enveloped in scale-armour. Otherwise, it might have been mistaken for a statue in bronze.

And one, too, of noble proportions. The attitude was in every way graceful; and displayed to perfection the full bold contour of the maiden's form. Her well-rounded arm entwining the branch—with her large body and limbs outlined in *alto-rilievo* against the entablature of the white trunk—presented a picture that a sculptor would have loved to copy; and that even the inartistic eye could not look upon without admiration.

Instinctively I checked my horse, and halted in front of this singular apparition. I can scarcely tell why I did so; since neither by look nor gesture was I invited to take such a liberty. On the contrary, I could perceive that my movement was regarded with displeasure. There was no change in the statuesque attitude; even the eyes were not raised from the earth; but a frown was distinctly traceable on the features of the girl.

Thus repulsed, I should have ridden on; and would have done so, but for that sense of awkwardness, which one feels in similar situations. By pausing in the marked manner I had done, and gazing so pointedly at the girl, I had committed an act of ill-breeding—of which I now felt sensible. Indian though she was,

she was evidently no common *squaw;* but gifted with certain noble traits, of which many a maiden of white skin might have envied her the possession. Beyond that, I knew she was the victim of a passion —all-absorbing as it was hopeless—and this should, in my eyes, have ennobled and sanctified her.

Just then, I had myself no cause to fear an unrequited love—no need to be ungenerous or selfish —and could, therefore, afford to extend my sympathy to the sufferings of another.

It was some vague prompting of this kind, that had caused me to draw up—some idea of offering consolation.

The repelling reception was altogether unexpected, and placed me in a predicament.

How was I to escape from it? By holding my tongue, and riding on?

No; this would be an acknowledgment of having committed an act of *gaucherie*—to which man's vanity rarely accedes, or only with extreme reluctance.

I had rushed inconsiderately into the mire, and must plunge deeper to get through. 'We must become worse to make our title good.'

So reflecting, or rather without reflecting at all, I resolved to 'become worse'—with the risk of making a worse of it.

'Perhaps,' thought I, 'she does not recognise me?' She had not looked at me as yet. 'If she would only raise her eyes, she would remember me as the friend of the White Eagle. That might initiate a conversation; and cause her to interpret more kindly my apparent rudeness. I shall speak to her at all hazards. Su-wa-nee!'

The dark Indian eye was raised upon me with an angry flash; but no other reply was vouchsafed.

'Su-wa-nee!' I repeated in the most conciliatory tone. 'Do you not remember me? I am the friend of the White Eagle.'

'And what is that to Su-wa-nee? She has no words for you—you may go on!'

This decided repulse, instead of bettering my position, rendered it still more complicated. Somewhat confusedly, I rejoined:

'I am on the way to visit the White Eagle. I thought—perhaps—you might—that possibly you might have some message for him'——

'Su-wa-nee has no message for the White Eagle!' cried she, interrupting me, in the same indignant tone, and with a contemptuous toss of her head. 'If she had, she would not choose a false pale-face, like himself, to be its bearer. You fancy, white man, you can insult the Indian maiden at your pleasure? You dare not take such liberty with one of your own colour?'

'I assure you I had no such intention: my object was very different. I was prompted to speak to you, by knowing something of your affair of the other night with my friend Wingrove—which you remember I was witness of. I could not help overhearing'——

I was interrupted by another quick contemptuous exclamation, that accompanied a glance of mingled vexation and scorn:

'You may know too much, and too little, my brave slayer of red panthers! Su-wa-nee does not thank you for interfering in her affairs. She can promise you sufficient occupation with your *own*. Go! See to them!'

'How? What mean you?' I hurriedly asked, perceiving a certain significance in her looks, as well as words, that produced within me a sudden feeling of inquietude. 'What mean you?' I repeated, too anxious to await her reply; 'has anything happened?'

'Go, see for yourself! You lose time in talking to a *squaw*, as you call us. Haste! or your bell-flower will be plucked and crushed, like that which you wear so proudly upon your breast. The wolf has slept in the lair of the forest deer: the yellow fawn will be his victim! Su-wa-nee joys at it: ha, ha, ha! Hers will not be the only heart wrung by the villainy of the false pale-face. Ha, ha, ha! Go, brave slayer of red panthers! Ah! you may go, but only to grieve: you will be too late—too late—too late!'

Finishing her speech with another peal of half-maniac laughter, she snatched her pannier from the log, flung it over her shoulder, and hurried away from the spot!

Her words, though ill understood, were full of fearful significance, and acted upon me like a shock—for a moment paralysing my powers both of speech and action. In my anxiety to ascertain their full meaning, I would have intercepted her retreat; but, before I could recover from my unpleasant surprise, she had glided in among the shrubbery, and disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STORM WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Heading my horse to the path, I rode out of the glade; but with very different feelings from those I had on entering it. The words of this ill-starred maiden—attainted with that sibylline cunning peculiar to her race—had filled my heart with most dire forebodings.

Her speech could not be mere conjecture, put forth to vex and annoy me? She had scarcely motive enough for this? besides, her display of a positive foreknowledge was proof against the supposition, that she was deceiving me?

'Slayer of red panthers! You may go, but only to grieve. Your bell-flower will be plucked and crushed like that you wear so proudly upon your breast.'

These, and other like innuendoes, could not be conjectural. However obtained, they betokened a knowledge of the past, with an implied forecast of the future—probable as it was painful. The 'yellow fawn,' too. The reference was clear: Lilian Holt was the yellow fawn. But the wolf that had 'slept in its lair?' Who was the wolf? Who was to make her a victim? and how was it to be done?

These unpleasant interrogatives passed rapidly through my mind, and without obtaining reply. I was unable to answer them, even by conjecture. Enough that there *was* a wolf; and that Lilian Holt was in danger of becoming his victim!

This brought me to the consideration of the last words, still ringing in my ears: 'You will be too late—too late!' and, prompted by their implied meaning, I drove the spurs into my horse, and galloped forward—as fast as the nature of the ground would permit.

My mind was in dread confusion—a chaos of doubt and fear. The half-knowledge I had obtained was more painful to endure than a misfortune well ascertained: for I suffered the associated agonies of suspense, and darkly outlined suspicion.

A wolf! In what shape and guise? A victim! How, and by what means? What the nature of the predicted danger?

The elements seemed in unison with my spirit, as if they too had taken their cue from the ill-omened bodings of my Indian oracle! A storm-cloud had suddenly obscured the sun—black as the wing of the buzzard-vulture. Red shafts were shooting athwart the sky—threatening to scathe the trees of the forest; thunder rolled continuously along their tops; and huge isolated rain-drops, like gouts of blood, came pattering down upon the leaves—soon to fall thick and continuous!

I heeded not these indications: at that moment, what were the elements to me? What cared I for clouds or rain—lightning, thunder, or the riven forest? There was a cloud on my own heart—an electric rush through my veins—of far more potent spell than the

shadows of the sky, or the coruscations of the ethereal fire. 'The wolf has slept in the lair of the forest deer: the yellow fawn will be his victim. You will be too late—too late!'

These were the clouds to be regarded—the fires to be feared: no heavenly light to guide me along the path, but a flame infernal burning at my heart!

The bars were down, but it mattered not: I would have leaped the fence, had there been no gateway; but the entrance to the enclosure was free; and, galloping through it, I drew bridle in front of the hut.

The door was open—wide open, as was its wont; and I could see most of the interior; but no one appeared within! no one came forth to greet me!

Inside, I observed some pieces of rude furniture—several chairs and a rough table. I had noticed them on my first visit; and they were now in the same place, just as I had seen them before. One of my apprehensions was allayed by the sight: the family was still there.

Strange that no one hears me! that no one comes out to receive me!

I made these reflections, after having waited a considerable while.

Surely I was expected? It was the time named by Holt himself? the day and hour!

Was I again unwelcome? and had the squatter relapsed into his uncourteous mood?

It certainly had that appearance: more especially, since it was raining at the moment, as if the very clouds were coming down; and I stood in need of a shelter.

But that grievance was little thought of. I was suffering a chagrin, far more intolerable than the tempest. Where was Lilian?

Such cool reception, on her part, I had not expected. It was indeed a surprise. Had I mistaken the character of this Idyllian damsel? Was she, too, an arch creature—a coquette? Had she bestowed the blossom only to betray me?

I looked down at the crushed corolla borne upon my breast. I had promised myself a triumph by its presence there. I had formed pleasant anticipations of its being recognised—fond hopes of its creating an effect.

The flower looked drenched and draggled. Its carmine colour had turned to a dull dark crimson: it was the colour of blood!

I could bear the suspense no longer. I would have hailed the house; but by this time I had become convinced that there was no one inside. After a short survey, I had remarked a change in the appearance of the cabin. The interstices between the logs—where they had formerly been covered with skins—were now open. The draping had been removed; and a closer scrutiny enabled me to perceive, that, so far as human occupants were concerned, the house was empty!

I rode up to the door; and, leaning over from my saddle, looked in.

My conjecture was correct. Only the chairs and table, with one or two similar pieces of 'plenishing,' remained. Everything else had been removed; and some worthless *débris* strewed over the floor, told that the removal was to be considered complete. *They were gone!*

It was of no use harbouring a hope, that they might still be on the premises—outside or elsewhere near. The pouring rain forbade such a supposition. There was nowhere else—the horse-shed excepted—where they could have sheltered themselves from its torrent; and they were not in the shed. Rosinante was absent from his rude stall—saddle and bridle had alike disappeared! I needed no further assurance. They were gone.

With a heavy heart, I slid out of my saddle; led my steed under the shed; and then entered the deserted dwelling.

My footfall upon the plank-floor sounded heavy and harsh, as I strode over it—making a survey of the 'premises'—my future home.

I might have observed with ludicrous surprise the queer character of the building, and how sadly it needed repair; but I was in no mood to be merry, either with the house or its furniture; and, tottering into one of the odd-looking chairs, I gave way to gloomy reflections. Any one seeing me at that moment, would have observed me in an attitude, more befitting a man about to be turned out of his estate, than one just entering upon possession!

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VIRGIN HEART IN CIPHER.

Gone! and whither gone?

Half aloud, I soliloquised the interrogatory. There was an echo from the empty walls, but no reply. Even conjecture failed to furnish an answer.

The affair was altogether unexpected. Not anticipating that the squatter would leave his cabin before my return, I had made no inquiry either about his destination or future designs; and was, therefore, without the slightest clue as to where he had gone.

Nor should I have had any inquietude at this premature disappearance, but for the words of the Indian sibyl. Beyond the mere disappointment of missing an interview with Lilian—chagrin enough after such high-raised expectation—I should not have felt either uneasiness or regret. It would have been but natural to believe, that they had moved to some neighbour's house—perhaps to that up the creek, where lived the 'friend of Lilian's father'—in all likelihood, the saint I had seen—or some other within a five-mile circuit. Or, if even ten miles distant, what would it matter to me? A ride of ten miles twice a day would be nothing—only an airing for my Arab. I should soon scent out the whereabouts of that sweet-smelling rose. Not all the forests in Tennessee could hide from me my fair blooming flower.

Such *would have been* my reflections, no doubt, had I not encountered the Indian girl. But her words of harsh warning now guided the current of my thoughts into a ruder channel.

'You may go, but only to grieve: you will be too late!'

Figurative as was her speech, and undefined its meaning, it produced within me a presentiment sufficiently real: that the removal was not a mere flit to some temporary shelter under a neighbour's roof, but a departure for a distant point.

Scarcely a presentiment, but a belief—a conviction. Around me were circumstances corroborative of this view. The articles of furniture left behind, though rude, were still of a certain value—especially to a householder of Holt's condition; and had the squatter designed to re-erect his roof-tree in the neighbourhood, he would no doubt have taken them with him. Otherwise they were too heavy for a distant migration.

Perhaps he intended to return for them? If so—but no: there was no probability of his doing so. I need not have tried to comfort myself with the reflection. The innuendoes of the Indian had already negatived the hope.

Still vaguely indulging in it, however, I cast a glance around the room—in search of some object that might guide my conjectures to a more definite conclusion.

While so employed, my eyes fell upon a piece of paper carelessly folded. It lay upon the rough table—the only object there, with the exception of some crumbs of corn-bread, and the *débris* of a tobacco-pipe.

I *recognised* the piece of paper. It was an old acquaintance—the leaf from my memorandum-book—upon which was written that laconic 'last will and testament,' jointly signed by the squatter and myself.

On observing this paper upon the table, it did not

occur to me, that it had been left there with any design. My reflection was, that the squatter had taken it from the stump, and carried it into the house—perhaps to shew it to his clerical visitor. No doubt, they had enjoyed a good laugh over it—as the souvenir of a ludicrous incident; and, for this very reason, I resolved upon preserving it.

I had taken the document in my hand, and was about depositing it in my pocket-book, when my eye was attracted by some fresh writing on the paper. A slight scrutiny of the recent cipher secured for the torn leaf a deeper interest, than I had before felt in it: for I saw that it was the chirography of a female. What other than the hand of Lilian?

I thought of no other. Beyond doubt, her fingers had guided the pencil—for it was pencil-writing—and guided it so deftly, as to impress me with surprise and admiration. Astonished was I that she—the child of a rude squatter—should be able to set down her ideas in so fair a hand—thoughts thrilling, though simply expressed!

Ah! sweet simple words! Trembled my own hand as I read them—trembled as from a spell of delirium—a delirium produced by the antagonistic emotions of grief and joy!

Yes! both were present. In that simple inscript I had found cue for both: for there I learned the ecstatic truth, that I was beloved; and along with it the bitter intelligence, that my love was lost to me for ever!

Words of welcome, and words of woe! how could they be thus commingled?

Read them, and learn!

'TO EDWARD WARFIELD.

'STRANGER!—*It is to say farewell, but I am very sad as I write these words. When you asked me to promise to meet you again, I was happy. I said yes. O sir! it can never be! We are going to some far place, and shall be gone before you come here, and I shall never see you again. It is very distant, and I do not know the name of the country, for it is not in Tennessee nor in the United States, but somewhere in the west, a long way beyond the Mississippi river and the great prairies; but it is a country where they dig gold out of the sand—perhaps you have heard of it, and might know it. I tried to know its name, but father is angry with me for speaking of you, and will not tell me; and our friend, that you saw, who is taking us with him, will not tell me either. But I shall find out soon, and if I thought you might like to know where we are gone, I would write it to you. I am glad that mother taught me to write, though I do not compose very well; but if you will allow me, I will send a letter to Swampville, from the first place we come to, to tell you the name of the country where we are going. I know your name, for it is upon this paper, and I hope you will not think I have done wrong, for I have written my own name beside it. O sir! I am very sad that I am not to see you any more, for I am afraid father will never come back. I could cry all night and all day, and I have cried a deal, but I am afraid of their seeing me, for both father and his friend have scolded me, and said a many things against you. I do not like to hear them say things against you, and for that reason I try not to let them know how very sorry I am that I am never to meet you any more. Brave stranger! you saved my life; but it is not that, I think, that makes me so unhappy now, but something else. You are so different from the others I have seen; and what you said to me was not like anything I ever heard before; your words sounded strange and so sweet, and I could have listened to them for ever. I remember every one of them. And then I was so proud when you took the flower from me, and held it to your lips, for it made me think that you would be my friend. I have been very lonely since my sister Marian went away—she went with the man you saw. I hope to see her soon now, as she is somewhere out in the country where we are going to, but that will not make me happy, if I can never see you again.*

'O sir! forgive me for writing all that I have written; but I thought from what you said to me you would not be displeased with me for it, and that is why I have written it. But I must write no more, for my eyes are full of tears, and I cannot see the paper. I hope you will not burn it, but keep it, to remember

'LILIAN HOLT.'

Yes, Lilian! to the last hour of my life! Close to my bosom shall it lie—that simple souvenir of your maiden love. Sacred page! transcript of sweet truth—hallowed by the first offerings of a virgin heart!

Over, and over, and over again, I read the cipher—to me more touching than the wildest tale of romance.

Alas! it was not all joy. There was more than a moiety of sadness, constantly increasing its measure.

In another moment, the sadness overcame the joy. I tottered towards the chair; and, dropped into it—my spirit completely prostrated by the conflicting emotions.

THE KINDLING OF THE BEACONS IN JANUARY 1804.

IN January 1804, the First Consul, Napoleon, had made all needful preparations for an invasion of England. Hundreds of vessels were gathered in the ports of Normandy and of Holland, to serve as transports. A gallant and abundant army lay encamped at Boulogne, ready at any moment to embark. On the other hand, the English people had come forward in vast multitudes as volunteers to defend their country. Every county had its mounted yeomanry corps, and every town its band of fencibles. One and all seemed animated by a spirit of active heroism, and a resolution to die in the last ditch, rather than surrender to a foreign enemy.

There is always something ludicrous in volunteer military service, till it has been put to the proof. The question always arises—Will these amateur-soldiers really shew themselves, in the hour of danger, as possessed of the right stuff? Although there is no proper reason for this infirmity of faith, since history tells many tales of hearths zealously defended by their owners, yet the question will arise. Fortunately for our country, and for humanity, the volunteer spirit of 1804 was never put to trial, Bonaparte having finally given up his design. But yet we were not left without some means of judging how the volunteers would have behaved in the event of a landing of the French, for a false alarm brought out the troops of a large district, and that with a degree of promptitude and apparent zeal that left nothing to be desired.

All along the coasts, beacons had been prepared to give the alarm, in the event of any appearance of a descent in their neighbourhood. These communicated with other beacons in the interior, so that in a very short time the whole of a large province might have been roused. There was a daily expectation of seeing these fires kindled; and men's minds had been wrought up to a pitch of nervous apprehensiveness on the subject. It was at this juncture, on the evening of the 31st of January, that the man attending the beacon at Hume Castle, in Berwickshire, saw what he thought a kindled beacon on one of the hills of Northumberland. What he really did see was never thoroughly ascertained. The common story afterwards circulated was, that a family across the Border was signalising their entry upon a new house, by the festivity called a *house-heating*, and the blaze of lights in the windows affected the Hume Castle watchman as a kindled beacon. He immediately kindled his own fire, and the signal was repeated all along the valleys of the Border. Had the example been followed at

St Abb's Head, Lothian would have instantly received the alarm, and it would have then been communicated all over Scotland. But the watchman at that place rightly considered that the alarm of an invaded coast should not have come from the interior of the country, and he accordingly abstained from firing his beacon. As it was, the whole of the valley of the Tweed was roused, and that most effectually.

The alacrity of the muster at the appointed places was surprising. Within two hours of the kindling of the fire at Hume Castle, the Roxburghshire yeomanry filled the market-place of Kelso. At an early hour next morning, the Dunse volunteers were on the march to Haddington, and the Selkirkshire yeomanry and volunteers on the march for Dalkeith. The Berwickshire yeomanry were not less prompt in their movement upon Dunbar. Men rose from sick-beds, and rode to the rendezvous through all the inconveniences of bad weather and foul ways. A young man, with a wounded hand in a very painful state, stopped on duty for two days at Jedburgh without flinching. Many who had not been previously enrolled, shouldered their muskets, and accompanied their friends. Baggage and provisions were brought forward with nearly equal promptitude. To borrow some interesting recollections of Sir Walter Scott: 'The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find; and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own county, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables. Another remarkable circumstance was, the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Selkirkshire yeomanry made a remarkable march; for although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied and in order in so short a period, that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm-post, about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. Two members of the corps chanced to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the arms, uniforms, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companions at Dalkeith. The author was very much struck by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he paid her some compliment on the readiness which she shewed in equipping her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a fair excuse for remaining absent. "Sir," she replied, with the spirit of a Roman matron, "none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth, than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in the defence of his king and country!" The author mentions what was immediately under his own eye, and within his own knowledge; but the spirit was universal wherever the alarm reached, both in Scotland and England.

'The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country on this occasion, warmed the hearts of Scottishmen in every corner of the world. It reached [in India] the ears of the well-known Dr Leyden, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Teviotdale, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account, which was read to him when on a sick-bed, stated (very truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their alarm-posts, announced themselves by their music playing the tunes peculiar to their own districts, many of which have been gathering-signals for centuries. It was particularly remembered, that the Liddesdale men, before mentioned, entered Kelso playing the lively tune—

O wha dare meddle wi' me!
And wha dare meddle wi' me!
My name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha dare meddle wi' me!

The patient was so delighted with this display of ancient Border spirit, that he sprung up in his bed, and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice, that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of excitation, concluded that the fever had taken possession of his brain; and it was only the entry of another Borderer, Sir John Malcolm, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from resorting to means of medical coercion.'

Although this exhibition of the volunteer spirit was confined to a province, it was generally accepted as a satisfactory proof of the soundness of the national heart on the occasion. Everybody was rejoiced to think that, if real danger should arise, there would be no lack of courage to meet the enemy, whatever might be the chances of the encounter. So happy an affair did the False Alarm thus prove, that those wise people who see further than their neighbours, were all convinced that it had been got up deliberately, in order to put the volunteers to a sort of test. But this was a mistake of the very wise people. The whole affair originated simply in the misinterpretation of some accidental light, as above narrated.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DURING the past month, statistical science has had its turn of public discussion and philosophical consideration, for the International Statistical Congress have held their annual gathering within the walls of Somerset House and King's College—a gathering which some philanthropists regard as one of the most hopeful means of inspiring nations with confidence in each other, and thereby establishing the conviction, that war is the stupidest as well as the wickedest way of trying to settle a dispute. The Prince Consort's speech on opening the proceedings was worthy of the occasion, and we trust that the Congress has before it a career of usefulness equal to, if not greater than, that achieved by the British Association. In these annual meetings, the British Empire and the states of Europe and America become better acquainted with each other than before; and when we see delegates from so many various countries, assembled to give and receive information, we cannot but wish success to their endeavours, and hope that the number of delegates will increase, year after year, until every country in the world shall be represented. There are learned and scientific societies in Brazil and other states of South America, which are quite competent to the task of collecting and tabulating the desired information; and to have statistical facts from tropical countries to compare with those which we bring from the temperate zone, would add largely to the interest and value of the annual reports.

Numerous topics were discussed at the meeting here referred to: Dr Guy shewed how to simplify statistical tables; another gentleman, how best to obtain returns and summaries of prices and wages, a highly important subject when we consider the influence of prices and wages on commerce and society. Much was said concerning the census, and the best mode of taking it; and Dr W. Farr, a first-rate authority, read a paper on the 'Occupations of the People.' Our colonies had a due share of attention,

and information was given concerning the statistics which they had already furnished and might yet afford. Perhaps the most striking instance of the usefulness of statistical returns is shewn by the agricultural statistics collected by the Registrar-general of Ireland, Mr Donolly; it is at the same time an instance of economy, for the cost of collection and compilation amounts to not more than L.3200. The enumerators do their work gratuitously, and we are told that landed proprietors, farmers, and clergy co-operate with them to give efficiency and trustworthiness to the returns. A comparison of the tables for 1859 with those of 1850 shews an increase in the ten years of 102,318 horses, 897,649 cattle, 1,716,708 sheep, 338,249 pigs, more than 19,000 goats, and more than 3,000,000 poultry. If we go back to 1841, we find the increase in the value of live-stock in Ireland since that date to be L.15,000,000, and the number of acres of waste land brought into cultivation amounting to more than 2,000,000. Improvement like this is the best answer to the grievance-mongers of Ireland.

The Geological Society wound up their session with sundry papers on certain newly ascertained facts in their favourite science, of which the most interesting was Dr Falconer's description of the 'Ossiferous Caves of the Peninsula of Gower, in Glamorganshire.' Caves are numerous in that part of the coast of Wales, as readers of the late Dean of Westminster's treatises will remember; but some of them have remained undescribed, and one, named Ram Tor, between Caswell Bay and the Mumbles, has not yet been explored. Five caves are mentioned in Dr Falconer's paper: they contain layers of sand and stalagmite, and limestone-breccia, in which are imbedded bones of the elephant, hyena, bear, wolf, dog, deer, ox, various species of birds, and marine shells, and in one instance, fragments of ancient British pottery. In Bosco's Den there were discovered, besides the variety of bones above indicated, more than a thousand antlers of deer, belonging chiefly to the species known as *Cervus Guettardi*. This excess of remains of deer over the other kinds is remarkable. Another remarkable fact was noticed on the floor, where the stalagmite 'rose into a boss two feet three inches high, which was found in a shattered condition, the fragments being loose, but still in place. This must indicate,' says Dr Falconer, 'first, the operation of some shock since the formation of the stalagmite, and even since the upper layer of peat began to be formed; and secondly, the absence of drip in the cave since the shock took place.' And after a comparative review of the fauna of the Gower bone-caves in relation with that of other cave districts of England in particular, and of Europe in general, he draws the conclusion, 'that the Gower caves have probably been filled up with their mammalian remains since the deposition of the boulder-clay; that there are no mammalian remains found elsewhere in the ossiferous caves in England and Wales referrible to a fauna of a more ancient geological date;' and that *Elephas antiquus* and *primigenius*, and two species of rhinoceros, 'though respectively characterising the earlier and later portions of one period, were probably contemporary animals, and that they certainly were companions of the cave-bears, cave-lions, cave-hyenas, &c., and of some at least of the existing mammalia.'

M. Pelouze demonstrates the possibility of transforming woody fibre into sugar, and from his success, sanguine chemists are looking forward to the time when there shall grow out of it a new branch of industry largely available in commerce.—Workers in metal are finding good uses for a new kind of bronze made by melting together 10 parts of aluminum with 90 of copper. It is described as being tenacious as steel, and well adapted for the bearings of machinery. A polisher who used it for bearings in his lathe, which made 2000 revolutions a minute, found it last six times longer than bearings made of other kinds of metal. It is good also for pistol-barrels, and is to be tried for rifles and cannon. Dr Percy, Lecturer at the School of Mines, is preparing a book on *Metallurgy*, which is to embody a complete view of that important subject. He has investigated almost every important process therewith connected, and has gathered full information from British smelters, with original drawings of furnaces, descriptions of processes, and details of expenditure; and in return he 'hopes to present a complete account of the present state of metallurgy abroad.' The book will be the more acceptable, as the illustrations are to be sufficiently distinct and accurate to admit of their being used as working-drawings.

The question concerning the ventilation of school-rooms has been once more raised, and not without reason, for in by far too many rooms the accumulation of carbonic acid is fatal alike to health and application. The objection usually made to mechanical ventilators is the draught which they create; but it appears that the ventilator invented and manufactured by Mr M'Kinnell of Glasgow, obviates this objection, as it supplies pure air without any perceptible or hurtful current, and at the same time promotes the escape of the vitiated air. The effect of its introduction into certain school-houses has been the disappearance of that heaviness and inattention which formerly characterised the pupils, especially in the afternoons. It is equally applicable to private houses, workshops, carriages and ships, and has the advantage of not presenting an unsightly appearance. A model, which was exhibited at the Royal Society's soirée at Burlington House, attracted considerable attention.

Among prizes recently given in Paris for useful discoveries and applications, we find one awarded to M. Oudry, who has a process for coating sheet or cast iron with an insulating varnish, and depositing thereon a film of copper of any desired thickness, which is valuable for the preservation of iron columns, statues, fountains, and of iron things of any kind exposed to the air. —M. Thirault prepares iron or steel in a way which produces a surface fit for ornamentation or colour, and unaffected by rust. The surface is converted by chemical action into hydrated peroxide of iron; and this, by plunging into boiling water, is changed to another form of oxide, which leaves a surface of unusual blackness, and of such a nature as to receive and retain the ornamental work to perfection.—A Parisian goldbeater has discovered that aluminum can be beaten into thin leaf like gold, if, during the process, the metal is heated and reheated from time to time. The leaf is not so bright as silver, but is of a more durable white, and is so light that a cubic inch of it weighs not more than a milligramme: it burns, moreover, with great brilliancy.—M. Simon, by mixing together and fusing sulphur and pulverised stoneware or glass, forms a composition to which, when made into slabs, he gives the name of zeidolite. It resists the action of most acids, and if required for the lining of cisterns, can be joined to any extent by heating the edges, and placing them in union.—Horticulturists in the neighbourhood of Paris are using tubes of bitumenised paper for the conveyance of water underground in gardens, and with marked advantage as regards economy and durability.—Garden-seats, made of vulcanised India-rubber, have also been introduced as an improvement upon wood or iron, by reason of elasticity, which saves discomfort to the sitter.—The new process—the 'dry way,' as chemists call it—of melting and casting platinum is a complete success; an ingot weighing twenty-five kilogrammes, cast in a wrought-iron mould, and a cogged-wheel cast in sand, have been laid before the Academy, accompanied by proofs that platinum may be cast in masses of any dimensions and any form;

and that, on remelting, it requires no more precautions than are bestowed on gold and silver. The metal with which these experiments were made was supplied by the Russian government, who have for some time striven to turn their deposits of platinum to further profit.

Highly important, too, is the discovery recently announced to the Academy at Paris by M. Flourens. It has long been known that the bones of a living animal may be coloured red by a diet in which madder is mixed; but it was not known that the bones of a fœtus could be so coloured by supplying madder with the mother's food. This, however, is now an established fact, and constitutes the discovery in question; one in which physiologists will take great interest, as a communication between the circulation of the parent and of the fœtus has not before been demonstrated.—A somewhat analogous fact is made known by M. Coste, whose researches in pisciculture we have from time to time noticed: he finds in the egg of the salmon-trout a tiny nucleus of colouring matter, which is the source whence the peculiar colour and flavour are derived; for each segment of the yelk, as it approaches maturity, draws off its portion from the nucleus. M. Coste is pursuing his observations; should he succeed in developing them further, the result will give us a beginning of insight into that obscure subject—the transmission of hereditary qualities.—M. Beau has made a series of experiments to determine what is the real occasion of death in cases of drowning, and finds it in an extreme resemblance to that which results from a tetanic state of the respiratory muscles. Professor Budge, of Bonn, pursuing his experiments on respiration, finds that the energy of expiration is increased by irritation or section of the vagus nerve.—Matteucci, having repeated his electro-physiological experiments, considers it as 'rigorously demonstrated that the electric current only acts on a nerve when passing through it in the direction of its length.'—Dr Panzetti, in a communication to the Academy, describes a method of curing aneurism, which consists in rubbing and pressing the part affected steadily for eight or ten minutes, at regular intervals during the day; continued periodical pressure is, as he shews, the effectual remedy. It sometimes happens that a person's eye starts forward, and remains as if about to leave its socket; the remedy recommended for this is compression of the carotid artery.—A recommendation has been put forth concerning the eye, which is worth notice: when irritated by dust or intrusive particles of any kind, the sufferer invariably shuts and rubs his eye, and not unfrequently the removal of the irritating cause thereby becomes more difficult. The proper practice is to keep the eye open, as if staring; a sort of rotary movement of the ball takes place, the surface becomes covered with water, the particle is gradually impelled to the corner of the eye, and is there floated out, or can be easily removed, without any of the disagreeable consequences that attend shutting and rubbing.—We mentioned recently instances of small portions of periosteum having been transplanted, so to speak, and made to grow in living muscle. Here is an experiment of another kind: M. Jobert de Lamballe, an eminent surgeon of Paris, had a patient with a broken leg. The usual means were tried, but the bone still remained disunited at the end of four months, the usual function of the periosteum being apparently suspended. To excite it to activity, the surgeon introduced a seton into the flesh above the fracture; and with success, for in three weeks from that time the patient was able to walk.—M. Seguin has been trying for some years to verify the question as to whether toads will live in a cavity shut in from air and light. His first experiment was to imprison twenty toads, each in a separate block of plaster of Paris, and to break open the blocks after an interval of twelve years. Four of the number were found still living. The experiment was then repeated; and a proposal has been made that this second series of blocks should be opened in presence of the Academy.—The medical use of poisons has been further shewn by the beneficial results of small doses of *curare*, the arrow-poison of the Indians of Guiana; certain soldiers of the French army, whose wounds had produced locked-jaw, having been effectually cured by the potent remedy. The curare is remarkable for a peculiarity: it paralyses the motor nerves only; wherein its effect is entirely opposite to that of strychnine; from which the inference is drawn that these two poisons neutralise each other; that strychnine is the antidote for curare, and *vice versâ*; and we hear that the inference has been demonstrated by fact. We must, however, have many facts before a trustworthy theory can be established.

TRUISMS.

THE meanest face you look upon, the clay of coarsest mould,
Through which no ray of spirit-day, close-watching you behold;
Where petty cares have dimmed the glance, and furrowed in the brow,
And evil thought a sign has wrought beyond erasing now—

This form so mean, so cold, so low, this seeming soulless clay,
Wore once the grace of a baby-face, and the beauty of childhood's day;
Those eyes once gazed with eager trust, above, around, below,
And a mother with pride that was hard to hide pushed the hair from the open brow.

The proudest heart that wakes your pride by the evil spell of sin,
The harshest tone that makes harsh your own, if there be no watch within;
The most unloving unloved soul that can slight your hope or fear,
And careless look down on your smile or frown, as if from a separate sphere—

That nature cold and proud must yet mysterious terrors know,
Must wrestle with Death for each gasping breath, must be laid in the dust below;
That voice must sink into whispers faint, and meanest service crave,
And that hand must cling to some humble thing in a shrinking from the grave.

Familiar thought, I own, to all, this truth of our common lot,
Yet midst jar and strife of the daily life, its lesson is forgot;
We pity withhold from the haughty dust that must shroud and pall endure,
And with loathing shun some world-stained one that was once a baby pure.

Not wholly in vain were the fancy tasked from the actual oft to turn
To the rosy sleep only cradles keep, to the shade of the funeral urn;
The present may all loveless seem; be o'er it a memory cast
Of the first low cry and the last sad sigh—of the Future and the Past.

S. C. C.

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BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

MANY and warm had been the discussions amongst my anxious relatives as to what capacity in this bustling world of ours my qualifications best fitted me to fill, with credit to myself, and advantage to my employers. Governess-ship in a gentleman's family had been proposed, but was immediately rejected. My education had been too limited to admit of a hope that I should ever rise beyond the station of *nursery* governess, a position by no means enviable. In the course of the midsummer holidays that followed my last half year at school, a junior teacher was advertised for, as being required in a 'day seminary for young ladies' in the city. We—Aunt Mary and I—called a hackney-coach, and drove to the establishment indicated; which we found consisted of one small apartment on the ground-floor, in a dingy court, near the end of a long lane, leading from Bishopsgate Street. The principal was a tall elderly lady, with a Lent-all-the-year-round aspect, and whose thin pale countenance, rusty black gown, and limp muslin turban, of a yellowish white, in conjunction with the wretchedly scanty furniture of the apartment, impressed us with painful ideas of poverty and privation. Dear Aunt Mary, with her portly figure, blithe handsome face, and elegant attire, seemed almost to fill the whole space of the diminutive room, and to drive, as it were, its meagre occupant into a corner.

We inferred from a glance that the situation would not answer, yet being there, face to face with the advertiser, it was necessary, for form's sake, to say something. So my aunt politely inquired: 'What the duties of the junior teacher might be, and what the remuneration?' to which interrogatory, the poor lady—she *was* quite a lady—hesitatingly, and in a painfully apologetic manner, gave us to understand that she had eighteen pupils; that she 'had kept school there for more than a dozen years;' and that her eyesight was failing, so that, in fact, she was blind—here I observed that Aunt Mary's fine blue eyes were dimmed with tears—that she could 'no longer fix the needle-work for the girls, or set their copies;' and that if she didn't 'succeed in engaging a teacher,' she would have 'to give up the school, and—and'—— Here the poor lady's voice failed her, and she broke down.

My aunt frowned, and assumed a business-like air. 'What remuneration, ma'am?'

'Why, if the young lady'—courtesying humbly to me—'could be content with very frugal fare, she could dine with *her*'—poor lady!—'four days in the week. Wednesdays and Saturdays were half-holidays, when the young lady'—another courtesy—'would leave the school at noon. No salary could possibly be afforded.'

We took our departure, without entering into further particulars. I, being next the door, quitted the house first; turning round at the end of the court, I saw my aunt wipe her eyes, and put her purse into her reticule. Dear Aunt Mary's benevolent feelings always outran her means, although they were by no means despicable.

After this first essay at situation-hunting, the *Times* tempted me in vain. A friend called one morning, and somewhat startled my notions of gentility by advising me to go out as a shopwoman. 'She wouldn't for the world have mentioned such a thing, but that there was a capital place literally going a-begging. A "young female, of good address," was required in a lady's shoe-emporium, in Fleet Street; duties light, salary good.' I had an interview with the head of the establishment, and engaged myself as his shopwoman, at fourteen guineas per annum, and partial board; that is to say, I was to dine and take tea at the place of business; and breakfast, sup, and sleep at a lodging hard by.

Several trifling disagreeables combined, prevented a lengthened sojourn at the emporium. Its vulgar owner addressed me by my surname; I was expected to dine and take tea in a subterranean kitchen, with a snuffy, ignorant, superstitious, old maid-of-all-work, who insisted on telling my fortune at dinner-time, from a pack of greasy cards, and who would make me 'toss the cup' every afternoon, that she might see what luck was in store for me. Then, again, I ascertained that the requisite 'good address' meant the art of persuading ladies into purchasing shoes, whether they fitted or not—a pitch of aptitude for business which I never achieved. These, and other unpleasantries, convincing me that I was not suited for the post which I held, I abandoned it after a fortnight's trial.

But 'lips, though blooming, must still be fed,' as a poet, more sensible than most of his brethren, has observed; so I replied to a notice in a religious magazine, which stated that 'a comfortable domicile and a small salary would be given to a young person (Protestant) competent to instruct in reading, writing, French, and the rudiments of Latin and music.' The advertiser was in town, and vouchsafed an interview at Aunt Betsey's, where I was residing, until something should 'turn up;' for, although I had no actual home of my own, kindly relations abounded, who never seemed to consider me *de trop* at their tables.

Mrs Wreekes called. She was a stout, florid

woman, wearing many flounces, and a large-patterned shawl. She kept 'a seminary in Dover, consisting of twelve pupils, all very young; her teacher would have every comfort, and a salary of L.20 a year, paid half yearly.' We agreed to these terms; and on a fine Saturday in July, I journeyed to Dover.

Mrs Wreekes's house stood in a kind of recess in one of the principal streets. It was a fine, massive, red-brick house, with a flower-garden in front. The finest apricot-trees that I ever saw, covered the high walls. Over a handsome gate of ironwork, the words 'Seminary for Young Ladies' blazed in gold letters on a ground of bright blue. A broad, smooth, weedless gravel-walk led up to a flight of immaculately white door-steps; on the door itself was a huge brass-plate, reiterating the information that the place was 'a seminary.'

The house itself was spacious and airy; the school-room lofty, light, and furnished with every requisite appointment; and the dormitory arrangement excellent. There was an extensive kitchen-garden, an orchard, and a play-ground a full acre in extent. My duties were to commence on the Monday morning, and the school-bell rang at nine o'clock, when—judge of my amazement—sixty-two *day*-scholars in rapid succession entered the room! (*These*, Mrs Wreekes had omitted to mention.). Many of them were from sixteen to nineteen years of age, and some amongst the number were a head taller than myself. At intervals, in the course of the day, the twelve boarders dropped in. Mr Wreekes, I found, kept a school for little boys in some out-of-the-way portion of the premises; and these young urchins, it was my 'delightful task,' as Thomson has it, to instruct in French and Latin, in addition to teaching the girls those languages—the piano, writing, ciphering, fancy-needle-work, and all sorts of onomies and ographies. All that Mrs Wreekes did—or could do—in the scholastic line, was to hear the lowest class read and spell. She had her good qualities, though, for she was an excellent housekeeper. The dwelling itself was the very picture of neatness and order; the food was abundant, and of the best description; well cooked, and served up in good style. The air of the place was salubrious, and I had plenty of outdoor exercise; yet I grew thinner and paler every day of my life. I was but a girl, and the cares and responsibilities of the school devolved entirely upon me. By dint of strenuous exertion, however, I battled bravely on for a scholastic half-year (twenty-two weeks), although I felt that my health of mind and body was rapidly giving way, and on my return to London for the Christmas vacation, I was seized with brain-fever.

After my recovery, I was sent for the benefit of change of air on a visit to an acquaintance in Birmingham; she was an actress, and by her advice I resolved to embrace the theatrical profession. Guided by her, I wrote to several managers, whose answers were to be directed to me, under cover to my friend at the theatre. I received four offers, out of which I chose the one which appeared the most eligible; it was for the second walking-lady, at a salary of a guinea a week. It was almost a wonder that the stage, as a means of earning a livelihood, had not before presented itself to my thoughts. Had I not achieved a brilliant success at school, as Alfred the Great (taken from *Evenings at Home*)?

My good-natured acquaintance helped me to make up what scanty wardrobe my finances would afford; my aunts kindly sent me an additional reinforcement from London; and, bidding adieu to Birmingham, I took my departure by rail for the important manufacturing town in Lancashire, where my histrionic talent was to be tested. It was ten P.M. when I arrived—too late, of course, to wait upon the manager. I was fortunate enough to secure respectable apartments, recommended to me by my Birmingham friend, where I employed my time until two next morning in unpacking my boxes and arranging my dresses and books.

In the course of the forenoon, I reported myself at headquarters, and was received with much urbanity by the manager, a gentleman of courteous demeanour and elegant manners. I found him in satin dressing-gown and Greek smoking-cap, pacing up and down a large room, with his hands folded behind him in Napoleonic fashion. He was much more delighted to see me, I fancied, than the occasion warranted, being engaged, as I was, merely to fill the unimportant *rôles* of second walking-ladies. His explanation presently accounted for the unbounded joy that he was pleased to express at my having made my appearance. In all his letters of engagement, he had unluckily named the seventh in lieu of the fourth, as the opening night; and out of a company consisting of twelve gentlemen and nine ladies, as yet only eight individuals had arrived. Here was a pretty beginning! The announce-bills, large-sized posters, were already issued, advertising the following night as the commencement of the season, and it was now high time that the day-bills should be printed.

'Pray, my dear,' said the gentleman, 'have you played a very extensive range of business?'

Good gracious! The consequence of my having had his communications sent to the Birmingham theatre, was, that he took it for granted that *I* had been acting there. In vain did I endeavour to summon up sufficient courage to undeceive him; I could only contrive to utter an indistinct 'No, sir; not very.'

Some *thin* pieces—that is, those wherein the *dramatis personæ* are limited—were fixed upon for the next evening. In the opening drama, a French peasant-girl, with a few lines to speak, fell to my lot; and in the farce of *My Fellow-clerk*, I was to sustain the character of an interesting young lady called Fanny Dobson. The play-books were handed over to me, and I spent the remainder of the day in writing out the parts, committing them to memory, and preparing such of my dresses as were most suitable for the occasion. Rehearsal passed off pretty well, and I committed no *gaucheries*, except those which novices are inevitably prone to—such as standing with my back to the audience when not required to do so by the business of the scene; giving no assistance to the action of the drama by expressive by-play; and making sad bungling entrances and exits. Night came. I donned a becoming French costume, trying not to seem nervous as I heard the rush of hundreds of people into the theatre as soon as the doors were opened. The call-boy gave me a shock when he knocked at the dressing-room door and cried loudly: 'First music, ladies!' Presently, he knocked again: 'Ten minutes, ladies!' Crash went the overture, performed by a band of seventeen musicians. Call-boy again: 'Beginners!' The curtain rose, to an accompaniment of lively music; and accompanied by a village companion, I went on the stage, to speak the first line of the play. The theatre was crammed in every part. When I beheld the sea of heads, my own grew dizzy; the footlights seemed to dance before my bewildered sight; I trembled as though suddenly attacked by ague; a cold perspiration destroyed the 'make-up' of my face; and as to giving utterance to my share of the conversation, that was out of the question altogether. In vain did the prompter give the word; I could not have spoken if a thousand pounds had depended on my doing so (for 'stage-fright,' as it is termed, is a terrible nightmare while it lasts); but I cast an imploring look at my rustic friend, who, with great tact and good-nature, converted the dialogue into one long speech, describing the pleasures of the on-coming fête, and the loveliness and virtue of the village belle who had been chosen as 'La Rosière;' after which, she kindly put her arm round my waist,

school-girl fashion, and led me away into the heroine's cottage, to adorn her for the festival.

My *début* had certainly been a most unpromising one. Once fairly off the stage, I began to consider what course I ought to pursue. In the remainder of the first piece, I had only to walk on in a procession, and to join in a quadrille; there was no difficulty in that. But, then, my part in the farce was of some importance, and most of its scenes were with the manager. I had half a mind to run away; reflection, however, told me that that would be as foolish an action as I could commit; my theatrical career would then be 'nipped in the bud'—my weekly guinea forfeited for ever.

Visions of the poor lady of Bishopsgate Street—of the vulgar proprietor of the emporium—of Mrs Wreakes's seventy-four pupils, floated confusedly before my mind's eye, and materially aided me in forming a resolution to go through with the evening's performance. During the scene of my unlucky failure, the manager had been busily employed in receiving the money at the box-doors; the audience had scarcely got comfortably seated, so as to listen attentively to the dialogue of the drama; the prompter and my village friend were good-natured, and would be silent; and everybody else had been too much occupied with their own business to trouble their heads about anything else. In all probability, then, my deficiencies had escaped general observation; and consoling myself with this hope, I assumed the 'love' of a white frock with rose-coloured trimmings, and the 'duck' of a bonnet that it befitted Miss Fanny Dobson to wear. A survey of my appearance in the dressing-room cheval glass raised my spirits. I was young, and not ill-favoured; attired in a tasteful and becoming manner, and, having an English tongue in my head, I there and then resolved to make a proper use of it in my newly adopted vocation. That I kept my resolve, is to be inferred from the fact that I succeeded in winning the favour of audience and manager; remaining in the same situation for several months, at a rapid increase of salary; being also promoted from acting as the representative of good-for-nothing (in a dramatic point of view), virtuous, sentimental young ladies, of no character whatever, to be the delineator of eccentric parts where vivacity and *espièglerie* were in greater requisition; such as the lively Sophia of the *Rendezvous*, Little Pickle, and other spoiled youngsters of either sex, light-comedy ladies, and characters where the capability of speaking good broken French was a desideratum.

I was what is denominated a 'good reader,' at the commencement of my histrionic life; but I found that I had a great deal to learn—and something to unlearn—before I could be considered an actress; and that sense had often to be sacrificed, in order to produce the much desired stage-effect! For instance, when I heard the voice of my lover, just returned from the wars, and was about to rush into his arms, according to the author's directions in the prompt-book, I was informed that it was not necessary to bound across the stage by the shortest cut, as reason would suggest. No. As soon as the words spoken outside by the juvenile leading-gentleman: 'Where, where is my Ethelinde?' met my ear, I found that I was to hurry away in the opposite direction, as far as possible (this is technically called 'taking the stage'); then to turn suddenly round, and with a piercing shriek, and a 'Ha! Yes! 'Tis he! 'Tis my own! my Alberto, safe—safe from the gory battle-field, unscathed, unhurt!' I was to totter into the centre of the stage, and fall, sobbing hysterically, into my chosen warrior's outstretched arms. This is sure to elicit a hearty round of applause, if well managed.

Then, again, having, as a dumb boy, who had involuntarily witnessed an atrocious murder, been led into court for the purpose of pointing out the guilty individual, I, at rehearsal, identified him instanter; but the stage-manager soon taught me better. The murderer being placed in the extreme left-hand corner, and the rest of the characters ranged in a semicircle, I learned that I had to 'fill out' thirty-two bars of expressive music, by taking each individual separately down towards the footlights, making a careful examination of his, or her, features and dress; shaking my head, to signify to the spectators that he, or she, was not the criminal; and winding up, by arriving in due time—at the end of the thirty-two bars of music—at the extreme left hand, and seizing the murderer by the throat, just as the orchestra was ready with a powerful chord, and the gallery with cheers and plaudits. All this, of course, was another sacrifice to stage-effect, since the guilty person might have been pointed out in a moment, unless the dumb boy had likewise been blind; inasmuch as the assassin was clad in unmistakable costume—that of an Italian brigand—while everybody else wore the garb of everyday life; and since he was, besides, full two inches taller than any other person present. Stage-effect requires innumerable stupid and ridiculous departures from common sense. If one happens to be searching for a will, a marriage-certificate, or other document of vital importance, it is customary to rummage drawers, mantel-piece, book-shelves, pockets, cupboards, and many other hoarding-places, possible and impossible, before it occurs to the interested party to look in the obvious receptacle for such articles—a lock-up desk or escritoire.

For stage-effect, be the termination of your speech ever so unimportant, if it is a *music cue*, it must be given out with emphasis, in order that the band may be certain to hear you, and to strike up at the proper moment; thus: 'I am a beggar—my immense fortune lost at the gaming-table; no hope of aid! This pistol, then, shall end my sufferings! Wife—children—friends—adieu, for ever! Yet—hold! Let me fasten first the cottage-door.' Now, the sense of this speech would evidently require the emphasis to be laid on the words 'for ever;' but, as the action of stealing up the stage on tiptoe, and turning the key in the lock, requires the accompaniment of *pizzicato* music, the 'cottage-door' must be loudly emphasised, and thrown—figuratively, I mean—at the orchestra.

These, and other observances 'of the stage, stagey,' I acquired by careful attention to instructions which it is the duty of stage-managers to give at rehearsals, and by practice in acting. Theatrical persons, off the stage, indulge in numberless phrases peculiar to the profession. I don't exactly like to call them green-room slang, but still they are perfectly enigmatical to the uninitiated. The first that I remember to have heard was when our Heavy Man walked in, and exclaimed triumphantly: 'There! I've broken Old Archibald's neck at last!' Good Heavens! was it possible that Mr Nobbler, though professionally a villain and a cut-throat, if needful, could commit a real murder, and then mention it so carelessly before the whole corps? It turned out that 'Old Archibald' was a lengthy, and what in theatrical parlance is termed an uphill part—that is, difficult to study, and when studied, in much disfavour with the audience—and that 'breaking the neck' of a character only meant having got over the difficulty of learning the words. 'Down a pit' is an expression used to signify the being exceedingly fond of any particular *rôle*, and excessively anxious to portray it; and the phrase had its origin in a company where one of its members, having the misfortune to reside in a noisy house, was accustomed to retire to the solitude of a disused saw-pit, whenever he had a pet part to commit to memory. 'A hard frost' denotes that business is bad; 'a paper-house,' that most of the spectators are in free, with written orders; 'to shew' a person 'up,' is, in acting, to be ill-natured; for instance, to insist on

having a certain cue given you, although the unhappy speaker may have forgotten it; and to make a dead pause, while the prompter gives the word so loudly that the whole house may hear it. A gentlemanly actor never 'shews up' another, how much soever he may be confused and inconvenienced by the carelessness or lack of memory of a brother performer. 'To steam,' is to study with wonderful rapidity; 'to bustle through,' is to go on with scarcely any time having been allowed for learning the words: this is a matter of frequent occurrence in establishments where melodrama rules the roast. In these cases, nine times out of ten, any language that comes to hand—or mouth, rather—so long as it corresponds with the situation of the speaker, will be preferable to that set down by the author. 'To pile on the agony,' is to work up the end of a scene, act, or play, with so much force and energy as to 'bring the house down'—meaning the applause—and insure a 'call' before the curtain for the principals concerned in the performance.

From Lancashire, our company went to Ireland, where, after a prosperous season in a northern city, our manager broke up his establishment, having first given a month's notice to that effect. Some went one way, some another. I accepted an engagement at Ballygaboolly. The house was crowded every night, yet the lady who was at the head of affairs refused to pay, and finding her so unprincipled, I took out a summons for three weeks' salary due. The magistrate, however, said that he 'could not entertain theatrical causes;' so, getting a few shillings now and then from the manageress when she was in a benevolent mood, I contrived to exist until my benefit-night, when the theatre was crowded to excess. The entire receipts were in tickets, for which I had been paid, with the exception of six shillings taken at the doors. There still remained a trifling balance due to me; and not choosing to act again unless paid nightly, in advance, and the manageress not meeting my views on the subject, I left Ballygaboolly immediately, and returned to England, where I was engaged to appear in a theatre in one of the northern counties, and also to be married to a gentleman then a member of the *corps dramatique* of that establishment.

Since that period, like most professionals, I have been sometimes in comfortable circumstances, sometimes in difficulties; have performed in first-class theatres-royal, in others of less pretension, and occasionally in a temporary fit-up in a public hall or assembly-room. This is called 'lumbering.' I now present the reader with a few observations on theatrical affairs generally—the result of my own experience.

Styles of acting are various, being regulated by the genius, talent, education, and feelings of the performers. Deservedly first on the list stands the 'sensible,' relying for its success on a perfect knowledge of the poet's words and meaning, and the capacity of interpreting the same in a natural, pleasing, and unaffected manner: the 'ranting,' which depends entirely on the strength of an actor's lungs, and has no connection with brains: the 'namby pamby,' in which conceit and affectation are the chief qualities discoverable: and the 'ferocious butcherly,' made up of swagger, self-importance, and ludicrously exaggerated emotions. Many other modes of acting there are, but these four are the principal in tragedy; in low comedy, everybody has his own style.

Audiences vary in character almost as much as actors, and what is in one town esteemed excellent, is a dire failure in another. A sentimental speech that brings down a 'sure round' from one audience, will scarcely be listened to by another, or, if heard to the conclusion, will be little better understood than would a passage from Euripides. In aristocratic circles, though the performances may give satisfaction, approval is but faintly expressed—there is, as we say, but kidglove applause. By such parties, gentle satire and palpable hits at the ruling follies of the day, are duly appreciated; plot, originality of sentiment, and distinctiveness of character, may here be easily dispensed with, provided always that the language of the play is smooth and unobjectionable, and the artistes' dresses becoming and appropriate.

Shoemakers, tailors, weavers, and others accustomed to sedentary employments, make, generally, a good audience. In manufacturing towns, flaming tirades on love, liberty, patriotism, and the people's wrongs, meet with a warm response. Nautical dramas, hornpipes, and broad-sword combats are also in great favour with artisans. Miners and colliers are fond of show, and are pleased with pieces that admit of an abundant display of coloured fires; they are admirers of well painted scenery; prefer those plays where all the actresses are engaged, and are perfectly enraptured when children appear on the stage. With these audiences, good music is indispensable. They are very pleasant to act to, as they invariably listen with profound attention; they recognise most of the best points in both tragedy and comedy, and testify their approbation very cordially.

In Ireland, the spectators give strangers an uproarious reception, and applaud generally with more warmth than discretion. Scotch audiences are more judicious, give little encouragement to the actors during the progress of a play, and frequently withhold any manifestation of approval until the curtain falls, when their plaudits are heartily bestowed.

Managers are sometimes more difficult to propitiate than the public. Most of them are gentlemen and scholars, men of talent and principle; a few, I grieve to say, are much the reverse. Occasionally, I have met with one who could neither read nor write, and who ought never to have held the position of director in a theatre. One gentleman is known by his corps as the *Great Bashaw*, from the overwhelming pomposity of his deportment. After a performer has been for months in his establishment, taking a prominent part in the business, this manager will ask him, when he presents himself in the treasury on Saturdays, to receive what actors call 'the reward of merit,' to whom he has 'the pleasure of speaking!' And 'if his name be Dick, he'll call him Harry,' to shew that he is too important a personage to bear such trifles in mind. He has a strange liking for coming on his people unawares; and often when he has been absent from the theatre for months, and is supposed by the company to be a hundred miles away, they suddenly see him standing quietly amongst them, wearing the thinnest of slippers, that he may walk noiselessly. What he expects to gain by such a proceeding, has never yet been discovered. To do the Bashaw justice, as a set-off to his unamiable *hauteur* and suspicious vagaries, he pays well, and retains his company unchanged for years together.

Manager No. 2 has a dislike to blue, and will not permit any one in his establishment to wear that colour, which is somewhat hard on those ladies who come provided with blue dresses, ribbons, and bonnets. No one in his employ ventures to speak above a whisper, either in green-room or dressing-rooms. He salutes new-comers with impertinent questionings, as: 'Well, sir, do you think yourself a good actor?' or, 'Can you do anything at all in the line of business that you applied for?' This gentleman is famous for breaking faith with performers, by casting them for parts in every line except the one line for which he has especially engaged them.

No. 3 compels his actors either to shave off their whiskers and moustaches, or to quit his theatre; nor is such conduct unreasonable, for those hirsute ornaments are singularly inappropriate to many dramatic impersonations. Several *very young* gentlemen have preferred the latter alternative.

No. 4 could not study a new part in twelve months, yet has so great a reliance on his company's powers of memory, that he often casts an entirely new piece to be brought out on the following night, with one sole book for the use of the whole corps, utterly regardless of the amount of unnecessary worry and annoyance entailed upon them by such a thoughtless proceeding.

No. 5 cares for nothing beyond mediocre talent, but is a terrible martinet with regard to dresses and properties; yet, with all his anxiety that his people should cut a dash both in public and in private life, he is far from affording them the means of doing so, since his salaries are inconsiderable, his vacations long and frequent, and his theatres an immense distance from each other.

No. 6 is an agreeable gentleman to deal with, affable in his manners, kind in cases of illness or domestic affliction, giving small though certain salaries, and being averse to changes in his company.

No. 7 is a reckless adventurer, continually speculating in theatricals, and caring little who suffers, so long as *he* can live luxuriously. He hires any theatre that chances to be in the market: should the season turn out well, he is, of course, the gainer; if the reverse, he pockets whatever amount of cash he can contrive to lay hold of, pays nobody, and makes a moonlight flitting, leaving tradespeople and actors most anxious to find out his destination. Sometimes he varies his mode of managing matters, and when over head and ears in debt, effects a sham sale of his wardrobe and books, after a friendly seizure; then, when the performers, hopeless of being paid in such a state of affairs, have dispersed, he waits upon the most influential inhabitants of the place, and with a plausible story about his heavy losses, awakens their sympathy, and cajoles them out of a promise to support him if he will take a benefit. He does so, assisted by amateurs, and usually reaps a considerable harvest, when he disappears, and is heard of no more, until a favourable opportunity occurs for a repetition of the same line of conduct.

No. 8 talks of the ladies and gentlemen of his establishment as his 'hands,' and has the manners and appearance of a navvy of the lowest order. I myself heard him one night order the supernumeraries to fire two volumes (volleys), and to take care that they didn't 'tear them reguise cloaks' (*dis*guise). Strange as it may seem, this person is sole proprietor —not merely lessee—of two large, well appointed theatres, each situated in a populous, and genteel town. His chief employments are helping the stage-carpenter, and taking money at the gallery-door. He is strictly honest, pays half-salaries on Wednesdays, and the other half on Saturdays.

No. 9, if the words of the play be spoken with due emphasis and discretion, never grumbles at any little eccentricities or incongruities in costume; not even though the gentlemen engaged in the performance should walk about the streets without their hats, or wear them in a ball-room; put on russet boots in modern dramas, or Turkish trousers in a vaudeville, where the scene lies in Switzerland!

No. 10 is remarkable for his scrupulous notions of propriety: he will not suffer a lady in any case to assume male attire; no Imogens, Rosalinds, or Zamoras are permitted to tread the boards of his stage; and his fairies, with a frightful disregard of the picturesque and beautiful, are obliged to appear in frocks and white trousers.

Stars are so thickly strewn in the theatrical world, that the bare enumeration of them would fill a moderate-sized volume. Formerly, none but those possessed of rare histrionic genius, and who had achieved metropolitan celebrity, would have received encouragement from provincial managers to take starring engagements. But at the present day, owing in a great measure to the quick and certain facilities afforded for the transaction of business by post and by electric telegraph, and expeditious travelling by steam, starring has become a perfect mania, and artistes, tragic, comic, and operatic, some highly talented, many barely above, and some even below mediocrity, are each announced in the playbills as 'the greatest wonder of the age.' Some few stars are engaged on a certainty —so much per week, and half of the receipts on their benefit nights; but the usual arrangement is for them to have a third—in some cases, a fourth only—of the gross receipts nightly, and half of the proceeds of benefits. A week is the usual time that a star is engaged for; in some cases, a fortnight is the arrangement.

Modern *dramatic literature* comprehends, of course, writings of every degree of goodness, from Bulwer's fine dramatic poem of *Richelieu* down to the red-hot melodrama of *The Dark Spirit of the Dismal Swamp, or the Mysterious Murder in the Old Gray Turret.* This is a subject which it would occupy too much space to descant on here. I shall now take leave of my readers with the assurance, that, as far as I have been able to observe, the drama, like all sublunary institutions, has its virtues and its faults: it is not, as its enemies believe, a device of Satan to ensnare men's souls; nor is it, as its upholders consider it, the great moral reformer of the day; but an agreeable relaxation from the cares and turmoils of 'this work-a-day world,' and a means of subsistence to thousands, unfitted by nature and education for gaining a livelihood by other descriptions of labour.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

An eclipse of the sun—a total eclipse—is the grandest spectacle in nature; yet nature gives us many grand spectacles. The ocean in its various moods, and especially in the tempest; the river rushing into rapids, and descending in falls; the volcano in eruption; the thunder-storm on the lonely and desolate moor; the prairie on fire; the falling avalanche—these and others are impressive sights to witness, and imprint themselves on the memory for ever; but a total eclipse of the sun exceeds them all in magnificence, and has one element of the sublime which all lack—the perfect and profound silence by which it is accompanied.

In a partial eclipse, much of this grandeur is absent. It is only in cases of total obscuration, when the sun is, as it were, extinguished, and the earth wholly deprived of its light—when the moon, black as Erebus, yet girdled with glory, fills the eye, and starlight suddenly usurps the throne of noon—that the scene is at all overwhelming. It is the sudden and peculiar darkness to which we and all nature are consigned which is so impressive. The period of darkness, though brief, is one of intense, of appalling solemnity, such as makes strong men tremble, and unbelieving men fall down and worship. The fact that a total eclipse of the sun, under circumstances of a favourable character, is of extremely rare occurrence, increases the deep interest which attends it. An eclipse of the kind, it is true, often takes place, but more frequently by far in distant and inaccessible regions, than in such as are convenient of resort. No less than 575 years elapsed between one total solar eclipse and the next after it in London; and not a single event of the kind will have occurred in Paris throughout the nineteenth century.

The solar eclipse of the 18th July last had been looked forward to by astronomers with much interest, as one of the most noteworthy that could possibly occur, it being calculated that the period of total darkness would, on that occasion, approach very near the utmost limit of its possible continuance, the sun being at its furthest point from the earth—when its apparent diameter is least—on the 1st of July; and

the moon at its nearest point to the earth—when its apparent diameter is greatest—on the 20th of that month; so that the period of total obscuration would be about three minutes and a half. It had its principal interest, however, for science in the curious and remarkable rose-coloured protuberances * said to have been first noticed in the eclipse of 1706, and re-observed on many subsequent similar occasions, the nature of which has created so much speculation in the philosophic world; for it was thought that if this could be satisfactorily decided, it would lead to important discoveries as to the constitution of the sun and the atmosphere surrounding it—a matter of great importance, but with regard to which we know little—as well as to the solution of other problems in optics and physics. With the usual indifference of Sol, however, to the gratification and convenience of British astronomers, it was found that the total eclipse would only be visible for Europe in the north-east of Spain.

It appears to have first occurred to Professor Airy, our own Astronomer-royal, to whom the world is so much indebted for his many labours in the cause of science, that a united expedition of British philosophers, and of such scientific men of other countries as might desire to associate themselves with them on the occasion, might be advantageously undertaken into Spain, if the Spanish government could be induced to give its sanction and aid. Further consideration, conference, and correspondence, confirmed the expediency of the project; and the professor accordingly addressed a letter to Lord John Russell, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, requesting his lordship's intercession to this end with the Spanish authorities. His lordship seems to have readily complied with the request, and in due time transmitted to the Astronomer-royal a copy of the following communication, addressed to the Foreign Secretary in reply:

'Spanish Legation, London, *May* 31, 1860.

'My Lord—The government of my Queen, my august sovereign, transmitted to me, on the 12th inst., a dispatch, of which the following is a copy:

'With the object of enabling foreign astronomers to study with facility in Spain the total eclipse of the sun, which will take place on the 18th of July next, her Majesty's government has determined that all of them shall be allowed to bring into the kingdom, free of import duties, the apparatus or instruments they desire to have: such as one or two chronometers; a large telescope on a stand, which may be either refractor or one with a mirror instead of a lens; a theodolite or sextant; photographic apparatus; meteorological instruments, such as a barometer, thermometer, &c.; each importer proving his quality as a foreigner by means of his passports, and giving security for the amount of the import duty of the said instruments until their re-exportation; the custom-houses of Santander, Bilboa, San Sebastian, Yrun, Eligondo, La Junguera, Barcelona, Tarragona, Castellon, and Valencia, being empowered for the introduction of the same. Instructions also have been given to the governors of those provinces in which that phenomenon will be most remarkable, that they afford to the said astronomers all the co-operation and assistance in their power to carry their observations into effect, and that they cause the same to be done by the alcaldes and other functionaries and servants of the administration in the places of their respective territory. The rectors also of the universities of Valladolid, Oviedo, Valencia, Barcelona, and Saragossa, have been directed to appoint each of them a professor of the faculty of exact sciences, who shall furnish the astronomers and scientific commissions with whatever information they may want in reference to the means of best carrying their observations into effect.

'I communicate the above to your Excellency by royal order, that you may acquaint the British government therewith, in order that it may be made known to learned men and scientific bodies of that country what are the principal measures adopted by her Majesty's government for the above-mentioned purpose.

'I have the honour to bring the above to your Excellency's knowledge, in order that you may be pleased to make the same known to the persons or corporations interested in this matter.—I have, &c.

Xavier E. Isturiz.'

'*The Lord John Russell.*'

The expedition contemplated by the Astronomer-royal, and those now associated with him in the enterprise, was accordingly organised; and by and by the government, which had so successfully enlisted the aid of the Spanish authorities, at the suggestion of Professor Airy, appointed a steam-vessel, and that vessel no other than the magnificent *Himalaya*, one of the most splendid steamers in the whole British navy,* to convey the expedition to the Spanish coast.

All being thus prepared, the Astronomer-royal and members of the expedition embarked on board the *Himalaya*, in Plymouth Sound, on the evening of the 6th July, amid the gaze of an admiring crowd, who were heard to laud them as the 'astrologers!' On the morning of the 7th, they sailed for their destination. The writer of this paper had the privilege of being one of the party, which consisted not merely of astronomers, but of photographers, meteorologists, and other men of science whose researches and labours had a bearing on the object in view; and the vessel sailed at this early period in order to enable each party to select the position which might be found most suitable to its special department, and fix the instruments for observation in such positions by the day of the eclipse.

It was found that the shadow of the eclipse would first touch Spain between Bilbao and Gijon; that it would cross the peninsula from north-west to south-east, and would finally leave it between Valencia and Tortosa. A map of the shadow-path thrown by the eclipse across north-east Spain had been prepared for the use of scientific observers by Mr Charles Vignoles, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., which was accompanied by observations on the subject of a highly useful and interesting character, to which we are indebted for some of our own remarks. Copies of this publication were supplied to the members of the expedition.

Almost as soon as we were fairly at sea, the members of the expedition were assembled in council as to

* 'It appears to be agreed generally among astronomers,' says Dr Lardner, 'that the emanations alluded to are solar, and not lunar. If they be admitted, then, to be solar, it is scarcely possible to imagine them to be solid matter, notwithstanding the apparent constancy of their form in the brief interval during which, at any one time, they are visible, for the entire duration of their visibility has never yet been so much as four minutes. To admit the possibility of their being solar mountains projecting above the lunar atmosphere surrounding the sun, and rising to the height in the exterior and non-luminous atmosphere forming the corona necessary to explain their appearance, we must suppose their height to amount to nearly a twentieth part of the sun's diameter—that is, to 44,000 miles.

'The fact that they are gaseous, and not solid matter appears, therefore, to be conclusively established by their enormous magnitude, the great height above the surface of the sun at which they are placed, their faint degree of illumination, and the circumstance of their being sometimes detached at their base from the visible limb of the sun. These circumstances render it probable that these remarkable appearances are produced by cloudy masses, of extreme tenuity, supported and probably produced in an extensive spherical shell of non-luminous gaseous matter, surrounding and rising above the luminous surface of the sun to a great altitude.'

* It will be remembered that the *Himalaya* was built by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, was engaged by the British government for the conveyance of troops to the Crimea in the time of the late Russian war, and was subsequently purchased by the state.

the share to be taken by each in the several observations it was deemed desirable to make; and each had a distinct part assigned him, as nearly as possible in harmony with his own views and wishes.

Soon after sighting the coast of Spain, we reached Bilbao, whence the Spanish consul and Mr Charles Vignoles came out to welcome us, and where the Astronomer-royal and the greater part of the expedition presently landed. Some of the party, however, and of these the writer was one, went on to Santander, at which port the *Himalaya* arrived the next day.

On our reaching Santander harbour, the English and Spanish consuls, the harbour-master, and others, came on board, and placed their services at our command. Our luggage was passed through the customs without payment of duty or examination; even passports were not asked for; and Illustrissimo S. D. Tomas Zvarrola, managing-director of the Santander Railway, gave free passes on the line to the entire party during the whole time of our stay. And soon after our arrival, S. D. Augustin Gutierrez, the principal, and two professors of the government college at Santander, waited on the party as a commission from the university of Valladolid, to offer us every assistance in their power.

It had been arranged that the members of the expedition should distribute themselves in groups or detachments at different points along the path of the shadow, so that the chances of impediments that might arise from unfavourable conditions of the atmosphere might be diminished. The period intervening between the day of our arrival and that of the eclipse, was spent in the selection of sites for observation, and the unpacking and preparation of instruments; with occasional visits to the neighbouring towns, and rambles into the country. Each followed the bent of his own inclination; and while some made their way to the mountain-passes, climbed to heights where the eagles built their nests, the clouds rolled like seas beneath their feet, and the tops of lofty hills rose from amid the mist like islands above the surface of the ocean; or descended into wild valleys, strewn with huge masses of rock torn from the surrounding heights by the resistless thunderbolt; or busied themselves in exploring the geology, botany, and entomology of the country; others trod the fields of war, and the scenes with which history had made them familiar; others went into agricultural districts to see the vineyards, the cornfields, and the peasantry; others sought the railways, opened here and there, and those—there are many—in course of construction, calculating their future results on Spain and her people, or, possibly, the dividends to be hoped for by English shareholders; others visited the resorts of fashion, smoking cigarettos with the senoras and senoritas, leading them forth in the dance, accompanying them to the playhouses, escorting them to the churches, and afterwards to the bull-ring, to witness the disembowelling of horses, and the occasional impalement of their riders; others sought the cafés and *Galignani*, and hunted up the latest copy of the *Times;* and others associated themselves in boar-hunts and picnics. Such as roamed afar, came back weary and wayworn, telling of dysenteries and sore throats, hairbreadth escapes, dusty roads, comfortless inns, and miserable diligences; but telling, too, of enjoyments which had repaid them for their trouble and fatigue; and of generous warm-hearted hospitality and kindness on the part of such of their own countrymen as they had met with, which they should ever remember.

Meanwhile, our good ship the *Himalaya* lay at anchor in Santander harbour, the very centre of attraction to the town and neighbourhood, which had never seen her like before. From the governor in his gilded barge, and the bishop in his episcopal grandeur, to the humblest who could get a boat to bring them on board, people of all sorts flocked to see her. Not a day but brought crowds of curious visitors; but Sunday was always the grand day, for then town and country seemed to come bodily; the decks swarmed with people. There came the priest in his preposterous hat and cloak; the fair senora with well-turned ankle, small foot, and graceful mantilla; and the swarthy and embrowned female of the lower orders, with clothing, though scanty, yet of many colours, kerchiefed brows, and feet shoeless and stockingless; the merchant, the tradesman, the peasant and his family, the muleteer and picadore. They came admiring her prodigious length, clean decks, superb saloon, and big chimney; admiring, too, her officers in their handsome uniform, and her jolly, stalwart, spruce, and agile crew.

At last, the day of the eclipse dawned, and every member of the expedition was at his post. Some had undergone great fatigue in the selection of such posts, going far away into the interior of the country, travelling day after day over railways and highways, through mist, and fog, and wet, high above the snowy hill-tops, and down among the water-courses—walking, sliding, jumping, trudging along, everywhere meeting with clouded skies, and sometimes with continuous, drenching rain, which on one occasion poured down on them a whole night, while they toiled on through mud knee-deep. All, however, were now to be seen near the places they had decided to occupy; yet the morning was cloudy, and doubts were entertained by many whether anything would be seen. But now the hour and now the moment draw near. The clouds have dispersed from about the sun, whose glorious face, which we have not seen for days, cheers and animates us; yet they hang threateningly all around, and we are divided between hope and fear, expectation and mistrust.

Already the eclipse has commenced in the Pacific; the shadow has travelled over North America, has crossed Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and the Atlantic; and now—it reaches us. It proceeds. A quarter of an hour passes on; the advance of the moon over the sun's disc is clearly seen. Still the clouds hang around. Now, a peculiar orange tint seems creeping over the brighter portions of the landscape; this is succeeded by a paler and sicklier hue of a greenish yellow or brown. A veil like that of night steals over the south and south-east. Every moment the colours of objects around us seem to change. In the zenith, where there are no clouds, the sky is of a deep leaden hue; lower down, of a lighter tint; while in the east and north-east horizon, where the clouds hang thickly, the prevailing colour is yellow, which the grass and trees appear to reflect.

'Totality' approaches, for the darkness increases rapidly. The birds cease to sing, and flutter to and fro in alarm; the domestic animals hasten to their homes. The flowers, which are covered with dew, droop and close; the butterflies seem smitten to the earth. The voices of men and beasts cease to be heard; a solemn and supernatural stillness reigns everywhere around; the very air and waters are, or seem to be, still.

Alas! the clouds again obscure our view, they threaten to hide it altogether. Yet once more the sun is seen; it is now but a thin crescent, and this, even as we look, is breaking up into fragments. See! a great shadow from the north-west comes sweeping over the hills; the sky seems falling down upon us, as if it were about to entomb us in its huge vault. The full orb of the moon comes into view, and the corona! And see, the stars, the stars! How splendid, how sublime! 'Tis a moment long to be remembered.

Clouds, clouds! The air is chill, the wind has gone round to the north. And how fearful is the darkness; 'tis midnight, as it were, at noon! The bats are flying about us. And yet it is a peculiar darkness, and not so intense, perhaps, as we just now thought, though

the neighbouring mountains have entirely disappeared. The cumuli yonder are of a purple hue, the horizon yellow, the earth a dull green. The heavens are faintly illumined by the light from the halo, or 'glory,' which surrounds the moon. And, ah! see those rosy-coloured horns or flames of light pushing out here and there beyond the edges of the moon—these are the protuberances, the subject of so much philosophical interest.

What thoughts crowd through one's mind of the littleness and impotence of man, of the majesty of God, of the mystery of creation, of the infinity everywhere surrounding us! What if the sun's reign were, as it seems to be, at an end? What horror and despair would then usurp its dominion—how soon would life cease—how soon would chaos be restored!

But see! a ray shoots forth from behind the sun's disc—a ray so glorious that it seems like an electric flash. And now those brilliant beads of light, shining like diamonds of matchless lustre here and there on the moon's edge, tell us that the totality is past—that the sun, the lord of worlds, is about to shew himself again to his subjects. Nature smiles at his very glance; the stars disappear—the gloom melts—the shadows flee; day dawns, as it were, from zenith to horizon, the cocks crow, the flowers open, the birds chirp and begin to sing, the voices of men and animals are again heard—the eclipse is over! Brief has been the wondrous scene, but never can it be forgotten.

We must not lead the reader to suppose that all observers were equally fortunate. Some were altogether disappointed, and saw nothing of the principal phenomena; while others obtained a middling, and some an excellent view. Among the first, we regret to say that Mr Charles Vignoles, the eminent civil engineer, was included, and we learn that this is the third occasion on which he has met with a similar disappointment. But the protuberances and other phases of the eclipse were photographed, and many observations recorded and discoveries made which will, we believe, amply repay the cost and trouble of the expedition.

Final excursions were now taken, farewell visits paid, and in a few days all had reassembled on board the *Himalaya*, which had meanwhile continued to be the centre of attraction to all classes in the neighbourhood of Santander. Among other visitors were two candidates for matrimony, and one candidate for baptism. The candidates for matrimony were a Spanish gentleman and an English lady—the former, of course, a Roman Catholic, the latter a Protestant. Such a marriage being illegal in Spain, the opportunity afforded by the presence of an English ship and an English clergyman in Santander harbour had been eagerly seized, and the wedding-party accordingly came on board to have the union solemnised; followed by the parents of the baby referred to with their little charge, when the marriage and christening were duly performed.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 28th July, the *Himalaya* arrived at Spithead; the members of the expedition took their leave of the ship and of each other amid rounds of cheers, waving of hats, and other expressions of hearty good-will, and returned to their homes. It was arranged that the several reports of their respective observations should be sent within three months to the Astronomer-royal; and after being revised by that officer, should be published in a separate volume under his authority, in concurrence with that of the Astronomical Society.

There can be no doubt that England has done herself honour in having taken the lead in the enterprise, the history of which we have here sketched out. The thanks of the nation, as well as of the expedition, are due to the Astronomer-royal for having directed the attention of the government to the subject, and guided and superintended its subsequent proceedings; as well as to the eminent men who aided him in the execution of his plans. The observations which have been made by the expedition are very numerous, and will no doubt prove most valuable; and when to these are added those of the French, German, Spanish, and other astronomers who were similarly engaged on the occasion, the results must be highly important.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A WORD ABOUT MORMON MONSTERS.

Not long did I remain under the mental paralysis. There was no time for idle repining. The intelligence, derived from the torn leaf, had given me a cue for action; and my spirit struggled to free itself from the lethargy of grief. Hope whispered the watchword, 'Up and be doing!' and I arose to obey its mandate.

My heart was on fire—wildly, madly on fire. The contents of that epistle, while it imbued my spirit with the sweetest of all earthly pleasures, revealed to it the deadliest of dangers—imparting an anguish beyond all expression.

It told me far more than the writer herself knew—both of her love and what she had need to fear: for, in her guileless innocence, was she alike unconscious of the passion and the peril.

Not so I. She had placed her heart before me. As on a printed page, I could trace its tender inclinings.

Had this been all, I should have been happy—supremely happy. But, alas! that writing told me more: that she who had pencilled it was in deadly peril.

No—not *deadly:* it was not of life; but of something far dearer—to me a thousand times more dear—her virgin honour.

Now comprehended I, in all their diabolic significance, those wild weird words: 'The wolf has slept in the lair of the forest deer—the yellow fawn will be his victim!' Now knew I the wolf—a wolf disguised in the clothing of the lamb!

It needed no acumen to tell to whom the figure referred. The writing itself revealed him—all but the name; and that was manifest by implication. The man with whom 'Marian went away'—he whom I had seen in clerical garb and guise, was the wolf of the metaphor; and that man was Josh Stebbins, the *Mormon!*

With him, too, Lilian had gone away!

Not with words can I express the suggestive hideousness of this thought. To understand it in all its cruel significance, the reader should be acquainted with that peculiar sect—known as the 'Church of Latter-day Saints'—should have read its history and its chronicles. Without this knowledge, he will be ill able to comprehend the peculiar bitterness, that, in that hour wrapped and wrung my soul.

Accident had made me acquainted with the Mormon religion; not with its tenets—for it has none—but with the moral idiosyncrasy of its most eminent 'apostles,' as well as that of its humbler devotees—two very different classes of 'Saints.'

In the animal world, we seek in vain for the type of either class. The analogies of wolf and lamb, hawk and pigeon, cat and mouse, cannot be employed with any degree of appropriateness—not one of them. In all these creatures there are traits either of nobility or beauty. Neither is to be found in the life and character of a Mormon—whether he be a sincere neophyte or a hypocritical apostle.

Perhaps the nearest antagonistic forms of the animal world, by which we might typify the antithetic conditions of Mormon life, both social and religious, are those of fox and goose; though no doubt the subtle reynard would scorn the comparison. Nor, indeed, is the fox a true type: for even about him there

are redeeming qualities—something to relieve the soul from that loathing which it feels in contemplating the character of a 'ruling elder' among the 'Saints.'

It would be difficult to imagine anything further removed, from what we may term the 'divinity of human nature,' than one of these. Vulgar and brutal, cunning and cruel, are ordinary epithets; and altogether too weak to characterise such a creature. Some of the 'twelves' and of the 'seventies' may lack one or other of these characteristics. In most cases, however, you may safely bestow them all; and if it be the chief of the sect—the President himself—you may add such other *ugly* appellatives as your fancy may suggest; and be sure that your portraiture will still fall short of the hideousness of the original.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of these fanatics is the absolute openness of their cheat. A more commonplace imposture has never been offered for acceptance, even to the most ignorant of mankind. It appeals neither to reason nor romance. The one is insulted by the very shallowness of its chicanery, while its rank *plebbishness* disgusts the other. Even the nomenclature, both of its offices and office-bearers, has a vulgar ring that smacks of ignoble origin. The names 'twelves,' 'seventies,' 'deacons,' 'wifedoms,' 'Smiths' (Hyrum and Joseph), Pratt, Snow, Young, Cowdery, and the like—coupled as they are with an affectation and imitation of Scripture phraseology—form a vocabulary burlesquing even the Sacred Book itself, and suggesting by their sounds the true character of the Mormon Church—a very essence of plebeian hypocrisy.

I have used the word 'fanatics,' but that must be understood in a limited sense. It can only be applied to the 'geese'—the ignorant and besotted *canaille*—which the 'apostolic' emissaries have collected from all parts of Europe, but chiefly from England, Scotland, and Wales. The Welsh, as might be expected, furnish a large proportion of these emigrant geese; while, strange as it may sound, there is but one Irish goose in the whole Mormon flock! There are but few of these 'birds' of native American breed. The general intelligence, supplied by a proper school system, prevents much proselytism in that quarter; but it does not hinder the cute Yankee from playing the part of the fox: for in reality this is his *rôle* in the social system of Mormondom. The President or 'High Priest and Prophet' himself, the Twelves and Seventies, the elders, deacons, and other dignitaries, are all, or nearly all, of true Yankee growth; and to call these 'fanatics' would be a misapplication of the term. Term them conspirators, charlatans, hypocrites, and impostors, if you will; but not fanatics. The Mormon fox is no fanatic: he is a *professor* in the most emphatic sense of the word, but not a *believer*. His profession is absolute hypocrisy—he has neither faith, dogma, nor doctrine.

There are writers who have defended these *forbans* of religion; and some who have even spoken well of their system. Captain Stansbury, the explorer, has a good opinion of them. The captain is at best but a superficial observer; and, unfortunately for his judgment, received most courteous treatment at their hands. It is not human nature 'to speak ill of the bridge that has carried one over;' and Captain Stansbury has obeyed the common impulse. In the earlier times of the Mormon Church, there were champions of the Stansbury kind to defend its members against the charge of *polygamy*. In those days, the Saints themselves attempted a sort of defence. The subject was then too rank to come forth as a revelation. But a truth of this awkward kind could not long remain untold; and it became necessary to mask it under the more moderate title of a *spiritual wifedom*. It required an acute metaphysician to comprehend this spiritual relationship; and the moralist was puzzled to understand its sanctity.

During that period, while the Saints dwelt within the pale of the Gentiles' country, this cloak was kept on; but after their 'exodus' to the Salt Lake settlements, the flimsy garment was thrown off, being found too inconvenient to be carried any longer. There the motive for concealment was removed, and the apology of a *spiritual wifedom* ceased to exist. It came out in its carnal and sensual shape. Polygamy was boldly preached and proclaimed, as it had ever been practised, in its most hideous shape; and the defenders of Mormon purity, thus betrayed by their pet protégés, dropped their broken lances to the ground.

The 'institution' is even more odious under Mormon than Mohammed. There is no redeeming point—not even the 'romance of the harem'—for the *zenana* of a Latter-day Saint is a type of the most vulgar materialism—where even the favourite sultana is not exempted from the hard work-a-day duties of a slave.

Polygamy? No! the word has too limited a signification. To characterise the condition of a Mormon wife, we must resort to the phraseology of the *bagnio*.

In company of a Mormon had Lilian gone away!

No wonder that my heart was on fire—wildly, madly on fire.

I rose from my seat, and rushed forth for my horse.

The storm still raged apace. Clouds and rolling thunder, lightning and rain—rain such as that that ushered in the Deluge!

The storm! what cared I for its fury? Rain antediluvian would not have stayed me in-doors—not if it had threatened the drowning of the world!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER DUEL DETERMINED ON.

Into my saddle—off out of the clearing—away through the dripping forest—on through the sweltering swamp, I hurried.

Up the creek was my route—my destination, the dwelling of the hunter, Wingrove. Surely, in such weather, I should find him at home?

It was natural I should seek the young backwoodsman. In such an emergency, I might count with certainty on having his advice and assistance.

True, I anticipated but slight benefit from either: for what could either avail me? The young man was helpless as myself; and had similarly suffered. This would secure me his sympathy; but what more could he give?

After all, I did not reckon it as nothing. The sympathy of a friend or fellow-sufferer may soothe, though it cannot cure; and for such a solace the heart intuitively seeks. Confidence and sympathy are consolatory virtues—even penance has its purpose.

I longed, therefore, for a friend—one to whom I could confide my secret, and unbosom my sorrow; and I sought that friend in the young backwoodsman. I had a claim upon him; he had made me the confidant of his care—the recipient of his heart confessed. Little dreamed I at the time, I should so soon be calling upon him for a reciprocity of the kindness.

Fortune so far favoured me—I found him at home.

My arrival scarcely roused him from a dejection that, I could perceive, was habitual to him. I knew its cause; and could see that he was struggling against it—lest it should hinder him from the fulfilment of his duties as a host. It did not.

There was something truly noble in this conquest of courtesy over the heart heavily laden—charged and engrossed with selfish care. Not without admiration did I observe the conflict.

I hesitated not to confide my secret to such a man: I felt convinced that under that buckskin coat beat the heart of a gentleman.

I told him the whole story of my love—beginning with the hour in which I had left him.

The tale aroused him from his apathy—more especially the episode, which related to my first meeting with Lilian, and the encounter that followed. As a hunter, this last would have secured his attention; but it was not altogether that. The scene touched a chord in unison with his own memories: for by some such incident had he first won the favour of Marian.

As I approached the *finale* of the duel-scene—that point where the stranger had appeared upon the stage—I could perceive the interest of my listener culminating to a pitch of excitement; and, before I had pronounced ten words in description of the clerical visitor, the young hunter sprang to his feet, exclaiming as he did so:

'Josh Stebbins!'

'Yes; it was he—I know it myself.'

I continued the narrative; but I saw that I was no longer listened to with attention. Wingrove was on his feet, and paced the floor with nervous irregular strides. Every now and then, I saw him glance towards his rifle, that rested over the fireplace; while the angry flash of his eye betokened, that he was meditating some serious design.

As soon as I had described the winding up of the duel, and what followed—including my departure for Swampville—I was again interrupted by the young hunter—this time not by his speech, but by an action equally significant. Hastily approaching the fireplace, he lifted his rifle from the cleets; and, dropping the piece upon its butt, commenced loading it!

It was not the movement itself, so much as the time and manner, that arrested my attention; and these declared the object of the act. Neither for squirrel nor coon—deer, bear, nor panther—was that rifle being loaded!

'Where are you going?' I inquired, seeing that he had taken down his coon-skin cap, and slung on his pouch and powder-horn.

'Only a bit down the crik. You'll excuse me, stranger, for leavin' o' ye; but I'll be back in the twinklin' o' an eye. Thar's a bite o' dinner for ye, if you can eat cold deer-meat; an' you'll find somethin' in the old bottle thar. I won't be gone more'n a hour. *I reckon*—I won't.'

The emphasis expressed a certain indecision, which I observed without being able to interpret. I had my conjectures, however.

'Can I not go with you?' I asked, in hopes of drawing him to declare his design. 'The weather has cleared up; and I should prefer riding out, to staying here alone. If it is not some business of a private nature'——

'Thar's nothin' partic'larly private about it, stranger; but it's a bizness I don't want you to be mixed up in. I guess ye've got yur own troubles now, 'ithout takin' share o' myen.'

'If it is not rude, may I ask the business on which you're going?'

'Welcome to know it, stranger. I'm a goin' *to kill Josh Stebbins!*'

'Kill Josh Stebbins?'

'Eyther that, or he shell kill me.'

'Oh! nonsense!' I exclaimed, surprised less at the intention—which I had already half divined—than at the cool determined tone in which it was declared.

'I've said it, stranger! I've swore it over an' over, an' it shell be done. 'Taint no new notion I've tuk. I'd detarmined on makin' him fight long ago, for I'd an old score to settle wi' him, afore that 'un you know o'; but I niver ked get the skunk to stan' up. He allers tuk care to keep out o' my way. Now I've made up my mind he don't dodge me any longer; an', by the Etarnal! if that black-hearted snake's to be foun' in the settlement'——

'He is not to be found in the settlement.'

'Not to be foun' in the settlement!' echoed the hunter, in a tone that betrayed both surprise and vexation—'not to be foun' in the settlement? Surely you ain't in earnest, stranger? You seed him the day afore yesterday!'

'True—but I have reason to think he is gone.'

'God forbid! But you ain't sure o' it? What makes you think he air gone?'

'Too sure of it—it was that knowledge that brought me in such haste to your cabin.'

I detailed the events of the morning, which Wingrove had not yet heard; my brief interview with the Indian maiden—her figurative speech that had proved but too truthful. I described the deserted dwelling; and at last read to him the letter of Lilian—read it from beginning to end.

He listened with attention, though chafing at the delay. Once or twice only did he interrupt me, with the simple expression—'Poor little Lil!'

'Poor little Lil!' repeated he when I had finished. 'She too gone wi' him!—just as Marian went six months ago! No—no!' he exclaimed, correcting himself, in a voice that proclaimed the agony of his thoughts. 'No! it war different—altogether different: *Marian went willinly.*'

'How know you that?' I said, with a half-conceived hope of consoling him.

'Know it? O stranger! I'm sure o' it: Su-wa-nee sayed so.'

'That signifies nothing. It is not the truer of her having said so. A jealous and spiteful rival. Perhaps the very contrary is the truth. Perhaps Marian was forced to marry this man. Her father may have influenced her; and it is not at all unlikely, since he appears to be himself under some singular influence—as if in dread of his saintly son-in-law. I noticed some circumstances that would lead one to this conclusion.'

'Thank ye, stranger, for them words!' cried the young hunter, rushing forward, and grasping me eagerly by the hand. 'It's the first bit o' comfort I've had since Marian war tuk away! I've heerd myself that Holt war afeerd o' Stebbins; an' maybe that snake in the grass had a coil about him somehow. I confess ye, it often puzzled me, Marian's takin' it so to heart, an' all about a bit o' a kiss—which I wudn't a tuk if the Indyun hadn't poked her lips clost up to myen. Lord o' mercy! I'd gie all I've got in the world, to think *it* war true as you've sayed.'

'I have very little doubt of its being true. I have now seen your rival; and I think it altogether improbable she would, of her own free will, have preferred him to you.'

'Thank ye, stranger! it's kind in you to say so. She's now married an' gone; but if I thort thar had been *force* used, I'd 'a done long ago *what I mean to do now.*'

'What is that?' I asked, struck by the emphatic energy with which the last words were spoken.

'Foller *him*, if 't be to the furrest eend o' the world! Yes, stranger! I mean it. I'll go arter him, an' track him out. I'll find him in the bottom o' a Californey gold mine, or wherever he may try to hide hisself; an', by the Etarnal! I'll wipe out the score—both the old un an' the new un—in the skunk's blood, or I'll never set fut agin in the state o' Tennessee. I've made up my mind to it.'

'You are determined to follow him?'

'Firmly detarmined!'

'Enough! Our roads lie together!'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DEPARTURE IN A 'DUG-OUT.'

We were in perfect accord as to our course of action, as in our thoughts. If our motives were not similar, our enemy was the same. Only was there a difference in our prospective designs. Love was the lure that beckoned me on; Wingrove was led by revenge. To

follow *him*, and punish guilt, was the *métier* of my companion; to follow *her*, and rescue innocence, was the *rôle* cast for me. Though guided by two such different passions, both were of the strongest of our nature—either sufficient to stimulate to the most earnest action; and without loss of time, we entered upon it with full determination.

I had already formed the design of pursuit; and perhaps it was with the hope of obtaining an associate and companion, that I had sought an interview with the hunter. At all events, this had been my leading idea. His expressed determination, therefore, was but the echo of my wish. It only remained for us to mould our design into a proper and practicable form.

Though not much older than my new comrade, there were some things in which I had the advantage of him. I was his superior in experience. He acknowledged it with all deference; and permitted my counsels to take the lead.

The exercise of partisan warfare—especially that practised on the Mexican and Indian frontiers—is a school scarcely equalled for training the mind to coolness and self-reliance. An experience thus obtained, had given mine such a cast; and taught me, by many a well-remembered lesson, the truthfulness of that wise saw: 'The more haste the worse speed.'

Instead, therefore, of rushing at once *in medias res*, and starting forth, without knowing whither to go, my counsel was that we should act with caution; and adopt some definite plan of pursuit.

It was not the suggestion of my heart, but rather of my head. Had I obeyed the promptings of the former, I should have been in the saddle hours ago, and galloping somewhere in a westerly direction—perhaps to find, at the end of a long journey, only disappointment, and the infallibility of the adage.

Taking counsel from my reason, I advised a different course of action; and my comrade—whose head for his age was a cool one—agreed to follow my advice. Indeed, he had far less motive for haste than I. Revenge would keep, and could be slept upon; while with emotions such as mine, a quiet heart was out of the question. She whom I loved was not only in danger of being lost to me for ever, but in danger of becoming the victim of a dastard *coquin*—diabolic as dastard!

Suffering under the sting of such a fearful apprehension, it required me to exert all the self-restraining power of which I was possessed. Had I but known *where to go*, I should have rushed to horse, and ridden on upon the instant. Not knowing, I was fortunately possessed of sufficient prudence to restrain me from the idle attempt.

That Holt and his daughter were gone, and in company with the Mormon, we knew: the letter told that. That they had left the cabin, was equally known; but whether they were yet clear off from the neighbourhood, was still uncertain; and to ascertain this was the first thing to be accomplished. If still within the boundaries of the settlement, or upon any of the roads leading from it, there would be a chance of *overtaking* them. But what after that? Ah! beyond that I did not trust myself to speculate. I dared not discuss the future. I refrained from casting even a glance into its horoscope—so dark did it appear.

I had but little hope that they were anywhere within reach. That phrase of fatal prophecy, 'You will be too late—too late!' still rang in my ears. It had a fuller meaning than might appear from a hasty interpretation of it. Had not it also a figurative application? and did it not signify I should be too late *in every sense?* * * * * *

At what time had they taken their departure? By what route? and upon what road?

These were the points to be ascertained; and our only hope of obtaining a clue to them was by proceeding to the place of departure itself—the deserted dwelling.

Thither we hied in all haste—prepared, if need be, for a more distant expedition.

On entering the enclosure, we dismounted, and at once set about examining the 'sign.' My companion passed to and fro, like a pointer in pursuit of a partridge.

I had hoped we might trace them by the tracks; but this hope was abandoned, on perceiving that the rain had obliterated every index of the kind. Even the hoof-prints of my own horse—made but an hour before—were washed full of mud, and scarcely traceable.

Had they gone upon horseback? It was not probable—the house-utensils could hardly have been transported in that way? Nor yet could they have removed them in a wagon. No road for wheels ran within miles of the clearing—that to Swampville, as already stated, being no more than a bridle-path; while the other 'traces,' leading up and down the creek, were equally unavailable for the passage of a wheeled vehicle.

There was but one conclusion to which we could come; and indeed we arrived at it without much delay: they had gone off in a canoe.

It was clear as words or eye-witnesses could have made it. Wingrove well knew the craft. It was known as Holt's 'dug-out;' and was occasionally used as a ferry-boat, to transport across the creek such stray travellers as passed that way. It was sufficiently large to carry several at once—large enough for the purpose of a removal.

The mode of their departure was the worst feature in the case; for, although we had been already suspecting it, we had still some hopes. Had they gone off in any other way, there would have been a possibility of tracking them. But a *congé* in a canoe was a very different affair—man's presence leaves no token upon the water: like a bubble or a drop of rain, his traces vanish from the surface or sink into the depths of the subtle element—an emblem of his own vain nothingness!

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DANGEROUS SWEETHEART.

Our conjectures as to the mode of their departure were at an end. On this point, we had arrived at a definite knowledge. It was clear they had gone off in the canoe; and with the current, of course: since that would carry them in the direction they intended to travel.

The settling of this question produced a climax—a momentary pause in our action.

We stood upon the bank of the stream, bending our eyes upon its course, and for a time giving way to the most gloomy reflections. Like our thoughts were the waters troubled. Swollen by the recent rain-storm, the stream no longer preserved its crystal purity; but in the hue of its waters justified the name it bore. Brown and turbid, they rolled past—no longer a stream, but a rushing torrent—that spumed against the banks, as it surged impetuously onward. Trees torn up by the roots were carried on by the current—their huge trunks and half-riven branches twisting and wriggling in the stream, like drowning giants in their death-struggle. In the 'sough' of the torrent, we heard their sighs—in its roar, the groans of their departing spirits!

The scene was in unison with our thoughts; and equally so with the laughter that at that moment sounded in our ears—for it was laughter wild and maniac. It was heard in the forest behind us; ringing among the trees, and mingling its shrill unearthly echo with the roaring of the torrent. Both of us were startled at the sound. Though the voice was a woman's, I could see that it had produced on

Wingrove a certain impression of fear. On hearing it, he trembled and turned pale.

I needed no explanation. A glance towards the forest revealed the cause. A female form moving among the trees told me whence had come that unexpected and ill-timed cachinnation.

'Lord o' mercy!' exclaimed my companion, 'that Indyun again! She 's been arter me since that night, an' threatens to have a fresh try at takin' my life. Look out, stranger! I know she 's got pistols.'

'Oh! I fancy there 's not much danger. She appears to be in the laughing mood.'

'It 's jest that ere larf I don't like; she 's allers wust when she 's in that way.'

By this time the Indian had reached the edge of the clearing, very near the rear of the cabin. Without pausing, she sprang up on the fence—as if to enter the enclosure. This, however, proved not to be her intention; for, on climbing to the topmost rail, she stood erect upon it, with one hand clutching the limb of a tree, to keep her in position.

As soon as she had attained the upright attitude, another peal of laughter came ringing from her lips, as wild as that with which she had announced her approach; but there was also in its tones a certain modulation that betokened scorn!

Neither of us uttered a syllable; but, observing a profound silence, stood waiting to hear what she had to say.

Another scornful laugh, and her words broke forth:

'White Eagle! and proud slayer of red panthers! your hearts are troubled as the stream on which your eyes are gazing! Su-wa-nee knows your sorrows. She comes to you with words of comfort!'

'Ah! speak them then!' said I, suddenly conceiving a hope.

'Hear you that sound in the forest?'

We heard no sound, save that of the water grumbling and surging at our feet. We answered in the negative.

'You hear it not? Ha, ha, ha! where are your ears? It is ringing in mine. All day I have heard it. Listen! there it is again!'

'She 's a mockin' us,' muttered my companion; 'thar ain't no soun' in partickler.'

'No! we cannot hear it; you are mocking us,' I rejoined, addressing myself to the brown-skinned sibyl.

'Ha! ha! ha! It is *it* that is mocking you. It mocks you, and yet it is not the mocking-bird. It is not the dove cooing gently to his mate, nor the screaming of the owl. It is the cuckoo that mocks you! ha! ha! the cuckoo! Now, do you hear it, White Eagle? Do *you* hear it, proud slayer of red panthers? Ha! it mocks you both!'

'Oh! bother, girl!' exclaimed Wingrove in a vexed tone; 'ye 're a talkin' nonsense.'

'Truth, White Eagle—truth! The black snake has been in your nest; and yours, too, slayer of panthers! He has wound himself around your pretty birds, and borne them away in his coils—away over the great desert plains—away to the Big Lake! Ha, ha, ha! In the desert, he will defile them; in the waters of the lake, he will drown them—ha, ha, ha!'

'Them's yur words o' comfort, air they?' cried Wingrove, exasperated to a pitch of fury. 'Durned if I 'll bar sech talk! I won't stan' it any longer. Clar out now! We want no croakin' raven hyar. Clar out! or'——

He was not permitted to finish the threat. I saw the girl suddenly drop down from her position on the fence, and glide behind the trunk of a tree. Almost at the same instant a light gleamed along the bark; which might have been mistaken for a flash of lightning, had it not been followed instantaneously by a quick crack—easily recognisable as the report of a pistol!

I waited not to witness the effect; but rushed towards the tree—with the design of intercepting the Indian.

The blue smoke lingering in the damp air, hindered me from seeing the movements of the girl; but, hurrying onward, I clambered over the fence.

Once on the other side, I was beyond the cloud; and could command a view for a score of yards or so; but, in that circuit, no human form was to be seen!

Beyond it, however, I heard the vengeful, scornful laugh, pealing its unearthly echoes through the columned aisles of the forest!

HOW WE STOCKED THE MERE.

My grandfather lived in a house called Nether Mere. It was a low rambling building, with rooms all opening into one another in a sociable sort of way; while a number of offices stood respectfully at a little distance off, like servants waiting at dinner. The very inconvenience of its arrangements was its greatest charm in the eyes of a boy twelve years old. You could hardly go anywhere about it under shelter. The barn, coach-house, and stables were more than one hundred yards off. The back-kitchen, laundry, beer-cellar, knife-house, and apple-store were set round a court called the stone-yard. Beyond this, through an archway, was the pump-yard, fringed with humbler offices, of which one was a covered tank for hogs' wash. This I was instructed to consider unfathomable. Many a time have I watched the yard-man baling out swill for the pigs, with a ladle ten feet long, and thought the worst possible form of death would be to slip over its edge, and be left inside, with the great wooden door shut down upon me. It was only two feet deep, but I did not know that then. Beyond the pump-yard was the cinder-house and wood-shed. This last was a precious preserve to me and my brother. The Duke of Athol never set more store by Glen Tilt, than we did by the wood-shed, for it swarmed with sparrows. They built their nests by scores in the ragged moss-grown roof. Every beam and rafter in that shed was as familiar to me as a mountain-pass to the deer-stalker. Year after year, we climbed, tore our clothes, and the skin off our knuckles, in probing the holes in the roof for eggs; and when, in after-days, the shed was condemned, and pulled down, I felt as if one of the strongest links which bound me to my childhood had been broken.

There were many other attractions to the place. The banks around were drilled with rabbit-holes; and I believe we could have challenged any warrener as to the making and setting of rabbit-nets. We had two ferrets, Pug and Polyhymnia by name, and with these two we kept the household, and many of our neighbours, supplied with rabbit-pies throughout the winter.

There was, too, a rookery. Now, my grandfather had his own notions about protection, and would suffer no gun to be fired near the house. So, when the rook season came on, and many of our young friends used to have what we thought glorious sport with air-canes and pea-rifles, we were forced to see the juvenile rooks grow up unmolested. However, grandfather always told us we might shoot as many as we could with weapons of our own manufacture. So, in May, as soon as the young rooks got out of the nest, and became 'perchers,' we used to make hazel-bows and store of reed-arrows tipped with elder. By pushing the reed into the pith of a bit of elder-stick, about three inches long, we formed an arrow which flew tolerably straight. Of course, the rooks at the top of the high elms were out of shot; but after a wind, or some foolish ambition on the part of the young ones, some few used to get hustled down to the lower branches; and then we opened fire. We managed to kill about three or four in the season. It was a horrible business, I have often thought since; but what could we do with our restricted privileges and eager love of 'sport?' When a young rook was discovered about ten yards

above our heads, we used to assemble underneath and shoot at him, turn and turn about, till he died. It was a melancholy process for him. The poor beast sat there helplessly cursing fate, or his own folly, in trying to fly before he was well fledged. Often as not, we missed him; then an arrow plumped through his tail: we were getting the range. Then an ugly thump on his stomach: poor blacky pitched along the branch for an inch or two. Another thump; then a decided hit under his chin. This, like the knight's thrust at the helmet in a joust, was most difficult, but most effective. More thumps. Rooky grew sick, swayed about, spread out his tail, and tumbled off from fright and indigestion.

But the charm of the place was the mere. This was a piece of water of about ten acres, with sloping grass banks, and a plantation along one side. Here and there, at the further edge, grew patches of strong rush, which a blind man was allowed to cut for the purpose of making into mats. Poor old fellow! I see him now. He used to come in the summer with a sickle, and a child to lead him. Once set on the bank, opposite to a bed of rushes, with his face in the right direction, he would wade in with outstretched arms, and his sickle in his right hand, like old Time. When he reached the rushes, he would cut an armful, sawing away down below the surface till the long green shafts sprung up into his embrace. Then carrying the bundle back to his child, who spread them out in the sunshine to dry, he would grope darkly backwards and forwards all the day. He was a great protégé of my grandfather's, and the servants used to take him out beer, with a dash of gin in it. When the mats were made, he sold some of them to his benefactor at considerably above cost-price, and hawked the rest about the neighbourhood.

The only drawback to the mere was its want of fish. When we were quite young, little tots in the nursery, it had been dried up by a succession of very hot summers. Most tantalising were the tales we were told about the fish which had been taken out as the waters grew low—one pike was said to have weighed twenty-seven pounds. It was so large, grandfather said, that it was cut up and sent piecemeal in presents to the neighbours round.

When we were about twelve years old, my brother and I had serious consultations about re-stocking the mere. It was a work of faith—we could not hope to see much result for several summers: but still the work itself had immediate as well as prospective attractions. We began. There was a small deep pond about a mile off, choke-full of little perch, which bit as fast as we could drop the bait among them. They never reached any size there; the biggest was not more than four or five inches long—indeed, they had no room to grow. The great difficulty was to catch them without killing them in the process. They were so greedy that they generally swallowed the hook at once. However, by striking the moment the float bobbed, we used to twitch them out before they had time to gorge themselves. Provided with a pailful of water, into which we put them, we worked on the whole summer, carrying the vessel back, one on each side, with several rests, and carefully emptying it into the mere. Thus we transplanted many score of little perch, who had long been sick of one another's society, and turned off on their tails, each one for himself, directly they had an opportunity of being independent.

We felt that perch alone would not be enough, so we set to work snaring pike. There was a fen in the parish traversed by a slow stream. From this a number of straight dikes, about five feet wide, stretched right and left. In the spring, the pike, which abounded in the river, used to penetrate up these to spawn. This was our opportunity. Armed with a pole tipped with a wire-noose, we crept along by the side of the ditches, till we saw a pike basking in the shallow, over the warm black mud. Hist! be quiet. Here is one. Lowering the pole gently about a yard before him, the wire having been previously tried to see whether it slipped easily, we passed the loop slowly over his nose. If we could do this without touching him, and coax it on past his gills, he was ours. A sharp jerk tightened the noose—a tug, a splash, and out floundered Mr Pike sideways, very much astonished and woke up, but none the worse, except, perhaps, for the displacement of a few scales where the wire closed and nipped him round. Thus we sometimes caught half-a-dozen on a holiday. We took them all scrupulously to the mere, where they darted off after a moment's consideration, each one believing he had cleverly given us the slip after all, so difficult is it to judge of another's motive.

We got on well with the pike and perch. The next thing was to get the former supplied with food. For this, we dragged the moat of a farm about two miles off. This belonged to my grandfather, and swarmed with carp. It had never been fished, and on a clear day, you might see numbers swimming about, probably in the belief that theirs was the only world in the universe. One of our neighbours had a drag-net; this we borrowed; and under the direction of a good-natured gamekeeper, prepared for the great event. First, as the wood-stack adjoined the moat, many logs and sticks had found their way into it, and had to be removed—otherwise, they would not only have torn the meshes, but lifted the net up, and let out the fish.

So my brother and I spent a half-holiday in wading about with rakes, and stirring up, along with the sticks we hauled out, much accumulated nastiness; beside this, we dug a trench at the end of the moat, and lowered the water about a foot by letting it off into a ditch. While we were clearing the moat, the farmer, a red-faced old gentleman, named Moses, who wore a thick black neckerchief like a horse-collar, which, I believe, he put on over his head of a morning, excited us with promise of the sport we should have; he had counted the carp by hundreds—thousands, he might say—and the yardman, last Tuesday, when he went to fetch a pail of water to wash his cart, after coming back from market, saw one as big as a sow.

At last the day came. We carried the net in a cart, and fitted up a tumbril with a large tub, to bring home the fish. The drag was about six feet deep and ten yards wide, with a rope at each corner, and a long pocket in the middle. It was not quite wide enough for the moat, so a man walked at each end with a big stick, thrashing the water and kicking about, to keep the fish in the middle. We paused occasionally to let the corks float up, and to remove several sticks which the leads at the lower edge of the net scraped up. Presently the prey began to shew—some flopped over the net, and others escaped at the edges, knocking against one's legs in their excusable hurry to be off. Still, many remained; and when the net came opposite the sloping place where the horses used to drink, we ran it on shore, filled with a mass of animated mud. Flop, flap, splutter—some 200 carp, many of large size, were flurrying about, slipping out of our fingers, and splashing the filth into our faces, till we were as muddy as they. Of course, we boys dashed into the thick of it at once. Some few got off, but we tossed most of the fish into the tub before they knew where they were. After this, we groped about at the edges of the moat, specially among the roots of some trees, and found several great cunning fellows, who had shoved their noses into holes, and were waiting quietly till the fuss was over. These we tickled, slipping the hand coaxingly along their backs; then a quick dig of the thumb into the gills, and a firm gripe, secured even the strongest; but no one who has not tried it knows how strong and slippery a large carp, say of four or five pounds-weight, is under the

water. Even when fairly raised above the surface, he will surely fling himself out of your grasp, unless you get your thumb well into his gills.

We dragged the moat several times again that day, and carried quite a colony back to the mere —once there, they served only to furnish food for the pike, for we could not catch them. The seniors were too big to be swallowed, and so the supply was kept up.

Sometimes, however, even the larger ones were attempted by their voracious neighbours. Several years afterwards, I was fishing there from my punt, and saw an odd movement at the surface of the water about ten yards off. Paddling up, I found a biggish carp swimming about with a pike of less than his own size hanging upon his nose. The pike had been dead some time, for he had begun to decay, and leeches were clinging to his side. He had tried to swallow the carp, but could get only about half its head into his mouth. Having gaped to the full stretch of his jaws, he could not open his mouth wider to draw his teeth out, so he remained attached to his intended dinner, and died a victim to gluttony. The poor carp, not being able to get rid of his enemy, even when dead, had to go about his business with a corpse as big as himself on his head. Growing weak, he rose to the surface, where I found him, swimming feebly round and round, with his hideous incumbrance. I took him into the boat, slit the pike's jaws open with my knife, and released the carp, who paddled off with a light heart and a very sore nose.

But, not to anticipate. We transferred a large tubful of fish from the moat to the mere, where they multiplied, and served the pike. To these and the perch we added store of tench, mostly taken with the hook in neighbouring ponds.

For three or four years, we made no attempt to catch any fish in the mere. The first trial was for pike, trolling. After a few throws, my brother had a run, and presently landed a fine fellow of about five pounds-weight. From this time we went on; but no success seemed to keep their numbers down, so prodigiously had the pike multiplied themselves. The place swarmed with them. The perch, too, gave excellent sport. On a cloudy summer day, with a soft wind, I have taken two or three dozen very respectable fish. They were no longer the sickly pale little fellows we used to catch in the ponds, but strong, dark, and fat, weighing, on an average, three-quarters of a pound. We seldom caught a small one. They were so well fed, that cook said when she fried them she never had occasion to use any butter.

The tench also grew fast. We sometimes caught them with a hook and line, but by far the greater number were taken in bow-nets. These are nets made in the shape of a large drum, the ends, instead of being flat, opening inwards, leaving at last only a narrow aperture; so that it is easy for a fish to swim into the interior of the drum, but next to impossible for him to find his way out.

The inducement for the tench to enter is a nosegay of bright flowers. This excites their curiosity. Not content with looking at it from the outside, they are never satisfied till they can touch it with their noses. The nosegay is suspended in the middle of the drum, which is sunk in water about its own depth. The tench congregate outside, at first only asking one another what it can be. Presently, some adventurous spirit is overcome by curiosity, and finds his way in; the rest soon follow, and I have taken up a net of this kind, which had been laid down only for one night, with as many as a dozen of these fish within it—all large. Few fish but tench are thus inquisitive. Occasionally, a strong pike will charge the net, and go slap through, thus letting out others as well as himself; but the gentle timid tench, if left to themselves, hardly ever escape. But though the pike sometimes broke through our bow-nets, they, in their turn, were deceived by the trimmers. A common black quart-bottle, with ten yards of line twisted round its neck, and then stuck in a notch in the cork, leaving an end of about a foot, is attached to a dead fish, with the shank of a double hook passed through him, the point sticking out on each side of his mouth. The motion of the water makes the bottle bob about, and the bait move as if it were alive. Mr Pike swallows it, and swims off, little thinking of the fatal evidence to his whereabout that accompanies him in the shape of the bottle. You have only to take up the bottle, haul in the line, and the pike necessarily follows at the end of it. We caught numbers thus, when the water grew too weedy for us to troll.

The carp we never saw again, except on two or three occasions in the summer, when they got into a shallow bay with a narrow neck, which ran out of the mere. Once we were sitting in the library, when the coachman came up to the window in great excitement to say that a whole shoal of large carp were playing about there. We happened to have the old drag-net in the coach-house, so we ran it down in a wheel-barrow; laid it across the neck of the bay, to prevent the return of the fish into the mere; and running into the water, chased the carp about till we caught them with our bare hands. There were about a dozen, all large; one weighed more than nine pounds. I remember throwing myself down upon him, and getting him between my knees; then I seized him, with my thumb in his gills, and bore him out above my head with great splashing and triumph. They very seldom, however, gave us a chance like this, and it was impossible to take them with a hook—they were too shy. We tried over and over again with the most delicate worms and prepared paste, but it was of no use. There was a deep hole in the middle of the mere, and we had reason to believe that the large carp generally lay there, for, except on the occasion when they made the fatal trip to the shallow bay, we never caught even a sight of them in the water. But they served the purpose for which we introduced them into the mere, inasmuch as they kept up a continual supply of little ones for the pike.

I have gone into these details, as perhaps a young reader may be tempted to stock some barren pond in his neighbourhood. Our patience was rewarded; we learned not to despise the day of small things. In a few years after we had put in the first fish, Nether Mere got the credit of being one of the best angling-places for miles around.

FIELDING'S NEWSPAPERS.

Henry Fielding was very nearly forty years old when he became a newspaper owner and editor. Early in the autumn of 1745, the news had broken upon the Londoners, how that the chivalrous young Charles Edward had landed in Inverness-shire, and was demanding for his father his grandfather's throne and kingdom. The Londoners only laughed —'His army is made up of gray-beards and no beards,' said they. But when they heard, drift by drift, rumours of the successes of this Falstaff's ragged regiment, this Bombastes Furioso army—how they conquered or forced to capitulate every detachment sent against them—how the clans were thickening around the Stuart standard—how their chief had taken Edinburgh, and was holding court at Holyrood—how he had beaten Cope at Prestonpans, and was marching, flushed with victory, into England—how Carlisle had yielded to summons, and Manchester had received him—then the mirth of the Londoners was changed into sudden terror.

Vague apprehensions that they were surrounded by a multitude of crypto-Jacobites appalled the citizens. They calculated all the chances of Charles Edward's success. What if he should march to London, and being joined on his way at every turn by these secret allies, give battle to King George and his

Finchley troops, and defeat them? Many began to count over the reasons which favoured their pronouncing themselves converts to the views of the old royal family, and to incline to a Jacobitish interpretation of their duty and interest. They began to review their real feelings towards George II., his habits and predilections. Why should they ruin themselves for the sake of a foreign-born king, who detested England, and was always trying to get away from it to his own beery Hanover? This seems to have been the nature of the reasoning fast spreading amongst the middle and trading classes. The same revolution of opinion in the old rebellion, thirty years before, drew the first literary man of his time into the political arena, and made him the editor, or, as it was then called, 'author' of a newspaper. Addison fought the Jacobitism of 1715 with his *Freeholder;* the same reasoning in 1745 takes Fielding from novels and comedies into politics, and he contends with the growing Jacobitism with wonderful success in his *True Patriot.*

On Tuesday, the 5th of November (just as the Young Pretender was on the border-land, marching for Carlisle), appeared the first number of this paper, and it was a most significant day to commence upon; for Fielding's mightiest weapon, in the whole of this newspaper battle, was his sense of the strength of the traditional *dread of popery* in the English mind, and his ability to point to the resolute popery of Charles Edward's father. On that very day (5th November), popery had seemed to bear a fearful relationship to the very first king of United England and Scotland: Fielding is careful never to forget 'Gunpowder Treason and Plot.'

Henry Fielding, in his *True Patriot*, meets Jacobitism by a double effort: first, he attempts to throw ridicule on the Stuarts, and to awaken a dread of the results of their restoration; secondly, he seeks to restore confidence in the *de facto* king and government. A complete copy of this interesting paper is preserved in Dr Burney's enormous collection of eighteenth century newspapers, and this copy I have used. A few of the best articles in the *True Patriot* have, indeed, retained a certain publicity from being inserted by Arthur Murphy in his large quarto edition of his friend's works; but in the doctor's collection we have the very newspapers themselves, just as they came wet from the press to the great novelist's hands, to the subscribers, and to the coffee-houses of old London. The paper has a subtitle—*The History of our Own Times.* It was published every Tuesday. Each number contains an essay by Fielding himself; a serial 'History of the Progress of the Rebels;' and a summary of the news of the week, digested into Foreign, Town, and Country News.

I said that Fielding's first object in this newspaper is to throw ridicule upon James and Charles Edward, and their followers, and next to awaken a dread of their success. Stories, letters, diaries, dreams, are poured out in the greatest profusion, alternately satirising and forewarning. Ladies are made to tell the *True Patriot*, in pleasantly worded epistles, that all the handsome women of their acquaintance have agreed to support the government, if only to keep Highlanders out of London—who would be the only sentinels if the Stuarts succeeded—swarming, as they do—so the ladies say—with insects which it is not polite to mention. A gentleman gives the *True Patriot* an account of the manner in which he orders his chaplain about, making him do a butler's work, and so on: but all this will be over, says he, if the Jacobites succeed; every man of property will have to keep a Jesuit chaplain in house, then, who will be his master instead of his servant. Others inform the *True Patriot* of secret treaties, by which, in consideration of French aid, the Pretender will make England a dependency and tributary of France, if he succeeds. These three most galling barbs to the English mind—the ascendency of the Scotch, the Pope, and the French—Fielding plays in upon his hesitating countrymen, in every number of his newspaper, with the most varied humour, with untiring earnestness, and with his own unparalleled knowledge of the ordinary English mind.

In a very long paper in No. 9, 'A Tradesman's Diary in the Reign of King James the Third of England and Ninth of Scotland,' all three of these telling barbs are shot together. The rebellion, of course, is supposed to have succeeded; the Elector of Hanover—late titular king of Britain—has been driven to his own little electorate.

'*January* 1, 1746.—The conqueror proclaimed at Stocks Market, amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars.

'*Jan.* 3.—Queen Anne's statue in St Paul's Churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its stead.

'*Jan.* 4, 5, and 6.—The cash, transfer-books, &c., moved to the Tower from the Bank, South Sea and India Houses, which ('tis reported) are to be turned into convents.

'*Jan.* 10.—Three Anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St Paul's Churchyard.

'*Jan.* 24.—The three Anabaptists above mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged. Executed the same day. Attended by Mr M'Henley, the ordinary. [The most unlikely man, but Fielding never spared poor Orator Henley.]

'*Jan.* 28.—This day, the *Gazette* informs us, that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth were delivered into the hands of French commissioners as *cautionary* towns; and also 28 ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, as pursuant to treaty.

'*Jan.* 30.—*Habeas Corpus* Act, and the act abolishing the Writ *de Hæretico Comburendo* repealed by House of Commons. Mutiny among Highland soldiers. Quelled by doubling their pay. A motion made about restoration of abbey-lands.

'*Feb.* 2.—Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollard's Tower at Lambeth, for heresy.

'*Feb.* 5.—A promotion of eighteen general-officers, three only of whom were English.

'*Feb.* 6.—Various grants passed the Privy Seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, *all foreigners.*

[Father Poignardi, an Italian Jesuit, is Privy Seal; while Father M'Dagger, a Scotchman, is the royal confessor. Nearly every day has an entry of a burning of heretics in Smithfield.]

'*March* 4.—An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the King's Bench, for an innuendo at Batson's, that Bath water was preferable to holy water. The pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

'*March* 7.—A grand office opened at Drury Lane, for the sale of pardons and indulgences.

'*March* 16.—Lord Chief-justice W—les and Admiral V–rn–n hanged at Tyburn.'*

Fielding addresses Charles Edward as 'Charles Stuart, Esq.' He always represents his father as a covetous, self-seeking fellow; and knowing how London citizens despised a penurious man, he is incessantly alluding to James's beggary. In No. 12, he prints 'a letter found in a room which the Pretender had just left in a hurry.' King James III. in this epistle informs 'his well-beloved son, Charles Prince of Wales, our Regent,' that he shall not himself start for England until he has received from thence a remittance to pay his Italian bills. But none of his prognostications, however, told so well on the national mind as those against popery. In No. 1, he chronicles a humorous procession, which really took place at Deptford in November 1745, and recommends it for

* No. 10, January 7.

imitation to all the municipalities in the kingdom. A troop of men dressed as Highlanders, Jesuits, and Capuchins were marched about the parish, bearing a large standard, on which was written,

'INDULGENCES CHEAP AS DIRT.

A murder, ...	L.0	0	9
Adultery, ...	0	0	9½
Reading the Bible, . . .	1000	0	0
Fornication, ...	0	0	4½
Perjury, ...	0	0	0
Rebellion, a reward of .	0	1	1¼.'

In No. 2, he relates a witty dream of his, in which he undergoes a persecution by the Inquisition of England for being the author of the *True Patriot*.

So much of the negative purposes of Fielding's newspaper. It had also a *constructive* intention: he wished to rouse up those who were not Jacobitically inclined, those who dreaded the loss of the Hanoverian and constitutional dynasty. The greatest stumbling-block in his way to this end was the persistent distrust and abuse cast by the Whigs upon their own ministers. Fielding shews them that ministers can never do vigorously unless the people support them with faith and a cheerful confidence. Nearly every number of the *True Patriot* contains something in this way. Thus, No. 22 has an excellent paper, starting with the question, 'Whether an Englishman can fight three Frenchmen?' In it he entreats his countrymen, above everything else, to moderate their expectations. 'There is nothing,' says he, 'at once so wonderful, and so unreasonable, as that kind of fiery impatience shewn by the generality of our people with regard to our public affairs. One would imagine, to hear their discourses at some times, that they looked upon our armies as invincible, and on our ministers as somewhat more than men. With respect to the former, they are amazed that they have not dispersed the rebels before they came up with them.' Again, in No. 29, for May 13, 1746, he inserts the following 'letter:' 'Sir, I was very well pleased with you for some time, while you only writ against Jacobites, whom I despise as much as you can. But what the d—l do you mean by calling yourself a Patriot, while you write in favour of a ministry? Sir, I hate a minister. That is my principle. And if I understand *what a patriot is, he is one who opposes the ministry*. I have always opposed ministers, and always will. They are all alike, and all rogues, and any man who votes on the side of the ministry shall be opposed to the utmost of my power at his election. I hate all ministers as I hate the d—l. Old England will never see happy days till they are all hanged. That is the way to rid us of taxes, and armies, and fleets, and H–n–v–r–ns.' With such obtuse fellows as these he here satirises for his allies, no wonder Fielding was obliged, three years later, to start his *Jacobite's Journal*, to hunt out and scatter the remaining dregs of Jacobitism.

Fielding's newspaper is interesting also for the glances it affords into the social life of the time; an interest, however, common to its contemporary serials, rather than specific. In No. 3, we are introduced to the volunteer movement of 1745. 'Yesterday, the Royal Blue Incorporated Volunteers of the City of London met at Blackwell's Coffee-house, and chose Mr Leader Cox, an eminent merchant of this city, for their captain.' And in No. 15, we have another piece of information which touches closely upon our own time: 'Hoop petticoats have of late grown to so enormous, and indeed portentous a size, that should they increase as they have done during the last ten years, our houses must be soon pulled down, and built with great gates, instead of doors, to admit them.'

Fielding shews himself, too, in all his own specialities in the *True Patriot;* he does not forget that he is the popular novelist, the famed writer of *Joseph Andrews;* thus, in Nos. 7 and 13, he inserts letters from his glorious Parson Abraham Adams; as he did also, three years later, in his second newspaper, the *Jacobite's Journal*. All his resolute antipathies, too, re-appear in his newspaper. No. 9 contains a fierce attack upon operas, in the shape of a 'Letter from Signor Cantilena,' affecting to be a defence of them. He hated them, as did all the satirists, poetical and artistic, of that time; and he girded at them with his pen, in farces and comedies, and in essays in the *Champion* and the *Covent Garden Journal*, as did his friend Hogarth, with his pencil and graver.

Each number has a section of it set apart, not as in modern journals for 'births, deaths, and marriages,' but for the fivefold incidents of 'casualties, commitments, preferments, marriages, and deaths.' These are not inserted, like the births, marriages, and deaths of our journals, as advertisements, but as news. Nor are the casualties penny-a-lined to a dreary and detailed length, but given in a curt and quick way really admirable, and quite an example to this over-newspapered age of ours. Take, as a specimen, the following: 'One of the Blue-coat boys at Christ's Hospital, dangerously wounded by a bricklayer's throwing a piece of stone from the top of a house without notice.' 'A baker's daughter in Devonshire Street hanged herself for love.' 'Mr Cookson of Goldalming, in Surrey, thrown from his horse, and killed upon the spot.' 'On Sunday last, a man drunk so large a quantity of Geneva, at a house in Kingsland Road, that he died soon after on a dunghill in that neighbourhood.' A small matter, we cannot help pondering, to those three, whether George or James should be king of England. The awful results of the Geneva-drinking were popularly acceptable at that time—the time when Hogarth contrasted foreign and English drinks in his 'Gin Lane' and 'Beer Street.' (No. 22, March 25, 1746.)

The *preferments* did not include the clergy alone, but every kind of public advancement, as, to take a specimen from the same paper: 'Mr Thomas Woodward, junior, appointed general-surveyor of the window-lights.' The *marriages* were always remarkably explicit in all the newspapers; take these few from No. 22: 'William Mount, Esq., of Tower Hill, to Miss Betty Girdle, a very agreeable and deserving young lady.' 'Mr Christopher Puler, an eminent merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Noyes, a lady of beauty, and L.6000 besides.' 'Mr Thomas Cotton, an eminent merchant in Tower Street, London, to Miss Maria Theresa Parcell, a young lady possessed of every accomplishment capable to make the marriage state happy, with a fortune of L.12,000.'

THE MOWER'S SONG.

Move together, scythes and mowers,
Foot and foot, and hand and hand;
Move together, merry mowers,
In a close and sturdy band.

Drive the hare from grassy covert,
Scare the lark from off his nest,
Till rosy fire is burning eastward,
Rosy echoes back the west.

Move together, merry mowers,
With your circling, glittering steel,
Till the hot sun turn and weaken,
Till the stanchest flag and reel.

Mow together, merry mowers,
Till the young moon, smiling out,
Calls ye homeward, where the children
Greet you with their welcome shout!

W. T.

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VOS NON VOBIS.

ABOUT the year 1817, a worthy gentleman, who had fallen out of conceit with his country, migrated to America, purchased a tract of land in a back settlement, and set himself with all his energy to improve it. After a few years of extremely hard work, and no small hardship and suffering, he found things so far prospering with him, and the country generally getting on so well, that he thought he might safely venture on extending his possessions. On applying, however, at the land-office, he discovered that all the land around his estate had been bought up by a long-headed man, newly come to the country, who, having observed the effect of the first settler's active industry, foresaw that the neighbourhood must be a thriving one. The end of the matter was, that our first settler had to pay, for the addition to his estate, two or three extra prices: he was fined, as it were, for his own industry, while the seller was rewarded for another's sacrifices and deservings.

It seems a hard case; but it is only the type of a form of hardship which the community experiences in every progressive country, through a peculiarity connected with land-property. In all such countries, while the amount of land necessarily remains the same, the increase of the population and the increase of other kinds of wealth necessarily enhance its value. The owner of territory has only to wait quietly with his hands in his pockets, while others are working around him, sure that, as they get numerous and rich, they will confer a new extrinsic value on the soil, through their dependence on it for food, and their desires and needs for the possession of parcels of it; thus becoming enriched at their expense, and with no necessary merit on his own part. The workers, in fact, have to suffer for the consequences of their own industry; the new mouths may be said to pay a toll for permission to exist on the soil. There is, indeed, a competition from landowners out of the country, provided that foreign food is allowed to be imported. But nearness of situation, and other local circumstances, tell here in a serious way. A man who desires to have a piece of ground for a new factory, or a house, or the means of rural recreation and enjoyment, must have it near the place where his concerns are, or he cannot have it at all. The land within a few miles of the populous town has a great advantage, in the supply of food to that place, over any amount of country situated beyond seas. The landowner, in short, becomes a monopolist, because everything besides geographical space can be, and usually is, multiplied.

No one, or scarcely any one, is disposed to challenge the right of property in the soil. It is a privilege in no serious danger anywhere. But there may be limitations which the general interest calls for being imposed upon it. A principle equally sacred with property, is that which declares that he who works deserves to enjoy the results of his labours, and no other person. Just consider for a moment the relation of the population to the soil. We see, in some sequestered valley, an Industry arise, we scarcely can tell how—a weaving of woollens, a making of paper, or an iron-foundry. In its creation, whosoever may have been concerned, it is never the landowners. Yet, by and by, we see these gentlemen benefiting largely by the increased local demand for food, and probably letting out their acres for building purposes, at handsome ground-rents, all without the slightest exertion or sacrifice on their part—on the contrary, they have most probably, through pride and prejudice, thrown all possible obstructions in the way of the Industry, and only been won by large bribes to allow it the additional space it requires. Or we see a little creek become, in the course of half a century, through some accidental circumstances, a large port, but only so through the expenditure of immense sums by the inhabitants for the purchase of dock-space and lands for buildings, from an owner who had not the least share of merit in any part of the history of the enterprise. Or take simply a population like that of London, which, having once attained a certain magnitude, goes on irresistibly, from forces resting within itself, continually, of course, calling for more land over which to extend itself. The people must obtain the land adjoining that already built upon, and the urgency of their demands of course dictates the estimate put upon it. The owner stipulates not merely for a rent several multiples of the agricultural value of the land, but requires that the property built upon it shall be his own at the end of a century. It is these hard terms for ground to live upon which form the chief basis of the noted dearness of living in all large cities, each man having to charge more for his labour, and for every article he sells, in order to make up for the enhanced cost of his dwelling.

The matter is softened to us in appearance, by the gradual nature of the rise in the value of land. Extending over generations, and distributed over a succession of proprietors, it does not in general affect us as a great iniquity on the part of any individual. But, in reality, the fact of a value arising through the industry and merit of others, is not extenuated by the number who have participated in the undeserved benefit. Whether the case be such as occurs in the heart of London, where bits of land have, after two thousand years, come to sell at the rate of L.180,000

per acre, as lately happened in a remarkable instance, or an American adventurer buys a hundred and sixty acres of land at forty pounds, and finds it in eight years worth about forty thousand, through no merit of his, but merely in consequence of a town called Chicago rising upon it in the meantime (a fact)—the absurdity is equally glaring. All such increment of value is clearly conferred by the community, and the benefit is realised by a different party.

There is an acknowledgment of the truth of what is here set down, in the estimate usually put upon land. In this country it is scarcely ever to be had at a price to yield more than 3 per cent., being considerably below the profit to be derived from other investments. Its value is thus declared to be in a great degree prospective. Its possessors know that it cannot be made greater in quantity, and that these poor toilers who live upon it, will always be more and more pressed to obtain pieces of it, and more and more under a dependence upon it for food. They consequently look for a price above the level of the current value of other things, and that price is freely given. It has, accordingly, come to be recognised as the most suitable investment for families possessing hereditary rank, and for the funds of institutions designed to be permanent. Every owner of it may be said to have a *lien* upon the future industry of the country.

It seems pretty clear that there is an error and an evil here, one which, if carried to its utmost, would make the owning of land intolerable to the community. It may therefore be expected that, ere long, the means of imposing a check upon it consistent with acquired rights will have to be considered in all advanced communities. In America, even now, efforts are sometimes made to lessen it, by the members of an infant township buying up, in their joint names, a large parcel of the neighbouring land. The evil might be considerably softened in our own country, if town-corporations were more generally the holders of the adjoining property, and were to apply the results of the enhanced value for purposes of general utility. Meanwhile some good will have been accomplished, if these remarks should awaken the large landowners to a sense of the peculiar nature of their property, and impress them with the duty which is incumbent upon them, of making their monopoly interfere as little as possible with the free movements of the labouring part of the community.

NELLY MACADAM.

In the beginning of the year 1798, Nelly Macadam came to live as general servant and maid-of-all-work with the Misses Campbell of Partick House. The Misses Campbell were two maiden sisters on the high road to fifty, but in excellent preservation. Both were tall and gaunt as they had ever been, with the precise and somewhat stately manner becoming to ladies of their family; for the Misses Campbell could count relationship to the ducal House of Argyle. The reckoning, indeed, would have puzzled anybody out of Scotland; it was long and rather intricate; but the maiden sisters understood and explained the subject when occasion required; and their neighbours with one accord allowed that they were born gentlewomen. Partick House was their paternal inheritance; it had descended to them from the Campbells of Partick, whose latest scions they were; but the mansion and farm appended had been leased to a certain Captain Hardy from the north of Ireland, who, having retired on half-pay, and with a considerable number of boys and girls, rented the place, and lived there in free-and-easy style, till his girls got married, his boys got commissions under favour of the French war, and he departed this life sincerely regretted by numerous and despairing creditors. The Misses Campbell could not let their house to people of inferior rank; it was growing too old and out of fashion for modern gentry, so they removed from the Saltmarket in Glasgow, where they had occupied a third flat with great gentility for almost thirty years, and took possession of their family mansion. It was situated in a solitary hollow, a good Scotch mile from the old village of Partick, then of smaller dimensions and less resort than it is at present—a house of two low stories, with small windows and a thatched roof, built in the primitive style of Scottish manor-houses, itself forming the centre, its offices the two wings. And the interior arrangements corresponded with the external. There was a great kitchen or ha', with the indispensable dresser and wide chimney; from it opened on either side the best and the second parlour, the former having in its rear the best pantry, the latter, the Misses Campbell's bedroom; while behind the kitchen lay the dairy, the larder, and a small room thought particularly suitable for the servant-maid, as it communicated with the barn, and thence with the cow-house, so that the outdoor duties might be performed without risk of storm or snow, a consideration not to be overlooked in the west-country winters. The white-washed walls and earthen-floor of this chamber, its window of minute diamond-shaped panes set in a leaden sash, its settle supplied with a chaff-bed and a tartan quilt, were esteemed suitable accommodations for a servant of a genteel family in those days.

There Nelly set up her wardrobe and her toilet—the former consisting of a stout oaken chest, wherein, besides her providing of linen, kept in store against the wedding which every woman is said to expect, was her Sunday-suit, including the Bible and Psalm-book, without which, being a true Presbyterian, Nelly never went to kirk. Nelly was a Lanarkshire lass, robust, rosy, and good-humoured. Her neat short-gown, plaid-petticoat, white handkerchief, and nut-brown hair, always smooth and shining, her fair face, with its pleasant honest look, gained for Nelly the general estimate of a trig bonny lass. She might have been a rustic belle in her own class; but Nelly had been brought up a strict Cameronian, trained to avoid trysts and merry-makings. Moreover, the girl was an orphan, had no relations nearer than some Highland cousins in Argyleshire, and had been at service from her thirteenth year. The Misses Campbell had taken her from a respectable farmhouse, where she had served seven terms. It was no small promotion for Nelly, and had not been attained without a lengthy negotiation, which was at last concluded by a treaty, the special articles of which were, that she should look after the cow and her milk—the Misses Campbell kept but one crummock—make hay for her at midsummer, polish the mahogany in the best parlour once a fortnight, spin six cuts of yarn every day, and receive as wages five pounds a year. From these stipulations, it may be observed that the honour of Nelly's office somewhat exceeded its profit.

The Misses Campbell's incomings consisted of rent paid in kind for the farm attached to their house—which they had let to a wealthy neighbour, with skill and capital to till it—and also the returns of the flat in the Saltmarket, in which a Glasgow merchant had established himself as their tenant. With such revenues, it could not be expected that their housekeeping would be on a liberal scale; but ladies of good family could do with meat on Thursdays and tea on Sundays in those times. Their black satin gowns had been bought when they visited Edinburgh under the conduct of their father the major, who died before the American war, and had required no alteration for fifteen years. Moreover, they had the mahogany which Nelly was to polish; a tea-service

of real china, left them by their grandmother; together with a silver tea-pot, which saw the light only on occasions of extraordinary state, and was a cause of ceaseless anxiety to its fair possessors, on account of the covetous hands it might attract to their solitary mansion. It has also to be noted that the Misses Campbell were remarkably fine spinners; and practised their art with such good effect, that the dealers in linen-yarn throughout the country easily recognised their smooth wiry thread, and were willing to give the best price for it. With so many helps and holdings, the Misses Campbell did not consider themselves poor. If their incomings were small, their expenses were also few. Their tenant-farm supplied them with oatmeal for the porridge, peat for the fire, and flax for spinning; the Glasgow merchant enabled them to purchase foreign luxuries in the shape of tea and sugar; and a single field which they had retained, supplied the summer grass and winter hay for Nelly's charge in the byre. The provender and the produce were equally well managed. They had their satins for Sundays, and the china and silver tea-pot to bring forth from the carefully locked cupboard, when they were visited by their nephew the captain.

The gentleman so called was properly a lieutenant in the preventive service. He had been what is known in Scotland as a ne'er-do-weel, in his youth. That was passed, for the nephew's age was little under his aunts', as will sometimes happen in extensive families, and reformation or sobriety had come with his discreet days; but he was still a bachelor, able to spend more than his income and perquisites —preventive officers could boast of such things then— and impatiently waiting for the death of an uncle in Fife, who, as the captain expressed it, 'kept him out of his property'—a house and farm strongly resembling the estate of the Campbells of Partick.

Life in the latter mansion was a prudent and primitive business; early to bed and early to rise were among its chief rules of action. The Misses Campbell spun in the second parlour, and Nelly in the kitchen; the elder sister, Miss Peggy, superintended the dairy, cow-house, and outdoor transactions; the younger, Miss Betty, kept a keen eye on all domestic matters, from the making of the barley-broth to the locking up of the china. There was an appointed day for the putting on of the kail-pot, another for the kirn, and no extremity of wind or weather was permitted to prevent the ladies and their servants from attending their respective kirks every Sunday. The Misses Campbell walked in all the state of beaver-hats and pattens to their parish-church, as by law established. Nelly, with no less regularity, and perhaps more fervour, repaired to an old house standing among fields, and inexpensively fitted up as the meeting-house of a Cameronian congregation, who regarded themselves as the upholders of the Covenant; spoke of the dominant church as the indulged; and were at once proud of, and edified by, the ministrations of an earnest and laborious man, whose grandfather had suffered in the Grassmarket. There was little variety, and less time to feel the want of it. Though within a short distance of the busy town of Glasgow, Partick House had an out-of-the-world position. Removed from the highway, with no neighbours nearer than half a mile, its news was gathered at kirk or market, for Miss Peggy sometimes attended the latter in the village for the purchase of mutton and like rarities. Occasionally, too, a travelling-chapman exchanged the gossip of the country for the very small purchases the Misses Campbell made. There were, besides, half-yearly visits to Glasgow, for the purpose of collecting what the ladies called their rents. But their chief source of intelligence concerning the great world was Captain Campbell, who, being stationed at Greenock, usually visited his aunts about once a quarter. His coming created a mighty sensation in that quiet household. The state bedroom—the only one in use in the second story—was opened and aired for his reception; the china was brought out, the tea-pot exhibited, the best parlour put in occupation; and Miss Hamilton, a maiden lady of family almost equal to their own, and with something in the Glasgow Bank, was invited from her house in Partick to take tea, and be seen home by the gallant captain, whose designs in that quarter his aunts considered very discreet. It was their fashionable season. Yet the captain's visit had one unlucky effect. He brought them such terrible disclosures of the state of the times, how the French were overrunning the world, and would certainly invade Scotland—how the Irish were in rebellion, and the Papists were determined to extirpate the Protestants—and what villainous intentions the Radicals of Glasgow had against all loyal subjects and people of good family, that the poor sisters felt not only the silver tea-pot but their own lives in danger; and they kept a double watch, after the captain's departure, on the doors and windows of their solitary house, which neither chapman nor beggar was permitted to enter on any pretext.

Nelly had the smallest share of these terrors. Her work was heavier, and her slumber sounder, yet she never concluded operations for the day without seeing that the outer door of the cow-house—the most accessible point in the rear of the mansion—was securely bolted with two strong iron bars, which made it fast above and below. Nelly, as well as her employers, was most particular about this duty when the long winter nights set in. Her service at Partick House had commenced in the spring; but the spring had worn into summer, and the summer into harvest, the hay had been made and gathered in, the dairy duties had been done to Miss Peggy's satisfaction, Miss Betty was well pleased with her polishing the mahogany, and her execution of the six cuts, and she had been re-engaged at the November term. The captain paid one of his alarming visits about a month after. He came in the middle of the week, remained till Saturday, and promised to return on the following Friday, as particular business called him to Edinburgh; but never were the captain's tales more full of terror, and he specially dwelt on the number of Irish rebels who had come over to Scotland, partly to avoid the vengeance of the government, and partly to combine with the Radicals in their wicked designs.

'I shouldn't wonder,' he said, 'that some of them would be lurking about here: it's a lonely place. Take my advice: if you see any suspicious-looking man, disguised like, and as if in hiding, send word quietly to Major Stuart, in Partick, and he'll send some of his soldiers to look after him.'

It was a troubled time; the towns were full of party agitation, the contentions of the Whigs and Tories embroiled the rural districts, and were heard at fair and market; the government was jealous of every movement in the direction of reform; its agents and spies were on the look-out in every corner; companies of soldiers were stationed in every village; and quiet timid people like the Misses Campbell knew not what to fear. Nelly's mind was full of these matters when she retired to rest on the Sunday night after the captain's departure. Her minister had made serious and almost prophetic reflections on the times; her neighbours had given her scraps of alarming intelligence from the *Glasgow Post;* and the night had set in with a fearful storm from the north-west, accompanied with sleet and snow. The doors were all safely barred. Nelly had said her prayers, not without a sincere thanksgiving that she had rest and shelter in such a night; but the blasts which shook the whole house, and drove volumes of snow against her window, would not let the poor girl sleep. At last there was a temporary lull, and a

dreamy sense of slumber was stealing over her, when she was startled broad awake by something like a suppressed groan. Nelly raised herself, and listened. It was not the wind moaning in the chimneys, for she heard it again, and, at the same time, a low rustling among the hay, which convinced her there was something in the barn. In common with all the peasantry of Scotland, Nelly had heard a good deal about ghaists and bogles. She remembered that the cow-house door, by which alone entrance could be effected to the barn, had been barred for hours, yet she could distinctly hear a sound of steps and movements beyond the partition, and the groans became louder. Nelly was a brave girl, and had a good conscience. Whatever might be there, she resolved to see it. There was a rush-light in the kitchen; and having lighted it at the embers, carefully covered with the peat-ashes for the next day's fire, she solemnly commended herself to the protection of Providence, threw on the readiest of her garments, and stepped into the barn with the cold sweat hanging on her brow. All seemed dark and silent there; but on closer examination, a heap of hay in the further corner was not exactly as she had left it; and as she approached nearer, Nelly's eye caught the dim outline of a man's figure, stretched at his length, and half concealed between the hay and the wall. Nelly knew that was no ghaist, but it might be a robber in search of the silver tea-pot. There was no use in giving the alarm; the Misses Campbell would be much more terrified than herself; no neighbour could hear their united shrieks; and how many more men might be in the barn! While these thoughts passed through her mind, Nelly became aware that the man had fixed his eyes on her, and was rising, but so slowly, that something must be wrong with him.

'Make no noise, and don't be afraid,' he said; and his voice sounded so low and feeble, that Nelly felt there was little danger to be apprehended from him. 'Come near, and let me speak to you. I mean no harm to the house, nor anybody in it, but I have nowhere else to go from the fearful storm, and have crept in here. Will you let me stay till the morning?'

'For Gude's sake, sir, what's the matter wi' ye?' said Nelly, for she now perceived that the man, who was sitting half up, had the dress and appearance of a gentleman, though his clothes were dust and weather soiled. Nelly also saw that he was young and handsome; but his black hair, which he wore without queue or powder, lay in wet masses about the face, which want or sickness had made ghastly pale.

'You're a good girl, I think, and won't betray me,' he said, after a long look at her—'so I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm hiding for my life. I was one of the United Irishmen, and the government have set a price upon my head. I got over to Glasgow in a fishing-smack from Lough Foyle, thinking to be safe there, but the informers are on my track. I have been hiding for a fortnight past in the woods and moors; and for fear of dying with cold, I crept in here. I happen to know the house, for a friend of my father's once lived in it. Will you befriend me? and God will reward you, if I never can.'

There was a mighty conflict between fear and charity in Nelly's mind. Here was one of the Irish rebels, of whom the captain had told such terrible tales. Who knew what confederates he might have ready to murder the household in their beds, and carry off the silver tea-pot! Yet his drenched torn clothes, and look of want and suffering, went to the woman's heart, and she answered: 'Deed, sir, if ye had ony better friends to go till, I would advise you no to stay here; there might be government-men comin' about the place, and I dinna think ye could be hidden.'

'Well, my girl,' said the stranger, evidently guessing with whom he had to deal, 'there are two hundred pounds reward for my apprehension; you may get it by betraying me.'

'I ne'er heard that the price o' blood profited ony that got it, and I dinna want the like; but I'm sorry for you, sir, and the night's fearfu'. If you would jist come up to this corner, I'll gie ye ane of my blankets, and cover ye up till the morn.'

'God bless you, my girl!' said the stranger, moving up to the appointed corner; and Nelly saw that he was tall as well as handsome, but so faint that he could scarcely stand. 'For charity's sake, will you give me something to eat? I have tasted nothing for the last two days.' Nelly hesitated for a minute. There was little left from under lock and key in that economical house: some cold porridge, indeed, remained on the dresser; it was not hers to give; but the man was starving. He joyfully accepted the offer; and when she stole out to the kitchen, and brought him a portion, small enough not to be missed by Miss Betty, the relish with which he despatched that unsavoury morsel, convinced the sensible girl that she had done no wrong. Her next operation was to bring a blanket from her own bed, cover up the stranger with it, and an extra layer of hay. 'Now, sir,' said she, 'tak a guid sleep, and the Lord hae a care o' baith you and me. I'll let you out early. But you didna tell me how you got in?'

'When the cow-house door was open, before daylight fell,' said the worn-out man; but his tones were already mingled with the heavy breathings of sleep; and after a careful look round the barn, to see that all was safe, Nelly retired to her own chamber. The storm had abated, but it was long before she could compose herself to sleep, though now pretty sure that there was no danger to the family or the silver tea-pot to be apprehended from the stranger. She knew the Misses Campbell well enough to be aware that his concealment in the barn would bring down their deadly displeasure on her. No protestations would ever persuade them that she had not given him admittance, and there also lay risk and peril to the good name which Nelly valued as the jewel of her poverty. She prayed fervently for direction in this great strait, and having thus resigned her troubles to Providence, the honest girl slept soundly till daybreak.

At earliest dawn she was once more in the barn to wake the stranger, and send him in search of another hiding-place. But the snow was lying some two feet deep; the wind still blew keenly from the north-west; the day was struggling faintly through a grim and murky sky; and the man slept so soundly and looked so tired, that Nelly had not the heart to wake him. Where could he go in such weather, and what would become of him? All the fears and reckonings of the previous night again came over her, but she could not turn him out. The more she thought and prayed on the subject, according to her pious custom, the more was Nelly convinced that her duty, however difficult and dangerous, was to allow him to remain. Having reached this conviction, Nelly took measures for his concealment from the inspecting eyes of Miss Peggy. There was a stack of straw at the further end of the barn; Nelly had built it with her own hands; and out of the side next the wall she drew out as many large sheaves as left a hiding-place for her uninvited guest, the entrance being protected by sundry large bundles of flax piled up for the winter's spinning.

'Creep in here, sir,' she said, after rousing him with a considerable shake. 'Miss Peggy 'ill be comin' to look after me and the cow; ye can lie here till the snaw an' the informers gang their ways.'

The sound sleep and the cold porridge had done wonders for the unlucky man; his strength seemed partially restored, and his gratitude to Nelly was boundless. He joyfully accepted the shelter offered him in the straw-stack, and explained to her that if he could remain concealed till the search after him subsided, it was his hope to get off in one of the American ships then lying at Glasgow, the captain of which was his friend.

'Weel, sir,' said Nelly, 'I'll do what I can to hide you. For your ain sake, I'll warn you to keep quiet. You'll get the biggest half o' a' my meals; I canna steal, you ken; and as rebellion has brought you to a' this strait, I hope you'll get grace to repent, and live the rest o' your days a loyal subject to your king, and mair particularly to the King Eternal.'

It was Providence, in Nelly's opinion, that kept Miss Peggy so much out of the barn and byre that week; the weather was cold, and the ladies had by this time a considerable confidence in their maid. The days passed with variations of frost and thaw. Nelly made the porridge, and milked the cow, and spun her six cuts, as if she had no secret in the barn to keep; but her compact regarding the biggest half of her meals was religiously kept. The stranger grew stronger day by day. The warning to keep quiet never had to be repeated, for he knew his danger, and only crept out after dark, when all was shut up, to walk in the barn by moonlight, for Nelly would allow him no other illumination. She sat up, however, to mend his torn clothes; gave him all the shawls and blankets she could spare; lent him her Bible and Psalm-book, to read in his solitude; and occasionally gave him sound, though very short lectures on the necessity of amending his ways. As most men in similar circumstances would do, he promised all sorts of reformation, and gave Nelly abundant thanks. At length, in the fervour of his gratitude, he said: 'Nelly, I am a gentleman's son, and if I ever recover my position, I promise to marry you!'

'Deed, sir, you 'll promise na sic thing,' said Nelly. 'Promises made in danger are seldom weel keeped; and maybe you would be na great bargain for an honest lass. But I'll aye be glad to hear o' your weel doin'.'

The Misses Campbell were beginning to wonder why Nelly looked so white and hungry-like, when their nephew the captain returned from his business in Edinburgh. He had stayed a week longer than he intended, and brought a large supply of news concerning the times. He was relating part of it as Nelly waited at breakfast next morning, and entered into full particulars regarding a young man named Gordon Grey, the son of a gentleman of property near Belfast, who had joined the rebels in spite of his family, and after obtaining an ensign's commission. 'There is two hundred pounds reward for his apprehension,' said the captain, 'and the search was hot after him about Glasgow. He was some sort of a cousin to your former tenant old Hardy; that is what made him hide in the west country, I suppose; but they think he has gone over to Fife now.'

While the Misses Campbell were giving utterance to their fervent hopes that Grey, with all other rebels, might be taken and brought to justice, Nelly almost danced for joy beside the kitchen-fire. She knew he was the man in the barn, and the search about Glasgow was over. The stormy weather had settled into a hard clear frost; two hours before day next morning, the stranger had eaten the last of her porridge, saved over night for his supply; and disguised in a complete suit of her everyday clothes, short-gown, tartan shawl, and cap, in which Nelly said he looked 'unco weel,' he unbarred the cow-house door for his own exit, heartily shook hands with his most hospitable hostess, made protestations of everlasting gratitude and remembrance—which she cut short with an admonition to 'get till America,' and let her hear of his 'weel doin''—and departed on his way to Glasgow. A passing chapman, three days after, told Nelly that a sailor bade him say her cousin was safe down the Clyde, and would no doubt land in New York.

Nelly's thanksgiving for that deliverance was often renewed; but time passed away, summers and winters went and came, still finding her in the genteel service of the Misses Campbell. The captain's news passed from rebels and Radicals to the battles and sieges of the great French war. It was becoming Nelly's belief that the man who had promised so much would never be heard of more. The thought was not to her satisfaction; she had not forgotten the perilous days and restless nights which his safety cost her; perhaps the handsome young man was in her memory too; but what better could be expected from an Irishman and a rebel? She was musing over the subject at her wheel one day, when a neighbour's son called to tell her that the postmaster at Partick had an American letter for her. The Misses Campbell had never been more interested in any of their nephew's tales than they were in that startling event. But when Nelly had gone for the letter, duly read and considered it, she informed them it was from her lad, and he was 'doin' weel.' The household was kept lively from month to month with those American letters to Nelly, till at length one came with a bank-order in it, and she announced her determination to 'gang out in the *Fair Nancy*,' then plying between Glasgow and New York, 'and tak her lad, for he could na weel come for her.'

The Misses Campbell were not reconciled to parting with their faithful servant till the good souls learned, by a special disclosure, that Nelly's lad was a gentleman born, 'but had been left a wee to himsel.' Nelly got ready, sailed in the *Fair Nancy*, and arrived safely; but the letter which announced that fact to the ladies she had served with so much credit, also contained the wedding-cards of Mr and Mrs Gordon Grey. Till the end of their days, it puzzled the Misses Campbell and their nephew to account for the fact; but when both sisters were gone, and the captain was an old man living on his Fife property—when Partick House was pulled down, after falling into great dilapidation, to make room for a newer mansion—when times were changed, and the strife was over abroad and at home, Gordon Grey, Esquire, and family returned to their paternal estate near Belfast, and repaid the clemency of government by leading a quiet and useful life. Mr Grey and his lady lived to be an aged pair, and see their children settled about them. They are still remembered with equal respect in the neighbourhood, which owes to them many local improvements; and its old people are partial to rehearsing the singular history of Nelly Macadam.

STORIES OF THE TURKISH HIPPODROME.

I SUPPOSE I had done something very wrong, or else the Turkish sun had a spite against me as a native of cold, foggy England, for he tried all he could to set me on fire; and finding me incombustible, he gave up the attempt, and contented himself with scorching my white Panama hat the rich coffee-coloured brown that a meerschaum pipe turns when mellowed by long smoking.

I was bound for the Atmeidan or Great Hippodrome of Constantinople, the site of the old chariot-races in the times of the early Greek emperors (532—600 A. D.), at once the Epsom Race-course and Rotten Row of the city of Constantine, that fair queen of the Bosporus. I descended the crowded hill leading down from Misseri's hotel at Pera, and crossed the bridge of boats that joins Stamboul to the Frank quarter. I stood for a moment to watch the toll-takers, with the huge hour-glasses at their elbows, and the hideous plastered mendicants who, squatting by the gate-houses, shouted verses of the Koran at passers-by, whether negro eunuchs, rich pashas, porters staggering under iron-banded bales, sturdy Turks with great crates full of live fowls on their heads, or wild-eyed, mad fakirs swinging their pumpkin-rind dishes. I climbed up the hills caused by the bridge-road rising over the arches; I traversed the valleys of the same road, where it sank down again between the arches; and escaping the heels of the line of hack-horses that

are always waiting on the Turkish side of the bridge, I mounted through various narrow streets, up one of the seven hills, and soon, taking a turn to the right of St Sophia, found myself in the Hippodrome.

The Atmeidan is not a square, but rather an oblong —a long, dusty strip of ground, with a mosque on one side, and flimsy houses on the other, covering much of that space which the forty chariots once traversed with fiery wheels, while Justinian and all the prelates and senators of Constantinople looked on from gilded balconies and silk-hung places of vantage. It is a lonely deserted spot now, very still and silent in the sunshine, far away from the crowded bazaars and the noisy coppersmith streets, from the baths and the coffee-shops; no sherbet-vendor pitches his stall there, no fruit-seller brings his unripe peaches, the eunuchs do not even come there to tame their fiery horses, nor do the veiled women walk there with their children. Where Belisarius and his veterans of the Persian and Illyrian wars slew thirty thousand rebels of the *Green* faction, in one of the great revolts caused by a riot at a chariot-race, is now a dusty enclosure, seldom traversed but by chance water-carriers, some vagrant soldiers on their way to their barracks, or watchmen going to relieve guard at the great fire-tower which is not far off.

On the left-hand side of the Hippodrome runs the low wall, pierced with square gratings, which bounds the mosque of Achmed, above which some funereal cypresses and cheerful planes rise with a refreshing sense of leafy growth that makes me at once a member of the Green faction, although the chariot-races have so long been over, and the Blue party exists no longer. I do not enter the mosque courtyard, because I know there will be nothing to see but a paved square, with a covered fountain in the middle, with a flutter of pigeons all round it, and some good-natured negress servants sitting at the gate, laughing. Nor do I care just now to get under shelter of the cloisters, or to mount the marble steps of the entrance, and take off my boots to shuffle barefooted about an empty mosque, where there is little to see but strings of lamps, some enormous pillars, each nearly as big as the Campanile at Florence, and some blue porcelain wainscoting. I know there will be a man asleep under the pulpit, and there is sure to be a tall English farmhouse clock in the doorkeeper's little railed-off enclosure. No! but I want to have a good look at the great Egyptian granite obelisk of the Greek times that stands in the centre of the Hippodrome, resting on a pedestal bossy with figures, and supported by four slabs of copper. I want also to see the curious twisted copper snake-pillar that tradition says came from Delphi, and the great temple of Apollo there; I want also to have a view of that curious toppling pile of stones, like the shell of a column, that the Turks tell me was once covered with bronze tablets, recording the names of the winners in the chariot-races—a theory which, if not true, is not unlikely. They are the three choicest relics of the old Greek empire, and are of extreme interest to any one but a Turk. Even a Greek boy I speak to kindles up as he approaches the last of the three pillars, and says that there is treasure under that old work, and that he wishes he had the pulling of it down. I suppose if this tradition has any truth in it at all, it refers to the custom of placing coins under a foundation-stone, which I believe is of great antiquity.

Looking up the Atmeidan, and its plain of white powdery dust, you have on the left the low mosque wall, and on the other some dingy buildings painted Indian red, as Turkish houses frequently are built, and like huge cigar-boxes, of slips of lathing-plank, thin as the substance of a match-box. The furthest of the three columns is that crumbling pile, said to be once the record-pillar of the victorious drivers' names. It is now a dangerous, rickety heap of corroded stones, pierced with holes, to which the nails of the bronze inscription-plates were once fastened. One looks and looks on it, and spins fancies; but to make the most of it, it is a mere nameless bit of vision, pointing no whither.

The nearest piece of antiquity is the obelisk, supported on its carved pedestal by four slabs of copper, green with verdigris, and sculptured with rows of hieroglyphics—hawk and beetle, water-bucket and guitar—clean cut and sharp as when first engraved. On the base are alto-reliefs of the coarse workmanship of the Lower Empire, representing some religious ceremonial. The bossy figures have a certain Roman air of strength about them, and interest us because we know that their obelisk was one of those numerous ones that adorned the spaces between the metæ or goals in the old Circus, which was 400 paces long and 100 broad. Luckily, the Turks, who generally deface all graven images as idolatrous, have spared these squab figures of emperor and attendants, that have been here stolidly looking on and bearing patiently Time's swashing blows ever since 330 A. D., when Constantine dedicated New Rome, and guards carrying white tapers moved in solemn procession through this very Hippodrome, bearing a gilt statue of Constantine in a triumphal car.

But it is the central pillar of the Atmeidan—the smallest of the three—which most attracts us, on account of its indisputable antiquity, which even the sceptical Gibbon confessed to be indubitable. It is the bronze serpent that once on triple heads (now destroyed) supported, in the temple of Delphi, the golden tripod that, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated by the rejoicing Greeks. It was this very pillar that Mohammed II., when he rode into the conquered city, struck and defaced with his blood-stained battle-axe. He is said to have broken off the under-jaw of one of the serpent's heads; but he could not have severed so large a mass of bronze as now appears to be missing. There is a refinement about the work, mutilated as it is, that proclaims the wonderful Greek hand, so pliant and so creative; and I looked with wonder on the drift of time that had survived two great nations. It brought back to my mind Delphi, that I had lately visited, with its blue mountain-pass, and the strange cleft in the rock that you clamber up to, in the very bosom of precipices that would almost make a goat hesitate before he began the scramble. What it must have seen, could it speak, this tripod of bygone Apollo—what eddies of insurrection and sudden volcanoes of enraged fire, when the Blue drivers in the Circus triumphed over the Green, or when the Greens sprang, sword in hand, on their defeated rivals; what long trains of emperors, from bearded Julian and foppish Constantine, to the unhappy Greek, the last of the purple wearers; what scurries of chariots; what burning wheels flashing amid the troubled dust! The Circus revolts, that so often set old Constantinople in flames, and deluged this very Hippodrome with hot blood, arose from quarrels that had originated in the charioteer-factions of Rome. Gibbon (who, by the by, makes a great many topographical mistakes about Stamboul) tells us they had been fed by Caligula, Nero, the Wolf Caracalla, the monster Elagabalus, Vitellius the bloated, and the wicked Commodus, who all used to visit the stable, pet the winning horses, protect the Blues, or chastise the Greens. Theodoric himself had been obliged to protect the Greens against a patrician consul, who upheld the Blues at all risks. For centuries, the Whites, Reds, Blues, and Greens swept round the Circus amid the shouts of a maddened people. The mystical and poetical choose to consider that these colours typified the four seasons, and that the blue and green represented the contest of earth and sea. Justinian supported the Blues, who were orthodox; while the Greens were Anastasians and Arians. These factions divided all the East between them, severed

families, and filled the streets of Constantinople with murder and bloodshed. On one occasion, the Greens, concealing stones and daggers under baskets of fruit, murdered 3000 of the Blues. On another, nearly all the city was burned, and 30,000 people fell by the sword of the Blues. We who see a torrent of coloured silks flash by us at a race, not caring particularly who wins, can scarcely imagine the fury of those dissolute factions, when for five years during Justinian's reign, the Blues, dressed as Huns with tight sleeves, flowing robes, and long hair, murdered whom they would, and at last broke out in the Nika seditions and the burning down of St Sophia; or when the Greens crowned the patrician Hypatius, and were at last only put down by Belisarius with 300 Illyrian troops, bursting open the gates of the Hippodrome, and slaughtering all he could meet.

It was on a great festival of the Ides of January, 532, that at the twenty-second race the Emperor Justinian (a Blue) grew impatient at the continued clamour of the Greens, who complained of being persecuted and oppressed by the ministers Tribonian, and John of Cappadocia, the præfect of Constantinople. Through a brazen-voiced crier, the emperor then stood up and carried on a most extraordinary dialogue with his factious people.

'Be patient and attentive, ye insolent railers!' shouted the crier; 'be mute, ye Jews, Samaritans, and Manichœans!'

'Long life and victory to the emperor—hear the emperor!' shouted the surging Greens.

'Be silent, rebels!' roared the stentor.

'We are poor and innocent,' said the Greens; 'we are injured—our children are murdered in the very streets. There is a remorseless persecution against all of our name and colour.'

'Wretches, be silent!' stormed the crier.

'Let us die, O Emperor!' returned the disorderly Greens; 'but let us die by your command, and in your service.'

'Arians, be still!'

'We renounce a prince who disgraces the majesty of the purple.'

'Infidels, hold your tongues!'

'We renounce allegiance to a prince who refuses justice to his people.'

'Monsters, have respect for the Porphyrogenitus!'

'Curses on the day that the father of Justinian was born!'

'Rebels!'

'Homicide!'

'Revolters!'

'Perjured tyrant!'

'Haters of God!'

'Ass!'

'Do you despise your lives?' roared the emperor, getting rapidly black in the face.

The Blues leaped up with fury, and flashed out their swords. The Greens rose and fled, filling the streets with terror.

Far and wide flow fire and blood. The præfect's palace is burned; the prisons are forced open; the Heruli of Justinian attack the very priests and relics that come to stop the fray. The emperor flies with Theodora to his palace-fortress. He has all but resolved to fly the city with his family and treasures. The soldiers fire the houses. The very women pour missiles from the house-tops. St Sophia is red with flames. The baths of Xeuxippus are destroyed. Churches and hospitals are razed to the ground. Eighteen illustrious patricians were thrown into the sea. But not till the Blues forsook the Greens and joined the emperor was the fire stanched with the blood of 30,000 people.

It was in this enclosure that, among clouds of smoking dust, the picked horsemen of the janizaries—used in Mahmoud's time, the father of the present sultan—were wont to play here with the spear, or rather with the *djereed*, or cane, that military weapon so popular among the undegenerated Turks of the last generation. Here, around the pillar of twisted bronze, green with rust, and round the winner's shattered column, and the granite obelisk, brought from distant Nile, wheeled and careered those proud horsemen, their turbans glistening with Asian gems; their mail-hauberks pliant as silk round their sinewy limbs; their battle-axes at their saddle-bows; the plumes waving on helmets of steel, inlaid with talismanic sentences from the Koran. Here their fiery Arab stallions snorted and pawed the ground, and lashed out and plunged as the hot air grew dark with crossing javelins. I never walk in the Atmeidan, cheapening scorched nuts, or baked chick-peas, at the street-stalls, without thinking of these tumultuous horsemen, and fancying I hear again their yells of 'Allah!' or 'Taleel!' as this horse stumbled or that spearman fell.

Once when I and Mr Dilly—who, with Mr Dally, are the chief English *attachés* at the Turkish embassy—were walking up and down the Hippodrome, so quiet and serious in the sunshine, talking of the great massacre of the janizaries that took place here early in Mahmoud's reign, when like the Mamelukes, these dreaded Prætorian guards, who had no longer power to dethrone sultans at their will, were lured from their adjacent barracks and mowed down with shattering whirlwinds of grape-shot; it was then, I say, when I was trying to picture them with their conical caps, from which the hideous bear-skin muff of our own grenadiers were borrowed by us in Charles II.'s time; their camp-kettles, which served them instead of standards; their cook, with his gigantic spoon; their drums and sabres, all crushed into one bloody heap of slaughter, that Dilly, biting off sharply the bud-like end of his thirteenth cigar, condescended to describe to me the wonderful djereed practice he had once witnessed at Cairo before Mohammed Ali.

It was at Ramazan time that a certain Lebanon sheik, one of the Esjedi's tribe, who number 80,000 horsemen, came one day to the Atmeidan, to exhibit his wonderful skill with the cane-javelin to Mohammed Ali, who knew that he had already killed two men, besides putting out several men's eyes, cracking innumerable skulls, being denounced by the mullahs, and put under a sort of excommunication. The sheik, however, had lately had his right arm broken by his horse, Potiphah, falling with him in a mountain-pass above Beyrout, and he was unwilling to use the djereed at all till he had in some degree recovered. Pressed, however, he at last consented, and threw two djereeds: the first fell on the tiles of the palace, at the other end of the Hippodrome; the second cleared the building, and passed over to the other side. This astonished every one, and roused the curiosity of Mohammed Ali to an extreme pitch, so that nothing would satisfy him but matching the sheik with a favourite black eunuch of his, who, it was said, had once driven the djereed clean through a man's body, and who no one hitherto had beaten.

The sheik reluctantly consented, and proceeded to pick out a djereed from a sheaf of weapons made of plane, olive, lance-wood, ash, and fir, blunt, and about four feet long. He selected a well-balanced one, poised it, tried its weight, and held it ready in his left hand, ready to deliver it with full strength, just as the horse was wheeling round, which gives the spear its dreadful impetus. The black burst into the Hippodrome a few minutes after, eager for the contest, for he was a man who could tire out three horses, and had been known to send a djereed clean through a wooden door. His horse moved as if it knew its master's will, and turned at a touch of the black rider's heel, or a bend of his body. The negro's red eyes glared death upon the poor sheik with the bandaged arm, who he despised as an unworthy adversary.

Instantly dashing at each other, the rivals hurled their djereeds full at each other's faces, each catching the weapon of the other twice in succession; but the second time the sheik, stooping and catching the black's djereed, which he had discovered to be a weapon of exquisite poise and power, threw it back with such truth and violence that it entered under the eunuch's right shoulder-blade, and struck him dead to the ground, much to the horror of the Mamelukes, but not the least disconcerting the sheik of Lebanon, who before beginning the contest, had obtained absolution from all consequences from the eunuch's royal master, Mohammed Ali.

I thanked Mr Dilly for his amusing and apropos story as we strolled home to the hotel down the knubbly steep streets, having first, to bear up against the heat, purchased some peaches, which, split open to shew the dark wrinkled stone, are the street-fruit of Stamboul. I think with this, some sherbet, and a slice of water-melon, aided by three Hebrew guides, who fought and tore each other to pieces for the honour of conducting us, we got back to Pera with no great loss, but hot, tired, sore-footed, cheated, and anathematising the Turkish nation generally.

DISCONTENT-MONGERS.

I'VE not the least objection to you, gentle reader, sir or madam, saying what you please; but I think gentlemen and ladies would very often do very much good by holding their tongues. They inveigh bitterly against the discontent that everywhere prevails, but I've no hesitation in saying, that they contribute all in their power to that discontent. They won't allow a fellow to be easy, never mind what position he is in. They'll always find out some angular point which they will thrust, in quite a friendly way, into his diaphragm, and cause to spring thereout all kinds of evil desires. For instance, I was one day taking my luncheon in a very happy and contented frame of mind, though I had nothing but an egg, a roll, and a cup of chocolate, in a much-frequented confectioner's, when enter to me my dear friend A. (my name's B.), who shakes my faith in the good things before me after the following caustic fashion:

A. (Regarding my egg with a sneer). I should think that's an exceedingly stale egg, isn't it?

B. Oh! no; not at all: a very nice egg.

A. Hem! It don't look so. *I* shouldn't like to eat it. I should say it was at least a week old.

B. (Breaking his roll nervously). Well, I don't know. All I can say is, if it's a week old, it has kept uncommonly well.

A. Hilloa! what's that in your roll?

B. (After a careful examination). Only a currant.

A. Oh, is that all? I thought it was an insect: it *looks* very much like an insect.

B. (Testily, and with decreased appetite). Well, it isn't, then. Have you any remarks to make on my chocolate?

A. No; I've no remarks to make; only, are you sure they don't put rhubarb into it?

And so I depart, ill at ease, and with melancholy thoughts, and can never take the same things for luncheon again without misgivings.—It's just the same thing with your lodgings: a man comes to see you, and as soon as he becomes sufficiently familiar, he's sure to find out something disagreeable in them. They are either gloomy, and would, he is quite certain, drive *him* to suicide; or they admit too much sun, and are so hot, that he wonders you don't melt; or they are in so noisy a neighbourhood, that he declares *he* couldn't do a stitch of work; or in so quiet a street, that he expects some day to hear that you've gone melancholy-mad. You may try to laugh it off, and say that it's not your fault that you don't live in Park Lane, and have double windows to keep the noise out, and livery-servants to send the peripatetic minstrels away, and every luxury which modern civilisation can put at the service of the moneyed man; but that, unfortunately, you are obliged to lodge where you can, and that, until he mentioned it, you had never thought of the host of inconveniences to which he proves that you are exposed. He'll shake his head, and inform you compassionately that *he* at anyrate wouldn't lodge there; and as soon as he has gone, you find your old contentment deserting you, and you begin to fume and fret, and say to yourself that it certainly *is* a very unhealthy place, and a noisy withal, and that you really must get out of it as soon as you can. And so you plague yourself and your landlady, who is by no means anxious to get rid of you, all because a talkative friend couldn't either descant upon the advantages rather than the disadvantages of your hermitage, or at least confine himself to general topics. For my part, I'd much sooner a man talked even politics to me, than convinced me by the most cogent arguments that I paid more rent than I ought, considering my accommodation; that I should inevitably injure my heart by constantly mounting so many flights of steps; and that if the cholera should visit us in the autumn, I must consider myself very fortunate if it didn't find me out. It would be just as easy for him, and more pleasant for me, if he would only take the trouble to remark how central the position is, how convenient it is to have a baker over the way, a public-house at the corner, a grocer's next door one way, and a tobacconist's the other, and an undertaker's—especially if the cholera should set in—at No. 27. Or if he couldn't find it in his heart to say anything cheerful and agreeable, why not abuse foreign countries? I'm always ready for that. Europe, Asia, Africa, or America—it's all the same to me. Foreigners I consider fair game; and I can listen, though I don't believe a word, to story after story illustrative of the want of soap and water in France, Germany, and other continental nations, to tirades against the slothfulness of Asiatics, to strictures upon the ignobility of Africans, and to sneers at the domineering, dollar-getting, debt-repudiating, expectoration-loving Americans, with a feeling akin to positive pleasure.

How things are managed at Buckingham Palace now-a-days, I can't say, as I have not been on visiting terms there for some years past; but as most fashions are popularly supposed to emanate from the court, it may be fairly assumed that the conversations of visitors in general society are based upon the practice which obtains at court. We may suppose, therefore, that her Most Gracious Majesty is obliged to submit patiently to the ordeal which is gone through by every materfamilias; that her royal visitors criticise, find fault with, and make suggestions about her apartments, just as plebeian visitors do about Mrs Smith's. They think the white drawing-room ought to be pink, and the green drawing-room white, and this ought to be there, and that ought to be here; just as Mrs Smith's visitors express their conviction that her villa would be perfection if she would only change every single arrangement in it, and leave Mrs Smith at their departure in an agony of vexation.

The discontent-mongers, moreover, don't confine their efforts to making you dissatisfied with your domestic surroundings; they tackle you upon the ground of your daily occupation. If you're in the army, they think it a great pity you didn't go into the navy, and then you would have been sure of speedy promotion; and if you're in the navy, you ought clearly, for your own interest, to have been in the army. To a clergyman, they bemoan the scarcity of benefices, and point out to him the dead certainty that he would have succeeded ten thousand times

better had he chosen the medical profession; whilst they know a man who would have given the M.D. a fat living on their recommendation, had he happened to have taken orders. In fact, with them, 'whatever is, is *wrong*.' We have all sat by such people at dinner, and listened to their Mephistophelian talk till our food disagreed with us, and our wine failed to exhilarate. They know as well as they know their alphabet all the stereotyped disagreeables of every profession and every business; and directly they find out to which any man belongs, they condole with him upon his disagreeables. Now, I maintain that nothing irritates a man so much as gratuitous condolence. There are some men of such compassionate natures, that they have no room left for delicacy. A cab once drove up to an upholsterer's of a compassionate turn of mind. Inside the cab was a lame gentleman, who had some difficulty in descending and walking to the shop. As soon as he arrived at the shop-door, the compassionate upholsterer descried him, rushed forward, assisted him into the shop, and exclaimed with all the rudeness of ignorant pity: 'I didn't see as you was a *cripple*, sir, or I'd have helped you out of the cab.' I rather think it was lucky for the upholsterer that the gentleman *was* 'a cripple.'

The discontent-monger behaves much in the same manner; he is only careful to speak of facts the mention of which, however unpalatable to you, cannot well be made a *casus belli*. You must grin and suffer. If he can only get hold of a poor naval or military officer, it is really a sight to see how he'll torture him. He'll soon get him upon the subject of promotion by merit, and point out to him, in the most benevolent way in the world, the little chance he has of succeeding in his profession. He has a whole list of instances at his fingers' and tongue's end of half-pay lieutenants in both services, and he never fails to enumerate them. He certainly hopes that his hearers may be more fortunate, but the tone of voice and the gestures with which he expresses his forlorn hopes, are enough to make you look for the names of those for whom he is so hopeful in next morning's list of 'Found Drowned.' If a man should be rather prosperous than otherwise in his profession, the discontent-monger will not be at all disconcerted: he can ask the young military captain of twenty-one years of age how he likes going to market for his company, and turning 'meat-examiner,' like the beadle at Newgate Market; and how he relishes spending a fine afternoon in marching awkward country boobies round a dull square—if you can go round a square; he can demand of the commander in the navy at twenty-three when he expects to be posted; and he can repeat the names of a whole string of men who became commanders at a very early age, and died commanders full of years. It is a singular fact, he will observe, that a naval man always begins to stick at commander. He has at his command fragments of speeches delivered in the House of Commons by Lord Clarence Paget and Sir J. Pakington, which bear out his views exactly, and he takes care to pour them fluently into the ears of his hearers until he perceives that he has inoculated them with the seeds of discontent. I was once witness to the effect produced by this kind of influence upon a young *littérateur*. The wielder of the influence was such a nice, kind, benevolent man, that I am sure he had no idea he was a discontent-monger. He was a clergyman, a subscriber to several charities, and a governor of innumerable institutions; the blind, the halt, and the maimed, the deaf, the dumb, and the idiotic were alike objects of his compassion and his generosity, yet he had not the sense to conceive that by his well-meant but rude remarks he was spoiling the digestion of the aspirant who was his *vis-à-vis* at dinner. This was the purport of their conversation.

Cl. Our host tells me you wrote that article in *Once a Day* upon the Revision of the Bible.

Lit. I did.

Cl. I was very much pleased with what you said, sir, and your arguments appeared to me forcible and logical.

Lit. I'm very glad you liked it: I wish there were more of your opinion.

Cl. You are at the Bar, I presume?

Lit. No, I'm not.

Cl. A student then?

Lit. No.

Cl. You belong to no profession?

Lit. No, I do not; unless you call literature a profession.

Cl. Well, scarcely. I think it a pity you don't enter at one of the Inns of Court.

Lit. Pray, what should I gain by that? I should never practise, even if I could, which is not likely.

Cl. No; but still it would be a sort of voucher——

Lit. Voucher? I hope you don't consider that I need any voucher.

Cl. Oh! dear no, not at all; but it is as well always to—a—a—a—have a profession. Don't you think so?

Lit. (Surlily). No, I don't. I think a man can't be more than a gentleman; and if he isn't one otherwise, neither 'getting called' nor 'taking orders' will make him one.

And so the reverend discontent-monger held his peace; and littérateur pondered and didn't enjoy his dinner or his dessert, and went home early, and couldn't sleep, and got up the next morning less contented with his lot, and more suspicious of his fellow-creatures than he had been hitherto. He couldn't, for the life of him, imagine what pleasure could possibly accrue to anybody from the making of uncalled-for remarks, and why men and women couldn't have sufficient confidence in their host and hostess to meet other men and women in a social and convivial manner without wanting to know 'what they are;' and whether there is much satisfaction in having half-a-crown a year more than your neighbour, and in belonging to a profession. For his own part, he thinks he'd rather not; he has no desire to kill anybody, or to be sea-sick, or to browbeat witnesses, or to cut and cauterise his fellow-creatures, or to fill their insides with nauseous drugs, or to send them out of the world before their time, or to bury them; *chacun à son goût:* he'll belong to no profession; still that plaguy discontent-monger has rather upset his equanimity.

But the most inveterate discontent-mongers, I am sorry to say, are women; I mean, when they are discontent-mongers at all. What the humble-minded, married curate has to endure until he gets a rectory, I have heard, but daren't repeat; and what the easily satisfied rector has to put up with until he obtains a deanery, I can realise by a strong effort of imagination; but what the perfectly contented dean has to go through until he arrives at a bishopric or a place in a cemetery, I neither can nor wish to imagine: I'm not a Dante, and I hate horrors. Who hasn't seen the female discontent-mongers flitting from house to house like spirits of discord, and narrating with frightful exaggerations to their heretofore unambitious friends in the East suburbs everything that takes place in the West suburbs: how that Miss Snip was married last Thursday, and had such a lot of crinoline on, she was obliged to be let down through the roof, as she couldn't be got through the door; that there were more than a hundred people in the church (by invitation), and that it required six policemen to keep them in order, just as they do at St George's in the East; that 120 people sat down (or stood up, according to the star they were born under) at breakfast; that the bride had on so magnificent and costly a bracelet that her brother, who gave it her, was obliged to sell money out of the funds to pay for it; and that the aggregate of presents upon the

occasion filled one of Chaplin and Home's three-horse vans—until a general howl of discontent is raised amongst the inhabitants of the 'Happy Valley' in the East, and their souls are filled with envy?

And who hasn't suffered from Mrs Jones, who is in a chronic state of feverish anxiety lest you shouldn't have heard the last scandalous report about the school to which you have sent your children? You were perfectly contented, and your children were perfectly contented, until she came with the story of the boy who had been roasted some years before by his school-fellows; and then you begin to feel uneasy, forgetting that even had such a thing happened, it is on that very account less likely to happen again: you remove your youngsters from the place where they were so happy, and were getting on so well, and send them to the Rev. M. A.'s, where they are not allowed to go on the water, because a boy was drowned fifty years ago, but where they have salt fish on Ash-Wednesday, pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs *ad libitum*. And they become such nice boys, always bowing and scraping, and dancing, and never playing—and all through Mrs Jones. And you can't help remarking with Cratinus, in respect of Mrs Jones, and Mrs Fidgets, and Mrs Rickets, and all the tribe—*κακῶς ἐξολέσειαν* [*αὐτὰς*] *ὁ Ζεύς*—or, as the Irish bard more tersely remarks, 'May the divil fly away with them!'

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE HOROLOGE OF THE DEAD HORSE.

With inquiring eye and anxious heart, I turned towards the spot where I had left my companion.

To my joy, he was still upon his feet, and coming towards me. I could see blood dripping from his fingers, and a crimson-stained rent in the sleeve of his buckskin shirt; but the careless air with which he was regarding it, at once set my mind at rest. He was smiling: there could not be much danger in the wound?

It proved so in effect. The bullet had passed through the muscular part of the left forearm—only wounding the flesh. It did not even require a surgeon. The hemorrhage once checked, the dressing which my experience enabled me to give it was sufficient; and kept slung a few days, it would be certain to heal.

Unpleasant as was the incident, it seemed to affect my companion far less than the words that preceded it. The allegorical allusions were but too well understood; and though they added but little to the knowledge already in our possession, that little produced a fresh acerbity of spirit.

It affected me equally with my comrade—perhaps more. The figurative revelations of the Indian had put a still darker phase on the affair. The letter of Lilian spoke only of a far country, where gold was dug out of the sand—California, of course. There was no allusion to the Salt Lake—not one word about a migration to the metropolis of the Mormons. Su-wanee's speech, on the other hand, clearly alluded to this as the goal of the squatter's journey!

How her information could have been obtained, or whence derived, was a mystery; and, though loath to regard it as oracular, I could not divest myself of a certain degree of conviction that her words were true. The mind, ever prone to give assent to information conveyed by hints and innuendos, too often magnifies this gipsy knowledge; and dwells not upon the means by which it may have been acquired. For this reason gave I weight to the warnings of the brown-skinned sibyl—though uttered only to taunt, and too late to be of service.

The incident altered our design—only so far as to urge us to its more rapid execution; and, without losing time, we turned our attention once more to the pursuit of the fugitives.

The first point to be ascertained was the *time* of their departure.

'If it wan't for the rain,' said the hunter, 'I ked a told it by thar tracks. They must a made some hyar in the mud, while carryin' thar things to the dug-out. The durned rain 's washed 'em out—every footmark o' 'em.'

'But the horses? what of them? They could not have gone off in the canoe?'

'I war just thinkin' o' them. The one you seed with Stebbins must a been hired, I reck'n; an' from Kipp's stables. Belike enuf, the skunk tuk him back the same night, and then come agin 'ithout him; or Kipp might a sent a nigger to fetch him?'

'But Holt's own horse—the old "critter," as you call him?'

'That *diz* need explainin'. He *must* a left him ahind. He culdn't a tuk *him* in the *dug-out;* besides, he wan't worth takin' along. The old thing war clean wore out, an' wuldn't a sold for his weight in corn-shucks. Now, what ked they a done wi' him?'

The speaker cast a glance around, as if seeking for an answer.

'Heigh!' he exclaimed, pointing to some object, on which he had fixed his glance. 'Yonder we'll find *him!* See the buzzarts! The old hoss 's past prayin' for, I'll be boun'.'

It was as the hunter had conjectured. A little outside the enclosure, several vultures were upon the trees, perched upon the lowest branches, and evidently collected there by some object on the ground.

On approaching the spot, the birds flew off with reluctance; and the old horse was seen lying among the weeds, under the shadow of a gigantic sycamore. He was quite dead, though still wearing his skin; and a broad red disc in the dust, opposite a gaping wound in the animal's throat, shewed that he had been slaughtered where he lay!

'He's killed the critter!' musingly remarked my companion as he pointed to the gash; 'jest like what he'd do! He might a left the old thing to some o' his neigbors, for all he war worth; but it wudn't a been Hick Holt to a did it. He wan't partickler friendly wi' any o' us, an' least o' all wi' myself—tho' I niver knew the adzact reezun o't, 'ceptin' that I beat him once shootin' at a barbecue. He war mighty proud o' his shootin', an' that riled him, I reck'n: he 's been ugly wi' me iver since.'

I scarcely heeded what the young hunter was saying—my attention being occupied with a process of analytical reasoning. In the dead horse, I had found a key to the time of departure.

The ground for some distance around where the carcass lay was quite dry: the rain having been screened off by a large spreading branch of the sycamore, that extended its leafy protection over the spot. Thus sheltered, the body lay just as it had fallen; and the crimson rivulet, with its terminating 'pool,' had only been slightly disturbed by the feet of the buzzards—the marks of whose claws were traceable in the red mud, as was that of their beaks upon the eyeballs of the animal.

All these were signs, which the experience of a prairie campaign had taught me how to interpret; and which the forest lore of my backwoods comrade also enabled him to read: since at the first question put to him, he comprehended my meaning.

'How long think you since he was killed?' I asked, pointing to the dead horse.

'Ha! ye're right, stranger!' said he, perceiving the object of the interrogatory. 'I war slack not to think o' that. We kin easy fine out, I reck'n.'

The hunter bent down over the carcass, so as to bring his eyes close to the red gash in the neck. In this he placed the tips of his fingers, and kept them there. He uttered not a word, but held his head slantwise and steadfast, as if listening. Only for a few seconds did he remain in this attitude; and then,

as if suddenly satisfied with the examination, he rose from his stooping posture, exclaiming as he stood erect:

'Good, by thunder! The old horse hain't been dead 'bove a kupple o' hours. Look thar, stranger! the blood ain't froze? I kin a'most fancy thar's heat in his old karkiss yet!'

'You are sure he has been killed this morning?'

'Quite sure o't; an' at most three, or maybe four hour agone. See thar!' he continued, raising one of the limbs, and letting it drop again; 'limber as a eel's tail. Ef he'd a been dead last night, he'd been stiff afore this.'

'Quite true,' replied I, convinced, as was my companion, that the horse had been slaughtered that morning.

This bit of knowledge was an important contribution towards fixing the time of the departure. It told the *day;* the hour was of less importance to our plans; though to that, by a further process of reasoning, we were enabled to make a very near approximation.

Holt must have killed the horse before going off; and the act both of us believed could not have been accomplished at a very early hour. As far as the sign enabled us to tell, not more than four hours ago; and perhaps about two before the time of my first arrival in the clearing.

Whether the squatter had left the ground immediately after the performance of this rude sacrifice, it was impossible to tell. There was no sign by which to determine that; but the probability was, that the deed was done just upon the eve of departure; and the slaughter of the old horse was the closing act of Holt's career, in his clearing upon Mud Creek.

Only one doubt remained. Was it he who had killed the animal? I had conceived a suspicion pointing to Su-wa-nee—but without being able to attribute to the Indian any motive for the act.

'No, no!' replied my comrade, in answer to my interrogatory on this head: ''twar Holt hisself, sartin. He culdn't take the old hoss along wi' him, an' he didn't want anybody else to git him. Besides, the gurl hedn't no reezun to a dit it. She'd a been more likely to a tuk the old critter to thar camp—seein' he war left behind wi' nobody to own him. Tho' he wan't worth more 'n what the skin 'ud fetch, he'd a done them ar Indyuns well enuf, for carryin' thar traps an' things. No, 'twan't her, nor anybody else 'ceptin' Holt hisself—he did it.'

'If that be so, comrade, there is still hope for us. They cannot have more than four hours the start. You say the creek has a winding course.'

'Crooked as a coon's hind leg.'

'And the Obion?'

'Most part the same. It curls through the bottom like the tail o' a cur-dog; an' nigher the Massissippy, it don't move faster than a snail 'ud crawl. I reck'n the run o' the river 'll not help 'em much. They'll hev a good spell o' paddlin' afore they git down to Massissippy; an' I hope that durned Mormon 'll blister his ugly claws at it!'

'With all my heart!' I rejoined; and both at the same instant recognising the necessity of taking time by the forelock, we hurried back to our horses, sprang into the saddle, and started along the trace conducting to the mouth of the Obion.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LOOK-OUT FROM ALOFT.

It cost us a fatiguing ride of nearly twelve hours' duration—most of it along by-roads and bridle-paths—at intervals passing through tracts of swampy soil, where our horses sank to the saddle-girths in mud.

We rode continuously: stopping only once to recruit our horses at one of the 'stands,' or isolated log hostelries—which are found upon the old 'traces' connecting the sparse settlements of the backwoods. It was the only one we saw upon our route; and at it we remained no longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our wearied steeds, and put them in a condition for the completion of the journey.

We knew the necessity of haste. Our only hope lay in being able to reach the mouth of the Obion before the canoe could pass out of it. Otherwise, our journey would be in vain; and we should not only have our long ride for nothing, but would be under the necessity of doubling the distance by riding back again.

Along the route we found time to discuss the circumstances—both those in our favour and against us. The water-way taken by the canoe was far from being direct. Both the creek and the larger stream curved repeatedly in their courses; and in ordinary times, were of sluggish current. The freshet, however, produced by the late rain-storm, had rendered it swifter than common; and we knew that the canoe would be carried down with considerable rapidity—faster than we were travelling on horseback.

On such roads, and for so great a distance, fast travelling was impossible; and could only have been accomplished at the risk of killing our horses. Mounted as I was, I might have made more of the time; but I was under the necessity of slackening pace for my companion—whose sorry steed constantly required waiting for.

Our sole chance lay in our route being shorter, and in the circumstance that the fugitives had not a very long start of us; but for all this, the issue was exceedingly doubtful; and, by the nicest calculations, we were satisfied we should have but little margin to spare.

I need hardly point out the importance of our arriving in time. Should the canoe get beyond the mouth of the Obion—without our seeing it—we should be left undetermined as to whether they had gone *up* the Mississippi or *down;* and therefore altogether without a guide as to our future movements. In fact, we should be unable to proceed further in the pursuit.

So far as the mouth of the Obion, their route was fixed; and of course ours was also determined. But beyond, it would be on our part mere blind guessing; and, should evil chance conduct us in the wrong direction, the result would be ruin to our hopes.

On the other hand, could we but arrive in time—if only to see the canoe entering the great river—and note which turning it took—our purpose would be accomplished. That is, our *present* purpose; for beyond that of ascertaining their route of travel across the plains, and their point of destination, I had formed no plans. To follow them wherever they might go—even to the distant shores of the Pacific—to seek them wherever they might settle—to settle beside them—beside *her*—these were the ideas I had as yet but vaguely conceived. All ulterior designs were contingent on the carrying out these, and still shrouded under the cloudy drapery of the ambiguous future.

The purposes of my travelling-companion differed slightly from mine, and were, perhaps, a little more definite. His leading idea was a settlement of old scores with Stebbins, for wrongs done to him—which he now more particularly detailed to me. They were sufficiently provocative of revenge; and, from the manner of my comrade, and the vows he occasionally uttered, I could perceive that he would be as eager in the pursuit as myself. In all probability, an encounter with the migrating party would bring about an important change in their programme: since the young hunter was determined, as he expressed himself, 'to force the durned skunk into a fight.'

Inspired by such motives, we pressed on to the end of our journey; and reached the mouth of the Obion, after a long and wearisome ride.

It was midnight when we arrived upon the shore of the Mississippi, at its point of confluence with the

Tennessean stream. The land upon which we stood was scarcely elevated above the surface of the water; and covered, every foot of it, with a forest of the cotton-wood poplar, and other water-loving trees. These extending along the marshy borders of both streams, hindered us from having a view of their channels. To obtain this, it was necessary to climb one of the trees; and my comrade being disabled, the task devolved upon me.

Dismounting, I chose one that appeared easiest of ascent; and, clambering up it as high as I could go, I fixed myself in a fork, and commenced duty as a vidette.

My position could not have been better chosen. It afforded me a full view, not only of the Obion's mouth, but also of the broad channel into which it emptied—at their confluence, forming an expanse of water that, but for its rolling current, might have been likened to a vast lake.

There was moonlight over the whole surface; and the erratic ripples were reflected in sparkling coruscations, scarcely to be distinguished from the gleaming of the 'lightning bugs'—that hovered in myriads along the edges of the marsh.

Both banks of the lesser stream were draped to the water's edge with an unbroken forest of cotton-woods—the tops of which, exhibiting their characteristic softness of outline, were unstirred by the slightest breeze. Between rolled the brown waters of the Obion, in ruder, grander flow, and with channel extended by the freshet. Every inch of it, from side to side, was under my observation—so completely, that I could distinguish the smallest object that might have appeared upon its surface. Not even the tiniest waif could have escaped me—much less a canoe freighted with men; and containing that fairer form, that would be certain to secure the keenest and most eager glances of my eye.

I congratulated myself on reaching this perch. I perceived that a better post of observation could not have been chosen. It was complete for the purpose; and, if I could only have felt sure that we had arrived in time, all would have been satisfactory.

Time alone could determine this; and turning my eyes up stream, I entered upon my earnest vigil.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WHITE FOG.

Vain vigil it proved. I shall not tire the reader with details. Suffice it to say, that we kept watch till morning's dawn; and then, profiting by the daylight, sought out a more convenient post of observation, where we continued our surveillance—watching and sleeping in turn.

Throughout the following day, and into the second, was our vigil extended: until, no longer able to hope against hope, we agreed finally to abandon it.

But for one circumstance, we might have felt surprise at the result. We were both convinced that we had reached the river's mouth in good time: since, by our calculations, the canoe could not possibly have 'headed' us. But for the same circumstance, we might have believed, that they had not yet come down the Obion; and perhaps would have remained at our post a day longer.

The explanation is this: On the first night of our watch, a few hours after having taken my station in the tree, a fog had suddenly arisen upon the rivers, shrouding the channels of both. It was the 'white fog'—a well-known phenomenon of the Mississippi—that often extends its dangerous drapery over the bosom of the 'Father of Waters:' a thing of dread—even to the skilled pilots who navigate this mighty stream.

On that particular night, the fog lay low upon the water: so that in my position near the top of the tree I was entirely clear of its vapoury disc; and could look down upon its soft filmy cumuli floating gently over the surface—white and luminous under the silvery moonlight. The moon was still shining brightly; and both sky and forest could be seen as clearly as ever. The water-surface alone was hidden from my sight—the very thing I was most anxious to observe.

As if by some envious demon of the flood, this curtain seemed to have been drawn: for, just as the fog had fairly unfurled itself, I fancied I could hear the dipping of a paddle at no great distance off in the channel of the stream. Moreover, gazing intently into the mist—as yet thin and filmy—I fancied I saw a long dark object upon the surface, with the silhouettes of human forms seated upon it—just as of a canoe *en profile* with passengers in it. I even noted the number of the upright forms: three of them, which exactly corresponded to that of the party we were expecting.

So certain was I, at the moment, of seeing all this, that I need not have shouted to assure myself. Excited with over-eagerness, I did so, and hailed the canoe in hopes of obtaining an answer.

My summons produced not the desired effect. On the contrary, it seemed to still the slight plashing I had heard; and, before the echoes of my voice died upon the air, the dark objects had glided out of sight—passing under thick masses of the floating vapour.

Over and over, I repeated my summons—each time changing the form of speech, and each time with like fruitless effect!

The only answer I received was from the blue heron, that, startled by my shouts, rose screaming out of the fog, and flapped her broad wings close to my perch upon the tree.

Whether the forms I had seen were real—or only apparitions conjured up by my excited brain—they vouchsafed no reply; and, in truth, in the very next moment, I inclined to the belief that my senses had been deceiving me!

From that time, my comrade and I were uncertain; and this uncertainty will explain the absence of our surprise at not seeing the canoe, and why we waited no longer for its coming.

The most probable conjecture was, that it had passed us in the fog; that the apparition was real; and that they who occupied the canoe were now far away on the Mississippi—no longer trusting to such a frail craft, but passengers on one of the numerous steam-boats, that by night as by day, and in opposite directions, we had seen passing the mouth of the Obion.

In all probability, then, the fugitives were now beyond the limits of Tennessee; and we felt sufficiently assured of this; but the more important point remained undetermined—whether they had gone northward or southward—whether by the routes of the Missouri or those of the Arkansas? Upon this question we were undecided as ever.

At that season of the year, the probabilities were in favour of the southern route; but it depended on whether the emigrants intended to proceed at once across the plains, or wait for the return of spring. I knew, moreover, that the Mormons had their own 'trains,' and ways of travelling; and that several new routes or 'trails' had been discovered during the preceding year, by military explorers, emigrants for Oregon and California, and by the Mormons themselves. But this knowledge only complicated the question, leaving us in hopeless doubt and indecision.

Thus unresolved, it would have been absurd to proceed further. Our only hope lay in returning to Swampville.

And whence this hope? What was to be expected in Swampville? Who was there in that village of golden dreams to guide me upon the track of my lost love?

No one—no human being. The index of my expectations was not a living thing, but a *letter!*

Assuredly, I had not forgotten that promise, so simply yet sweetly expressed: 'If I thought you would like to know where we are gone, I would write to you;' and again: 'If you will allow me, I will send a letter to Swampville, *from the first place we come to*, to tell you where we are going.'

Oh! that I could have told her how much I 'would like to know,' and how freely she had my permission to write! Alas! that was impossible, but the contingencies troubled me not much; I was full of hope that she would waive them.

Communicating this hope to my companion, we rode back to Swampville: with the design of laying siege to the post-office, until it should surrender up to us the promised epistle.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROMISED EPISTLE.

Under any circumstances, a return to Swampville would have been necessary: certain pecuniary requirements called me back to that interesting village.

A journey, even across the desert, cannot be made without money; and the hundred dollars I had paid to Holt, with hotel and other incidental outlays, had left me with a very light purse. It would have taken three times as much as I was master of, to provide us with the scantiest equipment required for a prairie journey; and toward this the young hunter, willing to give his all, was able to contribute nothing. He would cheerfully have parted with his patrimony—as I with my purchase—for a very slender consideration; but, at that crisis, the Californian speculation demanded all the specie in circulation; and neither his clearing nor mine would have sold for a single dollar, had the payment been required in cash. A credit sale could not serve us in any way; and we were forced to hold on to our depreciated property—upon which not a single cent could be borrowed.

Never stood I in more need of my Nashville friend; and my appeal, already made, was promptly responded to—as I expected it would be. On the third day after my dispatch, the answer arrived—with a handsome enclosure: enough to carry us across the continent, and back again if need be.

We were now ready for the road. We waited only for that letter, that was to be the index to our destination.

How we passed our time during that interval of expectation is not worth describing. We enjoyed the hospitality of the Jackson hotel; and continued to escape the *espièglerie* of its husband-hunting denizens, by hunting the deer of the surrounding forest.

During the whole time, we went not near our respective 'plantations' on Mud Creek. Wingrove had good reason for being shy of that quarter; and I had no inclination to trust myself to its souvenirs. Moreover, the hours of the mail-rider were neither fixed nor regular; and on this account I avoided a prolonged absence from the post-office.

Six days of this expectancy I endured—six days of alternate hope and doubt—the latter at times so distressing, that even in the excitement of the chase I could not procure distraction for my thoughts! More than once, my comrade and I had almost ceased to hope; and half-resolved to launch ourselves on the great prairie ocean—trusting to chance to guide us to the haven of our hopes.

On the sixth day we had determined upon it; and only awaited the mail, that should arrive on the morning of the seventh.

The seventh proved the day of joy. Our doubts were dispelled. The cloud that hung over our course was cleared away, by the arrival of the expected epistle!

My fingers trembled, as I took the precious billet from the hands of the postmaster. He must have observed my emotion—though I did not open it in his presence. The superscription was enough, to tell me from whom the letter came. I had studied the fac-simile of that pretty cipher, till it was well impressed upon my memory; and could therefore recognise it at a glance.

I did not even break open the envelope till we were upon the road. The postmark, '*Van Buren, Arkansas*,' sufficiently indicated the direction we were to take; and not, till we had cleared the skirts of Swampville, and were *en route* for Memphis, did I enter on the pleasure of perusal.

The address was simply as before: 'To EDWARD WARFIELD;' and so, too, the apostrophic commencement: 'STRANGER!'

I could have wished for some less distant word—some familiar phrase of endearment; but I was contented—for I knew that Lilian's too recent love had lacked the opportunity of learning its language. Before it had time to achieve the employment of those sweet forms of speech, its course had been rudely interrupted.

Thus ran the letter:

'STRANGER!—*I hope you got my other letter, and that you were able to read it, for I had no paper, nor pens, nor ink to write it better—only a little bit of a pencil, that was my mother's, and the leaf which father said you tore out of a book. But I think I could have wrote it better, only I was so afraid that they would see me, and scold me for it, and I wrote it in a great hurry, when they were from home, and then left it on the table after both of them had gone down to the creek to get into the canoe. I thought no one would come to the house before you, and I hoped all the morning you might come before we were gone. I would have given a great deal to have been able to see you again; and I think father would have waited till you came, only his friend would not let him stay longer, but hurried us away. But I hope you got the letter, and that you will not be offended at me for writing this one I send you, without your leave. I promised that if you would allow me, I would write from some place, and tell you the name of the country where we are going; but I forgot that it would be impossible for you to give me leave, as you could not see me, nor yet know where to write it to me. I know now what country it is, for everybody we have seen is talking about it, and saying that it is full of gold, that lies on the ground in pieces as big as hickory-nuts; and I hear the name a many a time, over and over again. Father calls it "Californey," and some "California," and this, I suppose, is the right way of spelling it. It is near a great sea, or ocean as they call it, which is not the same that comes in at Philadelphia and New York, but far greater and bigger than the Mississippi and the Obion, and all the rivers put together. It must be a very large sea to be bigger than the Mississippi! But I am sure you must know all about it, for I have heard them say you had travelled in these far-way countries, and that you were an officer in the army, and had been fighting there with the Mexicans. I am glad you were not killed, and got safe home again to Tennessee; for if you had been killed, I should never have seen you; but now it is just as bad, if I am never to see you again. O sir! I would write to you again from that country, when we are settled there; but I fear you will forget me before then, and will not care to hear anything more about us.*

'*I shall never forget our dear Tennessee. I am very sorry at leaving it, and I am sure I can never be happy in California with all its gold—for what good can gold be to me? I should so like to hear sometimes from our old home, but father had no friends who could write to us; the only one we knew is gone away like ourselves.*

'*May be, sir, you would not mind writing to us—only a very short letter, to tell us how you get on with the clearing, and whether you have made it much bigger, and built a great house upon it, which I have heard father say you intended to do. I shall always like to*

hear that you are in good health, and that you are happy.

'I have to tell you of a very strange thing that happened to us. At the mouth of the Obion river, when we were in the canoe at night-time—for we travelled all that night—we heard some one shouting to us, and O sir! it was so like your voice that I trembled when I heard it, for it appeared as if it came down out of the clouds. It was a thick mist, and we could see no one; but for all that, I would have cried out, but father would not let me speak. It appeared to be right above our heads; and father said it was some wood-cutters, who had climbed into a tree. I suppose that must have been it; but it was as like your voice as if it had been you that shouted, and as I knew you could not be there, it made me wonder all the more.

'We arrived at this place yesterday. It is a large town on the Arkansas river; and we came to it in a steam-boat. From here we are to travel in a wagon with a great many other people in what they call a "caravan," and they say we shall be many months in getting to the end of the journey. It is a long time to wait before I could write again, for there are no towns beyond Van Buren, and no post to carry the letters. But though I cannot write to you, I will not forget to think of the words you said to me, as I am now thinking of them every minute. In one of my mother's books which I brought with me, I have read a pretty piece. It is in poetry; and it is so like what I have been thinking of you, that I have learned it off by heart. It is so true-like and so pretty a piece that I thought you might like to read it, and hoping it may please you, I write it at the end of my letter, which I fear I have already made too long; but I hope you will have patience to read it all, and then read this poetry.

'I think of thee when Morning springs
From sleep with plumage bathed in dew;
And like a young bird lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.
And when at noon the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove—
I think of thee—I think of thee!

'I think of thee, when soft and wide
The Evening spreads her robe of light,
And like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of Night.
And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth like blessed things—
I think of thee—I think of thee!

'O sir! it is very, very true! I do think of you, and I am sure I shall do so as long as I live.

LILIAN HOLT.'

'Ah, Lilian! I too of thee, and thy sweet song! Simple, but suggestive words! Knew I but where to address thee, you should soon know how responsive to them are the echoes of my heart!'

ALL ROUND THE WREKIN.

THE departure of Mr Walter White upon the 1st of every July from London, for the purpose of making a month's ramble in the country, and subsequently writing a book about it, may now be predicted as certainly as any movement of the Heavenly Bodies. He comes forth, knapsack in hand, out of his chamber on that morning, and rejoices, like a giant, to begin his tour. Having already 'devoured the earth,' as few pedestrians can, in Cornwall, the Tyrol, Saxony, Yorkshire, and Northumberland, he devotes his present volume* to the Black Country—the regions about Birmingham and Wolverhampton. 'The name is eminently descriptive, for blackness everywhere prevails; the ground is black, the atmosphere is black, and the underground is honey-combed by mining galleries stretching in utter blackness for many a league. The scene is marvellous, and to one who beholds it for the first time by night, terrific. Then the roaring furnaces are seen for miles around pouring forth their fierce throbbing flames like volcanoes; then the hundred chimneys of iron-works display their blazing crests, or sheafs of fiery tongues; then the dull gleam of heaps of roasting ironstone makes you fancy that the old globe itself is here smouldering away; overhead, dense clouds of smoke reflect a lurid light, rolling fitfully before the wind; while the hissing and rushing of steam, the clang and clatter of machinery, the roaring blasts, and the shock of ponderous hammer-strokes, all intensified by the presence of night, complete an effect which amazes alike the eye and the ear. The effect is one that vividly excites the imagination, and is not easily forgotten.

'By day, as the train speeds across, you hear the same noises, and see the fires divested of their nightly terrors, yet find it difficult to believe that a scene of so much havoc and seeming confusion represents prosperous industry, and one of the most important departments of British trade. Perhaps for the first time you become aware of the omnipotence of coal and iron; even the stations, walls, and bridges are built of bricks that have the appearance of iron. You catch glimpses of smoking heaps, of muddy canals, complications of locks, bridges, tramways; boats moving, trains rolling; of coal-pits where the iron arm projects from the little engine-house working busily up and down, while the whimseys creak as the long rope passes over; of abandoned workings where office and engine-house are in ruin, and scraps of ragged hedgerow look very miserable, and the tall posts stand up skeleton-like, and fragments of machinery lie about devoured by rust; of heaps, nay, hills, that resemble brick rubbish, of gigantic oyster-shells which a lady's hoop would hardly encircle, and big slaty-looking slabs—accumulations of refuse which cumber the ground. And amid all this are the cottages of artisans and miners; English homes, whence sun and stars are seen darkly, situate in a region devoid of repose and beauty, which looks as if smitten by desolation, notwithstanding that here and there grow patches of wheat and plots of potatoes.'

In the Black Country, and only there, we should hope, are beheld houses hooped with iron, to keep them from tumbling to pieces, and scarce a wall or chimney that is not more or less out of the perpendicular, through the sinking of the foundations, in consequence of the earth being so widely undermined. Luckily, just outside this dismal district lie some of the pleasantest and most pastoral scenes, and thither Mr White makes his excursions for relief, much as a whale comes up from the stifling deep to breathe and bask in the air and sunshine, and then plunges down again with a whisk of his tail into the profound. The landscape (of this surrounding country) 'is made up of broad rolling fields, and a glimpse of blue uplands in the distance between the trees, feasts the eye with verdure and good cultivation; and though not at all romantic, holds a charm in its pretty lanes, and inviting footpaths, and soothing quietness.'

A simple but pretty legend, suitable to the locality to which it belongs, was narrated to our author by a fellow-traveller whose trade like his own was inseparably connected with pedestrianism, concerning the rivers Severn, Wye, and Rheidiol. 'While crossing the flanks of Plinlimmon, I fell in with a Welsh pedler, who told me the legend of the three rivers, whose birthplace is the famous hill; how that on the eve of their bubbling up, they talked together, each emulous of rising earliest for his start on the morrow. Severn, waking at the first peep of dawn,

* *All Round the Wrekin.* By Walter White. Chapman and Hall.

ran quickly down the hill, and chose a course through all the most beautiful towns and cities; Wye woke next, and finding himself anticipated, sped with many a curve and sudden bend into the best and richest land; and little Rheidiol waking last, saw that he had lost his chance, and exclaiming: "Never mind, I'll be first at the sea," tripped nimbly away to the western main at Aberystwith. "Told in Welsh," said the pedler as he finished, "it was a much prettier story than in English."' At Bewdley, Mr White picked up another local legend, less poetical, but not less true, concerning that well-conducted town and the Prince of Darkness. There is an isolated mound of sandstone, called the Devil's Spade-full, in the neighbourhood, which had its origin in the following circumstances: 'The Evil One being wroth against Bewdley because of the extraordinary godliness of the inhabitants, set out one day, with a little hill on his spade, to dam up the river and drown the town. He met a shoemaker carrying a bag on his shoulder, and beginning to feel weary, he inquired the distance to Bewdley. Crispin, emptying his bag of old shoes on the road, replied: "I have worn them all out a-coming from there." "Have you?" rejoins the other; "then I shan't carry this any further," and he threw down his load and vanished, and the Spade-full remains to this day.' At Congleton, where cock-fighting still upon the sly exists, bear-baiting was wont to be held in peculiar favour. If you wish, in a mixed company in those parts, to discover which of them are Congletonians, put the question, 'Who sold their Bible to buy a Bear?' and you will very speedily be answered; 'for, as tradition tells, the clerk of that ancient town was also bear-warden, and he on one occasion, when the exchequer was empty, and a bear absolutely indispensable, scrupled not to sell the church Bible to accomplish his purpose. Hence, Who sold their Bible to buy a Bear? rouses the indignation of Congleton to this day.' In the neighbourhood of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, we remember attempting the like experiment (with the most dangerous results) by inquiring at a village revel, 'Who built in the Cuckoo?'—the Borrowdalians, it is said, having attempted to secure for themselves a perpetual summer by erecting a wall (without a roof) around that smoothly prophesying bird.

The Black Country itself has no legends; but only a few popular sayings, which have more fact than imagination about them. One of them, with relation to two out of the three great classes of the district—the 'butties,' who direct the working of the mine, and the 'doggies,' who are their subordinates—affirms that 'the butty is hired to swear at the doggy, and the doggy to swear at the men.' This axiom, like every other, if expressed in the provincial dialect, would sound exceedingly different. '"Dra' me another hafe pint," says a rustic. "Here I are," shout the children playing in the road. "Hey! bobber, where be you a gween?" inquires the rustic of a neighbour who enters panting with heat; bobber being the equivalent of chum. "I beant a gween nowheres," answers the new-comer; and, after cooling his throat, puts a question concerning the health of a haymaker with, "I was a gween tew ax ye," and so forth. "Dear heart!" breaks in the hostess, "I 'm sorry to hear him 's no better."'

The popular poetry of the Black Country, if, at least, we may judge from the specimens which fell upon the wandering ears of Mr White, is not so pathetic as to be enervating—

'Come all you ladies, drest in white,
Come all you sailors, drest in black,
From the cabbing-boy to the main-mast high,
Pray shed a tear for my sailor b'y.'

Even the sentiment of this hard-working district seems to take a correspondingly practical turn. 'A man sitting on a gate, whom I complimented upon his happy looks as proof that work agreed with him, answered laughing: "'Tis some'at besides work: I eats a few butcher's chips every week; them's the things for looking happy on."' The same economy of epithets and ideas seems to exist in their religious hymns, as of time and material in their terrestrial avocations—

'As Oi sot on a sunny bonk,
A sunny bonk, a sunny bonk,
As Oi sot on a sunny bonk
On Christmas dee in t' mornin';
Oi saw thray ships coom seelin' boy,
Coom seelin' boy, coom seelin' boy,
Oi saw thray ships coom seelin' boy
On Christmas dee in t' mornin'.

'And hew should bay in thase thray ships,
In thase thray ships, in thase thray ships,
And hew should bay in thase thray ships?
But Juseph and his fair leddy.
And hay did whistle, and shay did sing,
And all the bells on airth did ring,
For joy that the Saviour, hay was bawn,
On Christmas dee in t' mornin''

The lodging accommodations for amateur pedestrians in these localities are by no means good. Mr White can never get the people in the inns to rise early enough to let him out in the mornings. As he let himself out of one of them, a miner, who is waiting in the street, runs up to him for two pennyworth of gin, in vain—there is nobody astir who can purvey that necessary. In London, one can get gin at cock-crow, if one's fancy lies that way; 'while the country, that esteems itself so very exemplary, is still snoring in bed, I have sometimes accomplished one-half of my day's work, and come to a resting-place before the breakfast-things were cleared away.'

There is variety enough in Mr White's travelling acquaintances: he visits the Benedictines of St Bernard's Abbey, in Loughborough, one day, and combats their theological opinions; while on the next he does battle upon the highway with a Methodist preacher.

'Approaching a sharp bend in the road, I heard a voice beyond the hedge singing a hymn with cheerful note, and knowing the tune, I lifted up my voice, and chimed in with a bass. At the bend there met me a young man who, holding an open hymn-book in his hand, evidently enjoyed his exercise. "Are you going straight away to heaven?" I asked, with a smile, as we both stood still.

"Yes," he answered; "will you go with me?"

"What would you say if I should wish to go to Wem first?"

"I 'd say you 'd better go with me."

"Why—are you a local preacher?"

"Well—I am a local preacher; and if you go with me, you shall hear something that 's most worth thinking about."

"And what 's that?"

"Going to heaven."

"And is it that which a man ought most to think about?"

'He looked at me in utter amazement, and replied: "How would you like to be put into one of them great blasing furnaces where they melt iron?"

"I shouldn't like it at all."

"Well, then!"

"Well, then!" and we stood looking one at the other.

'He returned to the charge with, "You had better come and hear me preach."

"Where?—In one of those little places which you country-folk describe as nice and close?"

"Well, it will be pretty warm to-day."

"That is one reason why I can't accept your invitation: another is, that I can't put trust in sermons

preached in a foul atmosphere. Moreover, it seems to me that many people distress themselves about going to heaven, who take but little heed to their way of life on earth. I will go and hear you when you recognise the necessity for fresh air and plenty of it; when you discern rightly the dependence between here and hereafter; when the wife who hears you shall understand that thrift and cleanliness in house and family are a part of Christian duty; when the village-grocer shall do unto his customers that which he would they should do unto him; when the labourer, digging a ditch in a far-away field all by himself, shall work as diligently, and finish-off as carefully, as if his master were standing by. If I mistake not, these would be acceptable as first steps on the journey to which you invite me."

'I held out my hand: he took it, but with a doubtful shake of his head; and so we parted.'

The best and most cheering part of Mr Walter White's volume, however, is that which treats of the religious and moral improvement in this same sunless Black Country. The good that was done by the late Joseph Sturge, and is now being done by his representatives, in their First-day Schools, is vast indeed, and produces the best results, even to the extent of civilising the manners, and that not by books of etiquette, but through the teaching of the heart within. 'What the results are may be seen in their diligent attendance at the school, in their behaviour one towards another, in their daily work, and in their homes. "If our teacher ain't ashamed to stop and shake hands with us, o' worky-days, and ask us how we are getting on, surely the least we can do is to be civil among ourselves:" such is the sentiment. And "When our teacher calls on us, he knocks at the door; don't come bouncin' in, as if he was somebody; so let us knock where we calls."'

Here is a journeyman gunmaker's account of the 'two ways of living,' striking in itself, and curiously illustrative, by the way, of those recreations, now habitual to the people of the Black Country, which were, until of late years, confined to a far higher class.

'"I've tried both ways o' livin', and I know all about it."

"What do you mean by both ways of living?"

"Well, you see, me and my brother was brought up reg'lar bad. Father was a good workman, and I've know'd him earn four pound of a sober week; but he never give us no learnin' wo'th speakin' of, and our house wasn't fit for anybody to come into. He spent so much money, and idled away his time so, that sometimes mother haven't had the value of a loaf of bread, nor enough to buy a Sunday's dinner; so she went to work at a screw-factory, and we four children done jest as we liked; and when I was nine, father took me to help him at the works. He might 'a rode in his carriage a'most, if he'd on'y a bin a sober man. He died quite a old man at forty-seven, and mother was better off without him than with him. I soon left home after I was fourteen, and got lodgin's, and went on bad enough for 'ears; lost time every week, and didn't care for nothin' till I was about twenty, when I kept company with the young 'ooman as is my wife, and she says: "I'll never get married till you are stiddier, and begins to save a bit:" and she could read and write. I couldn't hardly read; so says she: "And why don't you learn to read? A man ain't nothin' as can't read, let alone writin'." So I went to Severn Street School, and that was the means o' my bein' stiddier, and now I don't want for nothin'. I puts by five shillin' a week, and don't miss it. Some o' my old acquaintance calls me a dull, slow sort o' customer, but I know how to enjoy myself. I got my garden; that 's al'ays a pleasure; and last summer, me and my wife, and the children, went to Warwick and Leamin'ton: we see all over Warwick Castle, and never enjoyed nothin' more in our lives. It cosses a smart bit o' money to go out with three or four children; but not much more 'n I 've often spent on myself in a week's spree. Then I had a week myself at the Isle o' Man, and this 'ear, I mean goin' to Wales. Then you see we don't want for nothin' here at home, and things goes comfortable like with us."'

We have no space for mere local description, or we should gladly give Mr White's account of 'the Hardware Village,' as being the best word-picture of Birmingham with which we are acquainted—a place truly amazing, if it were but for the ridiculous cheapness of some of its wares. 'Here for three-halfpence you may buy a candlestick, a pair of snuffers for threepence, a fender for ninepence, a dozen saucepans for three shillings, a knife and fork for threepence, half-a-dozen nickel-silver spoons for threepence; and what school-boy would go knifeless where pocket-knives, with two blades, can be had for twopence a-piece?' Verily, in the Black Country and all the district round about it, it may be said with greater truth than elsewhere, that Man has sought out many inventions. It seems to be one vast hothouse of mechanical ingenuity, and if producing little else of an intellectual sort, to bring forth *that* to perfection. 'So numerous are the instances of invention and designing, that you might almost believe the faculty begotten of mere residence!'

Mr White may not have made the tour most agreeable to his own feelings and love for natural beauties, in his walk *All Round the Wrekin*, but we believe it is that which will be found most instructive and interesting to his many readers.

THE VESPER-HOUR,

ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY.

CALMLY fades the light of day—
Faintly sighs the breeze away—
Music steals from every bower:
'Tis the lonely vesper-hour.

Pilgrims sad, and hoary men,
Chant their beads twice o'er again—
Sunset's rays now dimly lower
O'er the pensive vesper-hour.

Twilight mourns in silver gray
Daylight's last remaining ray,
Weeping gems—a pearly dower—
Pale and mystic vesper-hour.

Fairies from their mossy glade,
Seeking vales now cast in shade,
Sprinkle o'er each closing flower
Tears, that cool the vesper-hour.

Spirit of the azure air!
Veiled in hues so soft, so fair,
Weep, for transient is thy power
At this balmy vesper-hour.

Now, adieu! thy beauty dies,
And entombed with day it lies;
Night now comes—gone is thy power,
Sad and dreamy vesper-hour! Z.

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A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

THE short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Kublitz was at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth, so far remote from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good-humour, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday-life, had indescribable charms for me. Kublitz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silvery river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far-stretching moorlands, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the south might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast purple moors, a line of blue peaks that faintly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Kohl Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I thus gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilisation. To the north, a line of low hills broke the distant sky-line—the *last* range, I was told, between fair Kublitz and the grim icy bergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There, among those hills, the northern bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the unhunted wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine-branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain-range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named, in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills. But let me try to describe Kublitz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the short-lived smile of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

All that rocky glen where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those shrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in Fairyland. Fruit and flowers! everywhere fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed literally crimson with the wild strawberries—those wondrous strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the hoofs of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveller, yet are so delicate and matchless in flavour, that the Czar himself sends for them, by *estafettes*, all the long, long way to his summer palace of Tsarzkoy-Chèlè. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crags, the meadows, the thickets, glow and blossom with a thousand many-hued flowers; the meres and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits, and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens, have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry. One never knows what a summer really is, never knows with what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland.

And the people? Well, all I can say is, I liked them, and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folks that had not a pleasant smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of 'smolke' and dried fish from the sea-coast, and, luxury unparalleled, perhaps even a great black loaf, brought all the way from Norway (for Lapland has no bread), to do honour to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians: they were called savages, idolaters, enchanters, even cannibals; but I can only say that they not only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleecing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers. The village of Kublitz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine-timber. In fact, the huts were not cottages—they were leafy booths such as the roving Tatar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual picnic. But the true houses were under the earth, not above its surface. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with only a low chimney, like a magnified mole-hill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the caverned storehouses for all their worldly wealth, and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year. And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man

of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway 'before it got dark.' A strange idea seized me—what if I were to stop behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long three-months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me blink like an owl at the unwearying sun that *would* shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had been, how new, fresh, and piquant; and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-wearied man, who has passed his grand climacteric, can discover a sensation that shall be at once new, fresh, and piquant. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister, in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but, 'Pshaw!' thought I, 'I can go next summer. Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I daresay, about the non-appearance of an uncle they never set their juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I 'll stay all night.'

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October, and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me—I did not know what it was like, he said; but I told him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders; Madame Wow, or, more correctly speaking, Huswife Wow (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependants and servants), lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters tittered, and all the sons stared, at this remarkable decision on my part. But, as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecedentedly liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak, and sing on occasion, in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lapponic tongue, and played the fiddle and flute, besides being the owner of a musical-box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly, we moved into our winter-quarters.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks, of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, as became the owner of five hundred reindeer. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box-beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay-walls like a row of sleeping-berths on board a packet-ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especially austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by means of the hollow trunk of an alder-tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three-piled velvet that ever loom wove; the bed was a pile of dressed deer-skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider-duck and the wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of yielding eider-down; and, crowning magnificence! there was an old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow pointed proudly, as to a proof of intercourse with the civilised world of modern Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hung about it still.

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters, when, one fine evening, I was summoned to join a solemn procession which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighbouring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day 'good-bye!' It was a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers, of every age, from the wrinkled grandsire who tottered on his staff, and with a palsy-shaken hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched that fast-declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarcely hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders, the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deer-herds: old and young were gazing with a common purpose and a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories, rushed in upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The wild and mystic verses of Tegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of the northern sun, recurred to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been very rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland, like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in Cimmerian darkness. Plunge! the red sun had flashed down below the horizon. A heavy twilight settled, as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright, in her rainbow robe, studded with flowers, was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realms. Hark! the long wailing cadences of the sweet sad chant—an old, old heathen chant, of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Venus and Summer of this far remote race—in which the Laplanders bewail the parting day! Now for the long, long night! Already, as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away too—already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak round me at the sudden sensation of cold. 'It is the snow-wind,' said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; 'no more flowers for the lasses to braid in their hair this year.'

I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the Laps. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should seal up mere and river, and start, like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far-away moorlands, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strange and grotesque, and their pigmy figures impish, in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream—that it was real waking life—that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year—and that I was going to try and while away a winter-night that would have given time to Scherazadé herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories—all this bewildered me. But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in

caves. Peter Wow, as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Kublitz in his hospitable halls underground. Torches blazed and sputtered; lamps, fed by seal-oil and deer's fat, were lighted, and hung to every bracket and projection through all the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour, the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests. All Kublitz was there, young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden by the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the rooms by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were presently to figure in the ancient sword-dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild pathos, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fawn-like elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of those lithe, small-limbed elfins of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure me a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt, like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Liliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvellous sight that assembly of small folks under the level of the earth, and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the Daione Sheah of the Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troop of carousing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been borne away to Fairyland, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and, with his high red cap set jauntily on his gray locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the king of the Drows or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions describe him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witchlike ugliness of the old women, to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion, but age, it seems, comes on with terribly swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to weird age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong, in spite of their pigmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed, more than once, to raise troops among the Laplanders; but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow-shoes, and form a militia on the border; and there the sensitive little heroes are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty-inch standard. The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians, and Southerners generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norsemen always say: 'He who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain;' for the small folks have wonderful acuteness with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secret hearts the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an ace of being level with my shoulder; and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet of perpendicular elevation, which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning, I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copse, the illimitable moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song-birds, the uncultured fruits that offered their profusion everywhere, blooming heather, and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not as dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy shimmering light prevailed, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed, the blinding snow-flakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant.

'They are plucking the wild goose's feathers finely up there, north,' said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woollen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a strange season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or neither. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, the bone-flute and the musk-ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular times for meals, or sleep, or work, or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labours as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking, to say nothing of eating, drinking, and gossiping, went on in a promiscuous fashion through the twenty-four hours of what would, down south, have been a legal day. If any one felt tired or sleepy, he or she went to sleep; the hungry ate, the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; birchen bowls were carved, horn-trinkets chiseled, and stories related to gaping listeners, all at once, and all for ever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically. I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing. I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of amiable nightmare. Of course, I saw no newspapers: the world might wag as it pleased. It was in the daylight—I in the dark. Of course, I received no letters: the post-courier was shut out, along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp-lit, moonshiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather, the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scratched away the snow with their fore-feet. There were hunting-parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter livery of white. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a grand battle with an old giant

of a bear, who presumed on the superstitious respect the Laps have for 'Old Grandfather Wizard,' as they call him, and robbed the storehouses, until his thefts became unbearable. The wolf-hunts were rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, cowed the dogs with his ursine hugs, and nearly beat the whole community, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then there were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow in a deer-drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jangling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his antlered team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moorlands! The worst of it is, it takes away your breath uncommonly; and when I waxed confident, and *would* drive personally, I was run away with, of course, upset with an awful purl into a drift five fathom deep, and dug out ignominiously, amid much laughter of the little folks, who greatly crowed over clumsy Gulliver. Still, the drives were famous fun. I was frost-bitten twice, and revived by a snow-rubbing; but, worse, I was struck with snow-blindness, for I had to pass a fortnight in my cabin in absolute darkness, and was not the happier for the reflection that my own obstinacy in refusing to wear snow-spectacles had brought this agreeable seclusion upon me. But the kind little folks bustled about me, and told me the most wonderful stories of gnomes, witches, geni, and so forth, all with perfect childish belief and gravity, and sang and played to me, and lightened my loneliness considerably. When I recovered, I was thankful for the spectacles, and never suffered from the glare any more.

So the winter wore on. The Laps were always kind, gentle, and gay, in their strange semi-pagan way, though I trembled lest I should really be ill, beyond cure of their simple remedies, and abandoned to the wizard, a sort of medicine-man among them, who beats his magic drum, and mutters spells over the sick, as among the American Indians. Not that the Laps are idolaters now, although, in 1700, Bishop Gunner found a few heathens still among them, who worshipped a black stone. On the contrary, we had a pastor of the Swedish Church at Kublitz. But he was a native Lap, a meek little man, who had half forgotten his small stock of learning acquired at Upsala; and I am sure he put perfect faith in the wizard, as the latter moved about, haughty and mysterious, in his blue magic dress, and was not the sort of priest to eradicate the superstitions which he avowedly shared. Besides the wizard, we possessed two witches, impish crones, in pointed caps of white fox-skin, who derived fees and much reverence from the fears of the community. Yet my hosts looked on themselves as civilised folks, compared with their more northern neighbours. 'All bad tribes up north,' Peter Wow would say in his broken Swedish; 'shoot you if you go there, for fear you come for harm! Cannibals up there! and you know the Lapland muskets never miss!' Indeed, they very seldom *do* miss, at a moderate range.

But the Merry Dancers! I was going to omit the most strangely splendid sight that ever astonished my eyes, and to which a whole Royal Academy of artists could never do justice. The Northern Lights, the customary auroras and meteors, were unusually splendid about mid-winter; but once, as I was returning from a sledge-excursion, an exclamation from my guide made me start. I shall never forget the scene. The heavens were one vast pavilion of many-coloured light: blue, orange, fiery red, deep violet, now paved with fiery gold, now spangled with lustrous gems, all blended in one glowing mass; while beneath, and touching the snowy plain, wheeled and sparkled, as in fantastic dance, a hundred columns of prismatic fire, that seemed the creation of some wild dream. These were the Merry Dancers, the wondrous Lights of the North. Ah! it was a pleasant winter; and I protest that I was half sorry when we all went up the hill again, and hailed the rising sun, and day and summer came pouring in at once; and the boat was prepared, and I bade my gnome hosts adieu, and went off to the daylight, open air, Gloucestershire world again.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE INCUMBRANCE.

THE popular notion which attributes the existence of what Mr Disraeli so pleasantly calls a fleabite, entirely to the genius of the great fillibuster of 1688, does rank injustice to his predecessors on the throne. It is true, it was in the reign of Silent William that Exchequer bills were first issued, life and terminable annuities granted, and the national debt moulded into its present shape; but the practice of anticipating revenue by borrowing—the foundation of the grand superstructure—came in with William the Norman himself, or originated with his immediate successors.

At first these loans were raised by the authority of the crown alone, no interest being paid for the accommodation. Tangible, or what modern advertisers term 'available security,' was often required from royal clients by the money-lenders. Henry III. having borrowed 5000 marks from the Earl of Cornwall, bound over all his Jews—that wealthy, persecuted race being apparently looked upon as the king's own—to pay to the earl, in certain instalments, the sums of 3000 marks, under a penalty of L.500 for every default, power being given to the earl to distrain upon their goods and persons, if need were. The expulsion of the Jews in the following reign deprived the crown of this ready resource. Henry V., at a loss for funds wherewith to carry out his designs against France, obtained L.500 from the Bishop of Worcester and the city of Coventry, depositing with the lenders, as a pledge of repayment, his great Skelton collar, garnished with four rubies, four great sapphires, thirty-two great pearls, and fifty-three lesser ones. The hero of Agincourt never redeemed his collar, and it was not till the sixth year of his successor that it rejoined the royal insignia. Henry VI. pawned the crown jewels again and again, in order to raise money to carry on the contest with his rival of the White Rose.

The securities given by the crown consisted of privy seals, letters-patent, and debentures—so called from the acknowledgment of the debt beginning with the word 'debentur.' The Jews used, for the same purpose, written instruments called chirographs, one-half of which document was kept in the king's chest; if this counterpart could not be found in that repository when the chirograph was presented for payment, the latter was nothing better than waste paper or parchment. But the security most commonly employed was that of the tally, the only instrument by which the Exchequer acknowledged the receipt of money. The tally was a stick of well-dried, well-seasoned hazel, cut square, and uniform at end and in the shaft. The sum of money which it represented was cut in notches by the cutter, and written upon two sides of it by the writer of tallies. The tally was cleft in the middle with a knife and mallet by the chamberlains, each half having a superscription and a half part of the notch or notches. One part, called the tally, was delivered to the person lending the money, the other, the counter-tally, being retained. When the tally and counter-tally came afterwards to be joined, they fitted so exactly that there could be no doubt of their genuineness.

Henry VI. was the first monarch who contrived to shift the burden of debt from his own shoulders to those of his subjects; the authority of parliament being given to the king's council to make securities for the creditors of the crown in 1429, 1433, and 1436; and yet in 1450 his majesty owed L.372,000 more

than he knew how to pay. Parliament again came to his aid, and drew upon the purse of the nation for the amount. In the twenty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII., the Commons, considering that divers of the king's subjects held securities for great sums of money which had been expended in the public service, repaid the advances, and released the king from all obligations regarding them. James I., during the earlier part of his reign, borrowed money at the 'ordinary' interest of 10 per cent.; in 1625 the rate was reduced by act of parliament to 8 per cent.

Another method of anticipating revenue was by the issue by the Exchequer of tallies of pro, resembling the more ancient tallies of profer given to the sheriffs, in acknowledgment of the prepayment of the issues of their bailiwicks. When parliament assumed the exclusive right of taxing the nation, it made provision, from time to time, for anticipating the produce of the taxes, either by allowing discount for their prepayment, or by borrowing money to be repaid as the revenue accrued. Upon the quarrel between Charles I. and the parliament resolving itself into a trial by battle, the parliament issued an ordinance, declaring it would be an acceptable service if all good subjects would advance, by way of loan, such sums as they would have been assessed under a tonnage and poundage bill, which having passed both Houses, lacked only the royal assent to become law; all such good citizens being rewarded for their patriotism by a deduction of 15 per cent. being made on their several assessments. Charles, equally distressed for the sinews of war, had recourse to the farmers of the customs; not only did he borrow largely from them, but he compelled them to become personally bound for loans contracted in other quarters. In return, they received a three years' extension of their lease, with power to repay themselves with interest, by deducting certain sums from the Customs receipts every year. This proved a bitter bad bargain for the farmers. The parliament of 1640 refused to recognise the transaction, and handed over the Customs to other parties, leaving those who had put their faith in Charles without a chance of reimbursing themselves, and at the mercy of the creditors to whom they had made themselves responsible. Sir Paul Pindar and several others died in prison; those who survived until the Restoration, were re-installed in their old offices, and accepted L.200,000, in discharge of the much larger amount justly due to them.

In 1664, a more systematic method of anticipating income was adopted. In order to supply the king with ready money, all persons willing to lend money, or furnish any necessaries to the crown upon credit, received a tally by way of acknowledgment, and were paid 6 per cent. interest per annum till the principal was returned. The act authorising this was passed, said the Speaker, in the hope that 'as the rivers do naturally empty themselves into the sea, the veins of gold and silver in this nation will plentifully run into this ocean, for the maintenance of his majesty's just sovereignty on the seas.' His hope was fulfilled. Wealthy people eagerly advanced money to the Exchequer upon the security of the supplies voted by parliament, and were gradually repaid as the produce of the taxes flowed into the treasury; but in eight years' time Charles was in such pecuniary difficulties, that he offered to bestow the treasurership upon the discoverer of any way of extrication. Clifford was the winner of the prize. His plan had at least the merit of simplicity; he shut up the Exchequer, and instead of repaying the money advanced upon its security, issued only the interest due thereon. General distrust was the natural consequence; bankruptcies became the order of the day; merchants and traders stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once, and commerce was brought to a stand-still. The national creditors were thus defrauded of L.1,328,526; the interest of this sum, amounting to L.79,711, the king charged upon his hereditary revenue. At his death, the payment was stopped. After many years' litigation, judgment was pronounced against the crown; but an act was passed in 1699, declaring, that in lieu of the crown being chargeable with the payment of the 6 per cent., the Excise should be made answerable for the payment of 3 per cent. per annum upon the sum mentioned in the letters-patent, subject to being redeemable upon the payment of L.664,263. The twenty-five years' interest properly due to the patentees, together with their original capital, amounted to L.3,428,526, so that they lost no less than L.2,800,000 by the transaction. The principal of L.664,263 still forms part of our funded debt—the only portion of it contracted prior to the Revolution, at which time the whole outstanding debt of the country, including some L.300,000 arrears of pay due to the army and navy, did not exceed L.384,888, 6s. 9d. The ordinary annual revenue was L.1,580,000, and the average expenditure, L.1,700,000.

The glorious Revolution inaugurated a new financial era; with it commenced the system under which our national debt has increased from a paltry eighty-five thousand pounds to above seven hundred millions. The extraordinary military expenditure of the new monarch, necessitated not only increased taxation, but the raising of large sums upon tallies of anticipation; a means so extravagantly used, that by the end of 1696 the amount due upon outstanding tallies exceeded the funds available for their discharge by more than four millions. They fell, as a matter of course, considerably below par, and to save the national credit, their liquidation was provided for by an act called *The First General Mortgage*. Previous to this, it had become evident that some other means of borrowing money must be found; accordingly, in 1692, government was authorised to raise one million on life and tontine annuities, the lenders receiving 10 per cent. per annum for seven years, and afterwards 7 per cent. on the lives of their nominees, with benefit of survivorship till the number was reduced to seven; or the option of receiving an annuity for one life at 14 per cent. Two years afterwards, L.300,000 was raised upon annuities for one, two, and three lives, at 14, 12, and 10 per cent. respectively. One million was also raised by lottery upon annuities for sixteen years at 14 per cent.; and in the same year, the Bank of England was incorporated, and the foundation of our funded debt laid, by the borrowing from its corporation of L.1,200,000 at 8 per cent., with L.4000 allowed for the expense of the house, making an annuity of L.100,000 at 8¼ per cent.—an interest reduced from time to time till brought down to its present rate of 3 per cent. In 1695, the holders of single life-annuities were allowed, on advancing an additional sum equivalent to four and a half years' purchase, to convert them into long annuities of ninety-six years' certain duration; if the annuitant declined, any one could take the long term at five years' purchase, subject to the original life-annuity; and so all the single life-annuities were gradually converted into long annuities.

Spite of these strenuous efforts to place the finances in a satisfactory condition, 1696 saw the government almost at its wit's end for money—the difficulties of the situation aggravated by the commercial distress occasioned by the calling in of the old clipped silver before new coin had been provided to supply its place. King William, busy in the Low Countries, was ever crying for more. 'If you cannot devise expedients to send contributions or procure credits,' he writes, 'all is lost, and I must go to the Indies.' A little later, he urges the anticipation of the land-tax, meeting all objections as to the illegality of the procedure by declaring: 'In such extreme necessity, we must not be too scrupulous.' Pressed so hardly for that which he knew not how to obtain, the Duke of Shrewsbury writes bitterly to Russell: 'You have left us in the saddest condition that ever people were in; an army

abroad, a fleet and army at home, to maintain, and neither friends nor money to do it.' In these exigent circumstances, Montagu, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, came to the rescue. An act for the establishment of a National Land Bank passed the Commons, in which Montagu inserted provisions for imposing new duties on salt, and borrowing L.2,564,000 upon the credit thereof, either by tallies of loan and orders of repayment at 7 per cent., or by 'indented bills of credit,' issued by the Exchequer, for any even number of pounds sterling as might be most convenient to those ready to accept them. These bills bore interest not exceeding 3d. per diem, and were payable on demand, the Treasury being authorised to cancel the bills as paid off, reissue them, or issue new bills in lieu of them, as was deemed most convenient. Holders were privileged to commute them for a perpetual annual payment of 7 per cent., redeemable upon the return of the principal. The first issue of Exchequer bills took place on the 14th July 1696, and although L.1,500,000 was authorised by the act, only L.159,169 was actually issued; of which only L.59,364 was outstanding at the end of the year. In 1697, a fresh issue of Exchequer bills took place, to the amount of L.1,199,990, bearing interest at L.7, 12s. per cent. per annum, the greater portion not exceeding L.10 in value.

Tallies of pro were issued by the authority of parliament for the first time in 1696, for the purpose of defraying the household expenses of the king and royal family. In 1698, tallies of anticipation were issued to pay off a loan of two millions contracted with the newly constituted East India Company. Others were issued in the following year, to cover any deficiencies of ways and means under the Appropriation Act of that date. At the conclusion of William's reign, the whole national debt, which had reached as high as fifteen millions, amounted to L.12,552,486, of which L.3,200,000 was funded.

In 1707, England was engaged in the War of the Spanish Succession, to meet the expenses of which contest, Exchequer bills were issued for L.1,500,000. These were payable at the Exchequer for any account, and exchangeable for cash at the Bank of England, which was paid 4½ per cent. per annum for circulating the bills. No interest was indorsed upon them by the Exchequer, that duty devolving upon the Bank. Two years afterwards, this issue was cancelled, and commuted into a debt due to the Bank of England of L.1,775,027, 17s. 10½d., with interest at 6 per cent., payable from the house-duties. This is the first instance of the funding of Exchequer bills. A new issue in 1709 were for a time divided into 'non-specie bills,' receivable on account of taxes or loans at the Exchequer, and 'specie bills,' reissued by the Exchequer, and payable on demand at the Bank; a distinction abolished in 1711, by making all of them payable on demand. Up to this time, no addition had been made to the capital of the public debt beyond the amount actually borrowed. Towards the end of Anne's reign, the difficulty of raising money became so great that recourse was had to obtaining loans by means of lotteries, in which every ticket was entitled to a capital equal to the sum advanced, and the prize-tickets to a large additional capital, both bearing interest at 6 per cent., and repayable in thirty-two years from funds allocated for the purpose. In six lottery loans raised between 1711 and 1714, the amount advanced was L.9,000,000; the prizes, L.2,723,910—making an addition to the capital of public debt of L.11,723,910. It was in 1711 that the funded debt first exceeded the unfunded, which it did by a million; on Anne's death in 1714, they stood respectively at L.27,820,321 and L.8,355,139; the national liabilities having been trebled in the thirteen years of her reign.

In 1719, provision was first made for exchanging residuary Exchequer bills for new ones. The first monarch of 'Brunswick's royal line' left the debt at L.52,523,923; an amount nearly doubled in the thirty-four years' reign of his successor. Then came the days when George III. was king—the American rebellion, the long death-struggle with Napoleon, with its absorbing subsidies and usurious loans. In 1815, the national debt reached its maximum of L.861,039,960, having increased during the fifty-five years of Father George's rule at an average rate of thirteen and a half millions per annum! When he was gathered to his rest, it had been reduced by some six-and-twenty millions. At the end of George IV.'s reign in 1830, it had still further declined to L.784,803,997; the Sailor King left it some three millions the worse; but under our present deservedly loved monarch it was gradually reduced, till it reached its minimum point since 1812—L.769,082,549. This was in the financial year 1853-54, just before the breaking out of the war with Russia, which left us with the debt increased to L.808,108,722, although the annual charge upon it was less by a million than on the smaller debt of 1837. The last alternative of kings has proved a monstrously costly alternative to all nations, and to none more than our own. For example, we had added to our national debt, by the War of the Spanish Succession, lasting 11 years, L.22,370,202; by the wars of Right of Search and Austrian Succession, 8 years, L.29,314,632; by the Seven Years' War, L.60,782,368; by the American War, 8 years, L.115,901,732; by the French War (interrupted by Treaty of Amiens), 22 years, L.421,375,628; by the Russian War, 2 years, L.39,026,173—or seven wars only, extending over some sixty years, have increased our obligations by the nice little sum of six hundred and eighty-eight millions, leaving increased taxation out of the question altogether. Truly, these 'butchers' bills,' calculated from the massive columns of the Blue-book to which we are indebted for the facts herein stated, are terrible items in our national ledger.

Since 1856, a reduction of some three millions has been effected in the total amount of the public debt of Great Britain; but with the time for turning swords into pruning-hooks as far off as ever, and with the country awake to the imperative necessity of being prepared for any contingency, costly defences loom in no distant future; and as we may fairly make posterity pay its proportion for safety, there is little hope of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt being able to do much in that way for many years to come.

THE TURKISH BATH.

I KNOW what the Panacea is: it isn't education, it isn't prize-fighting, and it isn't even volunteering—it's the Turkish bath. Education is a very good cure, I've no doubt, for rogues and vagabonds, and ruffians who commit the crime of hunger; prize-fighting is a healthy and ennobling occupation for people made of cast iron; and volunteering is strongly recommended by the faculty to young men of means who suffer from loss of appetite; but the Panacea for the million is the Turkish bath. Methuselah, it is now generally allowed, owed his length of days to this practice. I know that an ingenious captain of Artillery has written a book, in which he endeavours to account for the nine centuries of that patriarch in another way. *He* holds, and he is under the impression that he *proves*, that the earth grows and has gone on growing ever since the creation; that in the days of Methuselah it was a very diminutive sphere indeed; that the days and years were proportionately short; and that, consequently, Methuselah was by no means a long-lived man, reckoning according to our present scale of days and years. But the majority of scientific men deny this theory, and adopt the

Turkish-bath explanation. The bard, I am aware, with that disregard for truth which is one of the privileges of the poetic race, asserts unblushingly that

> Brandy cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic,
> And is to all men the very best of physic.

But the user of the Turkish bath needs no physic of any description, and inveighs against stimulants of all kinds; nay, it has been asserted with some vehemence, and maintained with some degree of argument, that the man (or woman) who should daily take a Turkish bath, would stand in need of neither medicine nor raiment, and very little food would be necessary. Oxygen is the one thing needful, and the regular user of the Turkish bath gets plenty of that. I took my first in Palace Street, Pimlico. There's a chapel next door, but they don't charge anything extra on that account, though you can hear the organist practising quite distinctly. Now, the appearance of the bath outside is as if it were built of some crumbly sort of stone, and upon it is printed, 'The Turkish Bath,' in red letters, for somehow in England red is associated with everything Turkish. There are two entrances—one for gentlemen, and the other for ladies. What they do on the ladies' side, I can't say, but I've no doubt things are conducted in very much the same manner as upon the gentlemen's; and the fashion hereof is as follows:

As soon as you enter, you are requested to sit upon a form, pull off your shoes, and insert your feet into a pair of slippers *à la Turque*, fashioned out of an old pair of American goloshes or 'rubbers' (at least *mine* were); not that it is by any means necessary, but it looks Turkish. Then, much as you may admire that sentiment of Ancient Pistol's which proclaims the baseness of the 'slave who pays,' you must submit to slavery for the nonce, and abase yourself to the tune of three-and-sixpence; whereupon a ticket of admittance is put into your hand, and you are politely requested to mount, as well as your Turkish slippers, will allow you, into an upper chamber. This chamber has windows in the roof only. These windows are all open, and at your entrance, you are a little scared at observing what at first appear to you corpses in winding-sheets lying upon red-covered ottomans. After a few moments, however, you recover sufficient self-possession to be aware that some of the corpses are reading newspapers, and many smoking. They repose at full length with a sheet partially thrown round them, and girt about the loins with what would in South Africa be considered a very handsome evening-dress, either of a red or yellow colour. One of these 'evening-dresses,' together with a sheet, is then thrust into your hands. You accept both with thanks, grin feebly at the donor, and take the liberty of asking if you are expected to imitate the apparently insane conduct of the gentlemen whom you see lying about, and every mother's son of whom you are willing to bet more than you can afford, will catch his death of cold. To your relief, you find that no such sacrifice is required of you at present for your three-and-sixpence. Having given up your valuables into the care of the superintendent, your attention is directed to a number of square compartments, or apartments, protected from the public gaze by red curtains. Into one of these you are inducted, and recommended to reduce yourself to a state of nudity; to gird yourself with the red or yellow 'ap'on' before mentioned; to throw the sheet, ghost-like, about you, and then descend the steps you just now ascended. Arrived at the bottom, you are directed to turn to the right, pull aside a red curtain, and exchange your Turkish slippers for a pair of wooden clogs. A door is then pushed open, you are told to walk in, and do so, but for an instant feel disposed to back out again at the double. The temperature of the room is 120°, but that is comparatively a trifle: it is the spectacle you behold which appals you. In the first place, the room is darkened; through the gloom, you dimly discover, seated upon wooden stools—as it were of repentance—placed against the walls, and over a grating, through which comes the hot air, nude figures, both fat and thin. They sit and glare, as you take your place upon a vacant stool in a corner, and spring up on the spot with a cry of pain, for you've not been in the habit of sitting on the hob, and prefer a chair 'with just the chill off;' there they sit and glare, and perspire, and pant. Their faces are red, their veins distended; and that stout old gentleman who weighs, on a rough calculation, about forty-seven stone, and looks like Hercules in very bad condition, gazes piteously at the stream which is pouring from his fat. After a few moments, you are sufficiently acclimatised to the temperature to sit down quietly and observe the operations. Your first impression is decidedly uncomfortable; you can't help thinking you must have got into a torture-chamber by mistake; your memory brings back all the tales you have read about the Spanish Inquisition, and scenes from Mr Ainsworth's *Tower of London* come floating before your mental vision; for in the middle of the room wherein you are sitting, are what you take to be two racks; upon them are stretched at full length two human figures, and over these a-straddle stand two ghastly executioners; an occasional sigh or groan from the recumbent figures aids the horrible delusion. But after a while your eyesight becomes clearer, your nerves stronger, and your imagination duller, so that the racks soften down into simple wooden tables or dressers, the victims into voluntary patients, and the grim executioners into civil, careful, and tender operators.

Being now in a position, mentally and corporeally, to look about you, you perceive that the room in which you are has three doors: one by which you entered; another on your right as you enter, which leads into a sort of yard, the temperature whereof is about 70°; and a third upon your left as you enter, which opens into another room, heated to the somewhat alarming height of 180°. Of course, it is only by degrees that you gain all this knowledge. Hints are dropped from time to time by perspiring neighbours, which enable you to make up your mind that yonder room is still hotter than that in which you sit, and that you must get baked there before you can consider yourself 'thoroughly done.' Then you are aware of a list of Regulations, which you rise up and read. They are six in number; and, if memory serve me truly, the first is a recommendation 'to remain in the first or intermediate room until a general perspiration takes place.' The second is to this effect: 'If the heat be disagreeable or oppressive, wash the head with a little warm water, and the feet and hands with cold;' and, as the heat *is* disagreeable and oppressive, you proceed at once to act upon it; then feeling, or fancying you feel, a little better, you peruse the remaining regulations. The third, in a teetotal spirit, accords you the kind permission 'to drink cold water freely, if you feel inclined, as soon as the body becomes moist.' The fourth is a warning to you 'to take care and cool thoroughly before dressing, and whilst cooling, to expose the body as much as possible to the air.' The fifth advises you 'to repose as much as you can whilst in the bath, and to avoid all exciting topics of conversation.' The sixth it is rather difficult to comprehend, by reason of its grammatical structure, the complication of conjunctions being worthy of Thucydides himself. I can only give it as it is printed, to the best of my recollection: 'The proper time for taking a bath is either before meals, and not for less than two hours after a hearty one.' The first part is sufficiently intelligible, but the last is too much for most scholars; however, the best way would be never to take one at all after a meal, and

then you will be quite safe. After this short trial of the effect produced upon the human body at a temperature of 120° by a little reading, and discovering the result to be a gentle perspiration, you, in accordance with regulation one, enter the more fiercely heated room. You look at the thermometer, and find that you are actually enduring a temperature of 180°. You sit down upon a board placed upon a marble slab, as you see other people sitting, and you take particular care not to touch the marble itself with any part of your body, for the sudden hop, the starting eyes, the twisted mouth, and the profane ejaculation of the gentleman opposite, the calf of whose leg came into contact with the marble, lead you to the conclusion that it isn't agreeable. In point of fact, the board is, to say the least, quite hot enough, and you're not quite sure you're not a fool for sitting on it; you think there is a great deal of reason in the remark of the gentleman next to you, who mutters that it's quite hot enough for *him;* and you listen with considerable interest to the short-necked gentleman, with very prominent veins, who asks in a husky voice if that sort of thing ever brings on apoplexy.

When you think you have reduced yourself by perspiration as nearly to a skeleton as is convenient, you retreat to the 'intermediate' room. You are then taken in hand by an 'operator.' He requests you to sit down upon one of the 'dressers;' he then takes hold of your right hand, pulls the arm out sharply, tugs at your thumb and each of your fingers, striving to 'crack' the joints, and pinches and kneads the muscles. Afterwards, he repeats the operation upon your left hand and arm. Now he jumps up behind you, rubs down your neck, presses upon your shoulders, and bidding you support your hands upon the 'dresser,' passes the palm of his hand heavily down from shoulder to wrist. Next, he tells you to lie upon your back, putting a sort of block under your head, to support it. He leans the weight of his body upon your chest, and passes his hand over your ribs and all the muscles from the neck to the waist; he rubs your thighs, pulls your legs and toes, and twists your ankles; lastly, he turns you over, back uppermost, and leans upon all parts of your back; runs what feels very like his elbow down from the nape of your neck between your shoulder-blades as far as the string of the 'ap'on' you have on; pulls all the muscles you have 'aft' with thumb and finger, as one stretches a piece of India-rubber; pinches your calves; and with a parting wrench of the left leg, lets you know you're 'done.' Being 'done,' you sit down for a minute or two till the 'washer' is ready for you.

He awaits you in the third room, or court, or back-kitchen, or yard, or whatever is the proper name for it. He will seat you upon a form, cover you all over with Castilian soap, and then wash you with warm water. During this time, he will most likely question you after his kind, thus:

'This your first bath, sir?'

'Yes.'

(Sneeringly.) 'I thought so.'

'Why?'

'Why, you 're so alarmin' dirty.'

(Uneasily.) 'Oh! am I? I didn't know that. I have a bath every morning.'

'What! a water-bath?'

'Yes.'

'That 'counts for it—*that* ain't a bath; you might take that sort o' bath all day, and yet be as dirty as a chimney-sweep.'

Not feeling on safe ground, you close the conversation. The 'washer' requests you to stand up, empties the tub of warm water in which you have been washed over your head, and proceeds to behave in a manner which excites a suspicion, on your part, that something unpleasant is coming. He begs you will stand as far back as you can; he then catches hold of a gutta-percha tube, at one end of which is that part of a watering-pot which is pierced with holes, while the other end is fastened in the wall, and communicates, you have a horrid fancy, with a tank of cold water. Your fancy has not deceived you, for in a moment a gelid stream is poured over feet and legs, and chest and back, and, peradventure, head. This sudden attack is a little bewildering at first, and takes away the breath, causing any remarks you may have to make to issue forth in a broken form, accompanied by frequent gasps; but before it is over, you really enjoy it. You are now sent back into the warm rooms again; and after remaining there a few minutes, until you become dry, you make your exit by the door by the which you entered. Your clogs or pattens are now taken off; your slippers put on; a fresh 'ap'on' is tied around your middle; your sheet is thrown round your shoulders; and you walk up stairs to the 'lying-in-state' room. You fling yourself upon an ottoman, throw your sheet off your chest and legs, call for a cigar and a cup of coffee, and believe yourself in Paradise. The sensations you experience are indescribable. So far from feeling the air from the open windows uncomfortable, you delight in it; you feel as though a weight had fallen from mind and body. In about half an hour, you find yourself thoroughly cooled; you go into your little compartment, dress yourself, recover your valuables, descend the stairs, put off your slippers, put on your shoes, and sally forth in an ecstasy.

But as no one with the full complement of wits ever goes a warfare without counting the cost, so a reasonable being takes a review of the charges he has been put to by his bath; and herein the man whose time is money, may fairly reckon the hours he spent. For my part, then, I entered at 4 P.M., and though, in obedience to the exhortation of regulation three, I drank six tumblers of water as soon as my body became moist, and employed all the means I could think of to bring on a perspiration, it was six o'clock before I shewed any marked symptom—indeed, I began to doubt whether the pores hadn't been forgotten when my particular skin was manufactured. Those superior beings who know all about the Turkish bath and the human skin, were horrified at the state of my hide, I daresay, and thought I must be a personification of the unclean thing; but I can only say, that if it's perspiration they want, I've plenty of that for them. Why, half an hour's fencing, or stick-playing, or rowing, makes me perspire ten times as much as two hours' baking in the bath-room; and I humbly submit that there may be persons for whom perspiration from exercise is more healthy than from artificial heat. I was two hours getting into a proper state for shampooing or kneading; I had to wait about a quarter of an hour, until the operator was ready to pinch, press, rub, and twist my limbs; I was about another quarter of an hour, I should think, having my limbs pinched, pressed, rubbed, and twisted, and my epidermis peeled off; I had to wait ten minutes before I was washed, and five minutes before I was dry, so that it was a quarter to seven when I arrived at the 'lying-in-state' room; and I was three-quarters of an hour getting cool and dressing. On the whole, then, I had been three hours and a half taking my bath; and though I am bound to say that, in a luxurious point of view, the delicious sensations I experienced at the end, and for at least an hour after it, were quite worth the while, in an industrial point of view, I very much fear it was time wasted. Moreover, I had expended 3s. 6d. for the bath, and 10d. for a cigar and a cup of coffee; not that the latter disbursements were absolutely necessary, but they seemed Turkish, and as I was in for it, I thought I might as well go the whole Turkish hog. Certainly, if you are in the habit of having all kinds of diseases and paying all sorts of doctors' bills, and you can be quit of both diseases and doctors by paying 4s. 4d. a week, it is

comparatively cheap; but my remarks apply to those who are blessed with generally good health.

Mr David Urquhart, a prophet who has met with the proverbial treatment of prophets in their own country, is the great advocate for the re-introduction into Britain of the Turkish bath; I say re-introduction, for if I read Mr Urquhart's book, called the *Pillars of Hercules*, aright, he states that it was introduced into Britain by the Romans, though it has now unhappily died out. Indeed, Turkish is an epithet given to it simply because it is in Turkey that it holds its ground tenaciously, whilst 'civilisation' has banished it in other countries. 'The result of progress,' says Mr Urquhart, 'is filth.' Witness the baths and wash-houses, the model lodging-houses, and the fact that nearly every man who can by any possibility do so, 'tubs' every morning, and uses flesh-brushes, or something equivalent. 'Pooh!' say Mr Urquhart and his adherents: 'my good friend, you're a born idiot. You think the use of water is to wash and make clean: not a bit of it. You believe with Pindar that ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ: never was such a mistake: ἄριστον μὲν hot air. It is that which comes out of a man—which is in him and wants to come out—that defiles him. Perspiration brings that out, and hot air brings on perspiration; then *vive* hot air! Water is all very well for *ablution*—that is to say, to wash away what perspiration has elicited; but for every other purpose, you might as well drink it, and say you were cleansed. You, madam, whose skin is so fair and transparent to the uninitiated eye, that the ignorant would liken it to alabaster from Taurus, or marble from the quarries of Paros, will be grieved to hear, what is only too true, that you are really a nasty dirty creature, and that the labourer who perspires freely at his work, and wears his shirt for a whole week long, is your superior in cleanliness.' Now, I am no physiologist, but if perspiration be the *summum bonum*, or the one thing needful, it appears to my simple judgment perfectly unnecessary for persons in health to have recourse to artificial means; nature notoriously adapts herself to circumstances in a healthy subject. There are natural perspirations which I suppose expel secretions as well as artificial ones; and if the perspirer take care to use ablution afterwards, and rub off his epidermis with a glove, or flesh-brush, or even his own hand, I confess I can't see how he should fail to be as clean as any slip-shod Turk that ever contented himself with one bath a week. And as for *Hummals*, I would be perfectly ready to back Mr Thomas Sayers, after a few weeks' training in his own style, against any three Turkish *Hummals*—one down, another come on—that ever perspired in a temperature of 200°. Moreover, it seems to me that if, as Mr Urquhart asserts, 'Rome was indebted to her strigil no less than to her sword for the conquest of the world,' the Turks have done wrong to omit the strigil whilst adopting the bath. It is quite clear that the bath alone is not sufficient to revive 'the sick man:' he had better try the strigil.

If Mr Urquhart could reintroduce the Roman or Turkish bath, he would certainly be a great benefactor, for it would be putting a great luxury within the reach of all classes. He believes the poor might obtain the bath at about twopence a head; but, then, how much time could they spare? Even were the building operatives to obtain the nine hours' boon, would they spend three and a half in a bath? Mr Urquhart is confident that the baths would supersede the gin-palaces. What a blessing were this to all but distillers! For my part, I'm afraid the gin-drinkers would have their bath and their 'blue-ruin' too, just as those who should set them an example have their Turkish bath and their claret. Mr Urquhart declares that it is not Islamism which prevents the use of spirituous liquors, but the bath. 'In Greece and Rome, in their worst times,' he says, 'there was neither blue-ruin nor double stout:' of course, because they had the hot-air bath.

That the Turkish bath is a very good thing for those who suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia, cutaneous eruptions, &c.—who have too much fat, who take little or no exercise, who seldom perspire, and who can afford to pay three shillings and sixpence, and three hours and a half in time, for an exquisite indulgence—I have no doubt whatever. I myself cured a cold, and received three-quarters of an hour's intense gratification from it; but that I'm an unclean person if I don't have one once a week at least, I'll not acknowledge; and I can honestly state that I wasn't at all staggered, as they say you ought to be, at the immense quantity of dirt which accompanies your epidermis; there wasn't so much as I expected. You may say that I must have expected a great deal then; in fact, the attendant *did* observe that I came with rather exaggerated notions; but so it was. I was perfectly contented with my state of cleanliness, considering that I live in London.

There is an experiment now at Bradford, in the shape of a Turkish bath for working-men, and very successful, I believe, it has hitherto been. It will have already appeared, from what I have said, that there is but one part of the bath which *cannot* well be performed by yourself—that is, the shampooing. This difficulty is obviated by a whole family going together, and shampooing one another. It is this Bradford bath, I think, which is alluded to in a lecture delivered some short time since by a medical gentleman at Sheffield, who assures his audience that, after long continuance in the taking of Turkish baths, the human body becomes positively 'fragrant;' so that it may not be long before Breidenbach's *Wood Violet* is superseded by *Bouquet de Nigre au Naturel*, or *Double Extrait de Mille Hommes*. The same medical authority states, that the Turkish bath will cure consumption, if it is not too far advanced. It is hard to say how far that may be; but certainly a Turkish bath is more pleasant than cod-liver oil, even with orange wine; and if I were phthisical, as Medicus says he was, I would certainly try it. It is worth the attention of the Consumption Hospital.

PERSECUTED LITERATURE.

A PROPENSITY for persecution seems inherent in human nature. The Israelites, who had suffered so much at the hands of Egyptian taskmasters, in their day of power shewed no mercy to unbelieving Gentiles; Mohammed openly advocated conversion by sword and fire; and spite of the tie of a common faith, spite of the doctrine of mercy, long-suffering, and loving-kindness preached by the great Founder of Christianity, his followers have imitated the devotees of more blood-thirsty creeds, and

> Burnt each other, quite persuaded
> That all the apostles would have done as they did.

The physical annihilation of an opponent was so much more simple an operation than his intellectual overthrow; arguments might not always be ready, but the torch and the fagot were ever at hand; while to suppress the opinions of an adversary was more decisively conclusive than any attempt to confute them could possibly be.

The works of the early Christians received scant justice from imperial hands. Tiberius burned Eutychius's work on the Resurrection of the Dead, and Diocletian issued an edict, ordering all Christian books to be surrendered up to the civil authorities, or the latter were to seize and burn them. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Emperor Maximilian directed a crusade against Hebrew literature: all Jewish books, Bibles excepted, were ordered to be burned, because they were filled with blasphemies against Christ. The Talmud was

an especial object of hatred—emperors, kings, and popes vied with each other in their fulminations against it; and twelve thousand copies were burned at one time in Cremona—a feat throwing the destruction of five thousand copies of the Koran by Cardinal Ximenes into the shade.

The Reformation gave occasion for a vast deal of book-burning. Tetzel would gladly have burned Luther himself; failing that, he gratified his feelings by publicly committing the great reformer's discourses and theses to the flames; a compliment the students of Wittenberg acknowledged by burning eight hundred copies of Tetzel's counter-theses in the market-place of that town. When Servetus, after once escaping from his enemies at Vienna, was retaken, and, by Calvin's instigation, burned at Geneva, his books and manuscripts shared the same fate.

In 1762, the *Emilie* of Jean Jacques Rousseau was burned by the common hangman at Geneva, and his *Contrat Social* afterwards experienced the same fate.

In England, the war upon books was commenced by the haughty, high-reaching son of the Ipswich butcher. The production of literary works had, until his time, been fostered rather than discouraged, and the importations of foreign presses facilitated. Wolsey, writhing under the severe personalities launched at him by Skelton and Roy, and foreseeing that the spirit of religious liberty would speed itself, on the wings lent to it by Faust, among a brave people awakening to a sense of their united might, warned the clergy that unless they exerted themselves to suppress printing, printing would most certainly suppress them. The astute cardinal left no means untried to prevent the circulation of anything he considered dangerous to either church or state. The king could enjoy the stinging satires levelled at his ambitious favourite sufficiently to protect the satirists from his vengeance, but the author of the *Defence of the Seven Sacraments* was not loath to make his adversaries know that he had at his command more powerful weapons than his pen. He accordingly issued an *Index Expurgatorius*, anathematising the new learning of Protestantism as heretical; and Wolsey went in solemn procession to St Paul's, and presided at the burning of the works of the Wittenberg monk, dreaming as little as his proud master, that in less than ten years from that time, the Defender of the Faith would quarrel with its high-priest, and prohibit the lucubrations of the advocate of papal supremacy as pestilent, infectious, and seditious! Among those who were busiest in this literary crusade, the Bishop of Durham was particularly prominent. His mortal fear of one 'little book brought by some folks from Newcastle,' led him to make a vain attempt to get all the ports of the kingdom closed against the offending volume. By another exploit, this prelate unwittingly earned the gratitude of the reformers. Upon the publication of the second edition of Tindal's Bible in 1538, a Tindalite, under sentence of execution, was offered a free pardon if he would divulge the name of the person by whose assistance the obnoxious version of the Scriptures had been reprinted. He accepted the condition, and to the astonishment of the chancellor, and the confusion of the Bishop of Durham, declared the bishop was the man, he having, by carefully buying up every copy of the first edition, supplied the funds for bringing out the second.

In the reign of Edward VI., the works of Peter Lombard, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas were carried upon biers, tumbled into bonfires, and burned in the market-place of Oxford. In the next reign, English Bibles and English commentaries on the Scriptures, of which the number was almost infinite, were treated in the same manner. Philip and Mary did not halt in the good work of suppressing any books tending to undermine their own temporal authority or the spiritual predominance of the pope, and in the latter category were reckoned writings calculated to bring religious houses or the Society of Jesus into contempt. In 1555, the Stationers' Company received their charter, by which they were expressly authorised to search as often as it pleased them all houses occupied by printers, binders, stampers, or booksellers, for any works obnoxious to the state or their own interests, and to seize, burn, or convert such works to their own use. Three years afterwards, the following terse, and, as Strype calls it, 'terrible' proclamation was issued, and promptly acted upon:

'*By the King and Queen.*—Whereas divers books, filled with heresy, sedition, and treason, have of late and be daily brought into the realm out of foreign countries and places beyond the seas, and some also covertly printed within this realm, and cast abroad in sundry parts thereof; whereby not only God is dishonoured, but also encouragement is given to disobey lawful princes and governors; the king and queen's majesty, for redress hereof, do by their present proclamation declare and publish to all their subjects, that whosoever shall, after the proclamation hereof, be found to have any of the said wicked and seditious books, or finding them, doth not forthwith burn the same, without shewing or reading the same to any other person, shall in that case be reputed and taken for a rebel, and shall without delay be executed for that offence, according to the order of martial law. Given at our manor of St James, the 6th day of June 1558.' This curt and cruel edict is supposed to have been especially provoked by the appearance of a little work, by one Christopher Goodwin, on the lawfulness of disobeying superior powers, in which rebellion against the tyranny of the crowned bigots was openly advised and defended.

In Elizabeth's time, several political pamphlets, and under James, some libels on the powers that were, perished at the stake. Dr John Cowell published a law dictionary, called *The Interpreter*, and dedicated it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it he argued in favour of assimilating the laws of England to those of imperial Rome; these 'outlandish politics' attracted some notice, and drew down the censure of both Houses of Parliament; the author was taken into custody, and *The Interpreter* committed to the flames 'for asserting several points to the destruction of parliament.' In 1622, David Pare's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* was burned at London, Oxford, and Cambridge, by order of the privy council; and in 1640, the House of Lords commanded two works, Pocklington's *Altare Christianum*, and *Sunday no Sabbath*, to be burned by the common executioner in the city of London and at the two universities.

When parliament went up and the king went down, and Presbyterianism was for awhile in the ascendant, the old victims of Episcopal persecution, eager to do as they had been done by, became the bitter denouncers of what they called 'cursed intolerable toleration.' They who had cried out loudest against the decrees of the old licencers of the press, appointed new ones, by whom all antagonistic works were ruthlessly consigned to destruction. If the God-fearing Puritans proved so merciless, it is not to be wondered at that one of the first proceedings under the Restoration was the burning by the hangman of the Covenant and three acts of parliament: that for erecting the High Court of Justice by which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and that by which England was declared a Commonwealth. On the 13th of August, the king issued a proclamation, ordering all copies of *The Obstructors of Justice*, by J. Goodwin, late of Coleman Street, London, to be burned, coupling with it a much more famous work, the splendid *Defence of the People of England*, by one John Milton; but Charles would scarcely, like his successor James, have commanded Claude's account of the Massacre of St Bartholomew to be burned at the Exchange, to please the

French ambassador. Baxter's *Holy Commonwealth* received the same honour at Oxford in the very year of the Revolution.

After that important event, parliament looked with jealous eyes upon those who grounded the right of William and Mary to occupy the throne upon anything else but the will of the two Houses. In 1692, a pamphlet by C. Blount describing the king as a conqueror, was burned in Palace Yard. Three years previously, Bishop Burnet published a Pastoral Letter to his Clergy upon taking the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary. Carried away by his zeal, he wrote: 'Here was a war begun upon just and lawful grounds, and a war being so begun, it is the uncontroverted opinion of all lawyers, that the success of a just war gives a lawful title to that which is acquired in the progress of it. Therefore, King James having so far sunk in the war, that he both abandoned his people and deserted the government, all his right and title did accrue to the king, in the right of a conqueror over him.' This ascription of William's title to the right of conquest was especially repugnant to the parliamentary leaders; and although they did not attempt to prevent the circulation of the Pastoral Letter for three years, it was condemned at the same time as Blount's pamphlet above mentioned.

In 1703, Defoe's *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, which raised the ire alike of those it assailed and those it defended, was burned by order of the House of Commons—a decree the true-born Englishman could treat with contempt. In the same year, the Scots parliament indulged themselves in a similar way. The *Historia Anglo-Scotica, or an Impartial History of all that happened between the Kings and Kingdoms of England and Scotland from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth*, by Dr James Drake, was found to contain many false and injurious reflections upon the sovereignty and independence of the Scotch crown and nation, and was therefore burned by the common hangman at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh. Another work, *Memorials of the Church of England*, by the same author, was censured from the throne, and, by the orders of the House of Commons, burned at the Royal Exchange. Dr Drake's literary life was one of hairbreadth escapes and strange vicissitudes; he was a Tory partisan writer, as daring in breaking the law as he was clever in eluding the clutches of its emissaries. He used to forward his manuscript to the printer through the agency of a masked lady, who took care that her whereabouts should not be traced. He was once saved by the word 'nor' having been substituted for 'not' in an indictment; but at length government managed to lay hold of him, and abandoned to his fate by those his pen had served, he died raving mad. In 1705, a book entitled *The Superiority and Direct Domination of the Imperial Crown of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland*, was so offensive to Scottish notions, that the parliament of that country handed it over to the executioner. Ten years later, the Irish House of Commons ordered the burning at Dublin of 'a false, malicious, and scandalous libel,' published by the Irish Jacobins, and called *A Long History of a Short Session of a Certain Parliament in a Certain Kingdom*, the contents of which were less ambiguous than its title.

The last noticeable instance of book-burning by authority occurred in 1723. The celebrated physician, Dr Mead, purchased from the library of the Landgrave of Hessel a copy of the *Christianisme Restitutio* of Servetus, the publication of which cost the author his life. This particular copy was reputed to have belonged to Collodon, one of his accusers. The doctor determined to reprint the ill-fated work in quarto, but before the edition was completed, the sheets were seized at the instance of Dr Gibson, Bishop of London, and the impression burned, May 27, 1723. A few copies escaped destruction, one of which may be seen in the Library of the Medical Society of London. In 1770, a perfect reprint was issued, but only four copies are now known to be in existence. The original copy passed from Dr Mead into the hands of the Duc de la Vallière, at the sale of whose collection it was purchased for the Imperial Library of France at the price of 3810 livres.

In these days of cheap printing and toleration, book-burning is looked upon as a puerile folly, upon a par with the Irish method of spiteing a banker by burning his notes. Still literature has suffered losses. As Wat Tyler's victorious rabble made firebrands of the ancient records of the city of London, so mad mobs destroyed invaluable treasures when they set fire to Lord Mansfield's and Dr Priestley's houses. The Vandal Massena, in retreating from the lines of Torres Vedras, wantonly destroyed the church and convent of Alcobaça, rich with the national literature of Portugal.

Valuable works have fallen victims to ignorance and avarice. The niece of Peiresc, 'the attorney-general of the republic of letters,' refused to allow the letters addressed to him by the most eminent scholars of the age to be published, because she found them useful for fuel. Mr Warburton's servant used up a collection of old plays, many of which were unique specimens of our Elizabethan dramatists, for the bottoms of tarts and lighting the fire, for which ignoble purpose the records of the hospital of St Cross were applied by its ignorant housekeeper; and Bishop Cowper's wife, disgusted with his studious habits, destroyed in a few moments the results of eight years' labour. Sometimes authors have been stoics enough to commit literary suicide. Colardeau, when dying, dragged himself to the fire, and sacrificed his translation of Tasso; Raleigh is said to have destroyed the concluding volumes of his *History of the World;* James Montgomery burned a novel, the composition of which had lightened the hours of his imprisonment; Moore put Byron's diary in the fire; D'Orsay did the same office for his own, which must have been worth reading; and Colonel Stewart, son of Dugald Stewart, not only destroyed his own manuscripts, which he calculated had cost him thirteen years of his life, but what was of considerably more consequence, burned his father's incomplete *Philosophy of a Man as a Member of a Political Association*, his Edinburgh lectures on *Political Economy*, and a continuation of his *Encyclopædia Britannica Dissertation;* unmindful of Milton's aphorism, that 'he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself.'

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XL.—THE CARAVAN.

We rode on to Memphis as rapidly as our horses could travel—far too slow for our desires. Thence a steam-boat carried us to Little Rock, and another to Van Buren; but many days had been consumed while waiting for each boat—so many that, on arriving at Van Buren, we found that the caravan had the start of us by full two weeks. Its route we ascertained without any difficulty—up along the Arkansas to the Rocky Mountains, through the valley of the Huerfano, and the passes Robideau and Coochetopa—thence across the head waters of the Colorado, and by the old Spanish trail to California.

It was essentially a caravan of gold-seekers: adventurers of all nations. Even Indians had gone with it—of the half-civilised tribes of the frontier—red and white equally tempted by the golden attractions spread for them in California. Though large, it was what is termed a 'light train'—having more pack-animals than wagons. On this account, it would make way all the faster; and unless delayed by some accident, we might be a long time in coming up with it;

it was not without a large measure of vexation that we learned how far it had got the start of us.

I should have submitted with less resignation to the necessary delays, but that my mind had been to some extent tranquillised by the contents of Lilian's letter. They had inclined me to the belief that the emigrants were simply *en route* for California—as was all the world just then—and that the Mormon was, after all, not so strong in his new faith as to resist the universal golden lure. His design in taking the squatter with him might be merely of a secular character—having for its object the securing of a partner, in whose brawny arms the wash-pan and rocker might be handled to advantage.

That they whom we sought were gone with the caravan, we were soon satisfied. Holt was too marked a man to have escaped observation, even in a crowd of rough squatters like himself; but more than one eye had rested upon his fair daughter that longed to look upon her again. Her traces were easily told—as testified by the answers to my shy inquiries. Like some bright meteor whose track across the heavens remains marked by its line of luminous phosphorescence, her radiant beauty was remembered. I needed not to inquire of her. Scarcely a coterie of which she was not the subject of conversation—to my infinite jealousy and chagrin. Not that aught was said of her, that should have given rise to such feelings: they were but the offspring of love's selfishness.

Not long had I to submit to such torture. Our stay in Van Buren was of the shortest: in less than twenty hours after our arrival in the village, we made our departure from it—turning our faces towards the almost limitless wilderness of the west.

I had endeavoured to add to our company, but without success. The caravan had cleared Van Buren of its unemployed population; and not an idler remained—at least, not one that felt inclined to adventure with us. Even the needy 'loafer' could not be induced to try the trip—deeming it too dangerous an expedition. To say the least, it was reckless enough; but impelled, by motives far more powerful than the thirst of gold, my comrade and I entered upon our journey, with scarce a thought about its perils.

The only addition to our company was a brace of stout pack-mules, that carried our provisions and other *impedimenta;* while the old horse of the hunter had been replaced by a more promising roadster.

It would be idle to detail the incidents of a journey across the prairies. Ours differed in no way from hundreds of others that have been made, and described—except, perhaps, that after reaching the buffalo ranges, we travelled more by night than by day. We adopted this precaution simply to save our scalps—and along with them our lives—for the buffalo range—especially upon the Arkansas—is peculiarly the 'stamping' ground of the hostile savage. Here may be encountered the Pawnee and Comanche, the Kiowa and Cheyenne, the Waco and fierce Arapaho. Though continually engaged in internecine strife among themselves, all six tribes are equally enemies to the pale-faced intruders on their domain. At this time they were said to be especially hostile—having been irritated by some late encounters with parties of ill-behaved emigrants. It was not without great peril, therefore, that we were passing through their territory; and what we had heard before leaving Van Buren, had made us fully conscious of the risk. To meet with one of the hunting or war parties of these Indians, might not be certain death; but certain would they be to disarm and *dismount* us; and that, in the midst of the great prairie ocean, is a danger that often conducts to the same *dénouement.*

It was not preference, then, but precaution, that led us to adopt the 'secret system' of travelling by night.

Our usual plan was to lie by during the day, or sometimes only a part of it, concealed in some selected cover—either among rocks or copsewood. By stealing to a conspicuous eminence, we were enabled to view the route ahead of us, and map out our journey for the night. Upon this we would enter an hour or two before sundown: for then the Indian hunter has returned to his encampment, which could be easily avoided, by seeing its smoke from afar. We often saw their smoke, and more than once the Indians themselves; but were never seen by them—so cautiously had we carried out our measures.

In this fashion we 'groped' our way with considerable rapidity, for, guided by the wagon tracks—especially when there was a moon—we could travel almost as fast as by daylight. Only upon dark nights was our progress retarded; but, notwithstanding every impediment, we were enabled to travel faster than the caravan, and we knew that we were rapidly gaining upon it. We could judge by the constantly freshening trail; but we had a more accurate criterion in *the count of the camps.* By the number of these, we knew to a certainty how fast we were gaining upon the caravan. We were in high hopes of being able to come up with it, before it should enter the mountain-passes—more dangerous to the traveller than even the plains themselves, because at that season more beset by bands of marauding savages.

Under the influence of these hopes, we were pressing forward, with all the haste it was in our power to make; when our journey was varied by an incident of a somewhat unexpected character.

CHAPTER XLI.

AN UNPRAIRIE-LIKE APPARITION.

The incident referred to occurred high up the Arkansas, at the celebrated grove known as the 'Big Timbers.'

We had started about two hours before sundown, and were riding in a due westerly direction, over a 'rolling' prairie—the ridges of which, as ill-luck would have it, ran transversely to our course—causing the path to be constantly going upward or downward.

It was not this that troubled us, but the fact that, as we crested each swell, we were freshly exposed to observation from a distance; and this recurring so often, kept us continuously on the alert.

Once or twice, we thought of halting again till after the sun had gone down: for we knew that we were treading upon dangerous ground; but, failing to perceive any fresh Indian sign, we gave way to our irresolution, and continued on.

We proceeded with caution, however: always ascending in stealthy silence, and peeping carefully over the ridges before crossing them. After reconnoitring the intervening valleys, we would ride rapidly across, to make up the time we had lost in our reconnoissance.

In this way had we travelled some eight or ten miles—until the sun was so low down, that his limb rested on the horizon.

We were ascending a ridge, and had got our eyes on a level with its crest; when upon the face of another ridge—about half a mile further on—we beheld two forms outlined against the declivity. We saw that they were human forms, and that they were Indians was our first thought; but a moment's observation convinced us we were in error. They were afoot—Indians would have been on horseback. There was no floating drapery about their bodies—Indians would have had something of this sort; besides there were other circumstances observable in their figures and movements, that negatived the supposition of their being red-skins. They were singularly disproportioned in size, one appearing at least a foot the taller, while the shorter man had twice this advantage in girth!

'What, in Old Nick's name, kin they be?' inquired

my companion—though only in soliloquy, for he saw that I was as much puzzled as himself. 'Kin ye make 'em out wi' yur glass, capt'n?'

I chanced to have a small pocket-telescope; and adopting the suggestion, I drew it forth, and levelled it.

In another instant, I had within its field of vision a tableau that astonished me.

The figures composing it were but two—a very tall man, and a very short one. Both were dressed in round-about jackets and trousers—one, the shorter, with a little dark cap upon his head; while the height of the taller man was increased full ten inches, by what appeared to be a black silk or beaver hat. The cut of their respective costumes was nearly the same; but the colour was entirely different—the tall personage being all over of a bottle-green tint, while his shorter companion shone more conspicuously in sky-blue.

Notwithstanding their vivid colours, neither costume had anything Indian about it; nor was it like any other sort of 'rig' that one might expect to encounter upon the prairies. What fashion it was, did not occur to me at the moment; for the sun, glancing upon the object-glass of the telescope, hindered me from having a fair view: moreover, my attention was less directed to the dress of the men, than to their movements.

The backs of both were towards us; and they were going forward in the same direction as ourselves. The tall man was in the lead, carrying what appeared to be two guns—one over his left shoulder, and another in his right hand. He was advancing in slow irregular strides, his thin body slightly stooped forward, and his long neck craned out in front of him—as if trying to look over the ridge, whose crest he was just approaching.

The short man was some half-dozen paces in the rear; and moving in a fashion altogether different. His body was bent against the hill at an angle of less than forty-five degrees with the horizon; and his short stout legs were playing in rapid steps, as if keeping time to a treadmill! He appeared to be pushing something before him; but what it was, I could not guess: for it was completely covered by the disc of his body spread broadly against the hill.

It was not till he had reached the summit, and made a slight turn along the ridge, that I saw what this object was.

The exclamation of ludicrous surprise that escaped my companion, told me that he had also made it out.

'Good gosh, capt'n!' cried he, 'look yander! Consarn my skin! ef 't ain't a *wheelberra!*'

A wheel-barrow it certainly was; for the two men were now traversing along the top of the ridge, and their bodies, from head to foot, were conspicuously outlined against the sky. There was no mistaking the character of the object in the hands of the shorter individual—a barrow beyond the shadow of a doubt—trundle and trams, box, body, and spoke-wheel complete!

The sight of this homely object, in the centre of the savage prairies, was ludicrous as unexpected; and we might have hailed it with roars of laughter, had prudence permitted such an indecorous exhibition. As it was, my companion *chuckled* so loudly, that I was compelled to caution him.

Whether my caution came too late, and that Wingrove's laugh was heard, we could not tell; but at that moment, the tall pedestrian looked back, and we saw that he had discovered us. Making a rapid sign to his companion, he bounded off like a startled deer; and, after a plunge or two, disappeared behind the ridge—followed in full run by the man with the wheel-barrow!

One would have supposed that the fright would have led to the abandonment of the barrow; but no: it was taken along—hurried out of our sight in an instant—and in the next, both man and machine disappeared as suddenly, as if some trap had admitted them into the bowels of the earth!

The singular fashion of their flight—the long strides taken by the gander-like leader, and the scrambling attempt at escape made by the barrow-man—produced a most comic effect. I was no longer able to restrain myself, but joined my companion in loud and repeated peals of laughter.

In this merry mood, and without any apprehension of danger, we advanced towards the spot where the odd figures had been seen. Some broken ground delayed us; and as half a mile of it had to be passed over, we were a considerable time in reaching the summit of the hill. On arriving there, and looking over the swell, behind which they had disappeared, neither tall nor short man was to be seen. A timbered valley lay beyond: into this they had evidently escaped. The track of the wheel-barrow, where it had pressed down the grass, alone indicated their recent presence upon the spot, as it did also the direction they had taken.

Their retreating from us was easily accounted for: they could have seen only the tops of our heads, and had no doubt taken us for Indians!

CHAPTER XLII.

A FOOT OF THIRTEEN INCHES.

The presence of the wheel-barrow explained a point, that had been puzzling us for some days. We had fallen upon its track more than once, and supposed it to have been made by the wheel of a cart; but in no instance being able to find the corresponding one, had given it up as a hopeless enigma. The only explanation we had succeeded in offering ourselves was: that some light cart had accompanied the caravan—the load of which, being badly balanced, had thrown the weight upon one wheel, allowing the other to pass over the ground without making an impression. As it was only on dry grass we had traced it, this explanation had sufficed—though far from being satisfactory. Neither my companion nor myself ever thought of a wheel-barrow. Who would, in such a place?

'In the name o' Old Nick, who kin they be?' asked Wingrove, as we halted on the ridge, where the fugitives had been last seen.

'I am not without my suspicions,' I replied, just then thinking of a peculiarity that had not received my attention before—the cut and colour of their dresses. 'If I'm not mistaken, the two shy birds that have fled from us are a brace of Uncle Samuel's eagles.'

'Sojers?'

'In all probability, and "old sojers" at that.'

'But what 'ud sojers be a doin' out hyar?'

'Travelling to California, like ourselves.'

'Desarters, may be?'

'Just what I suspect. No doubt the pair have slipped off from some of the frontier posts; and having no opportunity to provide themselves with a better means of transport, have brought the wheel-barrow with them. It is ludicrous enough, but by no means improbable. There are some queer customers in the pay of Uncle Sam.'

'I think there be—ha, ha, ha! What shed we do, capt'n? Hedn't we better catch up to 'em?'

'That, comrade, may be easier said than done. If they're deserters—and they must be, if they're soldiers at all—they'll take precious good care not to let any one come near them, if they can help it. The escort that accompanies the train will account for their not being along with it. If they've caught a glimpse of my buttons, they'll be *cached* by this time.'

'They only seed our heads. I reck'n they tuk us for Indyuns?'

'In that case, they'll hide from us all the same—only a little more cunningly.'

'Consarn thar sojer skins! Ef they war as cunnin' as a kupple o' 'possums, they can't a hide the track o' the berra; an' so long's they keep in the timber, I kalklate I kin lift thar trail. I reck'n, I hain't quite forgot how: though I im bamfoozled a bit by these hyar parairies—consarn them! Ah! them woods, capt'n! it diz one good to look at 'em!'

The eyes of the young hunter sparkled with enthusiasm as he spoke. It was a real forest that was before us—a large tract covered with gigantic cotton-wood trees, and the only thing deserving the name of forest we had seen for many days. As my companion stood gazing upon it, I could trace upon his countenance a joyous expression, that rarely appeared there. The sight of the 'Big Timbers' recalled to him the forests of his own Tennessee—with happy memories of other times. They were not unmingled with shadows of regret: as I could tell by the change that soon came stealing over his features.

'We must try to overtake them,' said I, without answering to the ebullition. 'It is important for us to come up with them. Even if they be deserters, they are white men; and all whites are friends here. They muster two guns; and if these fellows are what I take them to be, they know how to handle them. We must follow them: there's no time to be lost.'

'Ye're right thar, capt'n! The night's a comin' down fast. It's a'ready gittin' dark; an' I 'm afeerd it 'ill be tough trackin' under the timber. If we're to catch up wi' them the night, we hain't a minnit to spare.'

'Let us forward then!'

Crossing the ridge, we descended rapidly on the other side—the track of the wheel guiding us in a direct line to the nearest point of the woods.

We could tell that the barrow had been trundled down hill at top speed—by the manner in which the iron tire had abraded the surface of the slope.

We had no difficulty in following the trace as far as the edge of the timber, and for some distance into it; but there, to our great surprise, the wheel-track abruptly ended! It was not that we had lost it—by its having passed over dry or rocky ground. On the contrary, around the spot where it so suddenly disappeared, the surface was comparatively soft; and even an empty barrow would have made an impression sufficiently traceable, either by my companion or myself.

After beating about for some time, and extending our circle to the distance of a hundred yards or so, we failed to recover the sign. Certainly the barrow had not gone farther—at all events, not upon its trundle.

Instinctively, we turned our eyes upward—not with any superstitious belief that the fugitives had made a sudden ascent into the air—but the idea had occurred to us, that they might have hidden themselves in a tree, and drawn the barrow up into it.

A single glance was sufficient to satisfy us that this conjecture was erroneous. The thin foliage of the cotton-woods offered no cover. A squirrel could hardly have concealed itself among their branches.

'I've got it!' exclaimed the hunter, once more seeking along the surface. 'Hyar 's thar tracks; tho' thar ain't no signs of the berra. I see how they've blinded us. By gosh! thar a kupple o' cunnin' old coons, whosomever they be.'

'How have they managed it?'

'Tuk up the machine on thar shoulders, an' toted it thataway! See! thar 's thar own tracks! They've gone out hyar—atween these two trees.'

'Right, comrade!—that is how they've done it, and sure enough that is the direction they have taken.'

'Well! ef I wan't bothered wi' these hyar animals, I ked follow them tracks easy enough. We'd soon kum upon the wheel agin, I reck'n—they ain't agoin' to travel fur, wi' a hump like thet on thar shoulders.'

'No; it's not likely.'

'Wal, then, capt'n, s'pose we leave our critters hyar, an' take arter 'em afut? We kin quarter the groun' a good bit ahead; an' I guess we'll eyther kum on them or thar berra track afore long.'

I agreed to this proposal; and, having tied our four quadrupeds to the trees, we started off into the depth of the woods.

Only for a short distance were we able to make out the footsteps of the men: for they had chosen the dry sward to walk upon. In one place, where the path was bare of grass, their tracks were distinctly outlined; and a minute examination of them assured me of the correctness of my conjecture—that we were trailing a brace of runaways from a military post. There was no mistaking the print of the 'regulation' shoe. Its shape was impressed upon my memory, as plainly as in the earth before my eyes, and it required no quartermaster to recognise the low, ill-rounded heel and flat pegged soles.

I identified them at a glance; and saw, moreover, that the feet of both the fugitives were encased in the same cheap *chaussure*. Only in size did the tracks differ; and in this so widely, that the smaller was little more than two-thirds the length of the larger one! The latter was remarkable for size—not so much in the breadth as length, which was not less than thirteen standard inches! On noting this peculiarity, my companion uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

'Thar 's a fut, an' no mistake!' cried he. 'I reck'n twar long legs as made them tracks. Well! ef I hedn't seed the man hisself, I 'd a swore thar war giants in these parts!'

I made no reply, though far more astonished than he. But my astonishment sprang from a different source; and was mixed up in my mind with some ludicrous memories. *I remembered the foot!*

CHAPTER XLIII.

TRACKING THE TRUNDLE.

Yes, I had seen that foot before; or one so very like it, that the resemblance was cheating me. This could hardly be. With the exception of its fellow, the foot of my remembrance could have no counterpart on the prairies: it must be the same.

At first, my recollections of it were but vague. I remembered the foot associated with some ludicrous incidents; but what they were, or when and where they had occurred, I could not say. Certainly I had seen it somewhere; but where?

No matter: the foot recalled no unpleasant associations. I felt satisfied it was a *friendly* one; and was now more anxious than ever of overtaking its sesquipedalian owner.

After proceeding a short distance, the shoe-tracks again became too indistinct to be followed farther. By quartering, however, we came upon them once more—at a place where the impressions were deep and clearly defined.

Once more the immense foot rose upon the *retina* of my memory—this time more vividly—this time enabling me to *place* it: for I now remembered many an odd incident that had secured it a corner on the page of my recollections. Sticking through a stirrup with an enormous Mexican spur upon its heel—its owner mounted on a horse thin and rawboned as himself—I remembered the foot, as well as the limbs and body to which it was attached.

Beyond a doubt, the tall fugitive we were following was a friend—a veteran of the Rifle Rangers. The figure, as seen through the telescope, confirmed me in the belief. The long limbs, arms, and neck—the thin, angular body—all were characteristics of the bodily architecture of Jephthah Bigelow.

I no longer doubted that the taller of the two men was my old follower 'Jeph,' or 'Sure-shot,' as his

Ranger comrades had christened him; and appropriate was the designation—for a surer shot than Jeph never looked through the hind-sights of a rifle.

Who the little man might turn out to be, I could not guess—though I was not without some recollections of a figure resembling his. I remembered a certain Patrick, who was also a 'mimber of the corpse,' and whose *build* bore a close resemblance to that seen between the trams of the barrow.

My conjecture as to who the men were, increased my desire to overtake them. If the tall man should turn out to be Sure-shot, a rifle would be added to our strength worth a dozen ordinary guns; and, considering the risk we were running—in danger of losing our scalps every hour in the day—it was of no small importance that we should join company with the deserters.

We made every exertion, therefore, to come up with them—my comrade employing all the lore of the backwoods, in his effort to recover their traces.

The new footmarks we had discovered, though lost the instant after, had served one good purpose—they indicated the general direction which the two men had followed; and this was an important point to be ascertained.

We found another index in the trees. These in most places stood thickly together; and it was only here and there that an object of such breadth as a wheel-barrow could pass *conveniently* between their trunks. Carried upon the shoulders, it would be an awkward load with which to squeeze through any tight place; and it was reasonable to conclude that only the more open aisles of the forest would be followed. This enabled us to make pretty sure of the route taken; and, after trusting to such guidance for several hundred yards, we had the satisfaction to light once more upon the shoe-tracks.

Again only a short distance were we able to follow them; but they confirmed our belief that we were still on the right trail.

My comrade had suggested that the man who carried the barrow 'wud soon tire o' totin' it:' and this proved to be the case. On striking into an old buffalo-path, our eyes were once more gladdened by the sight of the wheel-track—plainly imprinted in the mud.

Our 'prospecting' was for the time at an end. The barrow-track continued along the buffalo-path; and we were able to follow it, almost as fast as our legs could carry us.

Even after it had grown too dark for us to see the track of the wheel, we were not disconcerted. We could follow it by the *feel*—stopping only at intervals to make sure that it was still among our feet.

In this way we had travelled, to the full distance of a mile from the place where our horses had been left, when all at once the barrow-track gave out. The buffalo-path continued on; but no barrow had passed over it, unless carried as before. This was improbable, however; and we were forced to the conclusion that the two men had turned off, by some side-path we had not observed.

While looking for this, a sound reached our ears, that resembled the murmur of a distant waterfall; but, on close attention, we could distinguish in it a different intonation. Taking the direction whence it came, the sound was heard more distinctly; and, before we had advanced a hundred yards through the thickly standing trees, we were aware that what we heard was the sound of human voices.

Another hundred yards brought us within hearing of words—at the same time that a luminous reflection cast upwards upon the trees, indicated that there was a fire at no great distance off. As yet, the underwood hindered us from seeing the fire; but guided by its light, we continued to advance; and, after making another long reach through the leafy cover, we got the fire well under our eyes, as well as those who had kindled it.

We had no conjecture as to whether we had been following the true track, or whether it was the two runaway travellers we had *treed*. The point was determined by an object seen standing close to the fire, in the full glare of its ruddy light.

Need I say it was the wheel-barrow?

CHAPTER XLIV.

A BRACE OF 'OLD SOJERS.'

Yes, it was the wheel-barrow, and the 'U. S. ORDNANCE' branded upon its side, and visible under the light of the blazing fire, told whence it had come. Either Fort Gibson or Fort Smith was minus a barrow, drawn from their stores by no very formal *requisition*.

There were the takers of it—one on each side of the fire—presenting as great a contrast as could well be found in two human beings: although of the same species, as unlike each other as a tall greyhound to a turnspit.

Both were seated, though in different attitudes. The little man was 'squatted'—that is, with legs crossed under him, after the fashion of tailors. The long legs of his *vis-à-vis* would scarcely admit of being thus disposed of; and his weight was resting altogether upon his hips and heels. In this posture, the caps of his knees stood up to the level of his shoulders—so that his body, viewed *en profile*, presented a pretty accurate imitation of the letter N, that sort termed by engravers the 'rustic letter.' The huge black hat capping one extremity, and the long pedal-like feet that rested horizontally on the ground terminating the other, completed the alphabetical resemblance. A face, with a certain mocking monkeyish expression, but without any trait of fierceness or ill-nature—a nose slightly snub—quick scintillating eyes—a chin, tipped with a little tuft of clay-coloured beard—some half-dozen queue-like tangles of bright yellowish hair, hanging down behind the hat—the hat itself a black 'silk,' badly battered—such were the salient points of the portrait appearing above the knee-caps of the taller man.

With the exception of the 'tile,' his costume was altogether military—to me well known. It was the ordinary undress of the mounted rifles: a dark-green round-about of coarsest cloth—with a row of small brass buttons from throat to waist, and overalls of the same material. In the particular sample before us, overalls was rather an inappropriate name:—the garment so designated scarcely covered the calves of the wearer's legs, though of these there was not much to cover. The jacket appeared equally scant; and between its bottom border and the waistband of the trousers, there was an interval of at least six inches. In this interval was seen a shirt of true Isabella colour, which also appeared over the breast—the jacket being worn unbuttoned. The frouzy cotton was visible at other places—peeping through various rents both in jacket and trousers. A black leather-stock concealed the collar of the shirt—if there was any—and though the stock itself was several inches in depth, there were other several inches of naked neck rising above its rim. Coarse woollen socks, and the cheap *contract*-shoe completed the costume of Sure-shot—for it was he.

His contrasting comrade was equally in military garb—even more so, by the additional article of a cloth forage-cap. It was also an undress uniform; but, though of very similar cut to the other, and resembling it in the quality of the material, the colour was altogether different. It was sky-blue, turned whitey with wear—the buttons of the jacket being of lead, and the facings of white worsted tape. It was a better fit than the green uniform; and its wearer had evidently some conceit in the style of it—as was evidenced by the jacket being carefully

buttoned from waist to throat, and the forage-cap set jauntily on 'three hairs.'

The little man was an 'infantry.' His horizontal diameter was twice that of his tall companion of the rifles, and in the rounded contour of his body, not an angle was apparent. His garments were quite filled by his body, arms, and legs—so that there was not a wrinkle to be seen anywhere. It was a form usually styled 'dapper.' His face was also of the rotund shape—the features all tolerably regular, with the exception of the nose—that, like the nasal organ of his comrade, was a *nez retroussé*—the turn-up being infinitely more pronounced.

The expression was equally indicative of good-nature and good-fellowship—as the apple-like bloom of his cheeks, and the ochreous tinge upon the tip of the nose, sufficiently testified. Cheeks, lips, and chin were beardless—with the exception of a thick stubble that had lately sprung up; but some well-greased rings of a darkish colour, ruffing out under the rim of the forage-cap, shewed that the 'infantry' was not insensible to the pride of hair. Neither in regard to him had I made a mistaken conjecture. Another old acquaintance and comrade-in-arms—the redoubtable Patrick O'Tigg—a true son of the 'Sad.'

The two worthies, when first seen, were seated as described—both engaged in a very similar occupation—cooking. It was by the most simple process—that of roasting. Each had in his hand a long sapling, upon the end of which a piece of red meat was impaled; and this, held over the fire, was fast blackening in the blaze. More of the same meat—buffalo-beef, it appeared—was seen in the wheel-barrow; its other freight being one or two greasy bags, a brace of knapsacks, a cartouche box and belt, two ordnance spades, with the guns—a 'regulation' rifle and musket—lying across the top.

It was evident from this collection that the men were deserters—that they had armed and equipped themselves at the expense of the quarter-master; but perhaps the pay-master was in arrears with them; and they had adopted this ready and effectual method of wiping out the score.

My only wonder was at not seeing a brace of *branded* horses along with them; but in all probability, on the day—or night—of their departure, the stable sentry had been doing his duty.

On becoming assured of the identity of the two men, my first impulse was to step forward to the fire, and make myself known to them. So eagerly were both engaged in attending to their spits, that they had neither seen nor heard us—although they themselves were now silent, and we were within less than twenty feet of their fire. The intervening bushes, however, would have sheltered us from their sight, even if they had been a little more vigilant—as I should have expected Sure-shot to have been. They were trusting all to the thicket in which they had pitched their camp, and, being hungry and wearied no doubt, were for the moment off their guard.

Some fantasy decided me not to disturb them for a moment—a sort of curiosity to hear what they would say, and, if possible, discover their *whence* and their *whither*. We were perfectly within ear-shot; and could have heard even a whisper passing from their lips—as we could also note the expression upon their faces.

A sign to my companion was sufficient; and, crouching behind the leafy screen, we awaited the continuation of the suspended dialogue.

'DECLINED' LIVES.

A LIFE-ASSURANCE office declines an offer of business when not quite satisfied regarding the present health or general constitutional condition of the person offering it. Practically, perhaps a fifth, or even a fourth, of the persons applying to get their lives insured are unable to stand the investigation made into their state of health, and become, accordingly, 'declined lives.' We find that one of the greater offices—the *Royal*—of which the central seat is, we believe, at Liverpool—has lately instituted an inquiry into the subsequent history of a large proportion of its 'declined lives,' and ascertained that their mortality, as compared with that of the accepted, has been, for ages between 30 and 40, in the ratio of 3·4 to ·896, or about 3¾ to 1. Had the lives of that kind rejected during the last five years by the Royal been accepted, the mortality would have been 225 per cent. in excess of the tables, and the claims 319 per cent. above the amount expected; by which, of course, the accumulations made by the healthy would have suffered a serious deduction.

The painstaking actuary of the Royal brings forward these facts with all delicacy towards the individuals concerned, and only for the legitimate purpose of shewing the good effects of careful selection. But the general fact can only be viewed as one of many revealing the evils that all life-assurance is heir to. It takes, with some men, an incipient fear about their health, to make them think of life-assurance. They do not feel sufficiently ill to hesitate about describing themselves as healthy. The uncertainty in favour of life in all circumstances easily reconciles them to a bargain with an office which apparently deals in uncertainties: they fail to observe that the office in reality deals in generalisations based on certain data, and that to put wrong data before it, such as a flattering description of a deteriorated life, is to do it a gross injustice. Let us not press too hard the charge against the offerers of lives unsuitable for life-assurance; let us rather make all possible allowance for the obscurity of the human conscience with regard to all subjects in which the wrong is not directly traceable on to its consequences. But we may at the same time take advantage of this *exposé* of the fact of 'declined lives,' to impress on the public that offices are often sinned against, instead of always sinning, as the juries in assurance disputes would seem to make a rule of supposing.

AUTUMN.

When Nature wears her russet gown,
And swallows to the south have flown—
When grapes turn purple on the wall,
And from the boughs the ripe pears fall—
When lambs and sheep grow thick with wool,
Then Autumn's lap with fruit is full.

When corn is gathered in the barn,
And reeds are rattling in the tarn—
When partridges in coveys fly,
And dogs and men are company—
When squirrels fill their nutty store,
Then Autumn's morn with frost is hoar.

When sleep-mice hide their sleek fat forms,
And deep in earth bore ringèd worms—
When leaves come rustling down from trees,
And flies the cattle cease to tease,
Then oak his sturdy arms doth bare
To battle with the autumn air.

When silent robins beg for crumbs,
And old men fumble with their thumbs—
When fires shew again in halls,
And bats hook on to dark warm walls,
Then cold wind whistles o'er the moor,
And Autumn shuts the summer door. X.

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THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

'AND were you near it? Could you see it—touch it—feel it, grandpapa?'

'Nay; I trust not, my dear! But come—you shall have the story. One caution first. Since I have occupied this comfortable chair, as surprising story-teller and frightener-in-ordinary, have I ever enticed your young imaginations beyond the limits of reason, and left them there? Have I exacted a blind belief in fairies? Have I detailed frightful experiences of my own in the matter of conversable spectres—and then fobbed you off with an after-dinner dream? Have I not, on the contrary, been fastidious to a fault—nay, sometimes positively tiresome, in respect of dates, names, and even numbers? Don't you, in short, believe everything I have ever told you?'

'Everything—everything!' was the reply.

'Except—except,' put in one of the party, 'the monster twelve feet high that you met, after dark, walking in a back-street in Brixton—because he was too shy to take exercise in the daytime.'

'Yes, yes—except the giant,' chorused the circle.

'If you don't believe my giant—my own, my only giant—my truest of all,' said grandpapa, sensibly affected, and hitching his chair a little apart, 'there is an end of the matter. Carrie! my snuff-box and the paper.'

'*I* believe him, grandpapa!' squeaked a small agitated voice: 'it was only Sophy that didn't.'

'No, no, grandpapa—only Sophy!' echoed the fickle multitude, throwing the popular leader over without further ceremony. 'We believe everything you say.'

'Humph! We—e—ell,' said grandpapa, grudgingly accepting the rather liberal concession, and but half-pacified for his maligned monster—'now, mark me. You will have to attend carefully to what I am going to relate. The circumstances are peculiar; and the string of events which form my story, though now nearly forgotten—except by *me*—attracted at the time an amount of interest rarely centering in any occurrence of domestic life.

'Now for the ghost!

'You have already imagined the dwelling in which a mysterious Horror would naturally fix its abode: a huge gray pile, half-abandoned, and a good deal in want of substantial repair—resonant and rotten—buried among old howling trees—chimneys choked with jackdaws—underground passage from the beer-cellar filled up, terminus uncertain—a western chamber nailed up for fifty years, haunted, murderous, with remarkable stains—the whole to be let, with immediate possession, at five pounds less than nothing, and thanks to the plucky tenant. Do you recognise the picture, Carrie?'

'Yes—yes, beautiful, grandpapa!'

'Dismiss it! Such stereotyped ghost-nurseries have not a brick in common with *my* mansion. No; the house I am to speak of was, and still is, the central one of a pleasant, cheerful, breezy crescent of forty-five sister-tenements—built upon a noble terrace overlooking park-like pleasure-grounds, shaded with the walnut and horse-chestnut, the poplar and the pine, and within taste of the salt-sweet breath of that blue girdle of dancing waters, over which our French friends propose, one of these days, to skip, in seven minutes and a half, and swallow us up, regulars, militia, and all, even before our riflemen can form.

'No. 23 Gayland Terrace only differed from the other numbers in being larger and more commodious. Some years before my first remembrance of the place, it had passed into the possession of Mr Archbold, a wealthy merchant and ship-owner of Birkenhead, who furnished it in a style of surpassing magnificence, and adopted it as his regular summer resort. The death, however, of a widowed sister, Mrs Annesley, who resided with him—an event which occurred in their second season—gave him a distaste to the spot; and placing the house, with all it contained, in the hands of the nearest agent, the merchant returned to his usual home. Sumptuous fittings and moderate rent insured a constant occupation; and in the seven years that succeeded Mr Archbold's departure, four families in turn inhabited the mansion—two for a season each, one for two, and one for three successive years. All these, especially the latest tenant, Mr Upton, quitted it with evident reluctance; that gentleman even leaving with regret the mansion which had witnessed the illness and death of a beloved daughter.

'No. 23 was vacant when I first took cognizance of Gayland Terrace, but the notice to let speedily disappeared—the chimneys smoked—the windows opened—flowers blushed in the balcony, while silver voices and laughter betrayed the presence of fairer flowers within. A lady, with five daughters, had taken the house. Their name was Callender. The husband and father was captain and part owner of an East Indiaman, had already realised a handsome independence, and was at this time on his voyage home.

'A brighter group I never saw. Mother and children had all the same clear, dark complexion, night-black tresses, and brown luminous eyes—gipsy-beauty refined—and what can be lovelier? Pleasant voices, and silver laughter! I hear them still, as I linger

with my hoop beneath their window, waiting impatiently for my chosen lady of the band—Bud May. Now there is a snatch of merry music, as though some one had skipped to the piano, and been presently chased away—a silence, a whisper, and then a shower of rosebuds on my head, foretelling of my saucy May! In truth, they were like a knot of happy children, home for the holidays—mamma the leading playmate. Through some neighbours, I had got to know them, and being of a hide-and-seek, battledoor-and-shuttlecock age, our acquaintance in a few days ripened into intimacy.

'Rose, Lily, Violet (they were all named after flowers), Poppy, and May—each of them was charming, after her particular manner. Bud Violet, I think, was the greatest favourite; Bud Rose was the titular belle; Lily and Poppy were darlings; but the real queen of my affections was, as I have hinted, Bud May, who was, besides, the merriest of the band.

'Ah, me, my children! I must go out of the sunshine, and take you with me, if you will be content with a sad tale, truly told.

"What is that on your forehead, my sweet May?" asked her mamma suddenly, one morning, as my favourite entered, and sat down to breakfast.

'May passed her hand across her brow, and looked up brightly.

"Ah, it's gone!" continued her mother, laughing.

"What was it, mamma? A wasp?"

"A frown, my love, and such a one as I never saw on any forehead yet, least of all my May's," replied Mrs Callender, with a rather puzzled expression.

'May, on her part, looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled, but quickly resumed her usual demeanour; and nothing occurred for several days, till, one morning, Nurse Goodes, while attending on her mistress's toilet, hemmed and spoke: "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but have you noticed Miss May?"

"Noticed her? *Especially?* No. Why do you inquire, nurse?"

"She grows thin, ma'am, that's certain; but she eats and drinks, and sleeps and plays as usual. I can't make out that the dear child is ill—yet, somehow, she's not herself. For days together she will seem much as usual, then, again, all in a moment" ——

'Nurse stopped.

"What do you mean?"

"There comes a look upon her that makes me quiver!" said nurse, with a perceptible tremor. "I never see such a thing—I never did!"

"Good Heavens, nurse!" exclaimed the startled mother, recalling the frown at breakfast. "What can have affected her?"

"It's odd," replied Nurse Goodes; "but she doesn't seem to know it herself! I wish, ma'am, you would come and look at her sometimes at night. I see the expression more strongly then, and sometimes she speaks a word or two I cannot understand."

'Her mistress promised to do so, and kept anxious watch upon her darling the entire day besides; but May was gayer than ever, and gave her no opportunity for remark.

'I passed that afternoon, which was wet, in the house with my young friends, and we had a game at hide-and-seek, during which May contrived the most ingenious "hide" of the day, being rooted out at last in a great apartment on the ground-floor, in which there was a bed of extraordinary size. Upon this couch, the baffled hunters had sat down more than once in consultation, not dreaming that the crafty little maid had removed the bolster, and, substituting for it her own slight person, concealed herself to perfection with the pillows and coverlid.

'All the luxurious appointments of this richly furnished room—known as the Angel-chamber—but more particularly the bed, were objects of considerable admiration. The bed was of foreign manufacture, made unusually low, carved, gilt, and inlaid at the foot with malachite. The canopy was crowned by an angelic figure, exquisitely moulded, from whose arms, extended in an attitude of protection, and from whose half-opened golden wings, descended the rich hangings of azure silk, which completed the drapery of a couch worthy of a queen.

'When that merry day was over, and the tired children had gone to rest, Mrs Callender stole quietly up to May's little chamber, and found Nurse Goodes standing by the bed. Nurse put her fingers to her lips, and looked mournfully at the little sleeper. Her mistress's eyes followed hers. There was the same strange frown she had once already seen. Now, too, the lips were drawn back, the teeth set, the innocent face wholly changed, and wearing an expression of mingled horror and disgust inexpressibly shocking to contemplate. Mrs Callender scarcely recognised the child.

'Presently she murmured some indistinct sounds. Mamma put down her ear.

"They are rushing at me—rushing, rushing again! Angel, O angel!" gasped May.

"My child!—my May!—what is it? Wake!" cried the terrified mother, clasping her.

'May woke, and the expression passed as though a mask had fallen. She sat up, smiling, perfectly composed, and, kissing her mother, asked what was the matter.

"I—I thought you were sleeping uneasily, my love," said mamma, half-fearing to see the look return. "Was it a dream?"

"Ah, I remember," said May lightly. "Some creatures came flying at me all round, breaking, like black waves, against the bed; but the angel stops them always."

"Missy slept two nights in the Angel-room, soon after we came," explained nurse, "and had the same dream there."

"But I don't mind it," said May. "It—it's that *other*"——

'The strange look seemed about to steal over her face again, but she covered it with her hands.

'Mrs Callender sat down beside the bed, and motioned nurse away; she was bent on finding out the mystery.

"What 'other,' May? My little girl, you have some trouble or fear. Confide in mamma. What is it?"

'May was silent for a moment, holding her mother's hand, and mechanically counting the white fingers. Then she said:

"Mamma, I *cannot* tell. Something is wrong with me—that I know; but, indeed, indeed I cannot describe it. It is a sensation so quick, so sudden, that, almost before I can feel how horrible it is, it is gone! It is neither taste, touch, nor smell, yet is something of all three. I should not mind it so much, however, but for a sort of shock or spasm of sickening horror that comes with it. It is as though —as though some wicked thing had touched me," added the little girl, in a low voice, clasping more tightly the hand she held.

'Mrs Callender's heart beat faster; but she was a firm and sensible woman, and addressed herself with such quiet energy to the task of soothing the poor child—more unnerved, apparently, by the confession of her fear, than she had been by its concealment—that she very soon attained her object; and having watched her darling into a tranquil sleep, withdrew to confer with nurse, whom she found in the adjoining apartment, weeping bitterly.

"O ma'am, ma'am!—O my dear lady!" sobbed Nurse Goodes. "Take her away—take the darling away!"

"Away, nurse?"

"Away from this dreadful house. It is not for a Christian creature to live in. Charlotte says so."

"Charlotte?"

"Old Charlotte, the charwoman; she that was here, off and on, in Mr Archbold's time. She knows that Mr Archbold's sister was warned in the same way. Her brother laughed at it, and so did she, for she was a high-couraged lady, Mrs Annesley—but she was touched six times, and took."

"Touched and taken! Are you mad, you silly thing?" exclaimed her lady. "For mercy's sake, nurse, for my child's sake, beware how you give utterance to any such folly! As for old Charlotte, I shall talk to her myself to-morrow."

'The next day, a medical gentleman, their neighbour—in consequence of a private missive from Mrs Callender—made a purely accidental visit; and pretty May, who happened to be alone with her mother, was subjected to some professional questionings. Mr Mawry was forced to admit that she looked worn and thin, but was utterly unable to detect any symptom of disease; consequently, as nothing is avowedly the most approved remedy for nothing, he sent it to her in the form of some prettily coloured medicaments, that might have been swallowed with impunity by a delicate bee.

'But, in spite of the absence of medicine, in spite of care and vigilance, in spite of soft spring winds and strengthening food, Bud May began to droop and fade. So no more hoop, and hide-and-seek, and rustic rambles, for my little queen. From the strong sea-beach to the terrace-walks, from these to the sofa, from the sofa to her own little chamber, poor May fought the battle of her fragile life, till the most sanguine of the surrounding hearts durst hope no longer. Change of air and scene had been suggested; but the doctors—another had been called in—at once declared that nothing could be so well adapted to her seeming condition as the clear soft climate in which she already breathed. As for change of scene, the little patient herself so earnestly, almost passionately entreated that she might not be moved elsewhere, that the idea was instantly abandoned.

'One other request the little maid preferred, that she might be placed henceforth in the Angel-chamber, until—until—— It was done; and now, as though she had nothing more to ask or wish for, Bud May sank quickly and silently away.

'I have not told you what, all this time, *I* felt and did. I knew that my little princess was dying—going to God—yet I dared not dwell much upon the loss to myself: selfish regrets were out of place, could have no part or lot in such a matter. Still, I was not forbidden to sorrow with and for the rest; and many a day have I sat waiting patiently for the hour that sometimes saw me admitted for a moment to the Angel-chamber, to kneel beside the golden bed, and kiss the little waxen hand that faintly welcomed me.

'May loved soft music; and we soon found that her greatest solace was to be left entirely alone, to gaze up at the shining countenance of the majestic angel, and to listen to the low sound of some sacred melody chanted by Violet from a distant room.

'One evening—it was the 10th of April—the fact of our invalid's having been somewhat better in the morning had emboldened me to bring with me a beautiful kitten, of which she had once expressed her admiration. May was delighted, fondled it heartily, thanked me with the only kiss she had ever bestowed, and bade me leave the soft purring thing with her for awhile, and return for it before I left the house.

'I cannot tell what feeling possessed me, but, like May herself, I longed for solitude, and, instead of proceeding to the music-room, stole into an intervening apartment, and presently began to weep.

'A soft hand touched me; it was Mrs Callender, whom I had not noticed sitting in the darkening room, and who, moved by my grief, came and sat beside me, whispering broken words of consolation.

'The house was hushed in the deepest silence, broken only by a soft voice—Violet's—breathing rather than singing some verses of the trustful psalm:

> Thou dost my wandering soul reclaim,
> And, to Thy endless praise,
> Instruct with humble zeal to walk
> In Thy most righteous ways.
>
> I pass the gloomy vale of death
> From fear and danger free,
> For there——

The voice of the weeping singer broke. In the pause, there was, or seemed to be, a faint call from the sick-chamber. Other ears had fancied it too, for Violet and the rest were already in the passage, and in another moment all had assembled in the Angel-chamber.

'There they lay, both asleep, the kitten and the little maid; but my little maid shall never wake again till the resurrection.'

Grandpapa was silent for a few moments, then resumed in his accustomed tone:

'After a very brief interval, No. 23 found another occupant in the person of Colonel Robert Doulton, a stern warrior of the Wellington school, who had served in the Indian wars, and now, at the express suggestion of a London physician, brought down his invalid wife, to derive what benefit she might from the cheerful scenery and salubrious breezes of a notoriously healthy neighbourhood.

'Mrs Doulton—if the pale phantom that had travelled in a couch-carriage, and been borne up to the chief bedroom in the arms of one strong maid, deserved the name of a living being—was the object upon which her lord—a man of iron, resolved, unmalleable, self-indulgent—lavished all his love and care. Nothing could exceed the solicitude with which he watched the fluctuations of her disorder, and assembled round her every imaginable object calculated to distract the pains, or tranquillise the mind of his beloved patient. The physician, Dr T——, came down once a week, to resolve himself that his prescriptions were accurately followed, to dine sumptuously with the colonel, and to receive the fifty-pound note which so poorly recompensed his lost afternoon! while little Mr Mawry, the apothecary, received orders to look in at least once in the course of every day.

'In spite of these arrangements, the generally received opinion that Mrs Doulton would never quit that splendid chamber alive, grew and strengthened.

'Old Charlotte, the charwoman, who had no more business in that house than I—*less*, indeed, for had I not buried my heart there, while she had only secreted her pattens?—she, I say, contrived to re-connect herself with the establishment, and, upon those pattens, walked quietly back into its service.

'Charlotte asserted—and they believed her—that, no matter what the number of regular servants in a house, there was always room for a charwoman. The reports she brought, in her clinkings to and fro, were gloomy in the extreme. Mrs Doulton seldom quitted her bed—never her apartment. As for the colonel, he spent the greater part of the morning at his wife's bedside, reading to or conversing with her; then he rode or walked out for an hour, and returning, passed the hours till dinner in the Angel-room, which he chose to make his study, engaged in the preparation of a work relating to his campaigns in India. The physician was their sole London visitor; and of the neighbours, the good rector, who received a cordial welcome, and Mr Mawry, alone had access to the drawing-room of No. 23.

'Thus passed about two months, when, on a certain morn of August, the dark prognostications of old Charlotte and party were signally confounded by the appearance of Mrs Doulton upon the gravelled terraces in a Bath chair. She was decidedly better. Close beside her stalked her tall dark husband, rubbing his

hands, and eyeing his well-nursed partner with fond complacency, as he saw that face, which must have been a sweet and pleasant one in other days, brighten with gratitude and pleasure under the influence of the soft free air, and the sense of returning vigour.

'They took many turns together, and went home at last with manifest reluctance; the invalid, as if vain of her renovated strength, disdaining the ready hand that offered to reconduct her across the threshold.

'A day or two later, Mr Mawry, who had already, as he confessed to his wife, experienced some slight twinges of conscience on the score of receiving a daily fee for his needless visits, was stopped by the colonel as he crossed the hall, and invited to remain and partake of the dinner at that moment about to be served.

'Mawry was fond of a good dinner. He sniffed, and accepted.

'The repast, though, to all appearance, a visitor had not been expected, was of the most costly description, slightly eastern in character, varied in feature, perfect in detail. Host and guest agreed in postponing mere intellectual pleasure to the great business of the hour; and it was only when, the banquet finished, they drew chairs to the window, and began sipping their claret, that the colonel put forth his powers of conversation. Even then Mr Mawry fancied that he glanced from subject to subject rather too abruptly, and was revolving in his secret soul whether his host was endeavouring to astonish him with his stores of knowledge, or whether his mind was in truth preoccupied with some deep matter, the remembrance of which he sought to drown in desultory talk, when the colonel suddenly rose, and, going to a bookcase, took down a large and a small volume, and handed the latter to his visitor. Mawry saw that it was in some oriental character, in paragraphs, numbered and lettered. The colonel then changed volumes, and shewing Mawry that he now held an English translation, requested him to name any paragraph throughout the work, which he, the colonel, holding the original, would render into literal English.

'Mawry did as he was desired, naming in succession four or five passages of considerable length, all of which his host read off in English with perfect ease and correctness. He then laid the books aside.

"Now, sir, feel my pulse," were his next words.

'Mawry obeyed. It was not a full beat, but regular, and moderately fast.

"Am I in health, think you? Chest and lungs all right?"

"Do you wish me to examine with the stethescope? I have it with me."

'The other assented, and Mr Mawry, through the medium of that plain speaker, ascertained that all was sound.

"And I am not mad?"

'The doctor stared.

"I have conversed collectedly upon many different topics, and have translated with literal accuracy several passages from the most involved and difficult of eastern writers. Are these proofs sufficient?"

'Mawry bowed an affirmative.

"Now, doctor, I am going to ask you a curious question. Remember, I do not speak in figures. Simply and plainly—can a man *taste death?*"

'Mawry could not forbear a start.

"I will explain further," said the colonel. "Once in three or four days—sometimes more frequently—I experience a sensation so difficult to describe, that I was driven to the adoption of the simile that caused your surprise. It is like—like a poisoned cloth flung suddenly over my whole face. Eyes, nose, mouth, are impregnated with its horrible presence. I shudder, from head to foot, with an indescribable mixture of loathing and rage. In a second, it is gone—I am as well as ever. Have you, in your experience, met with such a case? I am not given to idle fancies. When I tell you, doctor, that I have been present in eleven battles, have passed nights among dead and dying creatures, witnessed every phase of the terrible side of war, you may believe that my nerves are not easily shaken. But I will own that the circumstance I have alluded to, in its singular recurrence, gives me considerable uneasiness; and fearing that, should the horror seize me in my wife's presence, the change of countenance I cannot control might occasion her grave alarm, I resolved to take your opinion on the subject. Let me have it."

'Mawry pondered deeply for a moment. He was struck with the coincidence of the symptoms described with those which had afflicted May Callender. Some whisper of the supernatural agency to which they were attributed had reached him in one or other of his frequent visits, but his mind was devoid of the slightest taint of superstition, and his thoughts now set strongly in quite another direction.

"Can you recall," he presently asked, "the first occasion on which this sensation occurred?"

"Let me see. No. Stay—yes. I had been chatting with my wife, had partaken of her afternoon-tea, and was returning to my study."

"It happens most frequently after meals?"

"No, I think *not*," said Doulton, reflecting.

"You take refreshment sometimes during the day; you Indian gentlemen must have your tiffin, and perhaps, in the intervals, a glass of pale ale or soda-water."

"Possibly," said the colonel, whose attention was languishing. "I believe I do."

"Brought to you by the butler, eh? What claret this is! Tredway, then, is always your cupbearer—eh, colonel?"

"I suppose so—I forget. Really, I can hardly tell you. Sometimes Tredway, sometimes Mahmoud, sometimes, eh—ah!" The colonel yawned.

"Sometimes?"

"Old Charlotte, I think they call her. An old woman who favours me with her presence here, for the sake, apparently, of helping eight idle servants to do nothing. But why these domestic queries? and especially what has *that* old baggage to do with the matter?"

"Hm!" said Mawry, rather gravely, "I don't know. When did this happen the *second* time?"

"I had been writing for a couple of hours, when, feeling weary, and missing perhaps my siesta, I threw myself on the bed—there is one in the room—and fell asleep. In about an hour, as I afterwards found, I started up in a state—I frankly avow it—of horrible alarm, as though I had been set upon by a band of fiends! Then came that choking horror—*then*, thank God! release, for I do not think a human mind, however strong, could sustain so much as a minute of that anguish, and keep its balance."

"It is curious," said Mawry. "I confess, colonel, I do not comprehend your case. So far as my skill instructs me, you are sound in body, and unquestionably sane in mind. Still there are fancies. Firm and self-possessed as you seem, it is yet quite possible that the solution may be found in some disarrangement of the nervous system. You have perhaps overtasked your brain—a little less work, and more exercise."

"I see, sir, I see!" exclaimed the colonel, rising, with some heat; "you take me for an illusionist, a—— Ha! by Heaven, *it is coming now!*"

'Mawry looked steadily at him. The colonel was not acting. The dark-lined countenance grew deadly pale, the eyes glowed, the teeth chattered and gnashed. In spite of himself, the doctor was awe-stricken at an appearance that powerfully recalled the fearful traditions of *possession*.

'The attack, whatever its nature, was but momentary. With a long deep inspiration, like one over whom a stifling wave has passed, the colonel seemed to recover himself completely, and, with a light laugh, held out his hand.

'Mawry took the hint, and his leave.

"I will send you a pleasant draught," he said; "or rather, I will instruct your butler to make it. And you will oblige me, colonel, by receiving nothing of a liquid kind *from any hand but his*. This is important: I will give you my reasons hereafter. Take your wine as usual. Good-night!"

'Colonel Doulton neglected *one* portion of his friend's advice—he took even less than his accustomed exercise, and was so rarely seen abroad, that old Charlotte underwent some severe cross-examinations. Her report now was, that the mistress grew stronger and stronger, but refused to take the air; that the colonel was becoming seriously ill—could scarcely bear the fatigue of walking upstairs—and confined himself almost wholly to his study, dividing the day between his writing-table and the bed. The doctor, somewhat affronted at his patient's systematic disregard of his counsels, had discontinued his visits, and had not hitherto been invited to renew them.

'Thus affairs remained for several weeks, till one morning the reverend rector was sent for to the house. His visit was a prolonged one. He came out grave and pale, and charged with a melancholy tale, of which he made no secret. The colonel had been stricken with some mysterious visitation beyond the reach of human skill, and, with a rooted presentiment of his approaching end, was pressing the work on which he had been so long engaged to a conclusion. He seemed to be awaiting, although with the courage of a Christian and a soldier, an inevitable fate.

'Nor was he deceived. One bleak, gray morning in December, the windows of No. 23 remained closed. Colonel Doulton was dead!'

THE MARCH OF THE GLACIER.

THERE are few spectacles in nature so calculated to inspire awe and provoke curiosity as those 'motionless torrents, silent cataracts' which form the glaciers of the Alps. At first sight, one can almost sympathise with the stolid English tourist, who, after gazing on one of them for some time in silence, declared that it was 'obtrusive and unmeaning.' There is something unspeakably strange and perplexing in the presence of a vast mass of ice, to all appearance fixed, immutable, under a burning sun, and in close contact with verdure and fertility. The dazzling pallor, the desolation, the silence of the 'dead sea' of ice, contrast forcibly with the green and golden vegetation of the valley, with the ripe cornfields, the spreading foliage, and the

> Flowers of loveliest blue
> That skirt the eternal frost.

It is death in the midst of life, the skeleton at the banquet of nature.

Standing by the brink or on the surface of the hard rigid mass, the assertion that it moves is startling, and almost incredible; indeed, a certain professor of Tübingen went home after a visit to Switzerland, and wrote a book flatly denying the possibility of glacier-motion. Observation and reflection, however, quickly remove our doubts. We have only to keep our eye on one of the blocks of stone upon the ice, in a line with two fixed points—a tree or ledge of rock—at opposite sides of the glacier, to be assured that the stone changes its position, and is borne downwards with the ice. The glacier, too, tells its story in unmistakable language. It inscribes the record of its journey on the hardest rocks, and carries on its breast, or at its base, fragments of distant mountains, which, like the scallop in the palmer's hat, tell of its wanderings. In fact, the very existence of the glacier depends on its motion. Unless the ice below the snow-line, which, during every summer, is melted by the sun, were replaced, the lower part of the glacier would in a few years disappear. While, however, the ice at the base is gradually being reduced to water, fresh snow is falling on the summit of the mountain, and displacing previous deposits, which descending, are converted into ice, and added to the glacier. According to Renolu, the accumulation of the mountain snows adds each year 58 inches of ice to a glacier. This would make Mont Blanc 400 feet higher in a century, and 4000 feet higher in a thousand years. Dissolution and compensation are thus constantly going forward, and the downward motion of the mass prevents any diminution from being observed. Rigid and inflexible, therefore, as the glacier seems, it is in reality a restless body, subject to constant motion and perpetual change, ever hastening from its birthplace in the mountain-bosom above to its grave in the pasture-ground below. It is something more than mere metaphor to call a glacier a *mer de glace*. The resemblance extends beyond the mere wave-like appearance of the surface. The deeps and shallows, widenings and narrowings, rapids and sluggish parts, the quicker flow of the centre than of the sides, the depression which occurs when the current sweeps round a buttress, the junction of branches and tributaries—all are to be found in the glacier as in the river.

The general fact that the glaciers move, has been known for a long period to the inhabitants of the mountains; but it is only of late years that attempts have been made to estimate the rate at which they travel. Hugi found that, from 1827 to 1830, his cabin upon the glacier of the Aar had moved about 110 yards downwards; while, in 1841, it had attained a distance of some 1570 yards from its original position. Observations on the same point have subsequently been made by M. Agassiz, Professor J. D. Forbes, Professor Tyndall, and others, and some confusion has arisen from the different results obtained. The truth is, that the movement of a glacier is influenced by the slope on which it rests, and by the obstructions which occupy its path; and hence a separate measurement is required for each case. It has, however, been proved, not only that the centre of the glacier moves more swiftly than its sides, but that the point of swiftest motion follows the same law as that observed in the flow of rivers, shifting from one side of the centre to the other, as the direction of the valley changes. 'The positions of towns along the banks of a navigable river,' writes Professor Tyndall, 'are mainly determined by this circumstance. They are, in most cases, situated on the convex sides of the bends, where the rush of water prevents silting up. Can it be, then, that the ice exhibits a similar deportment? that the same principle which regulates the distribution of people along the banks of the Thames is also acting with silent energy amid the glaciers of the Alps?'

The fact of the motion having been ascertained, a stirring controversy, not yet at rest, arose as to the physical quality of the ice in virtue of which a glacier moves like a river. First, there was the theory of De Saussure, the great Alpine traveller, that glaciers moved as rigid bodies, sliding over the inclined beds on which they rested, and to which they were frozen by the cold of winter, and relieved by the thaws of spring and summer. Another theory, started by Charpentier, and supported by Agassiz, was, that the more exposed parts of the glacier melting gradually, filled the capillary fissures of the ice with water, the expansion of which, as it became frozen, furnished the force which pushed the glacier downward. The first of these theories was insufficient, and the second was contradicted by actual observations on the ice.

To the laborious researches and philosophic mind of Professor J. D. Forbes of Edinburgh, do we owe the most satisfactory theory of glacier motion. Professor Forbes having had his attention drawn to the subject by Agassiz in 1841, devoted himself to it with an enthusiasm and perseverance which at least deserved success. Year after year, he repaired to Switzerland,

took up his quarters on the ice, explored the glaciers in all directions, and, as the result of his observations, propounded what is known as the Viscous Theory (from *viscus*, glue). 'A glacier,' he says, 'is an imperfect fluid or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts. . . . . Imagine a long narrow trough or canal, stopped at both ends, and filled to a considerable depth with treacle, honey, tar, or any such viscid fluid. Imagine one end of the trough to give way, the bottom still remaining horizontal: if the friction of the fluid against the bottom be greater than the friction against its own particles, the upper strata will roll over the lower ones, and protrude in a convex slope, which will be propagated backwards towards the other or closed end of the trough. Had the matter been quite fluid, the whole would have run out, and spread itself on a level: as it is, it assumes precisely the conditions which we suppose to exist in a glacier.'

The use of the term 'viscous' has caused much discussion. The assertion that glacier-ice possesses viscosity, or the power of being drawn out when subjected to a force of tension, has been stoutly combated by Professor Tyndall and others, who insist that the ice is not viscous, but plastic. 'Broadly observed,' writes Professor Tyndall, 'two classes of facts are presented to the glacier-observer—the one suggestive of viscosity, and the other of the reverse. The former are seen where *pressure* comes into play, the latter where *tension* is operative. By pressure, ice can be moulded to any shape, while the same ice snaps sharply asunder if subjected to tension. Were the result worth the labour, ice might be moulded into vases, statuettes, bent into spiral bars, and, I doubt not, by the proper application of pressure, a rope of ice might be formed and coiled into a knot. But not one of these experiments would in the least demonstrate that ice is really a viscous body.' Professor Tyndall points out, that, when subjected to a strain, the glacier does not yield by stretching, but by breaking. When the particles of the ice are kept in close contact, they become reunited by the freezing of the film of moisture between them; but when they are too far asunder, crevasses are formed. The continuity of the mass, therefore, he maintains, is due, not to the viscosity of the ice, but to 'the regelation of the new contiguous surfaces.'

After all, the dispute is very much a war of words. It is well known that a substance confessedly viscous may be broken by a sudden shock or strain. A piece of sealing-wax, as Professor Forbes observes, will, in the course of time, at moderate temperatures, mould itself to the most delicate inequalities of the surface on which it rests, but may at the same time be shivered to atoms by the blow of a hammer. In the same way, even tar may be crevassed when of a certain consistency. The regelation which Professor Tyndall makes such a noise about, is very much a matter of imagination. That ice possesses that power, is beyond dispute; but we have no positive proof that it is called into play in the movement of a glacier, any more than that a similar operation is not performed in the case of tar, honey, treacle, and other viscous substances.

A CASE FOR PHONETICS.

I AM not an advocate for phonetic spelling in general, because I'm accustomed to the other way, and should find it far more difficult to learn a new system of orthography, than to follow the old, grievous to master as it has been found by military and naval officers, millionaires, mathematicians, domestic servants, and policemen. But I think there is one case in which the system might be adopted with advantage; and that is the case of surnames. The agony which some men suffer from the mispronunciation of their surnames must, if any confidence is to be placed in the expression of the human countenance, be almost intolerable; and yet the fault is generally upon the side of the sufferers: they spell their names grotesquely, and then take offence if unfortunate people, at the risk of their jaws, make heroic efforts to give them the benefit of every letter and syllable.

There is a great deal in a name, notwithstanding what Shakspeare puts into somebody's mouth; and there are many people who wouldn't appreciate a single play which the great poet ever wrote, if it did not bear *his* name. The days are past when to mispronounce a man's name might bring you to an untimely end, but you may still by the same means render him an enemy for life. There are some people who can forgive anything except a tampering with their name—it is all they have to be proud of, and they are therefore mighty jealous of it. It is all very well for those whose names are monosyllabic colours, to laugh at the idea; but let me tell them that not even monosyllabic colours are without their inconvenience. They are easy enough of pronunciation, it is true; but I have known great complications (as diplomatists say) to arise because a gentleman could not restrain unseemly mirth at the sight of Black playing billiards with White. And I have seen Brown look anything but comfortable when introduced to Green; and when Green has been asked if his name were not Gray, I have heard him say 'No' very curtly; and when his interrogator funnily rejoined: 'Ah! Green is it? I knew it was a colour,' I have observed him quite purple with passion. However, no spelling could prevent these *contre-temps;* and it is the tyranny of spelling against which I am anxious to protest. I say, if a man wants to be called Abercrumbie, why should he spell his name Abercrombie? I know you say cumpany, not company, but you say combination, not cumbination; and besides, company (with a little c) isn't anybody's name, and you don't offend anybody's feelings; for John Company has lately been abolished, and his residence in Leadenhall Street given up to others. Then Albany and St Albans are always getting me into trouble. Why not spell your name St *All*bans, if that's the way you like it pronounced? And as for Albany, I give it up altogether, and when I meet anybody of that name, pronounce it simply according to the state of my tongue and palate at the particular moment; for you will observe that in saying A*ll*bany, you put your tongue nearer your swallow than when you enunciate A*l*bany. It matters little, in my estimation, whether it be the name of a place or a person—it ought equally to be spelled on phonetic principles. I very nearly lost the last omnibus from Chelsea, by a pronunciation contrary to the conductor's theory. I asked him 'if he passed the bottom of A*ll*bany Street' (for that was at the time the pronunciation which the state of my tongue and palate demanded); he answered gruffly: 'No, he didn't.' But he was evidently a good-natured man at heart, and added that 'he passed the bottom of A*l*bany Street, if that would do.' I told him it would do exactly, and I put it to him as a scholar and a gentleman whether, though he said 'York and A*l*bany,' and 'A*l*bany Street,' he didn't always talk of the 'Bachelor of the A*ll*bany.' But he cut me very short by remarking that 'he was no scholard,' and he 'didn't talk o' people behind their backs;' and that 'if he'd know'd I wanted to insult of him, he wouldn't 'a took me into the 'bus.'

Whereupon, I fell to meditating; and very hard it seemed to me upon foreigners that they should be expected to know that Bromwich is pronounced Brummidge; and equally hard upon natives, that though they must talk of Bishop Berkeley, they must speak of the Hon. Mr Berkely as Barclay. Moreover, there's Cowper. I mean to say that to expect a man to call this Cooper, is an abominable exaction, and reflects upon his pronunciation of

monosyllables: it reflects upon the education which his parents gave him, and it reflects upon his own common sense. I don't mind pronouncing Couper and Cooper in the same way, but Cowper is quite a different thing. I'll not pronounce *that* Cooper, unless I am well paid for it. Then, as to Derby: is it the Earl of Dsrby or Darby? and what is the proper pronunciation of the shire where people have excrescences on their throats? And why should Mrs Dymock have described me as a very rude young man, because in my ignorance I spoke of Die-mock instead of Dimmock? As for Evans, I give it up altogether. I asked a man the other day if his name were not Ev'ans, as I saw it spelled distinctly in black and white E-v-a-n-s, and he said: 'Yes, sir, *Ivins*.' I asked him to be kind enough to write it, and he did—E-v-a-n-s. I was at once seized with a slight attack of mental syncope, and have been since unable to get any better explanation than that there are people who can't help calling Evans, Ivins. All I can say is, if a man doesn't know his own name, how can he expect others to know it? Isn't it a little too bad, too, that you should have five friends—Falconer, Falkiner, Falkner, Faukener, and Fawkener—and that they should all pronounce their names in the same way? And the worst of it is, that when you have been drilled by them, you meet other people, in no way related, who spell their names the same way, and *don't* pronounce them the same way. Gore and Gower; Goff, Goffe, and Gough; Goold and Gould, and half a hundred others, are the plague of one's life. If you see them written, you don't pronounce them rightly; and if you hear them spoken, you don't write them correctly. The same may be said of Harvey and Hervey. And how many people pronounce Ingestre properly? They are afraid, because of their sad experience, to venture on the simple way, and consequently make all sorts of odd blunders: Ingster is a very favourite rendering. Then there are Jervis, and Jervys, and Jarvis; and Jennings, and Jennyngs, and Jenyns; and Joliff and Jolliffe: and yet if you talk about Je-nyns or Jo-liff, you 'll get into difficulties. Why shouldn't Kilmorey be written Kilmurray? And where is the difference between Kynaston and Kynnaston? There are both Laing and Lang, but, phonetically, they are the same, unless you be seized with a fit of affectation, and divide the former La-ing; and then nine people out of ten won't know what you mean. Marjoribanks is a simple imposition: it ought to be made Marchbanks by act of parliament. And if Meux is to be called Meuse, why have an *x* in the English language? And as for Neufville, Nevil, Nevile, Nevill, and Neville, why on earth can't they come to some arrangement, and save us a world of trouble? Ochterlony and Oughterlony are two more nuisances. And now I have come to the Ps, I am minded of the name Piffard. Now, would any rational being expect the accent to be upon the last syllable of that word? You say Gi'ffard, not Giffa'rd: why not Pi'ffard, and not Piffa'rd? Yet I have authority for saying, that the latter is the pronunciation affected by the holders of it. Quantock is a name that I am sure I should mispronounce; and I should never have dreamed of pronouncing Rolland, Roland, if I hadn't heard other people do so. There appears no more reason to me for calling St John, *Sinjun*, than St George, *Singing;* but people do it. Sinclair has asserted itself; why shouldn't *Sinjun?* But the most unconscientious thing I ever did I reckon to be the calling of a man whose name is spelled Stiffe, Stife: I offered Stiffy, but he rejected that with scorn; and insisted upon it that I should do violence to my feelings of right and wrong by always calling him Stife. What pleasure it can be to him, I can't think; but he was certainly proud of it. He ought, I think, to have the pronunciation printed upon his card together with the address; and so ought Theobald, and Thuillier, and Tollemache (whom I have heard called Tollem'aché, as if it were a Greek feminine noun), and Torsappie, and some others. Urquhart might as well be written Urkurt; and Vanburgh would be better for an explanatory note. Vaughan has no reason to grumble if he 's called Vaugan; and Vaux ought to put up with Vauks. Wemyss has only himself to blame if he is addressed as We-miss. Yonge mustn't expect to be taken for Young; and Zachery mustn't be angry with folks who decline to pronounce him as though he were Zachary.

QUEEN VICTORIA *v.* PRINCE OF WALES.

We have narrowly escaped a singular lawsuit, or rather equity suit. We have been just on the edge of a contest in which Her Most Gracious Majesty would have been plaintiff, and her eldest son defendant; and in which the lawyers would have fought, as lawyers are wont to fight, quite as determinedly as if the parties to the suit had not been royal and had not been related.

The county of Cornwall is governed in a remarkable manner. More than five centuries ago, the county was created into a duchy, in favour of Edward the Black Prince, and settled by act of parliament on the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. A large income was attached to this grant, in the forms of lordship rents of certain castles and manors, and royalties or dues on the mining and coinage of tin. Various changes have been made from time to time; but the sovereign's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has still his chancellor, attorney-general, solicitor-general, and his court of exchequer. Thus, at the present time, Sir George Grey, one of the cabinet ministers, is chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall. The duke also appoints the sheriffs. The tinners or tin-miners had a charter granted to them by Edward I., with a stannary court for the adjudication of certain kinds of causes or suits; and one of the provisions of this charter bore relation to the payment of certain dues to the duke, on all the ore raised within Cornwall and a certain portion of Devonshire. The tinners have still their stannary courts, presided over by a lord-warden and vice-warden. There are four stannary districts, in each of which, disputes relating to mining matters are settled with little or no reference to the supremacy of Westminster Hall. An appeal lies from the vice-warden's court to the lord-warden's, and from the latter to the duke in council. There are twenty-four stannators or jurymen, usually gentlemen of property in the mining districts. They are not jurymen, in the common acceptation of the term in the law-courts; they are rather legislators, who hold a stannary parliament with the duke and his officers. This machinery is, however, now almost obsolete; for the stannary laws have gradually become well defined; and local legislation, though not local judicature, has nearly ceased. The stannary courts are in full operation, however, as we may see any day in the Cornish newspapers, where notices are given of legal matters belonging to the lord-warden's or vice-warden's courts. The last-named courts are held once a month, and take cognizance of all matters relating to the tin-mines and trade. The Duke of Cornwall obtains certain rents or royalties from various parts of the county; and he is also owner of the peculiar strip of muddy or shingly *foreshore* which lies between high and low water on the coasts of Cornwall, as well as of the beds of the various rivers. It was shewn in a recent article,* that the sovereign of England possesses a right of this kind throughout the greater part of her realm, and that the crown has recently

* 'Who Owns the Thames?' *Chambers's Journal*, No. 335.

defeated nearly all the attempts made by corporate bodies and landowners to dispute this right. An imitative or petty sovereignty of like kind is one of the peculiarities connected with Cornwall and its duchy.

Now it happens that some of the tin and copper mines have been worked out seawards, not only beneath the muddy foreshore between high and low water marks, but actually beneath the rolling sea itself. The Botallack Mine, for instance, is situated at the extreme west of the county, near the Land's End; the workings are close to the edge of a cliff, and, after descending far below the level of the sea, branch out to a distance of five hundred feet or more beyond low-water mark. The steam-engine to work this mine had to be lowered, in pieces, two hundred feet down the face of a precipitous cliff; and the miners proceed from their homes to their work along paths which would make inexperienced persons giddy. In some of the galleries or passages of the mine, there is barely a thickness of twenty feet of earth or stone between the workings and the bed of the sea above; and sometimes the roar and rolling of the sea, with the dashing of great stones by the flux and reflux of the tide, produce a noise so truly frightful that even the sturdy miners cannot bear it. A rich vein is now and then seen to trend upwards; and a contest arises between prudence, on the one hand, and love of gain on the other, in deciding whether to 'let well alone,' or to follow the vein with pick and shovel. In another district, the Huel Mine was worked so far under the sea, and a rich vein pursued so eagerly, that the miners reduced the thickness between them and the sea overhead to a mere crust; and they were obliged to abandon that part of the mine altogether, through fear of disastrous consequences. For a mine to pass under a river is a very common circumstance. A singular catastrophe occurred in 1833 at the river Garnock, in Scotland. The river broke through the thin layer of earth which had been left between it and a coal-mine beneath; and many of the miners narrowly escaped drowning. Day after day, the water poured in, at and near the hour of high tide, until several miles of workings were completely filled. The pressure in the pits became so great, from the immense weight of water impelled into them, that the confined air, which had been forced back into the high workings, burst up through the earth in a thousand places; many acres of ground were to be seen all at once bubbling up like the boiling of a caldron; and large bodies of sand and water were thrown up for hours together. It was a sad affair in a pecuniary point of view: the owners had to abandon the greater portion of the workings, and six hundred persons were thrown out of employment.

But by far the most remarkable instance recorded of mining under the sea, was that of Wherry Mine, in which the workings were actually commenced in the sea itself. In a part of the sea about a mile from Penzance, small veins of tin were observed to traverse a rocky shoal which was exposed to view at low-water. In 1778, Thomas Curtis, a clever and enterprising miner, resolved to make an attempt at mining in this extraordinary place; he had only ten pounds at command, but this did not discourage him, for other men added their small stores, and clubbed to make up a working-party. The surface of the shoal was covered with water about five-sixths of every day on an average; the water on it was nearly twenty feet deep at high-water spring-tides; the prevailing winds raised a very great surf even in summer; while in winter the sea broke over it in fury. Here was a state of things for sinking a mine! The work could only be prosecuted during the short period of each summer's day when the shoal appeared above water; the water had to be baled or pumped out of the excavation, after each return of high tide; and the men had to go to and from the shore in boats. It is no wonder, therefore, that three summers were consumed in sinking the mere pump-shaft; for winter-work was out of the question altogether. When the use of machinery became practicable, a frame of boards was applied to the mouth of the shaft, connected to the rocky base of the shoal with pitch and oakum, and carried up beyond the level of high tide. The frame formed a kind of boarded turret, twenty feet high by about two feet square in horizontal section; it was made water-tight with pitch and oakum, and was strengthened with iron bars ranged diagonally. A platform was lashed round the top of the turret, supported by wooden poles and iron rods; and a windlass was placed upon it, to be worked by four men. The theory of Curtis and his brother-miners was, that by means of this platform and turret they might work at all hours in summer and in winter, untroubled by the recurring periods of high-water. But puzzling embarrassments beset them. The sea-water penetrated through the fissures of the shoal, because the lateral galleries were driven too near the surface; it was difficult to raise the ore to the surface, and also difficult to convey it over the surf from the shoal to the beach; and with all their exertions, they found it impossible to keep their structure sufficiently water-tight to permit of working in winter. Nevertheless, the ore was so rich in metal, that it began to repay them for all their labour, anxiety, and ingenuity. Year after year did these resolute men persevere, until in 1791 there was a shaft twenty-six feet deep in the shoal; the horizontal workings or galleries were eighteen feet in width; and there were generally thirty sacks of extremely rich tin-ore raised at every tide. We have said that the shoal was about a mile from Penzance, but the distance was not much more than a furlong from the nearest part of the beach; and this approximation led by degrees to engineering operations of a somewhat extensive character. A steam-engine was erected on the shore, and connected with the shoal by a wooden bridge; this served as a support for the working-rods which conveyed steam-power (so to speak) to the mine; and it also served as a roadway for conveying the produce to the shore.

But, alas! one little misadventure put an end to all this ingenious arrangement. When the mine had been in work several years, and had yielded seventy thousand pounds' worth of ore from the veins beneath the shoal and the bed of the sea, an American vessel, on a certain dark night, broke from its moorings in a small bay or anchorage near Penzance, struck against the stage constructed on the shoal, demolished the machinery, and filled the mine with water. It may have been that the veins were too far exhausted to render profitable a renewal of operations at that spot; but be this as it may, the works were not renewed, and the Wherry Mine became but matter of history. Many mining surveyors, however, are of opinion, that operations of a somewhat analogous character will sooner or later be resorted to. Mr Hawkins has remarked: 'On a review of the improvements which have taken place in our mining machinery, I am inclined to think that the spirit of mining enterprise, to which they have imparted so much animation, will soon assume a character of still greater audacity. Perhaps, when the veins are exhausted which lie within the boundary of our sea-girt peninsula (Cornwall), we shall turn our attention to those which extend in the same direction beneath the bed of the ocean; nor, when we consider the increasing depth of our mines, can that period be very distant. Our submarine works will then form a new epoch in the history of mining, and by calling forth still greater exertions of skill and industry, demonstrate in a more striking manner the powers of the human intellect.'

We now come to our majestic lawsuit. If a tin or copper mine be under dry land, there is sure

to be an owner somewhere or other; but if it be under a river, a harbour, or the open sea, the same certainty does not appear, because a freeholder is not necessarily lord of the soil beneath the water. The sovereign, as has been shewn in the article cited in a former paragraph, has successfully proved that he or she is owner of that which has no other owner in particular. But now arises a difficulty. The Prince of Wales is a sort of small king of Cornwall, and has small king-like privileges therein. Is he, on that account, to be king of the mines, or to allow his royal mother to be queen of the mines? Does the greater sovereignty swallow up the less? Must the Duke of Cornwall herein yield to the Queen of England? It is by no means certain that these royal personages know much about the matter. The one has a Board of Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues; the other has a chancery, and a staff of officers and clerks; and each of these bodies has a leaning towards their own employer in this matter.

Some time ago, the functionaries on both sides had a very grave and lengthened correspondence on matters of Cornish revenue. Both sides were aware that some of the mines traverse beneath the strip of muddy ground between high and low water mark; that others go right under the beds of rivers; and that a few go under the bed of the sea itself. Now, every mine pays a rent to the lord or landowner, usually in the form of a royalty or percentage on the value of the ore raised; and it becomes worth the while of any person, legally entitled to do so, to pocket the royalty accruing from mines situated as above described. The Queen, or her representatives, said: 'I will have it.' 'No,' said the Prince of Wales, or his representatives; 'I must have it.' 'I am sovereign,' said the one. 'Yes, but I am Duke of Cornwall,' said the other; and so, as they could not agree, they wisely referred the matter to a learned arbitrator, whose judgment was to be final. The Lord Chancellor, on the part of the Queen, and the Chancellor of the duchy on the part of her son, agreed to apply to Sir John Pattison, as a judge more than usually conversant with these matters. He was to make an award, as a basis for an act of parliament decisive of the whole matter. The points submitted were—Whether the Queen or the Prince possessed the right to mines under the sea, within the ducal limits of Cornwall; and whether this right applied to minerals between high and low water mark, as well as to minerals below low-water mark, but won by the extension of workings commenced above that mark. Sir John was to have before him all the statutes, charters, decisions, resolutions, and evidence written and oral, that could throw any light on the subject; and if he found that an absolute decision could not be given for either side, he was invited to propose a compromise. After sixteen months of consideration, fed by all sorts of legal lore, the learned judge sent in his award. He decided that the Queen has the right to all the minerals beneath the low-water level—that is, beneath the bed over which the water at all times flows; while to the Prince of Wales was given all the minerals beneath the foreshore, the debatable-land between high and low water. But as mining *in* the sea is by no means a normal state of things, how is the Queen to obtain access to her underground minerals? Where, and under what circumstances, may she sink a shaft, and run workings out to the stores of tin and copper? Sir John Pattison provided for this. He decided that the Queen may use all the shafts and workings at present in existence, or that may hereafter exist, on the dry land, suitable for this purpose; and may make any new ones that might be necessary, paying to the Prince, as a sort of ground-rent, one-tenth part of the net proceeds derived from all such workings; and engaging to keep all the shafts and workings in good order.

The two chancellors laid their heads together for eight months, and pondered over Sir John's award. Their two solicitors found out difficulties, and required a solution of them. Some of the submarine mines are entered by shafts sunk, not in the foreshore belonging to the Prince, but in dry land belonging to private individuals; and it was necessary to decide to whom the one-tenth was to be paid in such cases. In one of these strangely situated mines, the *adventurers*—as the speculators in mineral land are called—pay one twenty-fourth part of the net produce of tin, and one-eighteenth part of that of copper, to the landowner in whose estate the shafts and workings are carried on; and it became desirable to settle the relations between him, the Queen, and the Prince, in respect to dues for submarine and sub-foreshore privileges. Another point was this: the adjudicator spoke of high-water mark and low-water mark, but he did not say whether he alluded to the sea only, or to estuaries and rivers as well; whereupon the Prince demanded that the minerals below the rivers and estuaries ought to be regarded as *his*, unless the adjudicator decided otherwise. This was just one of those ticklish matters which two angry persons would go to law about for years, but fortunately the advisers of the two august personages thought it better to remit the questions anew to the learned individual who had already devoted so much attention to the matter. Sir John settled the questions speedily. If any of the workings belonging to submarine mines are in land belonging to private individuals, and not to the Duchy of Cornwall, then the Prince is *not* to receive the one-tenth above named, but the crown is to make private arrangements with the landowners. On the other hand, the Prince gained a little from the Queen; for it was announced that the minerals beneath rivers and estuaries in Cornwall belong to him—the former decision referring only to those beneath the actual sea itself.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE BARROW IN DEBATE.

Our patience was not put to a severe test. O'Tigg was not the man to keep his tongue in tranquillity for any extended time; neither was Sure-shot an admirer of the silent system. Both were talkers.

On this occasion, the 'infantry' was the first to make himself heard.

'Be japers! comrayde, I'm afther thinkin' fwhat purty fools us hiv bin, to tak it afut this way, loike two thramps, whin wez moight ivery bit as wil hav been stroidin' a pair ov good pownies. We cowld a fitched a pair from the Fort wid all the aize in the wurlt.'

'Yees, Petrick, certing ye ain't fer 'stray 'bout thet pertickler; we've been raither ungumptious.'

'Besoides, wez moight as wil hav been hung for a shape as a lamb. We'll be flogg'd all as wan, iv the ischort foinds us, fur taykin' the guns, an' the knapsacks, an' the whaleborra—bad luck to the borra!'

'No, Petrick, don't cuss the berra—it hes served us for certing. We kedn't a got along 'ithout the machine—how ked we? We ked niver hev toted our doins es we've did; an' but for the piece o' bacon an' thet eer bag o' meal, we'd a sterved afore this, I recking. Don't cuss the berra.'

'Och! it's made my showlders ache, as if some schoundrel had been batin' them wid a sprig ov shillaylah!'

'Ne'er a mind 'bout thet! yer shoulders 'll be all right arter ye've got a wink o' sleep. Spank my skin! ef thet ere wan't a cute dodge—it's throwd the Indyens off o' the scent for certing; or we'd a heerd some'ut o' them verming afore this.'

'Faith, I think we've sucksaided in bamboozling thim, shure enough.'

The meat by this time shewed sufficiently done;

and the two men applied themselves to eating, with an earnestness that allowed no time for talking.

The conversation had revealed enough of their past actions, and future designs, to confirm the conjectures I had already formed about them.

As stated, they had both belonged to the 'rangers' of immortal memory.

After the disbandment of the corps, they had entered upon a fresh lease of soldier-life, by enlisting into the regular army. O'Tigg had given preference to the sky-blue of the 'line;' while the Yankee had taken to the mounted rifles—as a capital marksman, like him, would naturally do. Indeed, it would have been impossible to have 'licked' the latter into anything like soldierly shape; and all the drill-sergeants in creation could not have made him stand with 'toes turned in,' or 'eyes right.' To have 'dressed' the old ranger in line would have been a physical impossibility.

In the mounted rifles, personal appearance is of less importance; and considering the little inclination there is to enlist in the American army—especially in times of peace—the oddest-looking article is thankfully accepted. In the dearth of recruits, Sure-shot would have no difficulty in passing inspection.

Both the infantry and rifleman had evidently become tired of their respective services. The routine of a frontier post is of itself sufficient to produce the deadliest *ennui;* and the Californian attraction had 'capped the climax.' The temptation was too strong for either Yankee or Hibernian nature to resist; and these worthy types of both had taken French-leave of the fort. It was thus that I epitomised the recent history of my old *camarados.*

As they were evidently aware of the caravan being in the advance, and had been following it, it was easily conjectured that Fort Smith—a military post on the Arkansas opposite Van Buren—had been the scene of their defection.

Very likely, they had kept near the train all along the route—with a view to guidance and partial protection—as also for a *dernier ressort* to which they might betake themselves, in case of their stores giving out. The escort, hinted at, would be sufficient to account for their not being in closer communication with the caravan.

It appeared, they had been so far fortunate in escaping an encounter with Indians; but this, as in our case, was chiefly due to the passage of the caravan. We knew that the red-skinned robbers would be too much occupied with the train itself and its more immediate stragglers, to be looking out for any so far in the rear as we; and to this, no doubt, were we indebted for the uninterrupted travel we had achieved. A greater proximity to the train would have rendered our passage more perilous.

Sure-shot, though a slouch in his dress, was no simpleton. The trick of taking up the barrow was a conception of his brain, as well as its being borne upon the shoulders of the Irishman—who, in all likelihood, had performed the *rôle* of wheeling it from Fort Smith to the Big Timbers, and was expected to push it before him to the edge of the Pacific Ocean!

It was evident that Patrick was tired of his task: for they had not made much progress in their Homeric supper, before he once more returned to the subject.

'But shure now, comrayde! we moight manage widout the borra—seein' as we've got into the buffalos' counthry. Aren't them bastes as aizy to kill as tame cows? Shure we'd niver be widout mate as long as our powder lasts?'

'Jess t' other way, ye fool! We're a going out o' the buffuler country, an' into parts where theer ain't a anymal bigger than a ret; on t' other side o' the mountings, theer ain't no beests o' any kind—neery one; an' its jess theer we'll want that eer bag o' meel: ef we don't take it along, we'll starve for certing.'

'Be me sowl! I'd ruther carry the male on my showlders. There's liss ov it now; an' maybe I could manage it, iv yould only carry the spids, an' thim other things. We moight lave the knapsicks an' kyarthridge-box behind. What use ud they be in Kalifornya? They'll only lade to our detiction by the throops out there.'

'Don't ee be skeert 'bout thet, kimrade! Ef theer's troops in Californey, they'll hev theer hands full 'ithout troublin' us, I recking. We ain't like to be the only two critters as hain't got a pass for the diggins. Ne'er a bit o't. We'll find deserters out theer as thick as flies on a dungheap. Certingly we shell. Besides, Petrick, we needn't take the knepsacks all the way out theer, nor the berra neyther, nor nuthin' else we've brought from the Fort.'

'Fwhat div yez mane?' interrogated the Irishman—evidently puzzled to interpret the other's speech.

'We kin leave all them fixins in Morming City.'

'But will the thrain be afther thravellin' that way? Shure ye don't know that.'

'Certing it will. A putty consid'able part o' it air made up o' Mormings; an' they'll be boun' to the Salt Lake. We kin foller them, an' drop t' other. In the Morming settlements, we kin swop our unyforms for suthin' else, an' the berra too. Es to the knepsacks an' catridge-box, I guess es how I inteend to make a spec on them ere two articles.'

'Fwhat! a pair ov sodger knapsacks an' an owld kyarthridge-box! They wuldn't fitch the worth ov dhrinks apaice.'

'Theer your mistaking, Mister Tigg. Preeheps they'll swop better'n you think. How d'ye know I ain't like to git a beest apiece for 'em—eyther a mule or a hoss? This child ain't a going to fut it all the way to Californey. B'yont the Morming City, he rides a spell, I recking.'

'Be japers! that's an out-an'-out good oidea. But how dev ye mane to carry it through? that's what bothers Patrick O'Tigg.'

'We—ell, Petrick, I'll tell ee my plan. I hain't got it straightened out yet, but I hope to hev it all right by the time we're on t' other side the mountings—leastwise beefore we reaches Morming City.'

'Arrah! fwhat is it?' inquired the impatient Irishman.

The Yankee did not vouchsafe an immediate answer; but, while polishing off the bone he held in his hand, appeared at the same time to be busy with some mental operation—perhaps straightening out the plan he had promised to reveal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A TOUGH STORY.

For some seconds, the two worthies observed a mutual silence, broken only by a formidable rattle of teeth, as large 'chunks' of buffalo-meat were put through their respective masticating machines.

Curious to hear the promised revelation, Wingrove and I checked our impatience, and remained in our covert among the bushes.

One thing—to which their speech had incidentally adverted—was not without much significance; and had produced upon me a certain impression that was unpleasant. They appeared to know, or Sure-shot did, that at least a portion of the train was *en route* for the Mormon city. It is true, I had already some suspicion of this; but the letter of Lilian had led me to hope it might be otherwise. Any destination but that!

I had commenced reflecting upon this point, when I was interrupted by the voice of Sure-shot resuming the conversation.

Thus did he enter on his explanation:

'Ye see, kimrade, these Mormings, es I've heern, air mighty taken up wi sogerin', an' thet sort o' thing. Ye've heerd talk o' theer great bettelion. They'll

be arter these eer treppings for certing, since they hain't much chence o' gittin' seger-fixings out theer. We—eel, what I mean to do is to put the knepsacks off on 'em for some new improvement o' pattern. I guess it air thet—I've heerd say so at the Fort—then the Morming jineral, who air the prophet hisself, an' who's got berrls o' dollars—he'll buy the knepsacks at any price. Now, de ye take, Mister Tigg?'

'Troth do I. But dev ye think yez can fool thim so aizy?'

'Easy as eatin' pumkin-pie. Jehosophet! I hain't been five year in the tradin' line 'ithout lernin' the bizness, I recking.'

'Be me faith! yez must hiv been raal cliver at it, whin ye sould them cypress-knees for bacon-hams to the Bawltemoreans. You remimber that story yez towld us down in Mixico?'

'Yees; certingly I reemember it—he, he, he! But I kim a better trick then thet on the Orleens people 'bout five yeer ago—jest 'fore I jined the rangers.'

'Fwhat was it, shure?'

'We—ell, ye see, I wan't allers es poor es I'm now. I hed a pertnership in a bit o' a schooner es used to trade 'tween Bosting an' Orleens, an' we used to load her wi' all sorts o' notions, to sell to the Orleens folk. Jehosophet an' pork-pies! them air fools, an' no mistake—them Creole French. We ked a sold 'em wooden nutmegs, an' brick-dust for Keyenne pepper, an' sech like; an' I 'bout guess es how we did spekoolate a leetle in thet line o' bizness. Wall, theer kim a time when they tuk a notion they ked make cheep *brogans*, as they call 'em, out o' allygator's leather, an' supply the hul nigger market wi' 'em. The neels were dear, an' so they tuk to usin' boot-pegs; but not hevin' a manafactry o' the pegs down south, they hed to git 'em from the no'th. Jest then, my partner an' I thought o' makin' a spekoolashun on the pegs; so we loaded our schooner wi' thet ere freight, chuck right up to the hetches; an' then set off from Bosting for Orleens. We thort we'd make our derned fortune out o' thet eer trip.'

'Shure yez did, didn't ye?'

'No—o—o; neer a bit o''t. It keemd nigh breakin' us.'

'Arrah, how?'

'We—ell! ye see, when we got roun' to Orleens, we larned thet the boot-trade hed a'most stopped. The allygator leather didn't turn out jest the thing for brogans; an' besides, it got sca'ce by reezun o' the killin' o' them verming. In coorse, the pegs hed fell in price; they'd kim down so low, thet we ked only git twenty-five cents a bushel for 'em!'

'Mother ov Moses! only twinty-five cints a bushel!'

'Thet was all they'd fetch—offer 'em when an' wheer we would. In coorse, we wan't fools enough to take thet—the dernationed pegs hed cost us more in Bosting!'

'Divil a doubt ov it? But fwhat did yez do wid 'em, anyhow?'

'We—ell, Mister Tigg, we weer cleen beet at fust; an' didn't know whet to do—neyther me 'r my pertner. But arter takin' a good think over it, I seed a way o' gitting out o' the scrape—leestwise 'ithout sech a loss as sellin' the pegs at twenty-five cents the bushel. I seed a chence o' gitting rid o' them at fifty cents.'

'Arrah, now! in fwhat way, comrayde?'

'You've seed boot-pegs, I recking, Mister Tigg?'

'An' shure I hiv. Aren't they the same that 's in these sutlers' brogues we've got on—bad luck to them?'

'Jess the same—only whitier when they air new.'

'Be japers! I think I remimber seein' a barrel full ov thim in New Yark.'

'Very certing it were them—they air usooaly packed in berr'ls. Can you think o' anything they looked like?'

'Wil, in troth, they looked more loike oats than anything I can reccollict. Shure they did look moighty loike oats!'

'An' don't ee kalkerlate they'd a looked more like oats, ef they'd been pointed at both eends insted o' one?'

'In troth, would they—all that same.'

'We—ell, thet's the very idee thet kim inter my mind at the time.'

'Arrah now, is it? An' fwhat did yez do wid the pegs then?'

'*Jest sharpened the other eends o' 'em, an' sold 'em for oats.*'

The puzzled, half-incredulous stare, on the countenance of the Hibernian, was ludicrous in the extreme. The allegation of the Yankee had deprived him of speech; and for some moments he sat gazing at the latter, evidently in doubt whether to give credence to the story, or reject it as a little bit of a 'sell' upon the part of his comrade—with whose eccentricity of character he was well acquainted.

Equally ludicrous was the look of gravity on the countenance of the other—which he continued to preserve under the continued gaze of his comrade, with all the solemnity of a judge upon the bench.

It was as much as my companion and I could do to restrain our laughter; but we were desirous of witnessing the finale of the affair, and, by an effort, succeeded in holding in.

'Och, now, Misther Shure-shat!' gasped the Irishman at length, 'an' it's only jokin' ye arr?'

'Truth I tell ye, Petrick—every word o''t. Ye see the oats weer jest then sellin' at fifty cents the bushel, an' thet paid us. We made a leetle suthin', too, by the spekoolashun.'

'But how did yez get the other inds pointed at all—at all?'

'Oh! thet weer eezy enough. I invented a machine for thet, an' run 'em through in less'n no time. When they kim out at t' other eend o' the machine, *I kedn't meself a told 'em from oats.*'

'Och! now I comprehind. Arrah! an' wasn't it a quare thrick? Be my sowl, it bates Bannagher all to paces! Ha, ha, haw!'

Wingrove and I could hold in no longer, but joining in the loud cachinnation—as if we had been its echoes—sprang forward to the front.

Infantry and rifleman bounded to their feet, with a simultaneous shout of 'Indians!' and dropping their spits and half-eaten *appolas* of meat, dashed into the bushes like a pair of frightened rabbits!

In an instant, both were out of sight; and their whereabouts was alone indicated by the rattling of the branches.

I was apprehensive of losing them altogether; and regretted not having used more caution in approaching them. At that crisis, an idea came to my aid; and giving out an old signal, well remembered by the *ci-devant* rangers, I had the gratification of receiving a double response.

The utterance of the signal had brought them to an instantaneous halt; and I could hear them exchanging surmises and exclamations of astonishment, as they retraced their steps towards the fire.

Presently, a pair of short, snub-nosed faces were seen peering through the leaves; while from the lips of their owners burst simultaneously 'The cyaptin'!' 'The capting!' with various other phrases in their respective *patois*, expressive of surprise and recognition.

A few words sufficed to explain all. As we had surmised, the men were deserters. Neither attempted to deny what, in time of peace, is not considered a very heinous crime; and for which, just then, the 'Californian fever' was considered an ample justification.

It was no affair of ours. I was only too rejoiced to join company with the runaways, of whose loyalty to myself I had proofs of old. Their guns—more

especially the rifle of Sure-shot—would be a valuable addition to our strength; and, instead of crawling along under the cover of night, we could now advance with more freedom and rapidity.

It was determined, therefore, to share our means of transport with our new comrades—an offer by them eagerly and readily accepted.

The partial consumption of our stores had lightened the packs upon our mules; and the contents of the wheel-barrow, equally divided between them, would give to each only its ordinary load.

The barrow itself was abandoned—left among the Big Timbers—to puzzle at a future period some red-skinned archæologist—Cheyenne or Arapaho!

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE MOUNTAIN PARKS.

We now proceeded along the route with more confidence; though still acknowledging the necessity of caution, and always reconnoitring the ground in advance. Although the four of us might have defended ourselves against four times our number of Indian enemies, we were passing through a part of the country, where, if Indians were to be met at all, it would be in large bands or 'war-parties.'

The Arkansas heads in that peculiar section of the Rocky Mountain chain known as the 'Parks'—a region of country celebrated from the earliest times of fur-trading and trapping—the arena of a greater number of adventures—of personal encounters and hair-breadth escapes—than perhaps any other spot of equal extent upon the surface of the globe. Here the great Cordillera spreads out into numerous distinct branches or 'Sierras,' over which tower those noted landmarks of the prairie traveller, 'Pike's' and 'Long's' Peaks, and the 'Wa-to-ya' or 'Cumbres Españolas'—projected far above their fellows, and rising thousands of feet into the region of eternal snow.

Between their bases—embosomed amid the most rugged surrounding of bare rocky cliffs, or dark forest-clad declivities—lie *vallés*, smiling in the soft verdure of perpetual spring—watered by crystal streams—sheltered from storms, and sequestered from all the world. The most noted of these are the Old and New 'Parks,' and the 'Bayou Salade'—because these are the largest; but there are hundreds of smaller ones, not nameless, but known only to those adventurous men—the trappers—who for half a century have dwelt in this paradise of their perilous profession: for here is the habitat of the masonic beaver—its favourite *building ground*.

Over these valley-plains roam 'gangs' of the gigantic buffalo; while in the openings between their copses may be descried the elk, antelope, and black-tailed deer, browsing in countless herds. On the cliffs that overhang them, the noble form of the *Carnero Cimmaron* (*Ovis montana*)—or 'Bighorn' of the hunters—may be seen, in bold outline against the sky; and crawling through the rocky ravines is encountered the grizzly bear—the most fierce and formidable of American *carnivora*. The red cougar and brown wolverine crouch along the edges of the thicket, to contest with jackal and wolf the possession of the carcass, where some stray quadruped has fallen a victim to the hungry troop; and black vultures wheeling aloft, await the issue of the conflict.

Birds of fairer fame add animation to the scene. The magnificent *meleagris*, shining in metallic lustre, with spread wings and tail, offers a tempting aim to the hunter's rifle—as it promises to afford him a rich repast; and the *coc de prairie*, and its gigantic congener the 'sage grouse,' whirr up at intervals along the path.

The waters have their denizens, in the gray Canada and white-fronted geese—ducks of numerous species—the stupid pelican and shy loon—gulls, cormorants, and the noble swan; while the groves of *alamo* ring with the music of numerous bright-winged songsters, scarcely known to the ornithologist.

But no land of peace is this fair region of the Rocky Mountains. There are parks, but no palaces—there are fertile fields, but none to till them—for it is even dangerous to traverse them in the open light of day. The trapper skulks silently along the creek—scarcely trusting himself to whisper to his companion—and watching warily as he renews the bait of *castoreum*. The hunter glides with stealthy tread from copse to copse—dreading the echo of his own rifle. Even the red-skinned rover goes not here alone, but only with a large band of his kindred—a 'hunting' or 'war party.'

The ground is neutral, as it is hostile—claimed by many tribes, and owned by none. All enter it to hunt or make war, but none to settle or colonise. From every quarter of the compass come the warrior and hunter; and of almost as many tribes as there are points upon the card. From the north, the Crow and Sioux; from the south, the Kiowa, the Comanche, the Jicarilla-Apache, and even at times the tame Taosa. From the east penetrate the Cheyenne, the Pawnee, and Arapaho; while through the western gates of this hunters' paradise, pour the warlike bands of the Utah and Shoshonee. All these tribes are in mutual enmity or amity amongst themselves, of greater or less strength; but between some of them exists a hostility of the deadliest character. Such are the vendettas between Crow and Shoshonee, Pawnee and Comanche, Utah and Arapaho.

Some of the tribes have the repute of being friendly to the whites. Among these may be mentioned the Utahs and Crows; while the more dreaded names are Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Arapaho: the last in hostility to the whites equalling the noted Blackfeet of the north. In all cases, however, the amity of the prairie Indian is a friendship upon which slight faith can be placed; and the trapper—even in Crow or Utah land—is accustomed 'to sleep with one eye open.'

In past times, the Utahs have been more partial to the pale-faces than most other tribes of Central Indians; and in their territory many of the celebrated trapper-stations, or 'rendezvous,' are situated. At times, mutual provocations have led to dire encounters; and then are the Utahs to be dreaded—more, perhaps, than any Indians. In their association with their trapper allies, they have learned how to handle—and with skill—that most formidable of weapons, for partisan warfare—the hunter's rifle.

At the time of which I write, the Utahs were reported to be on good terms with the whites. The Mormons had done everything to conciliate them; and it was said that a single white man might traverse their territory with perfect safety.

It was chiefly in the passes, that led to the Utahs' country, that danger from Indians was to be apprehended—in the valleys and ravines above mentioned—where Cheyennes, Comanches, Pawnees, and Arapahoes were more likely to be met with than the Utahs themselves.

We were not yet certain by which pass the caravan might cross the mountains. From beyond the Big Timbers, three routes were open to it. First was the southern route through the Raton mountains, which leads to Santa Fe, in New Mexico, and is known as the 'Santa Fe trail.' I did not anticipate their taking this one. It was not their design, on leaving Fort Smith, to pass by Santa Fe—else would they have kept up the Canadian, by the head of the Llano Estacado; and thence to California by the Gila.

Another route parts from the Arkansas still higher up—by one of its affluents, the *Fontaine que bouit*. This is the 'Cherokee trail,' which, after running north along the eastern slope of the great Cordillera, crosses it by the Cheyenne Pass, and on through Bridger's Pass into the central valley of the Great Basin.

Neither did I believe that the train would travel

by this trail. The season of the year was against the supposition. In all probability, the central route of the three would be the one followed—leading from the Arkansas up the Huerfano river, and through 'Robideau's Pass,' or that of the 'Sangre de Cristo'—either of which conducts into the valley of the Rio del Norte; thence by the famed 'Coochetopa,' or 'gate of the buffaloes,' on the head waters of the Western Colorado.

This pass, though long known to the trappers and *Cïboleros* of New Mexico, had only just come into notice as a road to the Pacific; but, being one of the most central and direct, it had already been tried both by Californian and Mormon emigrants, and found practicable for wagons. The caravan had left Van Buren with the design of taking this road; but I knew that the design might be altered by contingencies—hence our uncertainty.

The Rocky Mountains could be crossed, by following up the Arkansas to its remotest sources on the southern side of the Bayou Salade; but the stupendous gorges through which that river runs leave no pass practicable for wheeled vehicles. Only by mounted men, or pack-mules, can the great Cordillera be crossed at that point; and of course it did not occur to us that the caravan we were following would attempt it. Only at three points need we expect to find its trace parting from the Arkansas—near Bent's Old Fort, for the southern route; at the *Fontaine que bouit*, for the northern; and for the central, it should diverge up the valley of the Huerfano.

In any case, our risk would be unquestionably great. We should have to travel through districts of country, where white man and red man meet only as foes—where to kill each other at sight is the instinct and practice of both; and where, though it may sound strange to civilised ears, to *scalp*, after killing each other, is equally a *mutual* custom!

Such was the character of the region through which we should have to travel. No wonder we were anxious to come up with the caravan, before it should have passed through the dangerous gorges of the mountains. Independent of other motives, our personal safety prompted us to hasten on.

At first, our new comrades were not exactly agreeable to the design of overtaking the train. They had the *escort* in their thoughts, and along with it, the dread of the nine-tailed cat; but a little instruction as to the far greater danger they were in from Indians—of which up to that hour they had been in happy ignorance—reconciled them to our purpose; and thenceforward they picked up their feet with a pleasing rapidity. Both preferred risking the skin of their backs to losing that of their heads. Of the former they had now less fear: as I had promised to *disguise* them, before bringing them face to face with the escort.

Notwithstanding our increased strength, we travelled with as much caution as ever: for the danger had augmented in proportion. We made most way under the friendly shadow of night—sometimes by the light of the moon—and only by day, when we could discover no Indian sign in the neighbourhood.

Two only could ride at a time—the other two taking it afoot; but in this way a journey can be made almost as well, as when each has a horse to himself. Our pack-animals gave us little trouble: the travel had long since trained them to follow in file, and without requiring to be led.

We refrained from making fires, where the ground was unfavourable. Only when we could choose our camp in the midst of some timbered thicket, or down the secluded depth of a rocky ravine, did we risk kindling fires; and these we extinguished as soon as they had served the purposes of our simple *cuisine*.

These precautions, drawn from experience, were absolutely necessary in a passage across the prairies—at least by a party so small as ours. Perhaps had we continued them, we might have escaped a misfortune that soon after befell us; and the tale of which is now to be told.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ABANDONED BOUQUET.

Having passed Bent's Fort—of wide celebrity in trapper lore—whilom the scene of many a wild revel of the 'mountain men,' but now abandoned and in ruins—we arrived at the mouth of the Huerfano.

As we expected, the trace turned up the valley of this latter stream—thus deciding the route taken by the caravan.

We rode on through a forest of grand cotton-woods and willows; and at about seven miles distant from the mouth of the Huerfano river, reached a point, where the caravan had crossed over to its left bank.

On the other side, we could see the ground of their encampment of the night before. We could tell this by the fresh traces of animals and wagons—débris of the morning's repast—and half-burnt fagots of the fires that had cooked it, still sending up their tiny strings of smoke.

The stream at this point was fordable; and crossing over, we stood upon the deserted camp-ground.

With singular emotions, I walked amid the smouldering fires—forming conjectures as to which of them might have been graced by that fair presence. Where had she passed the night, and what had occupied her thoughts? Were those gentle words still lingering in her memory? Were they upon her lips? It was pleasant for me to repeat them. I did not need to draw the writing forth. Long since were the lines fixed in my remembrance—oft through my heart had vibrated the burden of that sweet song:

I think of thee—I think of thee!

My reflections were not altogether unmingled with pain. Love cannot live without doubts and fears. Jealousy is its infallible concomitant—ever present as the thorn with the rose.

How could I hope that one hour of my presence had been sufficient, to inspire in that young bosom the passion of a life? It could scarcely be other than a slight impression—a passing admiration of some speech, word, or gesture—too transient to be true? Perhaps I was already forgotten? or only remembered with a smile, instead of a sigh?

Though still but a short month since our parting, many scenes had since transpired—many events had occurred in the life of that young creature to give her age and experience. Forms of equal—perhaps superior elegance—had been before her eye. Why might not one of these have made its image upon her heart?

The caravan was not a mere conglomeration of coarse rude adventurers. There were men of all classes composing it—not a few of accomplished education—not a few who, using a hackneyed phrase, were 'men of the world'—familiar with its ways and its wiles—and who perfectly understood all those intricate attentions and delicate lures by which the virgin heart is approached and captured.

There were military men too—those ever to be dreaded rivals in love—young officers of the escort, laced, booted, and spurred—bedecked, moreover, with that mysterious influence which authority ever imparts to its possessors.

Could these be blind to the charms of such a travelling companion? Impossible. Or could she—her young bosom just expanding to receive the god of love—fail to acknowledge the nearest form as his image? Painfully improbable.

It was therefore with feelings of no very pleasant kind that I sought around for some souvenir.

The remains of a fire a little apart from the rest, near the edge of a grove or bit of copsewood, drew my attention. It looked as if it had been a spot on

which some family group had encamped. I was led to this conjecture, by observing some flowers scattered near the fire—for the grassy sward shewed no other sign. The flowers betokened the presence of womankind. Fair faces—or one at least—had beamed in the light of that fire. I felt certain of it.

I approached the spot. The shrubbery around was interlaced with wild roses; while blue lupins and scarlet pelargoniums sparkled over the glade, under the sheltering protection of the trees. By the edge of the shrubbery lay a bouquet, that had evidently been put together with some care.

Dismounting, I took it up. My fingers trembled as I examined it: for even in this slight object I read indications of design. The flowers were of the rarest and prettiest—many kinds that grew not near. They had been plucked elsewhere. Some one had given both time and attention to their collection and arrangement. Who?

It would have been idle to shape even a conjecture, but for a circumstance, that appeared to offer a certain clue; and, not without bitter thoughts, did I try to unwind it.

The thread which was wound around the flower-stalks was of yellow silk. The strands were finely twisted; and I easily recognised the bullion from the tassel of a sash. That thread must have come from the sash of a dragoon officer!

Had the bouquet been a gift?—to whom? and by whom?

Here all conjecture should have ended; but not without a feeling of painful suspicion did I examine those trivial signs; and the feeling continued to annoy me, long after I had flung the flowers at my feet.

A reflection came to my relief, which went far towards restoring my spirits' equanimity. If a gift, and to Lilian Holt, she had scarcely honoured it—else how could the flowers have been there? Had they been forgotten, or left unregarded?

There was consolation in either hypothesis; and, in the trust that one or the other was true, I sprang back into my saddle, and with a more hopeful heart, rode away from the spot.

EMIGRANTS AFLOAT.

On the 3d November 1858, in pursuance of instructions received from Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, we attended at the Government Emigration Dépôt of B——, for the purpose of inspecting a number of human beings who were about to be shipped to the colony of South Australia. As the colonists pay the passages of all who are brought out under their auspices, they naturally expect to get their money's worth, and will take none out of the old country above the age of fifty, unless they choose to pay the 'tender-money,' or the amount disbursed by the colonial treasury for each adult head; no individual who has a large family comprised entirely of young children, since, while such stock is growing, they can return no interest in labour on the money expended for them; none whose family is composed of females under age for domestic service, partly from the same cause, and partly owing to the fact, that they would throw out the proportionate ratio between the sexes in the colony; and, of course, none of the maimed or the blind, or any who cannot shew evidence of previous moral character, or of having been engaged in the handicraft or calling they profess. It is in his discrimination respecting the latter provisos that the selecting officers so often have their judgment put to the test, since some 'cute Londoner, having succeeded in getting an embarkation order from the office in Westminster, will suddenly become oblivious as to the little bill standing at his baker's, and unless politely warned to return home, with the threat of another though less pleasant form of passage to Australia, will wipe off many a month's score by a trip across the seas; or some deceitful Irishman will represent himself as Dennis O'Toole from Limerick, whose papers he has purloined, or else has entered with him into some cunningly devised but mutual arrangement to deceive the government; or two Scotchmen, father and son, finding that the ages and sex of their children do not conform to the stipulated regulations, agree to the transference of a child from the family circle of the former to that of the latter, until they shall have passed the government ordeals. Such were a few of the impositions detected at the Emigration Dépôt of B——, when mustering the complement of people for the *Sunflower*, then lying alongside the wharf, about to become their floating home for three or four months, and to be the scene of the writer's first experience of the service of Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners.

We can well remember with what diffidence we entered upon the civil, sanitary, and medical charge for four months of these 300 undisciplined beings, whose soundness of wind and limb we had to attest to the government; how hopeless we deemed the task of reducing to a system of routine the habits of so many 'navvies' and 'chawbacons,' the medley of whose tongues, and the clatter of whose knives and forks pervaded the huge dining-room; nor was it until we visited the sleeping-apartment—which, like all the others, was scrupulously clean and in good order, a daily duty exacted from every new arrival of emigrants—that we could imagine how so many people were to be berthed in the small compass of a 900-ton ship. Thanks, however, to the wise regulations of Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, which judiciously ordain that the whole system of an emigration dépôt shall, as much as possible, assimilate itself to the habits and mode of discipline carried out at sea, we found, on being installed in our position as surgeon-superintendent, that every one had been located in the berth-place allotted to him—had been supplied with bedding, blankets, culinary utensils, and every necessary; and that having been accustomed to sleep in tiers (one bed above another), and to mess together in groups of two or three families at one table, for some days previously, they were well disposed to conform themselves to their new mode of life, to be submissive to authority, and to accept without much grumbling the further restrictions for their comfort and welfare.

When all are fairly on board, the vessel is hauled out into the stream, so as to preclude much if any intercourse with the shore; and it is during these two or three days prior to sailing, that so many acts of charity and kindness are shewn to the people by the ladies of the British Ladies' Emigrant Society, and by the emigration chaplain, who, in addition to the books, needle-work, &c., furnished by government, always supply them with a stock from their own funds; and we must say that though testy old gentlemen in office disapprove of the visits of the former, we have always found them characterised by the most unofficious liberality towards the objects of their kind solicitude. While these things are being done for the mental and social comfort of the people during their weary passage across the seas, the surgeon-superintendent is usually engaged in selecting from among those committed to his charge such individuals as seem most capable of filling the posts of matron, sub-matrons, schoolmaster, constables, &c.; unless the commissioners shall have been pleased to appoint a matron of their own selection, or have given a free passage to some clergyman, bound to the port for which the vessel is chartered, who, in consideration of such grant, undertakes the part of chaplain and teacher. To all such, the colonial government award gratuities on arrival, provided that these sub-officials shall have performed their duties to the satisfaction of the surgeon. Nor is it only with the teacher, matron, &c., that this

supreme functionary has to deal; he is expected to examine the bake-house and cook-houses, and report to the government, prior to departure, anything he may notice defective, either in the apparatus itself, or in the capabilities of those two very essential individuals—the baker and cook.

Having given directions to the third officer, or emigrants' steward—who, by the way, as well as the master and first officer, also receive gratuities on reaching their destination (if necessary)—to issue some of the various implements put on board for the purpose of keeping the berths and decks clean, such as brooms, hair and birch, shovels, holy-stones, and scrapers, we descend to the emigrants' or ''tween' deck, and reading to them the printed regulations of the Emigration Board, set certain of them to work at once, that they may the more easily, while lying at anchor, become habituated to their future daily routine.

Holy-stones and scrapers, unknown to the domestic servants of a household, are perfectly invaluable on board ship. The former are oblong pieces of soft sandstone, eight inches by four, which, if not set in a handle, require the person using them to go down on his knees, wherefrom originated, no doubt, the well-known saying amongst seamen of 'going to prayers.' Scrapers, again, remind one very much of the small triangular pointed instrument with which the dentist scales the teeth clean: the object of both these implements being so to rub, scratch, and scrape the decks, as effectually to remove the smallest particle of dirt.

At length, the 'cork-boat' (steamer) has arrived with the few still required to make up our number from that inexhaustible mine of the labouring stock—Ireland; that mine, the too frequent application to which is the constant cause of bickerings between the legislative assemblies in the colonies and their emigration agents in England. Captain S——, R.N., holds his final muster on the quarter-deck, to see that none of her Majesty's subjects have been filched away illegally; hands Mrs A—— her official letter of appointment as matron; and, in few but impressive words, warns her of the responsible nature of her office as protector of no less than eighty single women. Good-byes are now uttered on all sides; letters of every shape and form, stamped or not, and many with most illegible directions, bearing plaintive yet hopeful adieus, are thrust into the hands of those who are returning to the shore; dozens throng the rigging and the sides of the ship, to catch a final look of the boat-load, who are vociferously returning their cheer; the last turn of the windlass has brought the anchor to the 'cat-head;' and, amidst the rattling of ropes, the creaking of yards, and the shouts of the sailors, we are insensibly gliding down the river under the guidance of the steam-tug *Thunder*. Towards midnight, we sight Point Lynus, in Anglesea; and while straining our eyes to catch a defined outline of the last morsel of our native land which we may ever see, we are cast adrift by the *Thunder*, whose crew give us a final cheer; and as the noise of her paddles dwindles away in the distance, we realise that we are alone upon the deep.

The sea around our coasts, at no time disposed to be very quiet, was on the night of the 8th November particularly boisterous, so that when the morning broke, and eight bells (eight o'clock) rang, but few of the three hundred and fifty souls were to be found on deck. Those few looked exceedingly unhappy, as they sheltered themselves from the pitiless wind and rain under the lee of the galley or cook-house, and apparently regarded with the utmost indifference the preparations for breakfast that were then going forward. On stepping below to the emigrants' deck, what a scene was there! Alas for all the previous lessons of routine, and the regulations of the commissioners; the sea had put them all to flight! One or two miserable-looking men were all that were astir, who, as they feebly moved from post to post, made most unavailing efforts to stay the rolling to and fro of tin utensils and wooden buckets, clothes and food, holy-stones and scrapers; but all in vain: no sooner did they conceive that they had securely fixed some article, than the next lurch of the ship sent it flying from one side of the ship to the other. Down they slid in the wet produced by the breaking of a sea over the hatchway; and at last convinced of the futility of their endeavour to cope with so turbulent an element, sullenly abandoned themselves to despair. Unlocking the single females' apartment, which in all government emigrant ships is shut off from the rest, not a soul was stirring, but the most doleful groans and lamentations assailed our ears. 'Och, docther, dear, and is it to the bottom we're going, sure, and couldn't they have let us die in our beds in ould Ireland?' 'Och, but your honour might spake to the gintleman above, to take down some of them sticks [masts], and kape her steady!' Soon, however, the wind fell, the sea lulled; a few more heads began to peer above the deck. By the end of the week, nearly all had become habituated to the motion of the ship, and order and discipline resumed their sway.

We have premised that there is a matron, of such staid character and firmness of temper, as to be able, with the assistance of a sub-matron to every forty single women, to curb and regulate their behaviour, and that she with her charge occupy the after or stern end of the ''tween' deck, being shut off by a strong 'bulkhead,' or partition, from the married people, and having usually a separate doorway of their own to the deck, secured by two keys, one in the hands of the surgeon, the other in that of the matron. In the middle compartment of the ''tween' deck are placed the married people, like all the others, in two tiers of beds, in the lower of which are the sleeping-places of the children. In the forepart of the same deck, and shut off in like manner as the single women, are the single men, in regard to whom government have recently adopted the wise plan of substituting swing-cots instead of fixed berths, so hung, that before the tables or forms can be set for breakfast, every cot must be rolled up compactly and secured to its hook.

Day begins early on board a government emigrant ship: at 5 A.M., or earlier on the warm mornings, three times a-week, the matron is called by the emigrant in charge of the morning-watch from 4 to 7 A.M., and rousing the single females, repairs with them to the bath-rooms. At 6, the married women, along with the children, have in their turn the opportunity afforded them of using the baths; while on the alternate mornings, the married and single men occupy the hours of from 4 to 6 A.M. in bathing on deck in large tubs provided for that purpose. Should it, however, be washing-day, of which there are two in the week, all bathing must cease at 5 A.M., and washing being permitted on deck in tubs placed ready by the watch and the constables, must be over by 8 A.M., before breakfast can commence. By 8 A.M., too, it is usually presumed that the third officer has served the greater part of the provisions for the day, calling each mess—for the emigrants are divided into messes, consisting usually of ten or twelve adults—by its number, when he is answered by the captain or chief man of the mess, who receives the amount of rations due, of which he carries a printed list in his hand, while the third officer or his assistant marks off the quantity on a similar list placed before him. At 7½ A.M., prayers are always held by the religious instructor or teacher in the single females' apartment, it being usually well lighted from the stern-windows, and of course free from children, who at that hour are being washed and dressed.

From 8 to 8½ A.M. is the hour for breakfast, but its punctuality is entirely dependent on three government

regulations: 1. That every one shall be washed and dressed; 2. That the decks and bed-places are thoroughly swept; 3. That every bed and its contained bedding shall be neatly rolled up and fastened with straps. On the surgeon assuring himself that such is the case, he passes an order to the cook to issue breakfast. After this meal is ended, the third officer returns to, and finishes his duty of issuing provisions; while the constables pick out, in rotation, the necessary number of men (usually 16) for holystoning, scraping, and sweeping the decks, as well as the ladders and the hospitals; the single women, under the direction of the matron and the single females' constables, cleaning their own part of the ship. The single females' constables are always either married men or women, being appointed mainly for the purpose of carrying the provisions of this portion of the emigrants to and from the cook-house, so as to deprive them of any excuse for getting to the forepart of the ship, where the single men and sailors are located; they are, moreover, employed to aid the matron in restraining the single women from going beyond the poop-deck, which is usually allotted to them as their place of exercise when in the open air. From 10 to 12 A.M., while cleaning is going on below, the religious instructor or teacher summons his school to the poop-deck; and there, assisted by one or two of the better educated emigrants, makes good use of the lesson-books, slates, and maps, which have been furnished by government, and which, at the close of the voyage, are given to the deserving. During the same hours, the surgeon, aided by one of the most intelligent of the emigrants, who has been appointed hospital-assistant, and receives a government gratuity accordingly, visits and prescribes for the sick in the hospitals, if any, and attends to all other patients in the dispensary, which is amply provided with every remedial agent. With regard to the hospitals of the ship, there are two—one in the forepart, for the males; the other in the afterpart, for the females; and the experience of many years entitles us to say, that no similar institution on shore, of which ours is only a miniature representative, can boast of more liberal supplies of every medical comfort. One nurse —or more if necessary—is specially appointed to take charge of the sick, and receives a gratuity in proportion. At 12 noon, the hospital-assistant serves out the eggs and milk allowed for the children, and the porter for the nursing-mothers and old people, together with whatever issue of spirits, wines, and beer, or other medical comforts, the surgeon may think necessary for the sick.

At 12¼ noon, should it be Sunday or Thursday, all the emigrants are mustered in clean linen and apparel, government conceiving it to be highly judicious that they should adopt the plan in force on board a man-of-war, of putting on clean linen twice a week. At 1 P.M., dinner, which consists, according to the day, of preserved meat, salt beef, or salt pork, with preserved vegetables, potatoes, rice, plum-puddings, and pea-soup, is served; and again, when the meal is over, the tables and forms, which are secured to stanchions, are bolted up out of the way, and the decks swept; the religious instructor or teacher resumes his classes, but this time principally of those who, though at mature years, are ignorant of reading, writing, and arithmetic; the matron and her sub-officials, in like manner, give instruction to such of the young women as are ignorant of sewing, cutting out work, &c., and the produce of their labour during the passage is returned to them at its close. The older men endeavour to improve their time by one of their number reading aloud to the rest one of the books belonging to the library sent on board for their use. From 5 to 6 P.M., tea is served, and the rest of the evening until 10 P.M. spent in every form of harmless recreation. The single women are, however, strictly prevented from joining in the amusements of the rest of the people, and according to the government regulations, should be in their sleeping apartments at dark; but if the weather is warm, and their general conduct such as to enable the surgeon and matron to place confidence in their behaviour, music, dancing, and singing are carried on among themselves till 9 P.M., or even later. As soon as they have gone below, prayers are again read by the religious instructor. At 10 P.M., all lights are extinguished, save one at each hatchway, which can be renewed, if needed, by the watch, it being a regulation that the night shall be divided into three watches, during each of which periods one or more of the emigrants in rotation shall be on watch on the ''tween' deck, to close the hatches, should it rain, or make communication with the surgeon, should any one be taken ill.

Day after day passes on in this unvarying routine, broken only by the occasional sight of another ship, or the cry of land, Madeira and the Canaries, Trinidad, and Tristan da Cunha, till the goal and promised land of our voyage was beheld, where all left the *Sunflower* in safety and without loss.

A MODERN MARIANA.

A WELL-TRAINED wild vine climbs the cottage-wall,
Losing itself beneath the thick-thatched eaves;
A honey-suckle blends its fretted leaves
With a white jasmine on the porch; while all

In the trim garden to the front betrays
The care of love; no weeds deface the walk,
There is no ill-cut bush or straggling stalk,
No twig in the surrounding hedgerow strays

Far from its parent stem; behind the house
An orchard and rich meadowlands extend,
Girt by gold cornfields; the gnarled fruit-trees bend
Beneath their ripening loads, and lowing cows

With steps of slow content pass in between:
Within, all is as neat, or neater still;
Each implement of household-work doth fill
Its due-appointed station; bright and clean

The plates and dishes shine upon their shelves;
The well-brushed hearth, the sand-bespeckled floor,
The spinning-wheel, the brightly painted door,
The dustless ornaments that warm themselves

On the high mantel-piece, unite to shew
That Industry and Order rule in the place.
She sits at work within the porch; her face
Shines calmly sad in the sun's setting glow.

And as the yellow light begins to fade,
She murmurs low: 'Had he been all he seemed,
Ere he so left me—all I fondly dreamed—
Oh! what a track of joy it would have made

'Of this poor life! But no; I will not dwell
Thus on the past; these are the thoughts that crossed,
Like lightning streaks, the gloom where my soul, lost,
Hopeless, and stunned, in its first anguish fell.

'No, let me rather think how, in His grace,
Our Father led me from that black abyss;
How each day's duties brought some happiness
To my worn heart, and by degrees 'gan chase

'The shadows from it; how my care for those
Who wept and suffered round me brought relief
To my own sorrow, till my deepest grief
Was broken, and my spirit found repose.

'He left me—why, I know not—yet I love,
Oh, how I love him still! O God, Most High,
Have mercy on him, and so purify
Both him and me, that we may meet above!'

F. T. M.

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OVER THE VAR.

DEEPLY embosomed in a sweeping bay, whose waters surpass in their clear depths even the pellucid azure of the Mediterranean, lies a fair, white-walled town, whose palatial villas stretch for miles along the sunny beach. Close by, to the north and east, ascend the lofty peaks and olive-terraced slopes of the Maritime Alps; to the westward, irregular and purple, are seen the Estrelle Mountains, like a giant wall; and the rocky promontory that shuts in the view on the side of Italy stands out against the horizon, with edges as sharply chiseled as if wrought by the art of the sculptor. Landward, there is a rich confusion of orange-groves and gardens, and trellised vines and deep pine-woods, and all the luxuriant, over-brimming richness of the vegetation of the south. Cradled in this lovely landscape, like a precious pearl in a golden setting, and basking under a cloudless sky and a brilliant sun, lies the city of Nice, the last acquisition of his majesty Napoleon III.—an Italian town but yesterday; to-day, a town of France. It is a prize worth the winning, this birthplace of Garibaldi, this flower of the world-renowned Riviera del Ponente. Statistically speaking, it has 50,000 inhabitants, a tunny-fishery, an extensive coasting-trade, a very large production of olive-oil, fruit, and purple Comté wine.

In a political sense, it is the key of Italy.

It is the most fashionable and frequented of all European winter watering-places; and to a lover of beautiful scenery, as the emperor is acknowledged to be even by the tart dowagers of the Faubourg, there is doubtless a charm in acquiring one of the very fairest and most bewitching gems of the purple Mediterranean. Let us do Nice justice—let us begin at the beginning. The Var is, or was, before that pugnacious sovereign, the *Rè Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel, bartered away his old dominions, the frontier of Italy. It is from three to four miles from the town of Nice, that broad, turbulent river, perhaps twice as broad as the Thames at Richmond, but full of shingly shoals and dry banks of sand, between which rush furious channels of foaming yellow water. More than one tourist has tried to ford the Var on horseback, and has perished in the attempt. The natives have an instinctive respect for the broad, capricious river. It is not navigable, not fit for the oarsman nor for the fly-fisher. Its one natural use is, to keep out Gauls from Italy; and that use, thanks to the treaty of Villafranca, is at an end. This dangerous river is spanned by an enormously long, rickety wooden bridge. At either end are gates. A French sentry keeps the westward gate, and, till lately, a Piedmontese *douanier* maintained a less warlike watch and ward at what might fairly be called the Door of Italy. The French gates were closed at 7 P.M. every evening; and travellers from Italy, in spite of passports and safe-conducts—the 'most favoured nation' not excepted—were rigidly locked out. When across the Var, on the Italian side, you have a pleasant drive to Nice, and the choice of two roads. Landward, you have the tall cane-brakes, where every reedy stem is tipped with a spear-shaped leaf; the maize-fields, rich with gigantic grain; the white cottages of peasants; the gray stone-walls of immense gardens. On the other route, you have the sea. Let us choose the sea. It is pleasant to bowl along a road as smooth and white as sand and powdered shells can make it; on one's right hand the magnificent bay, with a score of white-winged feluccas spreading their fantastic canvas and long lateen yards to the breeze, and 'clawing' out so as to round the promontory. There is a patch of snowy foam far out beyond the sandy point, which shews where the great tunny shoals are running in, and every red-capped, bronze-faced fisherman is up, sharpening his spear, hauling at his boat, getting out his nets, while his wife bustles around, and his brown-visaged, bright-eyed brood clap their hands, and pray to be taken out to sea too. We shall see plenty of the tunny fish presently; let us roll on to the town.

On our left are endless villas of every size and style, from the conventual dwelling of the Dowager Empress of All the Russias, to the white-washed and green-shuttered cottage, which Captain Smith, of the Ballinasloe Bombardiers, has hired for the winter at a hundred francs a month, and which the complaisant natives call the 'Palazzo Smees.' Let us hasten to own that the gallant bombardier's house is exceptionally small, and that most of the villas are ample and commodious residences, richly furnished, gay with marble, stucco, and frescoed walls, and enclosed in the prettiest gardens, so that the white blossoms of the bridal orange-trees peep in at the windows, to the delight of the young lady-inmates; and later, the golden globes thrust their ripe fragrance into the open casements, to the gratification of all British school-boys spending their holidays at Nice. Now we are in the town—that town that shone like a fairy crescent-shaped city far off along the sea-line, as we drove from the Var Bridge; and as we enter the shady streets, a sort of disappointment falls upon us like a chill. Dear, dear me, is *this* all? Are these the streets? Are these the shops? I thought they would be a sort of eastern bazaars, crowded from floor to ceiling with all that is gay, grand, and splendid. Have a little patience, fellow-traveller. The way

to enjoy Nice, or most other southern towns that I am acquainted with, is to get outside it—just outside it, only a little way off, and sit down, and fall in love with it, and take its portrait. No, the shops are not equal to those of Paris, or even to those of Trieste or Vienna; and the streets are a little narrow and dark; and the pavement of most part of the town, which must surely have been constructed of little petrified pears, is more profitable to your chiropodist—if you patronise corn-doctors—than to yourself: but never mind; let me act as guide and showman.

That marble shop, full of pure white statuary from Carrara, and mottled Tuscan marbles, and those wonderful *stiff* straw-hats, which ladies from France, and England, and Russia buy so many of, and all the straw and ivory gimcracks, is surely worth looking at. Then Visconti's great cool library; did you ever see such a library before? Behold it, with its orange and almond garden, its huge reading-saloons, and its general character of refrigeration, as if it were a literary ice-house. You read your *Times* or your *Galignani* there, and forget the heat. That is a confectioner, who is no mean artist on sugar; yonder worthy fellow is cunning in wood-mosaics, and his inlaid tables are sent even to New York. There! I am exhausted in my career as counsel for the defence. I give you up the rest of the Nice shops; they are nothing to boast of, I own it; but what of that? This is not a commercial city. It is a grand old watering-place, the oldest in the south, for did not Sultan Djem (or Zem), Bajazet's rebellious younger brother, come here, and live here, and love the place so well that he wrote Turkish verses in its praise, the originals of which I never met with, but trust they surpass the mediocrity of their French translation.

People do not come to Nice to 'shop,' they come to bask in the sun. Presently, we will go forth, and bask in it too. We cross the square, and there is the barrack, looking like a theatre; and there the theatre, strongly resembling a barrack. However, in that theatre you may hear some of the best singers of Italy give effect to the best operas; and the inside, as usual in Italy, surpasses the exterior. That cool shadowy building, where the sentinels are pacing, and the gorgeous footmen lounge like tropic birds, is the royal palace. Very rarely the king of Sardinia sleeps in it for a night or two—twice in a reign, possibly. The intendant of the province has those snug quarters to himself, but a tribunal of justice has found a niche on the ground-floor.

Now for the old town, the true Nice of Sultan Zem, and Montfort, and Montesquieu. We plunge into the dark, and it is some time before our eyes grow accustomed to the dimness, and we can discern objects accurately. Even then it requires great stoical philosophy to bear the sudden transitions from broad smooth flags, such as Florence and Padua are paved with, to sharp little cobble-stoned pavements, that lacerate and bruise the feet, and turn our neat Paris boots into instruments of torture. But what a feast of colour, of dappled light and shade, of nationality written in mute signs, of the quaint and the wonderful, does that old town present! It is almost oriental in its arrangements, like some petty eastern city, too small to boast its bazaars, and exposing its wares on each window-sill and threshold. In Old Nice, every house is a shop, every shop is a stall. Here, fruit is piled up in almost fabulous plenty: great melons striped gold and green; Barbary figs, all prickled over like hedgehogs; the tamer figs of Italy, red and purple and green, luscious, ripe, and bursting, so as to shew the yellow seeds and tempting fruit; mountains of grapes, piles of brown carobs, fresh dates, almonds just off the tree, pistachio-nuts, olives, the peach and the pear and the pine, and all the family of Pomona. There are flowers of every tint and hue, and seeds for gardens, and huge golden ears of ripe Indian corn, masses of yellow globes on a stout stem; and beyond are fish of twenty new kinds; and then there is a heap of game, all sorts of birds, called, in defiance of ornithological professors, 'pheasants,' indiscriminately. Wonderful varieties of the pheasant, certainly! There are red-legged partridges, and our brown friend whose relations live among us in Britain, the slim-legged quail, the woodcock, snipe, mallard, the true gold-plumaged pheasant, the black game, too, all labelled alike, up to a great black-feathered fowl of prodigious dimensions. What is this noble fellow that you poise and weigh admiringly? He is a huge bird, dark plumed, with white tips to the feathers. He comes, they tell you, from the pine-forests about the Alpine Pass of Tenda, six thousand feet above the sea. Is he a heron, or a sea-eagle, or a prize turkey? 'Fagione, Milordo, Fagione!' is all the dealer can say. Pheasant again! Bah! O for a scientific friend to tell us at a glance that the bird is a capercailzie of the Alps!

There are other stalls besides those that deal in creature-comforts. Yonder is an establishment where Greek caps, gay Catalan scarfs, gaudy shawls and kerchiefs, and pretty toys of Greece, Spain, Tangiers, and Egypt, are being retailed to the black-eyed *contadinas*. It would not surprise me to learn that the old crone who presides, she with the piercing eyes, heavy earrings, and yellow handkerchief twisted round her head, was a native of Marseille, and not unconnected with the smuggling interest. See, she catches sight of us, and offers us tobacco—choice Latakia—amazing cigars—just imported. I suspect the Royal Dogana profited little by that importation. On through the villainously paved dark lanes, where the tall houses almost meet overhead. Even here the vine takes root and grows. You see the interlaced tendrils stretch from gable to gable, and make a green net between you and the strip of blue sky. There is a surprising crush of people, and you are jostled as if in a country fair: blue-jacketed or brown-jacketed mountaineers, with red sashes round their loins, and felt hats; young girls, proud of the gold cross on their bosoms, and the bright kerchief that wreaths their pitch-black hair; noisy urchins, unearthly hags, with fire in their eyes, and curses never very far off their lips, push you to right and left. On come, gesticulating the while, a troop of evil-visaged 'loafers,' brawling and squabbling as the wine of the *taberno* mounts to their heads. It is better to leave a clear passage to that band of dissolute swaggerers, with their bloodshot eyes, and loose black hair, and the handle of a knife peeping out of every crimson sash. They can use knives as well as exhibit them. The advocate Lebruno, who was wantonly murdered, a year ago, at his own door, perished by the stilettoes of just such a gang of Italian Mohocks, and the two assassins who were convicted, escaped the extreme penalty of the law, and were 'commuted' to the galleys. To say the truth, these idle, gambling, stabbing loungers are the curse and terror of Old Nice; and if the imperial police can tame them, there will be one advantage in the annexation, after all.

Which way, now? There is a most embarrassing choice of routes, certainly. Shall we go up the Turin Road, with the brawling torrent-river on our left hand, and mount the slopes of the Tenda Pass? Or shall we climb the mountain, up which the road to Genoa winds like a twisting snake, through woods of pine, and terraces above terraces, where the silver-gray olive-trees spread their glossy leaves like unpolished silver to the sun? If we choose the latter, we may climb on and on, higher and higher, through gray rocks and black pines, and hedges of tall roses; while the Alpine peaks tower up above us, higher and higher, bluer and more blue yet, until we get to the lichens and the mosses, and see a spotless helmet of snow on the cones afar off. In mid-winter, I have ascended that steep road for a mile or two, and

reached the deep snow, which lay white and calm all around; while Nice and its valley beneath were positively bathed and steeped in a golden glory of sunbeams and warmth, and the roses still bloomed, and the birds still sang, close to the white wintry covering of the hills. But now, instead of such an ascent, we can pass those gay *cafés* and that lime-shaded parade, and before us is the port of Nice. A pretty little port enough, with its two or three English or Yankee merchantmen, looking perfect monsters of naval architecture, in comparison with the picturesque mob of gaudily painted feluccas, zebeques, and other lateen-rigged craft that lie anchored around, their blue striped sails negligently swinging, in not ungraceful festoons, from the long and tapered yards; while the red-capped, ear-ringed crew are busy with their garlic and oily stews, and singing in *patois* over their sour wine. Slim and swift craft are those feluccas, elegant of rig and sharp of stem, and admirably adapted for smooth water and light winds, as indeed are their swarthy, lively crews. But in heavy weather, or in one of those terribly sudden Mediterranean squalls, one would rather, I fancy, be a shipmate of Captain Brown yonder, of and from Liverpool; or of that loosely hung, resolute-eyed Boston skipper, the gallant Captain Molasses, who is smoking beside the binnacle of his rakish bark. The fishermen are good studies for a painter, with skins like bronze, eyes of sloe-like blackness, wide white trousers of almost Moorish amplitude, red sashes and caps, boots and jackets of a sort of chocolate colour. See that old Triton, who offers us a basketful of the choice *dattolè di mare*, and hesitates to name his price, lest he should ask less than Milor would give, were the tariff but higher. Those rare shell-fish—those sea-dates in their crustaceous covering—are worth a good price, after all, not only for their flavour, but for the wonderful trouble taken in boring and blasting, so as to get them out of their rocky bed, just beneath the high reef, out at sea. Nothing but gunpowder, judiciously applied in tiny dribletz, can sap that rock where the dattolè burrow, and of course care is needed lest the dainty fish be destroyed along with their stronghold. We will go on to Villafranca, over this fine broad road of new construction, commanded by a fort that is perched on the stony hill above. Or shall we prefer the old picturesque path along the face of the precipitous rock, rising up and up in irregular curves, and overlooking the deep sea, which moans and splashes among the caverns below? It is a fine view that we have from that steep path, but the footing is none of the best, nor of the widest: we have a wall of rock above us, and a sheer descent below us; and see, here come in Indian file a score of mules and asses, each descending with his brace of panniers slung, in which the animal has carried up mortar, and stone, and brick, to strengthen the fort on the cliff. Mercy on us! the path is not wide enough for us all; however, we flatten ourselves against the rock, and the mules and their long-eared relatives brush by us, the baskets just nudging us. How fearlessly the sure-footed brutes walk, or amble, on the extreme edge of the path, close above the tremendous precipice that it makes one dizzy to gaze down! The creatures are trained to walk thus, that their loads may not strike the wall. Had we attempted to pass them on the outside, they would probably have pushed us over, for a mule is not easily turned from its course.

We are up now, and a pleasing surprise awaits us. Nestling among the Maritime Mountains, shut in by a green promontory, a perfect natural breakwater, is the famous harbour of Villafranca—a sort of basin full of deep green water, still and sheltered, and admirably protected by hill-forts from assault. A comfortable resting-place for a squadron this, in time of war! This is the port, the acquisition of which by Russia, not long ago, caused such excitement and uneasiness to our politicians. There are the quarantine buildings over which the Muscovites hoisted their flag; there are their store-houses; there lay their fleet during twelve months. Where are they now? Just as one bird of prey sometimes serves a writ of ejectment on another, so, at the coming in of the French eagle, the double-headed one abandoned its new eyry, and flew off screaming. No sooner had the vanguard of Napoleon crossed Mont Cenis, than the Russians gleaned up all their stores, hauled down their flag, and left Villafranca to be the spoil of a stronger than they. But they had held possession of it long enough to give their neighbours some idea of the working of that loudly vaunted system of Russian civilisation, of which we have most of us heard a good deal. Two deserters—one of them a boatswain, the other an ordinary seaman—were knouted to death on board the Russian flag-ship, and the bodies were flung into the sea. The Sardinian authorities were of course powerless to interfere, but I remember the looks of disgust with which the Russian naval officers were greeted at the king's ball a day or two after, as they swarmed around the rooms in their tight blue coats and bee-hive epaulets. The affair was soon forgotten, though.

We are on our way now to Carabaçel, where the prettiest villas are built, and where the handsomest gardens are wooing the hot sun. The climate of Nice is ultra-Italian enough; Florence and Rome are chilly in comparison, but Carabaçel has an African climate, and an African luxuriance of vegetation. With what power the white sunlight falls on those rocky terraces, and stone-walls, and stately houses, painted with gay frescoes of marine or mountain scenery! The dust chokes us as we pass through the deep lanes; and very welcome is the plash of the fountain yonder, in the courtyard of the villa. We peep through the iron gates, and see a fair basin of white Carrara marble, and a shower of sparkling drops rising and falling, half hidden by the gold and green of the oranges and pomegranate shrubs that cluster jealously around it. The tall garden-walls are capped, not with churlish broken glass or surly spikes, but with a multitude of scarlet geraniums, growing in the earth between the stones, and forming a broad stripe of bright colour along the top. Carabaçel is the paradise of lizards. How boldly the little brown fellows, lithe and slim, sport over the hot stones, and dart after the flies with lambent tongues, and eyes that shine like fire itself! There is a cane-brake that would grace a Brazilian landscape; and there, an avenue of roses; and here, a garden paved with buds of every hue—blue, lilac, pink, white, and carmine. A little way on, and we come to a stately dwelling with Corinthian portico, and fountains flickering in the sunlight. You see the white limbs of the marble statues peeping through broad green leaves all over the garden, like real nymphs and dryads of the Golden period. The open windows give you a glimpse of lofty and vast rooms, gorgeous with gilding, and crystal lamps, and rare pictures, and marbles, and armour, and all that modern Aladins can collect by the magic of wealth and taste.

The fruit is in wondrous profusion here, where water is the only element needed to insure the utmost fertility, the sun doing the rest. You are scarcely surprised, now, to hear that twenty oranges may be bought for as many centesimi; and that a man must be poor indeed who cannot get his daily food, so he be content with rice and water-melons. Cart-loads of casks, drawn by lazy oxen, jolt and rumble past us; one hogshead is imperfectly secured, and the purple wine trickles out in great drops, and makes a trail of wine in the dust of the road, that thirstily drinks it up. But wine is cheap—too cheap for the sobriety of the population—and nobody recks

of the loss. Perhaps the most surprising sight which Carabaçel affords, is the profusion of cactus flowers. There are great hedges of cactus surrounding orange-gardens and pastures, there are tufts of cactus on every rock, there are wildernesses of cactus in every neglected corner. No puny plants are these rich tinted natives of the tropics, which seem greedily to drink in the rays of the broad sun, but superb specimens, equal to those of Barbary in beauty, and proudly exhibiting their monstrous blossoms of flaming scarlet and crimson, while their huge spiked leaves repel the intruder. Indeed, Nice has a climate that is more African than Italian; and when you go on to Tuscany, you will miss the un-European luxuriance which that fair Riviera di Ponente affords.

Monaco, and especially San Remo, eclipse Nice in palm-trees; but see, there are some handsome trees in yonder walled garden, and the happy owner has gilded the bark of the largest palm, until, as the sun flashes on it, you might take it for a stray pillar of Solomon's temple. How gracefully the palm-branches wave in the south wind, like magnified marabout feathers; and how the very scales of the bark, and the peculiar appearance of the trunks of these transplanted orientals, spirit us away with resistless power to other lands—the Syrian mountains, the yellow deserts, the dim Nile, and its brooding sphinxes! We pass on, and are in the Place d'Armes; and the strains of military music make our pulses beat quicker and higher, as a column marches by with swift yet measured tramp—Piedmontese infantry, a war-worn regiment that fought at the Tchernaya against the Russians, and at Solferino against the Austrians. The men have almost all got the Crimean decorations shining on their breasts, and you can see that the horses of the field-officers are Arabians, picked up in the anti-Muscovite campaign. A fine body of men enough, two or three inches taller than an average battalion of Frenchmen, but more languid. You can tell, at a glance, that they lack the fiery *élan* which the Gaul possesses. Yet there are Sardinian natives who have *élan* enough, and spirit, and faith, and self-sacrifice enough, and who are equal to the task of reviving a dead heroism, and inspiring mettle into a generation of slaves. That little house before us, with its low stone-porch, is the house where Garibaldi was born. Alas! the very dwelling where the hero first saw the light is now Italian no longer. And that other small abode attracts not a little interest, for the sake of the exiled family it shelters—a family imprisoned, evil-entreated, driven away from home and friends, for the crime of reading a Protestant Bible—the Madiai. Not far off is the British chapel, an unpretending white building of stone. Tolerance is the order of the day now; but when that chapel was first reared, the permission from government to erect and open it was one of the most extraordinary and insulting documents ever promulgated in modern Europe. It set forth that there were many English residents in the town; that they were well-conducted folks who merited indulgence; that they had the singular absurdity (*bêtise*) of appertaining to the Protestant faith; and that, therefore, under certain restrictions, the king was graciously pleased to permit them to worship according to their usages. Those were the days when Charles Albert was alive and priest-ridden, when monks and bishops governed the royal councils; but those days are gone. Even the poor Vaudois now have their little chapel, and are suffered to pray in peace. As for the Russians, their rites are celebrated at Nice with uncommon splendour; and, as I live, there is one of their ecclesiastics, a strange-looking papas, in a high square velvet cap, a gown, and long curled hair flowing behind on his shoulders, while the front of his head is shaved! How he bows, and folds his arms, and bends his knees, as the imperial carriage comes rolling over the bridge, with the empress seated in it, drawn by four fine thoroughbred grays, and preceded by a mounted chasseur, with a silver-hilted sword, who calls to the people to clear the way!

The dowager-empress, the widow of our old foe Nicholas, or, as the natives of Nice call her (not understanding imperial titles), the Duchess of Russia, has brought much custom to Nice. See, as her carriage sweeps up to that villa where the sentries present arms, how many hats fly off, how many Tatar heads are bowed before her! There is a powerful Russian colony now, with its archduchesses and its counts and barons, and its princes and princesses by the score. There always has been a very considerable British colony, tempted, some by health, more by gaiety, and most by the novelty of basking in almost eternal sunshine, and dining on Christmas Day with windows open, flowers in bloom, and green pease, fresh gathered, to match the traditional *rosbif*. Now the Russians come in increasing swarms, year by year, to elbow the Britishers off their old accustomed parade, and to make lodgings dear. Superb are the abodes of some of these Tatar dignitaries, richly furnished apartments, gorgeous with gilding, with frescoes, with apocryphal Titians, armour, malachite, velvet, crystal, and Bohemian glass. The natives are dazzled by this new and profitable incursion of the Barbarians. The level drive in front of the sea—a road as smooth as rolled sand can be—and fringed by a hundred villas, bears the name of the 'Promenade des Anglais.' Perhaps in a little while it may be called the 'Promenade des Russes.' Muscovites and Yankees are now in the ascendant in all European watering-places. Let us saunter for a little time on the shady Castle Hill—that Castle Hill from which Montfort, a poor Piedmontese gentleman, contrived to repulse the janizaries of Sultan Solyman and the Frenchmen of Francis I. Montfort had but the citizens of Nice and the mountaineers of Tenda to help him against the conquerors of Rhodes and the devastators of Germany. And Garibaldi must be as much the 'man for the occasion' as Montfort, were he but free to defend his birthplace. What a pretty walk we have up the steep conical hill, deeply wooded from base to summit! At the foot, we stop to listen to a nasal chant of litanies. A band of ghostly nuns, in white carmelite robes, are following a dead sister to the grave, and the garrison follow with trailed arms; and there are friars, red, brown, black, gray, all chanting, all bearded and shaven of head, all with tall wax-candles flickering in the breeze as they sputter and burn. Scarcely has the singing died away, when a drum beats hoarsely, and a crowd gathers at once. Look! a party of rough mountain-men, in brown suits of serge, and with hats bedecked with ribbons. Their guns are slung over their backs. They are exhibiting the fruits of their chase, and holding out their broad hats for coin with eager gestures. What is the spotted creature, black and gold, that they hold up to public view? See the blood on its shoulder—its long talons, its lithe sinewy limbs, and glossy coat, and round feline head. Is it a panther? No, but a lynx—terror of the mountain-farmer, and destroyer of sheep. It is the nearest approach to a tiger which Europe affords, and would be a formidable customer were it wounded and desperate, no doubt. It is very scarce, but half-African Nice hides a few among the hills. Ha! here come our jovial tunny-fishers. They have had a good day. They proudly shew their stained spears and besmirched clothes, while after them pant a crowd of boys and women, carrying, with whoops and laughter, in nets, in sails, in matting, in anything, the prize of fat and dark-hued fish, the spoils of the enterprise. There will be much oil in Nice. But another cry rises, and the capricious mob rushes off towards a distant cloud of smoke. Another fire! There are almost as many fires in Old Nice as in New York; and no wonder, for in the old town it is a well-known fact that the chimneys are mostly *of wood*.

Up the hill now, up through the stone-pines, and the cork-trees, and the Aleppo pines, and the Indian oaks, and all the rare trees whose dark evergreen foliage clothes the hill with rifle-green. From the top of the Castle Hill we have a view that rewards us well—a view such as will gladden the hearts of the emperor and empress, when they ascend it, on their southern excursion, to view the fair broad lands that they have gained—a view that Victor Emmanuel should sigh to remember. When the king of Sardinia left Nice after his brief visit in the winter of 1857–58, he was followed with prayers, tears, enthusiasm by the entire population. Triumphal arches, fireworks, illuminations; not only galaxies of light on palace and mansion, but pale poor lamps in the window of the meanest hovel: the love and good-will of the lowly and the wealthy alike were freely given to the *Rè Galantuomo;* and they have been bartered away for market-value. Nice is French soil now—that fair flower is torn from the peninsula: even Garibaldi is only an Italian under sufferance!

STREET RAILROADS.

PROGRESS is at once the problem and desideratum of our day. How to get on?—in teaching, in trade, in travelling—is the question on the lips of most men, and in the thoughts of all. One would think, on a superficial glance, that of mechanical progress, at least, enough had been made of late years to satisfy even those of the most exacting disposition. Railways and telegraphic communication have wondrously facilitated public intercourse; and the pneumatic dispatch system promises still further to annihilate time and space. Nay, when some timid spirits, a few months since, ventured to remonstrate against the exportation of coal to France, relying on the dictum of an eminent statesman, that our supply would only suffice for the consumption of three hundred years, they were promptly put down by the assurance, that 'long before that time science would have found a substitute;' and the discoveries in which the last three centuries have been fertile, may well excuse, if they do not altogether warrant, this bold assertion.

But the facility of locomotion, and the apparent freedom of circulation which exists in every direction, are subject to one great impediment. Travel through the country at what rate we may, in cities of any magnitude there is a *ne plus ultra* of speed, or rather of slowness, which baffles the attempts of the most skilful voyager to overcome it, and revenges itself on all who may seek to accelerate the traffic by producing what is known as 'a choke.' Railways entering a town but aggravate the difficulty, by swelling the numbers of the struggling crowd. One may scamper far and wide through the country at the heels of the fiery horse, with a fleetness exceeding that of the Bedouin of the desert; but, like him, on approaching the dwellings of men, one becomes sensible of a feeling of restraint, and is struck with an utter abhorrence of narrow ways. Propositions innumerable have, from time to time, been suggested for mitigating this evil. In London, as the heart of the empire, it has been most felt; but complaints have not been unheard from Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Birkenhead, and other great centres of manufacturing industry. In the metropolis, things have now arrived at such a pitch that stagnation has almost supervened. A vehicle taken from any point of the city to the West End, occupies nearly an hour in the transit; while the removal of old Westminster Bridge, by the effectual bar which it opposes to Thames navigation, nearly equalises the journey in point of time, should the person choose to travel by water. It is a notorious fact, that if two gentlemen leave their offices together, one of them, by the special arrangements which the railways have entered into, will have almost accomplished his evening trip to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles, by the time that the other has reached his own hall-door at Kensington or Belgravia, a distance, as the crow flies, of less than four miles. It is obvious that these delays cannot merely be confined to passenger-traffic. Lumbering vehicles, impeding and impeded, are everywhere met heavily laden, and supposed to be conveying, with all diligence, to their consignees, goods most valuable and urgently required. At every forty or fifty yards, even under favourable circumstances, there is a halt, caused either by the impenetrable ruck of vehicles in advance, by the absorption of portions of the carriage-way for purposes of repair, or through the mere listless habit which horses and men have got into of dozing along, and of stopping every now and then to waken themselves up. The bare outlay for repairing the streets, and for extra wages consequent on these delays, is enormous. Great interest must consequently attach to the experiment with tram-roads, or, as they are called, 'omnibus railways,' which is just being tried in Birkenhead, preparatory to their being extensively adopted in other large towns in England. The advantages which are claimed for the new system of locomotion are: 1. The diminution of friction, the consequent facilitation of the draught of vehicles and reduction of the strain of horses; 2. The diminution of noise and vibration, and the increased comfort both to travellers and inhabitants consequent thereupon; 3. An increased duration of surface, the consequent diminution of the frequency of surface repairs, with the inconveniences attending such reparations.

Minor advantages likewise present themselves, such, for instance, as the prevention to a large extent of the splashing from the wheels of vehicles—a benefit which ladies, remembering the experience of so many months of the present year, will doubtless appreciate. It is contended that a decrease in the number of street-accidents will result from this improvement in the mode of conducting traffic; and, in proof of the assertion, reference is made to the fact that in New York, in the year 1858, thirty-five million of passengers travelled on the lines of omnibuses, and that only twelve persons sustained any injury. It was at first supposed that the tram-roads, by forcing the traffic into continuous lines, would thereby expose it to delays innumerable, as the stoppage of any one omnibus to take up or set down passengers would necessitate a corresponding halt on the part of all the other vehicles which happened to be in the rear; and when these stoppages came to be multiplied by the number of omnibuses in line, the result would be to aggravate instead of to diminish the existing evils. But, on the other hand, it is urged that the rate of travelling will be greatly expedited, and that the stoppages consequently will no longer be felt in the same degree. There can be no doubt, moreover, that where the traffic is very large, in proportion to the width of the streets—as, for example, at London Bridge—a system of driving in lines is enforced, which prevents confusion, enables the vehicles, light or heavy, to proceed without impediment, and exercises practically the same effect as if tram-ways were already laid down. On the new bridge at Westminster, a double tram-road is in operation with very good effect; and in other parts of the metropolis the principle has been conceded by the laying down of tram-stones and channels; but in these, even though of the hardest Aberdeen, Herm, and Guernsey granites, at the end of a year, signs of very perceptible wear are visible. Subjected to heavy and constant traffic, Aberdeen granite, according to the official report, has been found to lose at the rate of four and a half inches in thirty years, in which time the stone may therefore be taken as worn out. The loss upon an iron plate, subject in every respect to the same usage, has been about one-fifth of an inch in nine

years, which is equal to a loss of one inch in forty-five years. From these data, it is assumed that one surface, three-fourths of an inch in depth of iron tram-way, will endure twenty-four years. The omnibus traffic forms no inconsiderable portion of that by which the pavement is worn away; and if it can be transferred to a permanent iron surface, without interference with the general thoroughfare, the cost of maintenance, and consequent taxation of the rate-payers, will be sensibly diminished.

The objections which have been most strongly urged to the scheme, consist in the monopoly which it is alleged will be afforded to certain omnibus proprietors, as against all others; in the difficulty of stopping the vehicles when once in motion; in the obstacles which will be presented to gas and water companies in those streets where the tram-way is laid down; and in the interference with traffic which must inevitably take place whilst the tram-road itself is in process of construction. But when these points are carefully and impartially looked into, it will be found that the last consideration is the only one which raises any serious difficulty. Precaution should be taken at the outset by the local authorities, or by the Board of Trade, to prevent anything in the shape of monopoly. Charges which are too high, it should be remembered, operate as an oppressive and unequal tax on commerce, and obstruct that intercourse which they are intended to promote. There can be no more difficulty in fixing a tariff in the case of these omnibus conveyance companies, than there is with regard to the fares chargeable by railway undertakings, to which they are so much akin. Practically, the gas and water companies will be no more inconvenienced in their operations than by the existing pavement; and in future, when a portion of this is torn up, the tram-road will exercise a binding influence on the remainder. Accidents cannot always be prevented, though the danger of their occurrence may be lessened; in this case, powerful breaks will supply the artificial means best calculated to supplement the grand security of a 'careful look-out on both sides.' With reference to the last and most tenable argument against tram-roads, that it is impossible to suppose leading thoroughfares can be handed over to private companies for the purpose of having 'omnibus railways' constructed, it is natural to suppose that the experiment will first be made in the widest approaches, and that it will not be tried among the narrower channels until the merits of the plan have been thoroughly tested. The great danger against which it is requisite to guard, is the possibility that the efforts of interested parties, or the official 'cold shoulder,' may defeat an effort which at least promises to achieve so desirable an end as the acceleration of street-traffic. That the principle of tram-roads is no new-fangled idea, or mere speculative theory, the experience of backwoodsmen would suffice to shew, who, when rolling along the trunks of trees they have felled, invariably construct a rude tram-way for the purpose. Every school-boy knows that it is easier to bowl a cricket-ball along a level than an uneven surface. Tram-ways themselves are no novelty in England; they were laid down as early as 1602 by Mr Beaumont, in the vicinity of Newcastle. Roger North alludes to them in 1676; he says: 'The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rollers, fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coal, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants.'

In 1738, an iron tram-way was laid down near Sheffield by John Carr, and excited such an amount of opposition, that, some years afterwards, it was destroyed by the miners. The first railway to which parliamentary sanction was given was in 1801, and the journey from Wandsworth to Croydon was regularly performed in carriages drawn by horses. It is to this system, which we seem in a great measure to have shot ahead of and forgotten, that it is now proposed to recur, with a view of enabling the thoroughfares of great towns to perform their legitimate functions. M'Culloch gives his high authority to the dictum, that 'next to the introduction of money, and weights, and measures, the formation of good roads gives greatest facilities to commerce, and contributes more powerfully perhaps than anything else to the progress of improvement. They have been denominated national veins and arteries; and the latter are not more indispensable to the existence of individuals, than improved communications are to a healthy state of the public economy.'

THE HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

IN TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION.

'It was at this period that attention began to be more generally attracted to the house, and the peculiar evil fortune which seemed to attach to whomsoever became its occupants—the last four families having each lost a member within its walls. A certain suspicion, originating none could say exactly where, hung about the wretched old woman who had clung like an evil destiny to that house of grief. She could obtain no employment; few would bestow upon her the smallest alms; the parish found means to resist her claim; the boys in the street re-christened her, without ceremony, as "Moll Murder;" invited her to supply them with a pen'orth of arsenic on credit; and, in return, pledged themselves faithfully to attend her approaching execution. But apparently these suspicions were insufficient, and the law suffered her to starve on unmolested.

'In good truth, the weight of public opinion inclined to the supernatural side; and such extraordinary tales began to gain credence, that the agent deemed it his duty to apprise the landlord, Mr Archbold, of the character attaching to his house, and the improbability of its getting another tenant, unless something could be speedily done to redeem its reputation.

'Not a week elapsed before Mr Archbold, without commenting on his agent's report, laconically announced that an eligible tenant was on the point of repairing to the spot, and would take immediate possession.

'An excellent idea had occurred to the shrewd old merchant. His favourite nephew, Charles Annesley, had been guilty of an act of which he thought fit highly to disapprove; had, in fact, taken to wife the beautiful daughter of a village schoolmaster! Mr Archbold, who was a man of the fewest words, limited the expression of his indignation to a curt note, in which he informed the delinquent that, to avoid any future misapprehensions, he felt it right to state frankly that he, Charles, would never receive one farthing of the fortune he had destined for him.

'Charles was a young man of high spirit. He looked at his wife, and thought that the united uncles of Great Britain could never have amassed a treasure equal in value to that he had discovered and appropriated to himself in the secluded hamlet of Little Gidding, Hants. Upon the whole, he thought he loved his Mary, if possible, a trifle better for the price he was likely to pay for her. The change in Charles's prospects, if it cooled a few friends, warmed others into more cordial life; and so much sympathy was felt and shewn for the young couple, thus set rudely afloat on the sea of life, with scarce ballast enough to secure their little bark from a daily capsize, that Uncle Archbold became uncomfortably conscious of his ungracious position; and, casting about for some means to redeem himself "into the good thoughts of the world again," bethought him of his vacant house in Gayland Terrace. Money he could not give—a home he might; and here was a splendid opportunity at once to confer an

act of kindness on his nephew, and to rescue his property from the ill name that was daily becoming worse.

'He wrote accordingly to Charles, proffering the loan of his furnished mansion in Gayland Terrace, until the couple should have had time to consider their future plans, or, indeed, for any period they chose, provided they took instant possession, and were careful of the costly furniture; and, on Charles's grateful acceptance, signified the result to his agent, as I have mentioned.

'So, early in February, No. 23, now in the full enjoyment of a haunted fame, opened its doors to new tenants; and Charles Annesley, a young man of twenty-five, with good, frank, intelligent features, and resolute bearing—one with whom no ghost of any sense would for a moment dream of contending—escorted his charming little wife across the first threshold of which she was the declared mistress.

'Very much frightened she looked, the little country belle, as the magnificence of her domain opened upon her! As for Charles, he could hardly forbear a hearty laugh, as they passed from room to room, furnished with eastern splendour, his pretty companion setting her little feet apologetically on the yielding carpet, or laying a humble white finger on cabinet, couch, or picture, as if to ascertain that these objects were material, and no fairy vision.

'The young people brought but one servant, a country girl; and their entire resources, inclusive of a little dower of thirty pounds, hoarded for his darling by the thrifty old schoolmaster, amounted to no more than seventy-five pounds. Charles, indeed, who had a taste for, and already some proficiency in medical science, intended to turn this to account; but how the war was to be carried on until the necessary licence was obtained, and patients came to be killed in sufficient numbers to keep the sportsman alive, was an entire enigma.

"How, upon earth, Charles, are we to keep all these lovely things of your kind uncle's clean, with only Hephzibah?" asked Mary. "And, indeed, I shall be half afraid, as it is, to trust them to her determined hands. And, O Charles, there's another thing. I'm so ashamed of myself!—I am. I can't—oh! what have I been doing? wasting my time with French and singing, when I can't even co—coo"——

"Coo, my child?" said Charles, laughing, and kissing off a tear—"why *should* you coo?"

"Co—ook, Charles!" sobbed the poor bride. "If I could have done *that*—and Hephzibah the housework—— I—think I'll try."

"You'll do no such thing!" rejoined Charles, seriously alarmed. "You'll make a mess of it, burn your pretty fingers, and poison us both with all sorts of unearthly preparations! No, no! Burlesque is very amusing in its way; but the caricature of a cabinet-pudding—the distorted phantom of a fricandeau—is no fun at all! No—we must manage another servant somehow."

'The agent, when consulted on the matter, looked grave, hemmed, didn't know—whether—in short, he might as well inform Mr Annesley at once, that there existed an unaccountable prejudice against the house, and that it was quite likely Charles might experience difficulties of a kind he did not expect in augmenting his establishment. These auguries were perfectly correct. Not a soul could be found in the vicinity willing to take service at No. 23; and the young couple, reluctant to incur the expense of sending to London for a domestic, sat down to their first meal a little depressed in spirits—Charles, who had concealed from his wife the cause of the difficulty, secretly resolving to extract some further information from the cautious agent on the morrow.

'They were sitting after dinner, with recovered spirits, but in deep consultation, when there came a low knock at the door.

'Bidden to enter, a dirty old woman made her appearance. It was no other than old Charlotte, who had come to offer her valuable services in default of better.

"She loved the house," she said, "and all that was in it. Old as she looked, she could do as much as twenty—was a very good cook, and would work her fingers to the bone for her dear little ladyship. As for wages, she didn't want none of *them*."

'As these terms seemed reasonably cheap, and they were really in a difficulty, Charles, after a moment's dubious contemplation of the old woman's squalid figure, gave utterance to the assent he saw in his wife's clear eyes, and engaged the strange attendant, enjoining her in the first place to have recourse to soap and water, in the second, to eat a good supper.

'Though the old woman's eyes glistened, like those of a famished wolf, at the mention of food, she paused at the door, and hobbling back, said in a sort of hoarse whisper: "Please, sir, and my lady, don't say that you've taken old Charlotte into your service. I shall never go abroad; and nobody will know, if you don't tell 'em."

'Charles smiled at the idea of the old crone fearing that the dangerous reputation of the house might damage hers; but, unwilling to explain before his wife, hastily gave the required promise, and, summoning Hephzibah, dismissed the new cook, under that young lady's charge, to the sphere of her future duties.

'Affairs for a few days went smoothly enough. Charles commenced a course of study preparatory to the regular carrying out of his professional project, while the little bride busied herself perpetually in the direction of their economical household, and was never tired of watching over the wellbeing of uncle's beautiful things. Old Charlotte, who seemed to possess the faculty of brightening up considerably at will, had shed her squalid slough, and come out a rather venerable, but still effective moth. She really proved to be a very good cook, preparing all their meals without assistance, and often, of her own impulse, providing little supplementary refreshments for the mistress she professed to adore.

'One morning, Annesley having gone out alone, Mary—attended by old Charlotte, who was well acquainted with every drawer, shelf, and cupboard in the place—made a regular progress of inspection throughout the house, ending, as it happened, at the Angel-chamber.

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Mary, for the twentieth time, as she entered; "and what a couch! When I die, I should like it to be on just such a bed as this"—and she sat down upon it—"with that sweet majestic face shining upon me."

"Everybody *does* die here," said old Charlotte, cheerfully. "Master's mother—Miss May Callender—Colonel Doulton, all breathed their lasts on this very bed."

"Can you remember all those deaths?" asked Mary.

"Remember them? Bless you, my dear, they've all been touched and took within these five years!"

"Touched and took! What do you mean, Charlotte?" said the young mistress, opening her blue eyes.

"Well, well, we'll see!" muttered the old woman. "And so you'd like to die here too, would you, my lamb?" she went on, with a peculiar look, gazing at the pretty, fragile creature before her from head to foot, as though mentally dressing her for the grave.

'Now, whether or not there was something unusually repulsive this day about the old woman, or whether she simply desired to be alone, Mary yielded to an irresistible inclination to dismiss her follower, and, having done so, sat down at the great plate-glass window, which faced the west.

'The view from hence was both fair and sad. First

came a slip of much-neglected garden, a crowded battle-ground of weeds and flowers—the weeds having decidedly the best of it—some leafless elms and fig-trees, and a high wall, magnified to an immense size with sheaves and coils of everlasting ivy. Past this was a Roman Catholic cemetery, long since filled, and abandoned as a place of interment. Over and between three or four noble cypresses, that shaded the forgotten dead, might be seen the broad weald, green with sprouting corn; then a range of blue hills, on the last of which lingered the westering sun.

'Half an hour later, Charles was returning home. When within a few paces of his own door, a loud ringing shriek struck him like a stab! In a moment, he was in the house, and dashed into the room from the direction of which he had fancied the cry proceeded.

'His wife was on the bed, frightfully convulsed—Hephzibah and Charlotte beside her. She recovered instantly on seeing him, and a violent flood of tears completely restored her tranquillity; after which, being left alone with her husband, Mary related as follows:

'She had sat for some time at the window, watching the purpling clouds, and the sombre tints of evening calmly enveloping the quiet scene, when, becoming sensible of a degree of lassitude, and a strange inert feeling not usual with her, she moved to the low golden couch, and lying fairly down, fell into an uneasy sleep.

'She lay upon her right side, with her face to the wall—on that side, distant scarcely half a yard from the bed—and dreamed that, so lying, the wall before her opened slowly, and that there issued from it a skeleton, bearing in its hands its own severed skull. As it approached, one fleshless hand detached itself from the skull, and pointed to the vacant eye-holes, while the head muttered: "See how they treat us yonder. Here were blue diamonds once, my sister, that laughed and swam like yours. Come, let us compare!"

'The skull was thrust up into her very face. She was conscious of the earthy, fetid odour—her own face was drawn as it were more and more into the sister-skull, as though it were becoming part of it—when, with a shriek and a desperate struggle, she flung the spectre and the dream away.

'Although, for the moment, the painful impression appeared to pass away, it was but too evident to Annesley that the health and spirits of his little wife had received a serious shock. In a few days, her rich colour was gone, her lips looked dry and feverish—she began to complain of headache, and started, when suddenly touched, or at the least unexpected sound.

'One day, after making vain efforts to eat her breakfast, the poor little thing leaned her head on her hands, and burst into tears. "O Charles, my poor boy," she sobbed, "I fear I'm very, very ill."

'The wistful, anxious look in those blue eyes alarmed her husband far more than even her words. He laid her tenderly on the sofa, soothing her to the utmost of his power, and, not without bitter self-reproach for neglecting it so long, despatched Hephzibah to request Mr Mawry's immediate attendance.

'The little doctor acknowledged that his new patient looked delicate in the extreme, and required every attention. The present attack was clearly nervous; and he endeavoured to elicit from her whether she had sustained any recent shock or alarm. Mary, however, was ashamed to confess her dream; and Mr Mawry could discover nothing but that she was subject to a sudden and fearful spasm, which affected her whole head from the eyes to the throat. In the latter organ, especially, she suffered much pain.

'On the point of leaving, Mawry turned round, and carelessly observed: "I take it for granted, my dear madam, that you have an excellent watcher in your husband; but you need some care. Who, may I ask, is your principal attendant?"—Mary smiled.—"Who, for example, makes your tea?"

"The housemaid, Hephzibah, generally; but sometimes old Ch"—— Mary checked herself.

"I beg your pardon—*who?*"

"I was about to name an old woman we have taken into the house to help the housemaid, but, for some reason I have not inquired, she does not wish it to be known."

"Old Charlotte!" ejaculated Mawry.

"Such is her name," replied Mary, astonished at *his* astonishment.

'Mawry, who had sat down again, got up with a face white as ashes.

"I—I have a word to say to Mr Annesley," he said, and took a hasty leave.

'Charles was reading medicine in the Angel-room.

"Good Heavens, sir!" exclaimed the little doctor, bursting in, "do you know what you have got in your house?"

'Horrid visions of his Mary in typhus fever—in small-pox—a lunatic—flashed like lightning across Charles's mind.

"What—*what?*" he gasped out.

"Moll Murder!"

"Moll *what?*"

"The old hag to whom the boys in the town have given that title, for her strange association with every death that has occurred in this unhappy house since it became your uncle's. The very worst suspicions cleave to her. For mercy's sake, Mr Annesley, get rid of this old wretch before you are an hour older!"

'Charles stood aghast. "Is it—possible that"——

"I know not *what* is possible; but do it, sir—do it," said the eager apothecary; and Charles, infected with his earnestness, promised compliance.

'That night Charlotte was dismissed, this time taking her pattens with her, as though her work were done.

"*Touched and took!*" was Charlotte's benediction, looking back and shaking her finger as she passed the door.

'Let me pass quickly over these sad details. The young wife was indeed doomed. Drooping gradually, like the preceding victims, she slowly but certainly followed them to the same bourne.

'Annesley would have left the house, but nothing could induce Mary to consent. His uncle would be vexed; would think them careless, ungrateful—besides, they had no other home. Most of all, she earnestly desired, if die she must, to breathe her last in the Angel-chamber, with those glorious eyes and protecting arms above her.

'She had her wish; and, in a few short weeks, the fourth victim to the mystery of that house slept in the village churchyard.

'The popular feeling against old Charlotte had by this time attained such open expression, that it became absolutely necessary to investigate its grounds. She was accordingly given into custody. Some examinations took place; but the doctor being compelled to certify to a case of natural death, and no direct inculpatory evidence being adduced, the prisoner, on the very day of poor Mary's funeral, was restored to liberty, and immediately disappeared.

'It was now imagined that the house would be finally closed. The next-door neighbour on one side had already quitted; he on the other had given notice. Mr Archbold himself felt his mind infected by the prevailing superstition; and, moreover, seeing the cause of misunderstanding removed, was ready enough to give indulgence to his returning kindness towards his nephew, to whom he accordingly wrote, desiring him to quit without delay the scene of his

bereavement, and resume the place he had formerly held in his uncle's home and affection.

'Charles refused.

'He considered that his uncle, in placing them in a house under this notorious ban, had been actuated by less disinterested motives than he had imagined, and had been even in some degree instrumental in the fatal misfortune that had befallen him. Besides, he had a duty to perform, to which it was his fixed determination to devote every energy he possessed—nay, if needful, life itself. He would find out the mystery of the haunted house. And no knight, in quest of the holy greal, ever started on the doubtful way with more resolved purpose than Charles, when, returning from his Mary's funeral, he re-entered the desolate mansion.

'He was alone, absolutely alone; for poor Hephzibah, though attached to her master, and pitying him with all her honest heart, had evinced such unmistakable symptoms of aversion to sleeping another night in the house, that Charles, unshaken in purpose, judged it best to dismiss her at once to her friends. So the door closed behind the sobbing Hephzibah, and Charles was alone—absolutely alone.

'For hours he sat musing by the melancholy fire, undisturbed by a single sound. Evening at length approached, and still he sat, as though Memory had chained him hand and foot to the place where he had passed so many happy hours. Gradually, he got into a train of recollection that conducted him through the entire history of his lost love, from the first chance meeting when he had stopped, a lost, benighted hunter, to inquire the road, and Mary's azure eyes glittered in the starlight, as if they belonged to it, while she stepped forward to his horse's side, and raised them in directing him. He had arrived at the evening when they had come, with their modest baggage and rustic henchwoman, to the magnificent house, had examined its alarming glories, had dined merrily, and were reclining in their deep velvet chairs, their laughing faces reflected grotesquely in the polished stove, up to the moment when old Charlotte, like an evil genius, appeared at the door.

'At that moment a sound struck Charles's ear—it was like a distant footstep somewhere within the house. The door of the room in which he sat was wide open, and presently he was aware of a slow soft step ascending the stair.

'To say that Charles's heart did not accelerate its usual pace by a pulse or two, would be to deny a feeling that might have so far assailed the most collected. An idea that the bold resolution he had formed was about to be met half-way, that the mysterious Horror of the House was actually approaching him in an incarnate shape, struck the listener with an appalling sense of being suddenly called upon to deal with what one cannot comprehend. Charles involuntarily griped the velvet arms of his chair, and half rising, slowly turned his face to the door, where the step had halted.

'There stood old Charlotte!

'His fear melted into rage.

"Wretched old hag!—accursed murderess!" he exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his own doubts of her guilt—"dare you"——

"Charles Annesley," said the old woman, walking up to him, "it is you who should not *dare*. I warned you—I warned your mother—I warned Mrs Callender—I warned every one of you, young and old, of the danger hidden in this fearful house. Yet I loved and served them all when they would let me, and to do so ran the same risk with them. For reward, you have put the murderer's mark on me. I am the devil's mate, Moll Murder, the old poisoning witch. My life is nothing; they might as well have hanged me. I hoped they would, for the Lord keeps justice for the innocent, and He knows that I never willingly harmed a living creature. They were all touched and took, poor dears! but not by *me*. I know you are come back to find out who killed your darling, and old Charlotte's come to help you."

"You!"

"Like enough in some things," said the old woman steadily. "You've no more pleasure in life—no more have I. You've one object—mine's the same, only my reason's the best. Find out what you may, you can't bring back the dead. But I wear Cain's black brand, and that's an ugly mask to die in; *I* won't, if I can help it."

'Charles stood looking at her with an amazement he did not care to hide; something in the woman's altered manner impressed him favourably, despite himself. His thoughts held a rapid council: if the hag were guilty, and were really a prey to that fearful form of mania which could alone account for such cruel crimes, he had no fear for himself, and might even, by examination and analysis, obtain some clue to her alleged practices. If she were innocent, she might afford him important aid in his investigations. Some attendant he absolutely required. In fine, he acceded to her proposal, and directed her to take up her residence in the house as before.

'A feeling he could not well define determined Charles to sleep that night in the Angel-chamber. It was there that his Mary had experienced the first mysterious visitation—there, on his bosom, breathed her last gentle sigh.

'As he lay down, though with little hope of rest, he could not resist uttering a fervent prayer that the terrible influence might reveal itself to him; also—no matter with what peril accompanied—so that he might but analyse its fearful features, and gauge its destroying power.

'His desire was fulfilled. It must have been about two o'clock when Charles woke, with a start, under the impression that a hand had been laid upon his face. But *such* a hand! It could have belonged to no living human thing. Horrible as it seems, it was like that of a putrid corpse. His mouth, his nose, his eyes, his throat, were choked and smarting with some fearful effluvia, his pulse went irregularly—his very soul sickened within him!

'Annesley was a man of cool, intrepid nature, and the strongest nerves. Despite his confusion, he rose and wrestled with the Terror, as if it were a living foe that had nearly mastered him—a moment, and the victory was won. Slowly and reluctantly, as though baffled in its assault, the horrible fear, whose presence he had almost *felt*, relaxed its hold, and quitted him. Charles instinctively staggered forward, as in pursuit, reached the window, and, throwing it up, gazed forth into the calm, cold night.

"Whence, whence, O Horror?" he gasped.

'The next moment, with a countenance deadly white, he reclosed the window, and returned to his bed.

'In that instant, the Horror, the Ghost, had revealed itself to him, as he had desired.

'But Charles would have further proof, and witness too.

'The following morning, after pretending to eat some portion of the breakfast he found comfortably prepared for him in the library, Charles summoned old Charlotte to a conference.

'She came, so changed, that her master could scarcely recognise, in the hale, respectable-looking matron before him, the wretched old outcast of the previous day. But I have said that Charlotte had, in common with other humble creatures I have met with, a way of brightening and expanding under certain influences, which revealed qualities hitherto wrapt in shade. The troubles she had undergone, above all, the foul stigma under which she laboured, had had a purifying and vivifying effect, so apparent in her manner and language, that Charles secretly congratulated himself on his ally.

'He began by tracing as minutely as possible the history of the later illnesses and deaths, beginning with that of his mother, which event occurred during his absence abroad. In this he received most material assistance from Mr Mawry, for whom he sent during the morning, and who, after overcoming his astonishment at finding old Charlotte a member of the council, entered with all zeal into the inquiry.

'The result proved that the same extraordinary symptoms had been evolved in every case—namely, severe nervous, semi-cataleptic attacks, prostration of strength, mental depression, decay of the vital powers, and death—Mawry declaring himself utterly unable to account either for the origin of the disease, or for the rapidity and certainty with which, once conceived, it hurried the victims to their end.

'On receiving the information he had gathered, Annesley was struck with one singular feature in the case—the predilection evinced by every patient in turn for the Angel-chamber. It seemed a fatal fancy; for, certainly, whatever soothing influence it might exercise on the minds of the invalids, was not reflected in their bodies. On the contrary, every one became rapidly worse, and the mysterious Terror—though its recurrence grew more and more frequent—seemed gradually to lose its intensity, in proportion as physical health declined, till it left the last days of the sufferer wholly undisturbed.

"*Now*," said Charles, as with a deep sigh he raised his pale face from his hands, after a minute's meditation, "come with me, and I will shew you the Horror in the House."

'He walked, followed by the others, straight to the Angel-room. There it shone, with its regal couch, its superb mirrors, its glowing cabinets, its purple curtains. Charles threw up the window, admitting the soft fresh breeze.

"Does this," he asked, "look like a pestilence palace—a house of pain and death?"

'He struck upon one of the gilded panels as he spoke; it returned a hollow sound, like an echo of the last word, "*death!*"

'The next moment, Charles caught up a poker from the fireplace, and dashed in the panel.

"Stoop down," he said to Mawry.

'The latter did so, but started back in horror, as a sickening, loathsome odour pervaded the apartment, as from a newly opened grave.

'There lay indeed the secret of the Horror. Out of that panel crept the unseen destroyer that had sucked away the breath, the life of no less than five victims.

'From the Angel-chamber, which had been originally intended as a luxurious bath-room, a pipe had been prepared, the other extremity of which had vent in the sloping bank of the adjacent cemetery, long since become one mass of corrupting human clay. Thus, this fatal conduit, itself decayed, winding among broken vaults and mouldering mausoleums, gathered up the noxious exhalations, and poured them into the golden room. By what atmospheric changes, or movements in the earth, the amount of miasma thus transmitted was governed and modified, cannot of course be known; but that the poison varied greatly in quantity and strength, was sufficiently proved by the fact, that attention was never attracted to the vitiated atmosphere of the spacious and seemingly well-ventilated room.

'The panel which concealed the mouth of the pipe was low down—exactly on a level with the head of one sleeping in the Angel-bed, and probably distant from it but three or four feet. An almost imperceptible crevice in the thin panel must have projected that baneful breath into the sleeper's face as certainly, and, as it proved, as fatally, as the "juice of cursed hebenon" dropped from the phial of the Danish regicide. No marvel that the end was rapid! To turn the face to *that* wall, was indeed to bid adieu to life, its hopes, its troubles, and its cares.

'Those more remarkable symptoms I have had to relate, can only be referrible to nervous temperament, or to the mysterious trouble acting almost in the nature of disease, until disease was positively engendered.

'When, on the previous night, Charles threw up the window, some slight odour eliminated from the burial-ground, connecting itself with the loathsome sense from which he had just escaped, at once revealed to him the latter's origin.

'I gave you to understand, children, that this story was true; I now repeat that it is based on actual and melancholy fact.

'Many a child's banquet have I shared in that fatal chamber with my pretty May.'

MICHAELMAS AND ITS BIRD.

Saint Michael is the Mars of the Christian calendar. His name never occurs in the Scriptures save in connection with strife and warfare. The prophet Daniel records how Michael subdued the Persian prince who had for one-and-twenty days successfully withstood a less mighty angel; and he concludes his prophecies with foretelling how 'the same great prince which standeth for the children' of Israel, shall in time to come deliver them out of the hands of their enemies. St Jude alludes to the conflict between Satan and the archangel over the body of Moses. The seer of Patmos tells how 'there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not.'

> Headlong themselves they threw
> Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
> Burnt after them unto the bottomless pit.

Tradition says Michael bore the banner of the celestial host, and led them against the rebellious angels, till he chased Lucifer and his adherents from heaven, and enclosed them in dark air till the day of judgment; not in the upper regions, or upon earth, but, like Mohammed's coffin, between the two; so that when they look upwards, they may see the joys they have lost, and when they cast their looks downwards, behold mortals ascending to that heaven from which they fell, and to which they can never hope to return. At one time, there was preserved in a castle in Normandy a red velvet buckler, declared to be the identical shield borne by the mighty archangel in that fearful fight. In guerdon of his success, Michael is said to have succeeded revolted Lucifer as chief of the celestial armies. The apocryphal 'Book of Enoch' calls him 'one of the holy angels, who, presiding over human virtues, commands the nations'—Raphael superintending the spirits of men, and Gabriel guarding Paradise and the cherubims.

In ancient heraldic books, Michael is described as the head of the order of archangels, and represented armed with a dart, and carrying a banner hanging from a cross. He has given his name to no less than four orders of knighthood. The order of the Wing of St Michael was instituted in 1172 by Alfonso of Portugal, to commemorate a signal victory obtained by him over Albarac of Seville, in consequence, as he believed, of his having invoked the aid of the archangel before the battle. Louis XI. of France founded, in 1469, the order of St Michael, which was afterwards revived and remodelled by the *Grand Monarque*. Both these orders are now extinct; but there still exists a Bavarian order, instituted in 1693, and our own Maltese order of St Michael and St George, founded so lately as 1818, and ranking after the older order of the Bath.

The festival in honour of St Michael was kept in Apulia as early as 493, and has ever since been celebrated with great solemnity. By the ecclesiastical law enacted in 1014 by the Saxon king, Ethelred, every adult Christian was obliged, for three days prior

festival of St Michael, to fast on bread and and raw herbs, and to go to church and con- barefoot. The priests and their flocks went ession barefoot during the same period. Every -do person was to have his commons for the days prepared (without flesh), as if for his own , and then give them to the poor. Every servant to be excused from labour for three days, or wed to do only what he chose, that he might ter perform his fast on the Monday, Tuesday, l Wednesday before the feast. For breaking the st, a servant was to 'make satisfaction with his ide,' or, in other words, be well flogged; a poor freeman, pay a fine of thirty pence; and a king's thane, a fine of one hundred and thirty shillings—the money so collected being divided among the poor.

Michaelmas boasted but few customs peculiar to itself. In the west of England, maidens used to go up and down the hedges gathering crab-apples; when enough were got, they were taken home, and arranged on the floor of a loft, so as to form the initials of the names of the damsels' various suitors. The initials which were found most perfect on Michaelmas Day, were supposed to be those of the most eligible swains, the strength of whose passions was symbolised by the completeness of the tell-tale initials. In Hertfordshire, the young men used to assemble in the fields on Michaelmas Day, and choose a leader, whom they were compelled to follow through ponds and ditches—

> Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough brier,
> Over park, over pale.

Every person they met in their wild career was stopped, taken up by the arms, and bumped on the ground, or swung against another captive. On these 'ganging days,' as they were called, each publican they chose to visit was expected to produce a plum-cake and a gallon of ale for the refreshment of his unprofitable guests.

Englishmen, however careless of keeping up old customs in general, cling with tenacity to any in which eating and drinking are concerned. Lent salt fish has outlived fasting; people who despise confectionary, like a hot-cross bun on Good-Friday; and roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies will, we may be sure, survive as Christmas dishes, even if the mistletoe and holly follow the yule-log and Christmas mummers into oblivion. And so will Michaelmas be ever associated with goose, although how they came to be indissolubly united is a mystery it passes our skill to fathom. Tradition of course has its way of accounting for this as for everything else; and it is a popular belief that glorious Queen Bess, one 29th of September, was busy discussing a roasted goose with appetite and enjoyment, when a messenger arrived with the welcome news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, upon which her majesty, laying down her knife and fork, said: 'From this time forth let all English subjects eat goose on this day.' Unfortunately for the credibility of this story, the Spanish fleet met its fate in July; and although the intelligence did not travel with the speed of electricity, it yet reached the court soon enough for public thanksgivings to be offered in London on the 20th of August. This custom seems to have been transferred from Martinmas to Michaelmas, goose being a standing dish on the continent at the former season, in honour of St Martin, who, having modestly hidden himself when elected to a bishopric, was discovered by a goose.

Norfolk has long been celebrated for its geese; but most of the Norfolk geese sold in the metropolitan markets are not natives, but raised in Prussia and the Rhenish provinces, and fattened in Norfolk for the London consumers. Still the goose is looked upon as the county bird, and at the Old Man's Hospital in Norwich—which has existed since 1249—Michaelmas Day is kept as the grand gala-day of the year. Before the glowing fire, a ton of coals strong, slowly revolves a skeleton cylinder of seven or eight bars, on each of which are spitted seven geese; nor finer nor fatter e'er smoked on a dish, or reclined on a platter. A little turnspit assists in the operations; but he is obliged to be relieved every now and then, lest he should share the fate of the noble birds he watches so sedulously.

In England, apple-sauce is the common condiment served with goose; in Ireland, they rejoice in kail-common—a melange of potatoes, parsnips, cabbages, and onions, mashed up together with butter; in Wales, we have eaten goose with pease-pudding, but cannot conscientiously recommend the conjunction. But however served up, so long as it is properly cooked, the goose may hold its own, for flavour and richness, with any bird that gourmands delight to honour.

> Can roasted Philomel a liver
> Fit for a pie produce?
> Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
> Fair Strasburg bakes—pray, who 's the giver?
> A goose!

At Michaelmas-time, says a Suffolk rhyme—

> At Michaelmas-time, or a little before,
> Half an apple goes to the core;
> At Christmas-time, or a little after,
> A crab in the hedge, and thanks to the grafter.

In the north of Ireland, they have a saying that, 'On Michaelmas Day, the devil puts his foot on the blackberries,' from which we may learn that after that date blackberries are not worth the plucking. It is to be hoped there is not equal truth in another piece of proverbial wisdom, 'So many days the moon is old on Michaelmas Day, so many floods after.' If so, as the moon will be fourteen days old on this present day of St Michael, the rain of 1860—considering what is past—will be memorable indeed.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XLIX.—AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE.

The finding of the flowers, or rather the reflections to which they gave rise, rendered me more anxious than ever to come up with the caravan. The little incident had made me aware of a new danger hitherto unthought of. Up to that hour, my chief anxiety with regard to Lilian Holt had been the companionship of the Mormon. This had been heightened by some information incidentally imparted by the deserters—chiefly by Sure-shot. It related to the destination of a number of the emigrants, who accompanied the caravan; and with whom the rifleman had held intercourse, previous to their departure from Van Buren. These were not prospective gold-diggers, but persons migrating westward from motives more spiritual: they were *Saints* bound for the Salt Lake—there intending to stay and settle. There was a large party of these 'Latter-day' converts under the conduct of an apostolic agent. This much had Sure-shot ascertained. He had not seen their leader, nor heard his name. Josh Stebbins might be the very man?

Even as a conjecture, this was bitter enough. Up to the time of joining with the deserters, I had consoled myself with the belief, that California was the destination of this saint and his squatter protégé; though at times I was troubled with the remembrance of Su-wa-nee's words. Their truth was almost confirmed by the report of the ex-rifleman. I could not now think otherwise, than that Stebbins was bound for the Mormon City; and that he was the fox in charge of the flock of geese that accompanied the caravan.

It was more than probable. While waiting in Swampville for the letter of Lilian, I had learned something of the history of the *ci-devant* schoolmaster

—not much of the period subsequent to his departure from that place—little more than the fact that he had joined the Mormons, and had risen to high office in their church—in short, that he was one of their 'apostles.' This fact, however, was one of primary significance.

Had the squatter also submitted to the hideous delusion? Was he also on his way to the shrine of the faith? The answer to the former question was of slight importance, so long as that to the latter might be conceived in the affirmative. If Holt was bound to the Salt Lake, then was the fate of his daughter to be dreaded. Not long there may a virgin dwell. The baptism of the New Jordan soon initiates its female neophytes into the mysteries of womanhood—absolutely compelling them to the marriage-tie—forcing them to a wedlock loveless and unholy.

Suffering under such apprehensions, I scarcely needed the additional stimulus of jealousy to urge me onward; and yet, strange as it may appear, the finding of the bouquet had produced this effect.

I would have ridden on, without halt, but our animals required rest. We had been travelling nearly all night, and throughout the morning—under the friendly shelter of the cotton-wood forest. We needed an hour or two of repose; and, seeking a secure place near the ground of the deserted camp, we stopped to obtain it.

The train could not be far ahead of us? While seated in silence around the fire we had kindled, we could hear at intervals the reports of guns. They came from up the valley, and from a good distance. The sounds reached us but faintly—now single shots, and then two or three together, or following in quick succession.

We were at no loss to account for the reports. They were caused by the hunters of the caravan, in pursuit of game. We had now entered that charming region where elk and antelope abounded. On our morning-march, we had seen herds of both trooping over the sward—almost within range of our rifles. Even as we sat, a band of beautiful antelopes appeared in the open ground near our bivouack fire; and, after satisfying their curiosity by gazing at us for a moment, they trotted off into the covert.

It was a tempting sight—too tempting for the young backwoods hunter to resist. Seizing his rifle, he took after them—promising us as he went off a more savoury breakfast than the dry buffalo-meat we were broiling.

Soon after, we heard the crack of his rifle; and, presently, he re-appeared with a dead 'prong-horn' upon his shoulders.

As Wingrove came up to the fire, I noticed a singular expression upon his countenance. Instead of being rejoiced at his success, his looks betrayed anxiety.

I questioned him as to the cause. Instead of answering directly, he drew me to one side; and inquired in a whisper, if I had seen any one in his absence.

'No. Why do you ask?'

'If it wan't altogether unpossible, I'd swar I seed that girl.'

'What girl?'

I trembled, as I put the question: I was thinking of Lilian.

'That darnationed devil of a Chicasaw.'

'What! Su-wa-nee?'

'Yes—Su-wa-nee.'

'Oh—that cannot be? It could not be her?'

'So I'd a thort myself; but darn me, capt'n! if I kin b'lieve it wan't her. What I seed was as like her as two squ'lls.'

'What did you see?'

'Why, jest arter I'd killed the goat, an' war heisting it on my shoulders, I spied a Indyen glidin' into the bushes. I seed it war a squaw; an' jest the picter o' the Chicasaw. She 'peared as ef she hed kim right from hyar, an' I thort you mout a seed her.'

'Did you get sight of her face?'

'No, her back war torst me, an' she kep on 'ithout turnin' or stoppin' a minnit. 'Twar the very duds that girl used to wear, an' her bulk to an inch. It kudn't a been liker her. Darn me, ef 'twan't eyther her or her ghost.'

'It is very improbable that it could have been either?'

I did not for a moment entertain the idea that it was the Chicasaw he had seen; and yet my comrade was fully impressed with the belief, and reiterated the assertion that he had either seen Su-wa-nee or her 'shadder.'

Though the thing was improbable, it was not beyond possibility. We knew that there were Indians travelling with the train: we had heard so before starting out. But what likelihood was there of Su-wa-nee being among them? Certainly not much.

That there were prairie Indians around us, was probable enough; in fact, more than probable: it was certain. We had already observed their traces upon the ground of the deserted camp. The 'squaw' seen by Wingrove might be one of these.

Whether or not, her presence proved the proximity of red-skins; and the knowledge of having such dangerous neighbours, summoned us to a fresh exercise of vigilance and caution. Our fire was instantly extinguished; and, contenting ourselves with a morsel of the half-broiled buffalo-beef, we moved to some distance from the spot, before proceeding to cook the antelope.

A dark covert in the thick woods offered us a more secure kitchen. There we rekindled our fire—and roasting the ribs of the prong-horn, refreshed ourselves with an ample meal.

After an hour's repose, we resumed our journey—in confident expectation, that before sunset we should get within sight of the caravan.

CHAPTER L.

UP THE CANON.

We had not ridden far from our halting-place, when we arrived at the end of the great cotton-wood forest. Beyond that, the trace led over open ground—here and there dotted by groves and 'islands' of timber.

Through these we threaded our way—keeping as much as possible among the trees.

Further on, we came upon a gorge—one of the noted *cañons* through which the Huerfano runs. Here the river sweeps down a narrow channel, with rocky banks that rise on each side into precipitous cliffs of stupendous height.

To avoid this gorge—impassable for wheeled vehicles—the wagon-trace, below its entrance, turns off to the right; and we perceived that the caravan had taken that direction. To get round the heads of the transverse ravines, that run into the *cañon*, a detour must be made of not less than ten miles in length. Beyond the cañon—the trace once more returns to the stream.

The notes of a military reconnoissance had forewarned me of this deviation; and, further, that the trace passed over a ridge altogether destitute of timber. To follow it, therefore, in the broad light of day, would expose our little party to view. If hostile Indians should be hanging after the caravan, they would be sure to see us, and equally certain to make an attack upon us; and from the traces we had noticed at the night-camp—to say nothing of what Wingrove had seen—we knew there were Indians in the valley. They might not be hostile; but the chances were ten to one that they were; and, under this supposition, it would be imprudent in us to risk crossing the ridge before nightfall.

There were two alternatives—to remain under the timber till after sunset, and then proceed by night; or to push on into the cañon, and endeavour to make our way along the bed of the stream. So far as we knew, the path was an untried one; but it might be practicable for horses.

We were now on the most dangerous ground we had yet trodden—the highway of several hostile tribes, and their favourite *tenting*-ground, when going to or returning from their forays against the half-civilised settlements of New Mexico. The proximity of the caravan—which we calculated to be about ten miles ahead of us—only increased our risk. There was but little danger of the Indians attacking that: the train was too strong, even without the escort. But the probability was, that a band of Indian horse-thieves would be skulking on its skirts—not to make an attack upon the caravan itself—but as wolves after a gang of buffalo, to sacrifice the stragglers. Unless when irritated by some hostile demonstration, these robbers confine themselves to plundering, but in the case of some, murder is the usual concomitant of plunder.

The delay of another night was disheartening to all of us—but especially so to myself, for reasons already known. If we should succeed in passing through the cañon, perhaps on the other side we might come in sight of the caravan? Cheered on by this hope, we hesitated no longer; but, hastening forward, entered between the jaws of the defile.

A fearful chasm it was—the rocky walls rising perpendicularly to the height of many hundreds of feet—presenting a grim *façade* on each side of us. The sky above appeared a mere strip of blue; and we were surrounded by a gloom deeper than that of twilight. The torrent roared and foamed at our feet; and the trail at times traversed through the water.

There *was* a trail, as we soon perceived; and, what was more significant, one that had recently been travelled! Horses had been over it; and in several places the rocky pebbles, that should otherwise have been dry, were wet by the water that had dripped from their fetlocks. A large troop of horses must have passed just before us!

Had the dragoon escort gone that way? More likely, a party of mounted travellers belonging to the train? And yet this did not strike us as being likely.

We were soon convinced that such was not the case. On riding forward, we came upon a mud-deposit, at the mouth of one of the transverse ravines, over which led the trail. The mud exhibited the *tracks* distinctly and in a more significant light—they were *hoof-tracks!* We saw that more than a hundred horses had passed up the defile; and not one *shod* animal among them!

This fact was very significant. They could not have been troop-horses? nor yet those of white men? If ridden, they must have been ridden by Indians?

It did not follow that they were ridden. We were travelling through the region of the *mustang*. Droves had been seen upon our route, at great distances off—for these are the shiest and wildest of wild animals. A *caballada* may have passed through the gorge, on their way to the upper valley. There was nothing improbable in that. Although the plains are the favourite habitat of the horse, the *mustang* of Spanish America is half a mountain animal, and often penetrates the most difficult passes—climbing the declivities with hoof as sure as that of a chamois.

Had these horses been ridden? That was the point to be determined, and how?

The sign was not very intelligible, but sufficiently so for our purpose. The little belt of mud-deposit was only disturbed by a single line of tracks—crossing it directly from side to side. The animals had traversed it in single file. Wild horses would have *crowded over it*—some of them at least kicking out to one side or the other. This I myself knew.

The reasoning appeared conclusive. We had no longer a doubt that a large party of Indians had gone up the gorge before us, and not very long before us.

It now became a question of advance or retreat. To halt within the defile—even had a halting-place offered—would have been perilous above all things. There was no spot, where we could conceal either ourselves or our animals. The mounted Indians might be returning down again; and, finding us in such a snug trap, would have us at their mercy? We did not think, therefore, of staying where we were.

To go back, was too discouraging. We were already half through the cañon, and had ridden over a most difficult path—often fording the stream at great risk, and climbing over boulders of rock, that imperilled the necks, both of ourselves and our animals.

We determined to keep on.

We were in hopes that the Indians had by this time passed clear through the gorge, and ridden out into the valley above. In that case, there would be no great risk in our proceeding to the upper end.

Our expectations did not deceive us. We reached the mouth of the chasm—without having seen other signs of those who had preceded us, than the trail of their horses.

We had heard sounds, however, that had given us some apprehension—the reports of guns—not as during the early part of the day, in single shots, but in half-dozens at a time, and once or twice in larger volleys, as if of a scattering *fusillade!*

The sounds came from the direction of the upper valley; and were but faintly heard—so faintly that we were in doubt, as to whether they were the reports of firearms. The grumbling and rushing of the river hindered us from hearing them more distinctly.

But for the presence of Indians in the valley—about which we were quite certain—we should perhaps not have noticed the sounds, or else have taken them for something else. Perhaps we might have conjectured, that a gang of buffaloes had passed near the train—leading to a brisk firing of rifles; but the presence of the Indians rendered this hypothesis less probable.

We still continued to observe caution. Before emerging from the defile, we halted near its entrance—Wingrove and myself stealing forward to reconnoitre.

An elevated post—which we obtained upon a shelf of the rock—gave us a commanding prospect of the upper valley. The sight restored our confidence: *the caravan was in view!*

CHAPTER LI.

THE ORPHAN BUTTE.

The landscape over which we were looking was one that has long been celebrated, in the legends of trapper and *cibolero;* and certainly no lovelier is to be met with in the midland regions of America. Though new to my eyes, I recognised it from the descriptions I had read and heard of it. There was an idiosyncrasy in its features—especially in that lone mound rising conspicuously in its midst—which at once proclaimed it the valley of the Huerfano. There stood the 'Orphan Butte.' There was no mistaking its identity.

This valley, or, more properly, *vallé*—a word of very different signification—is in reality a level plain, flanked on each side by a continuous line of bluffs or 'benches'—themselves forming the abutments of a still higher plain, which constitutes the general level of the country. The width between the bluffs is five or six miles; but, at the distance of some ten miles from our point of view, the cliffs converge—apparently closing in the valley in that direction. This, however, is only apparent. Above the butte is another deep cañon, through which the river has cleft its way.

The intervening space is a picture fair to behold. The surface, level as a billiard-table, is covered with *gramma* grass, of a bright, almost emerald verdure. The uniformity of this colour is relieved by cotton-wood copses, whose foliage is but one shade darker. Commingling with these, and again slightly darkening the hue of their frondage, are other trees, with a variety of shrubs or climbing-plants—as clematis, wild roses, and willows. Here and there, a noble poplar stands apart—as if disdaining to associate with the more lowly growth of the groves.

These 'topes' are of varied forms: some rounded, some oval, and others of more irregular shape—many of them appearing as if planted by the hands of the landscape-gardener; while the Huerfano, winding through their midst, could not have been more gracefully guided had it been specially designed for an 'ornamental water.'

The butte itself, rising in the centre of the plain, and towering nearly two hundred feet above the general level, has all the semblance of an artificial work—not of human hands, but a cairn constructed by giants. Just such does it appear—a vast pyramidal cone, composed of huge prismatic blocks of granite, black almost as coal—the colour occasioned by an iron admixture in the rock.

For two-thirds of its slope, a thick growth of cedar covers it with a skirting of darkest green. Above this appear the huge naked prisms—piled one upon the other, in a sort of irregular crystallisation, and ending in a summit slightly truncated.

Detached boulders lie around its base, that, having yielded to the disintegrating influences of rain and wind, and lost their balance, have rolled down the declivity of its sides.

No other similar elevation is near—the distant bluffs alone equalling it in height. But there the resemblance ends; for the latter are a formation of stratified sandstone, while the rocks composing the butte are purely granitic! Even in a geological point of view, is the Orphan Butte isolated from all the world. In a double sense, does it merit its distinctive title.

Singular is the picture formed by this lone mound, and the park-like scene that surrounds it—a picture rare as fair. Its very frame is peculiar. The bench of light reddish sandstone sharply outlined on each edge—the bright green of the sward along its base—and the dark belt of cedars cresting its summit, form, as it were, a double moulding to the frame. Over this can be distinguished the darker outlines of the great Cordilleras; above them, again, the snowy cones of the Wa-to-yah; and grandly towering over all, the sky-piercing summit of Pike's Peak.

All these forms gleaming in the full light of a noon-day sun, with a heaven above them of deep ethereal blue, present a picture that for grandeur and sublimity is not surpassed upon the Earth.

A long while could we have gazed upon it; but an object that came at once under our eyes turned our thoughts into a far different channel.

Away up the valley, at its furthest end, appeared a small white spot—little bigger to our view than the disc of an archer's target. It was of an irregular roundish form; and on both sides of it were other shapes—smaller and of darker hue.

We had no difficulty in making out what these appearances were: the white object was the tilt of a wagon; the dark forms around it were those of men—mounted and afoot.

It must have been the last wagon of the train, since no other could be seen; and as it appeared at the very end of the valley—in the angle formed by the convergence of the cliffs—we concluded that another cañon opened there into which the rest had entered. Whether the wagon was moving onward, we did not stay to determine; the caravan was in sight, and this, acting upon us like an electric influence, impelled us to hasten forward.

Calling to our companions to advance, and having remounted, we rode out of the gorge, and kept on up the valley.

We no longer observed the slightest caution. The caravan was before our eyes; and there could be no doubt that in a couple of hours we should be able to come up with it.

As to danger, we no longer thought of such a thing. Indians would scarcely be so daring as to assail us within sight of the train. Had it been night, we might have reasoned differently; but under the broad light of day, we could not imagine there was a prospect of danger. We determined, therefore, to ride direct for the wagons, without making halt.

Yes—one halt was to be made. I had promised the *ci-devant* soldiers to make *civilians* of them before bringing them face to face with the escort; and this was to be accomplished by means of some spare wardrobe which Wingrove and I chanced to have among our packs. The place fixed upon as the scene of the metamorphosis was the butte, which lay directly on our route.

As we rode forward, I was gratified at perceiving that the wagon still remained in sight. If it was moving on, it had not yet reached the head of the valley. It may have been halted, to receive some repair? So much the better: we should the sooner overtake it.

On arriving at the butte, the white canvas was still visible; though, from our low position on the plain, only the top of the tilt could be seen.

While Wingrove was unpacking our spare garments, I dismounted, and climbed to the summit of the mound—in order to get a better view. I had no difficulty in doing this—for, strange to say, a trail runs over the Orphan Butte, from south-east to north-west, regularly aligned with Pike's Peak in the latter direction, and with the Wa-to-yah or *Spanish Peaks* in the former!

But this alignment was not the circumstance that struck me as singular, a far more curious phenomenon came under my observation. The path leading to the summit was entirely clear of the granite blocks that everywhere else covered the declivities of the mound. Between these it passed like a narrow lane, the huge prisms lying on each side of it, piled up in a regular trap-like formation, as if placed there by the hand of man!

The latter hypothesis was out of the question. Many of the blocks were a dozen feet in diameter, and tons in weight. Titans alone could have lifted them.

The summit itself was a table of some twenty by forty feet in superficial extent, and seamed by several fissures.

Only by following the path could the summit be reached without great difficulty. The loose boulders rested upon one another, in such fashion that even the most expert climber would have found difficulty in scaling them; and the stunted spreading cedars that grew between their clefts, combined in forming a *chevaux de frise* almost impenetrable.

I was not permitted to dwell long on the contemplation of this geological phenomenon. On reaching the summit, and directing my telescope up the valley, I obtained a tableau in its field of vision that almost caused me to drop the glass out of my fingers.

The whole wagon was in view down to its wheel-tracks; and the dark forms were still around it. Some were afoot, others on horseback; and a few appeared to be lying flat along the sward. Whoever these last may have been, I saw at the first glance what the others were. The bronzed skins of naked bodies—the masses of long sweeping hair—the plumed crests and floating drapery—were perfectly apparent in the glass—and all indicating a truth of terrible significance—that the forms thus seen were those of savage men! Yes, both they on horseback and afoot were Indians, beyond a doubt.

And those horizontally extended? They were white men, the owners of the wagons!

This truth flashed on me, as I beheld a fearful object—a body lying head towards me, with its crown, of mottled red and white, gleaming significantly through the glass. I had no doubt as to the nature of the object—it was a scalpless skull!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

One of the chief subjects talked about since the House of Commons broke up for their holidays, is the new project for bringing the electric telegraph into general use within the limits of London. Our skyward view is indeed intersected by lines of wire stretched in sundry directions; but as it costs from L.60 to L.70 a mile to set up a wire, the number of persons who are willing to add that amount to their business expenses is but few. Another objection is the necessity for having a clerk specially trained to manipulate the instrument and send the messages. The new project includes the formation of a company who, as yet in their preliminary state, hope to render the telegraph available to all classes of Londoners at a reasonable rate. They propose to lay a bundle of perhaps a hundred wires underground along some of the principal thoroughfares and through the parks, which will be more convenient and economical than carrying them through the air; and from these buried wires, lines will be carried across the house-tops wherever required. Still further to facilitate operations, they will hire houses in suitable situations as supports for the air-lines, and build proper places on the roofs for the protection and attachment of the wires; and having done this, the houses will be sublet, subject to access by the telegraph company. This arrangement will enable them to sell the exclusive use of a wire for one-sixth of the charge which must, under present circumstances, be incurred. Besides this, they offer an important advantage by making use of Professor Wheatstone's instruments, which, by the simplicity of their construction, obviate certain serious objections made against the use of the telegraph on the score of expense. One of these instruments is described as the automatic telegraph; the other, the universal telegraph. The latter is the most useful for short distances—say, one to three miles—and it is so easy of manipulation, that any intelligent person may send a message by it, though previously untrained to telegraphic manipulation, for it is merely a small circular box, shewing all round its edge the extremities of a series of keys which operate similarly to the keys of a pianoforte. Each key is inscribed with a letter of the alphabet, and ten others are set apart for the numerals 1 to 9 and 0—hence it is easy to send a message by touching key after key with the finger according to the letters which spell the words. The receiver of the message reads it off from a small dial-plate, of the size of an ordinary time-piece, on which the hand points to the several letters as fast as they are touched by the distant sender; and if the sender knows how to spell, there seems but little chance of making a mistake.

The current which actuates each of the above-mentioned telegraphs is magnetic, not galvanic, hence no batteries are required, and the instruments are in consequence surprisingly portable. The Emperor of the French used them at the battle of Solferino; and as one man can carry the pair of instruments, and another can push the truck which bears the reel of wire, it will be seen that this simplified form of telegraph is well adapted for field-service. At Chatham, on one occasion, twenty-five fuses were simultaneously fired at two miles' distance by this little instrument. Ere long, we shall hear of its having been taken into use by volunteer rifle-shooters, by surveyors, by police authorities, and the coast-guard. A nobleman, who resides five miles from Dundee, sends his orders to tradesmen in the town by one of these instruments. The mercantile portion of the community may now avail themselves of the telegraph to any extent. Our government authorities are using the instrument at home, and sending it out to the colonies; it is in daily use at the London Docks, and at docks on the Surrey side of the Thames. In the West India Docks, a different system is used, which involves an annual expense of L.200 for a royalty on batteries, and the employment of special clerks. The line from the Houses of Parliament to the Queen's printers, in Fleet Street, is worked by this new telegraph, and any M.P. may, if he pleases, spell out his message for himself without taking the clerk into his confidence. What a convenience it will be when messages can be sent at small cost and at any moment to all parts of London! Take one particular only: the possibility of inquiring before setting out whether the person you wish to see is at home or not—and in this one we see a saving of time to thousands of persons every day.

To pass to another subject: it is with no little pleasure that we invite attention to the formation of a *Society for the Acclimatisation of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vegetables*, for, if properly guided and supported, such a society may work and co-operate beneficially, not only for England, but for every country of the globe. We have repeatedly noticed in the columns of this *Journal* the labours of the Société d'Acclimation of France, and we hope to aid ere long in making known the proceedings of the society on this side the Channel. For the present, we announce that they start with a distinguished list of patrons, and a council which includes the names of naturalists well known for their love of science—Tegetmeier, Waterhouse Hawkins, with the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley as vice-president; and Mr F. T. Buckland as secretary, whose studious activity in behalf of natural history has won him the favour both of savans and of the public.

Of course, members are wanted: membership for life may be secured by a donation of L.10, or yearly, by a subscription of L.2, 2s., payable to the secretary at the offices 346 Strand, London. The purposes of the society, as set forth in the prospectus, are: 'The introduction, acclimatisation, and domestication of all innoxious animals, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, whether useful or ornamental—The perfection, propagation, and hybridisation of races newly introduced or already domesticated—The spread of indigenous animals, &c., from parts of the United Kingdom where they are already known, to other localities where they are not known—The procuration, whether by purchase, gift, or exchange of animals, &c., from British colonies and foreign countries—The transmission of animals, &c., from England to her colonies and foreign parts, in exchange for others sent thence to the society—The holding of periodical meetings, and the publication of reports and transactions, for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of acclimatisation, and for inquiry into the causes of success or failure.' The purposes look promising. We think them especially worthy the attention of landowners, as parks, moorlands, plains, woodlands, farms, poultry-yards, gardens, ponds, rivers, and the sea-shore may become more profitable, useful, or agreeable through the operations of this society.

Encouraging proof of what can be accomplished is shewn in the interesting letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr Wilson, who is known as the Australian acclimatiser; and we cannot conclude our notice of the new society better than by a brief summary of his information. He tells us that nearly three hundred llamas and alpacas have been conveyed from South America to New South Wales and the colony of Victoria, and as there are 980,000 square miles of grazing-ground in our antipodal possessions, there is

little doubt but that the animals will find localities suited to their habits. What a prospect is thereby opened of abundant export of llama and alpaca wool within the next twenty years, as well as of merino, for which Australia is already famous! The alpacas have multiplied since their arrival in the colony; deer and hares have also been introduced; and encouraged by this success, Mr Wilson and his friends made an attempt to introduce the salmon into the colonial rivers. They raised L.600, and sent out 30,000 ova bedded in gravel, and with a stream of iced water constantly flowing over them; but the vessel, though a clipper, had a tedious voyage, the ice failed, and the ova consequently perished. This failure, however, is to be taken as experience, and an indication of the amount of difficulty to be overcome, and the attempt will be renewed; and as a nursery is already prepared in one of the southern rivers of Tasmania, we may perhaps hear, within the next five years, that the Tasmanians are eating native salmon. Meanwhile, the carp and goldfish have been introduced into the lagoons and 'water-holes,' and from Mauritius a supply of the gouramier, a fish originally from China, and described as 'the very best fresh-water pond-fish in the world.' The first experiment with this last, however, proved a failure.

English pheasants are now so numerous in Australia that the colonists can breed as many as they want; the same will shortly be the case with partridges; the peacock is acclimatised, and now breeds wild in the bush; and English song-birds have taken so kindly to their southern habitation, that many a settler may fancy himself at home once more as he listens to their warbling. There appears to be but little difficulty in the transport of birds, and Mr Wilson says: 'I have good hopes of taking out every English song-bird of any value, one after another, and giving each one a chance of shewing how far it is capable of adapting itself to a new country, and a new set of circumstances.' There is at least one songster which the colonists may send us in return, the magpie or pied crow, which has 'a note so rich, and wild, and clear, that it would be a great addition to an English park.' The kangaroos brought to the Zoological Gardens have bred; and the black swan appears to thrive as well in our rivers as in those of Australia.

If, as Geoffroy St Hilaire says, there are 140,000 different kinds of animals in the world, the resources for interchange are indeed great; and England, with her many colonies and wide-spread commerce is, of all countries the one best fitted to take the lead in carrying out the views of the Acclimatisation Society. —We see from the foregoing particulars how much can be accomplished on a small scale by private enterprise. How much more, then, when every colony and every civilised country shall be co-operating in the work! And as regards the actual transport, we have Mr Wilson's testimony as to the way in which difficulties are lessened. 'Whatever I have requested,' he says, 'has been granted most cheerfully by all to whom I have applied, and—excluding, of course, the alpaca and salmon, which involved very considerable space and expense—I have never been asked for one farthing for freight or passage for any of the things I have sent out or received in return. Messrs Gibbs, Bright, & Co., James Baines & Co., the Peninsular and Oriental Company, Messrs Green, and, above all, Messrs Wigram, have vied with one another in their willingness to assist, and have laid me under deep obligations by their hearty co-operation. And so with captains, mates, &c. Every sailor likes a pet, and my pheasants, fish, and song-birds have been nursed on board these ships with a tenderness worthy of Miss Nightingale.' Let us add to this, that equal willingness has been shewn by individuals in this country to receive and nurse foreign birds and animals through their first stage of acclimatisation. Lord Hill, in particular, has shewn in his breeding-grounds at Hawkstone Park, Shropshire, how the strangers may be successfully accustomed to the new circumstances.

A few items of news are worthy of notice as interesting to geographers: Messrs Grant and Speke are on their way to, if not already arrived, in North-eastern Africa, there to accomplish new explorations—A government steam-sloop, the *Pioneer*, of 350 horse-power, and especially fitted for service in Dr Livingstone's expedition, has sailed for the Zambezi—Hayti is commencing to bore artesian wells in her droughty districts—Important to mariners is the result of Captain Denham's survey of Eastern Australia, in the *Herald*: one of his special objects was to examine the region of the great reefs for a safe and navigable channel in that dangerous latitude; and it is now announced by authority, 'that a ship from the southward has only to be placed in 24° S. 157° E., and a clear passage of 150 miles wide, free of current, with a flowing south-east trade-wind, will lie before her for the 1100 miles to the Raine Island entrance to Torres' Strait.' The courses which she will have to steer through all the route are clearly defined; hence this discovery is one that will facilitate the fast increasing traffic along that remote eastern route.

A writing instrument for blind persons has been recently invented by the Rev. G. Wardlaw, M.A, residing at Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, which he regards as peculiarly convenient and effective for such as are able to handle the pen with ordinary facility. Having nearly lost his sight by amaurosis, he contrived the instrument for his own use, and recommends it to others. Providing a simple and complete direction for the hand, it leaves the pen at liberty, so that the writing is performed with the same freedom as in the penmanship of those who have sight. The hand passes and repasses the same line, resting in the natural posture on a broad sheath, under which the paper slides backward from the hand as line after line is written. The proper distance of each line is secured with mechanical precision by a series of notches in a central metallic ridge, upon which a small hammer works. The backward movement for each line is effected with instantaneous facility by a touch of the left-hand fingers.

TRIFLES.

NOTHING so small that God has made
But has its destined end;
All in their turn His purpose serve—
All to His glory tend.

The grain of dust, to sight unseen,
With myriads may combine
To form a bulwark to the sea,
Its limits to confine.

The little drop of pearly dew
Which on the blue-bell lies,
May, in the sun's bright beams, appear
A rainbow in the skies;

Or else the trackless ocean main,
With others, form to share,
On which the ship, when homeward bound,
Some loving heart shall bear.

And thus the humblest of us all
God's instrument may prove,
To bless and shed o'er fellow-men
The bounty of His love! F. D.

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A DAY AT INCHMAHOME.

WE were staying at Callander, making little excursions here and there, when one day it was proposed that a party should be made up to see Inchmahome, an island in the Lake of Menteith. The project involved a drive of something like six miles across a hilly bit of country to the south, but the weather was tolerable, and every one knows that when the sun shines in the Highlands the air is peculiarly delightful. A short but pleasing account of a visit to Inchmahome, which had lately appeared in a popular newspaper—the *Scotsman*—had set us on this idea. We had heard of the island long ago, but its history and all the circumstances connected with it were pretty much forgotten, and, like thousands of other tourists, we had more than once rushed onward to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine without being distinctly aware that we were passing unvisited the lovely Lake of Menteith and its hallowed little island, Inchmahome—which is said to signify *Isle of Rest*.

The resolution having been formed to see the island, the thing was not at all difficult to do, for the keeper of that huge hotel, 'the Dreadnought,' has twenty-four pair of horses, and all sorts of carriages, at your service, and the roads are somewhat different from what they were in the days of Rob Roy. So, off our party started in one of the most commodious of these vehicles—we choosing the 'rumble' behind, in order to have a good look out. Crossing the Teith by an old high-backed bridge, the machine soon begins to be tugged up a hill, which, by means of drainage and enclosures, seems to be in the course of having its heathy slopes transformed into green arable fields. There is, however, still a bare peat-mossy track on the top, in a lone recess of which is seen a dismal mountain-tarn, called Loch Ruskie. On gaining this wild part of the route, quite a new scene presents itself. In the distance, in a westerly direction, is seen a broad and singularly picturesque valley, rich in woody knolls, and at the nearest point, ornamented with one of the prettiest lakes in the world. That is the Lake of Menteith—so called from the lands hereabouts having formed the ancient earldom of that name; indeed, till this day, this district of Perthshire is called Menteith. When once you catch a view of the lake, it rivets attention. Set amidst tufted grounds, and overhung more remotely by lofty mountains, among which, to the west, Ben Lomond is chiefly conspicuous, the margin of the lake is indented with woody peninsulas, rivalling in beauty the islands on its placid bosom. Rattling down a winding road, environed with tall trees, we get occasional peeps of the lake, and finally reach its eastern shore. There it is all before us—a good large sheet of water, six to seven miles in circumference, and not incapable, as one would think, of shewing a sea crested with white and angry waves.

At the point where we are set down, there is a modern-built inn, in which anglers who resort to the lake will find all proper accommodation. Close at hand are the church and manse of Port, such being the name given to the place, for no other reason apparently, than that here is the port whence boats may proceed on lake excursions. At one time, as it seems, there was a scattered hamlet along the margin of the loch, each cottager having a little croft stretching up the adjacent braes; but all that is gone in the present day, and the population has dwindled to very manageable dimensions. The harbour and pier of the port are on a correspondingly moderate scale. A few big stones, loosely arranged in the form of a jetty, enable us to step on board an open boat while it is cleared of the water that has collected in it, and otherwise made ready for the voyage. The landlord of the inn, and a man brought hurriedly from his haymaking, take each an oar, and all being seated, we push away in the direction of the island, which lies at about a quarter of a mile's distance to the westward. The whole thing is prosaic; but one derives complacency from the reflection, that it was probably in no other way than this that kings and church dignitaries, in the days of yore, made their voyages to Inchmahome.

Fifteen minutes bring the boat to the island, which resembles a great mass of trees floating lazily on the surface of the water. The landing-place is found to be quite as primitive as that of the port; with this difference, that in attempting to touch the jetty, the bottom of the boat is embarrassed with a stone which lies staring up in your face only a few feet from the shore. O that stone! Any person could in three minutes lift it out, and so clear the way in all time coming. But that being too serious an undertaking, there it is suffered to lie; and by every party arriving or departing, a good quarter of an hour is spent in trying to surmount the difficulty. We hope, but hardly dare to expect, that some public-spirited boatman will get the stone out of the way before the close of the century.

On stepping ashore, what a scene of sylvan beauty and archæological interest! Trees of vast dimensions, towering aloft and shrouding a group of ruins, exquisitely beautiful in design, deeply mournful in their decay. The first building we come to is a church, roofless, with broken-down walls, but still shewing several handsome Gothic arches, partially overgrown with moss and other wild plants. Adjoining

are the remains of some conventual edifices; the whole, in their entire state, having formed a religious house of note for three centuries previous to the Reformation. It is believed that, a thousand years ago, there were some sort of ecclesiastical buildings on the island; but whatever was the character of these early structures, a new state of things arose, when, in 1238, Walter Cumyng, Earl of Menteith, founded a monastery of the order of St Augustine, that became not an unusual resort in an age of civil distractions. Here, Robert Bruce found a temporary asylum on the 15th of April 1310, a circumstance which probably did not incommode the seneschal of the establishment; for the priory, as it came to be called, was already endowed with the neighbouring lands of Cardross, and could afford lodging and entertainment to royal personages. The monks, however, were probably put on their mettle, when, in 1363, David II. arrived with a retinue, to solemnise his nuptials with the beautiful Margaret Logie; and married the king was on that very spot on which now, in these altered times, the poor houseless steer seeks shelter from the storm. For two centuries after this royal marriage, the island retained its ecclesiastical, and even its intellectual distinction, for hither came youths belonging to families of rank to receive certain parts of their education. At length, at the close of this career of prosperity, and just before the buildings were sacked, and the endowments made away with, came the visit of the infant sovereign, Queen Mary.

The residence of Mary Queen of Scots forms the great event in the history of Inchmahome; though it is scarcely noticed in the memoirs of that unfortunate princess. Mary Stuart was born in the palace of Linlithgow, on the 7th of December 1542, a week before the death of her father, James V., at the palace of Falkland. A queen from almost her birth, she was, when only nine months old, crowned at Stirling, where she spent her early years under the tutorage of John Erskine, the prior of Inchmahome, and Alexander Scott, the parson of Balmaclellan. So things would have gone quietly on, but for that most extraordinary and boisterous courtship of Henry VIII. on behalf of his son, afterwards Edward VI. One can, with difficulty, in the present day, realise the idea of an English king endeavouring, by every species of fraud and force, to get possession of a Scottish infant girl, in order to marry her to his infant son. Failing in corruption and threats, he resorted to devastation. The borders were laid waste with fire and sword, shipping was seized, and, finally, a regular war commenced: the English determined to get hold of the infant Mary, the Scots, who disliked this kind of wooing, as resolute in keeping their child-queen. We need not recall the horrors of that odious war, which had for its climax the battle of Pinkie, fought on the 10th of September 1547. Fearful of the consequences of this disastrous affair, the Scots took measures to place the object of contention in security. Soon after the battle at Pinkie, Mary, not quite five years old, was removed from Stirling to Inchmahome. Her mother, Mary of Guise, a woman of uncommon activity and intelligence, selected from certain families of rank—Livingstone, Fleming, Seton, and Beatoun—four girls of her daughter's age, and, like her, named Mary. These 'four Marys,' as they were afterwards called in history and ballad literature, became for many years the companions of the queen. They played with her as children, were educated along with her, accompanied her in her travels, and, as is well known, remained with her a great part of her life; her associates alike in happiness and misfortune. One can fancy the joyousness of the band of girls when the royal family—mother, preceptors, retainers, and all—set out for Inchmahome, and took possession of their island territory. How the youngsters scampered along the avenues under the trees of the orchard, just dropping its rich crop of apples and pears! What fun they must have promised themselves in the seclusion of this pretty little island!

It is easier to imagine this gleesome arrival of the young maidens than to understand, from the present appearance of the ruins, how this imposing accession to the population was accommodated. The island is but five acres in extent—much about the size of one of the larger squares in London—and may be said to be diversified, in miniature, with hill and dale. A portion of it formed the garden of the Earls of Menteith, whose residence entirely covered a lesser island to the west. Then, there were the monastic buildings, now shrunk into a few disjoined masses, in looking over which we are, with the assistance of some vague traditions, left to conjecture how the queen-dowager, her daughter, and retinue, could possibly find house-room. It is a fact never to be lost sight of, however, that throughout the greater part of her career, Mary Queen of Scots was obliged to put up with the narrowest scale of domestic accommodations; in fact, she lived a good part of her life in turrets, with hardly space to turn herself. Among the ruins of Inchmahome, a small apartment over a vaulted chapter-house, and reached by an outside-stair, is pointed out as having been Queen Mary's room, and this is likely to be correct. Another building equally substantial, immediately to the south, contained the kitchen, now an open vault, but with the remains of a chimney of such vast dimensions as to impart the idea that jollity of living made up in some measure for the limited extent of the sleeping arrangements. As already hinted, the church, or place of high religious ceremonial, must have been a remarkably fine edifice, with nave and side-aisles, spacious entry on the west, and elegant lanceolated window in the eastern gable. Wretchedly dilapidated and degraded as is its condition, we cannot but look on it with respect; but the feelings at every step revolt at the scandalous want of taste, even of common decency, with which the whole is kept. The island is let as a mere piece of grazing-ground, for a few pounds per annum; and as nothing is done to prevent intrusion, the cattle straggle into and out of the church at pleasure. The consequences as regards the ancient monuments on the floor are such as to require no force of description. One of the recumbent monuments consists of two figures in high relief in stone, said to be a Crusader and his lady; the male figure in armour bearing a shield decorated with the *fess checqué* of the Stuarts—

> Blest pair! In death ye live,
> Ye love beyond the tomb,
> Your mutual hearts to God ye give,
> He gives you welcome home.

This fine piece of sculpture, which so fired the fancy of the poet, lies in a deplorable state of abasement, and is sinking fast to destruction. As from the mural tablets around, the church appears to be still a place of sepulture to certain families of respectability in the neighbourhood, the wonder is the greater that some little care is not taken of the ruins.

Emerging by the finely groined western portal from this saddening scene, we wander under the spreading boughs of gigantic Spanish chestnuts as old as the days of the monks; and so crossing the ancient orchard with its lingering one or two fruit-trees, towards the south-west extremity of the island, reach a slightly raised patch of ground, environed with tall tufts of boxwood. To this spot all visitors eagerly press, as the most touching sight of all; for is it not the *child-garden* of Queen Mary—the place specially prepared for the amusement of herself and her attendants? Such, at anyrate, is the legend. To give the five girls something to occupy themselves with out of doors, and keep them from wearying in their narrow insular home, the idea of a little garden was struck

out, and it is no stretch of fancy to conceive them here with their little spades and rakes, and adjusting matters according to their infantile notions.

The garden, which is of an oval form, eighteen to twenty feet in length, and twelve in breadth, consists of a central patch surrounded with a narrow gravel-walk, lined with boxwood; and outside, as an environing border, are a number of tall boxwood bushes.

> My orchard's wealth, my boxwood's grace
> (Enlivening yet the sylvan place,
> Embellishing my Isle of Rest),
> Furnished the jocund rural fête,
> To soothe the youthful sceptered guest,
> Each wayward thought obliterate,
> And banish all alarms.*

In this curiously interesting spot, are seen the only efforts at preservation in the whole island. It is due, we believe, to the Duchess of Montrose, that a paling has been erected around the garden; otherwise, box-trees and everything about it must soon have been trampled out of existence by the cattle, or carried off piecemeal by the heartless order of relic-hunters. Formerly, as we were told, a large thorn-tree grew in the centre of the garden; but it was lately blown down, and a small thorn now grows on the spot. If the child-queen planted any flowering shrubs, they have long since disappeared. But it cannot be supposed that Mary or her companions did much in this way. She remained in Inchmahome only about five months—that is, from September 1547 till the end of the succeeding February, when she was carried to Dumbarton Castle, preparatory to her removal to France; and she accordingly can have done but little in floriculture. The historical interest, therefore, in the scene is confined to the fact, that here Mary Queen of Scots laid out her little garden, paddled about in childish innocence and happiness, and whiled away in healthful sport the few months of her seclusion in the island.

When one has seen the child-garden, the only thing that remains to be done is to visit the rising-ground called the Nun's Hill, which forms the southern boundary of the isle. And a walk from thence through what seems the remains of an avenue conducts us back to the ruins. Of these neglected walls, perhaps enough has already been said; and we can only hope that by thus calling attention to the subject, the ducal owner may take the matter, if need be, out of the hands of subordinates, and cause the remains of the priory to be enclosed, and guarded at least from pollution if not from decay. We might, indeed, throw out the hint, that to a person of means and taste, and given to piscatory and horticultural pursuits, this charming little island, so readily accessible from Edinburgh or Glasgow, and so closely adjoining some of the finest Highland scenery, is susceptible of being made a most delightful summer residence; nor can we doubt that a scheme of that nature might be arranged with the proprietor. Meanwhile, it is but justice to say, that the isle is at all times open to the visits of strangers, who in Mr Shirra, of the inn at Port-Menteith, will find a suitable adviser and guide.† Trips may be extended four miles further to the ever-renowned clachan of Aberfoyle; at which Bailie Nicol Jarvie would now discover a wonderful change on the face of affairs; for a handsome hotel, as will be seen in the guide-books, has taken the place of that most unaccommodating change-house, where to establish himself, he found it necessary to call in the aid of a red-hot poker. Tourists, in short, would have no cause to regret making a day of it at dear little Inchmahome!

W. C.

* *The Priory of Inchmahome, a Poem, with Notes Historical and Descriptive*, by Rev. W. Macgregor Stirling, minister of Port. 1 vol. 4to, 1815. This elegant volume, which is illustrated with engravings, is now very rare.

† A ready way of getting to the place, would be to take the Stirling and Balloch Railway, and stop at the Port-Menteith Station, to which, if advised by post, Mr Shirra (Port-Menteith, by Stirling) would send his dog-cart—distance four miles.

THE RIFLED ORDNANCE FACTORY, WOOLWICH.

Since, about a year and a half ago, we described, in this *Journal*, the manufacture of cannon at Woolwich Arsenal, an entire revolution has been effected in that establishment. The attempt to compete with the Low Moor and Gospel Oak Works in the casting of iron guns, proved a lamentable failure. The government had not the secret of mixing the iron which the Low Moor factory possessed, could not discover it by an analysis of ores, and could not elicit it from the Low Moor people. The guns made in the Arsenal were very well to look at, but laboured under the disadvantage, that they burst into a great many pieces when discharged. The government suffered from that ingenuity in devising means 'how not to do it,' which led them to intrust the management of the works to a number of artillery officers, who knew how to fire cannon, but not how to cast them, and were compelled at last to own that there was no royal road to gun-making.

The immense plant and machinery, which had been acquired at a cost of some L.90,000, was not, however, destined to rust in idleness: just at this time, the government made a bargain with Sir William Armstrong for his celebrated invention, and the whole factory was given over to him for the manufacture of his gun. The amateur-artillerymen were got rid of; and Mr Anderson—a practical man of great skill and large experience, to whose inventive genius a number of the finest machines in the Arsenal are due—was installed as resident superintendent. At the cost of only a few thousands, the steam-hammers, borers, turning-lathes, and all the rest of the old machinery, were ingeniously adapted to the various processes which the Armstrong gun undergoes in the course of construction.

A visitor to the works who has never seen an Armstrong gun, must, as he witnesses the successive stages of its manufacture, be sorely puzzled to conceive what it will look like when completed; and scarcely less is the surprise of any one who has seen the finished piece, at the strange shapes which its component parts assume during the various processes. Let us begin at the beginning, and observe the various steps, from first to last, in the creation of the most perfect piece of ordnance the world has ever seen.

Imagine a very long thin bar of the finest iron, some 2 inches square, and 120 feet in length—that is the basis of a 25-pounder. For convenience in the manufacture, this bore is divided into three pieces of about 40 feet in length. A 100-pounder requires three pieces each of 90 feet in length. The manufacture commences in the forging-shop, a vast dingy shed, where there is an incessant din of hammers and roaring of mighty furnaces, where blocks and bars of iron lie scattered in seeming confusion on every side—here, almost transparent at white heat; there, glowing red-hot; in one corner, sending forth showers of sparks under the discipline of a huge steam-hammer; in another, hissing and sputtering under a stream of water; where stalwart, grimy men, with uprolled shirt-sleeves, visors, and leather aprons, are seen looming through the smoke, or in the full glare of the fires, tossing about red-hot bars with the indifference of salamanders, and making the anvils ring with thirty Cyclops' power. We fix our eyes on a long narrow furnace, in which lie a number of the iron bars we spoke of. Suddenly the door is opened, and a fierce lurid gleam of light is cast through the shop. One of the men seizes the end of a bar in a pair of pincers, drags it forth, and makes it fast to a

roller which stands immediately before the furnace, and the diameter of which is equal to the rough-made tube of a 25-pounder when first rolled. The roller is put in motion; the bar is slowly and closely wound round it, just as one might wind a piece of thread round a reel. The roller being turned on one end, the spiral tube—No. 1 coil it is termed—is knocked off, restored to white heat in another furnace—for it has cooled somewhat in the rolling—and then flattened down and welded under one of the steam-hammers, till only about half as long as it was. For a 25-pounder, the length of the coil after this process is 2¼ feet; and three such coils are welded together to form the tube. Before that operation is performed, however, each coil is bored in the inside, and pared on the outside to within a very little of its proper diameter, so that the slightest flaw in the welding, if any exist, may be detected. Having passed this test, a couple of coils, brought to a proper heat by being placed end to end in a jet of flame from a blast-furnace, are welded by violent blows from a huge iron battering-ram. A third coil is added to the other two in the same manner, and the tube is complete. Over this a second tube, which has been prepared just in the same way, is passed while red hot, and shrinking as it cools, becomes tightly fastened. This is termed 'shrinking on.' Over this again is placed a short massive ring of forged iron, to which the trunnions or handles of the gun are attached. The breech, which has now to be added, is composed of several iron slabs, something like the staves of a barrel, which are bent into a cylindrical form, and welded at the edges when red hot under the steam-hammer. In the breech, the fibre of the metal runs in the direction of the length of the gun, while in the other parts it winds round and round transversely. This is done to give greater strength to the breech in sustaining the whole backward thrust of the explosion. The breech thus formed is 'shrunk on' to the rest of the gun; and to add still more to its strength, two double coils of wrought iron are rolled on with the fibre at right angles to that of the breech underneath. The piece now exhibits very much the appearance of what is called a three-draw telescope—the tube, the trunnion-piece, and the breech, representing the three 'draws' of the glass when pulled out.

So much for the rough work of the gun; we now come to the finer and more delicate processes. Having been pared down on the outside to its proper size, the gun passes to the measurers, who, with an instrument called a micrometer, measure each part with mathematical accuracy. The slightest deviation of any portion from its exact size, even to the fraction of a hair's breadth, is rigidly pointed out, and has to be amended. The boring and rifling of the piece are next performed in a large, tidy, well-lighted room, where there is no noise, or smoke, or confusion, as in the forging-shop. The gun is placed erect in the boring-machine, and revolves gently round the big gimlet, which slowly but surely makes its way downwards, scooping out the superfluous metal from the interior of the tube. Four pieces can be bored at once by each machine. This is the lengthiest process the gun has to go through. It has to be performed twice, each time occupying six hours. First the gun is bored to within a 1-1000th of an inch of its proper diameter; and the second time it is finished. The rifling is performed in a turning-lathe, and occupies some five hours. There are thirty-eight fine sharp grooves, of a peculiar angular shape—'with the driving side angular,' in the words of the inventor, 'and the opposite side rounded;' and the turn of the rifling is very slight.

Where the touch-hole of an ordinary gun would be, a square hole is cut for the introduction of the vent-piece or stopper, which, with the breech-screw, completes the gun. The stopper is a circular piece of steel, faced with copper, which fits into the end of the rifled barrel with the most exact nicety. Upon this little piece of metal depends, in a great measure, the efficiency of the gun; because, unless it hermetically closed the cavity, a portion of the explosive force would escape, and the discharge would be weakened. The copper facing of the stopper is prepared with great care. It has to be sharpened with a file after so many rounds, and a duplicate accompanies every gun. The touch-hole runs through the vent-piece down into the chamber of the gun. The breech of the gun receives a powerful hollow screw, which presses against the vent-piece, and is easily tightened or loosened by means of a common weighted handle. When the stopper is out, the gun is a hollow tube from end to end. We are now shewn how the gun is used.

'When you want to fire the gun,' says our attendant, 'you must of course slacken the screw, and take out the stopper. You then thrust the shot, with a cartridge and a greased wad, through the hollow screw, into the bore, drop the vent-piece into its place, and make it tight with half a turn of the screw. You fire the gun with an ordinary friction-tube stuck into the vent-piece.'

'How long does it take to turn out one of these pieces?'

'Why, taking the number of guns turned out within a certain period, and the number of working-hours in the same time, we find the rate of production at Woolwich is one gun for every 3½ working-hours. Down at Elswick, Sir William's own factory, they are not quite so quick. Taken individually, though, a single gun, from first to last, is a six or seven weeks' job.'

'And what do you reckon the cost of each gun?'

'An Armstrong 12-pounder costs about L.250, only L.50 more than an ordinary gun of the same calibre; but as it is so much lighter (only eight cwt., while the old gun is nineteen cwt.), and can be worked so much more simply and quickly, and requires fewer men and horses than the other, it is really by far the cheaper of the two.'

'Then as to the capabilities of the gun—is there any truth in the story of the wild goose being hit at five miles?'

'Well, sir, our 100-pounder is expected to obtain a range of ten miles. The 12-pounder can take accurate aim at about two and a quarter miles; and I've heard the gunners say that they undertake never to miss a man once at a mile. The longest range yet obtained has been 9000 yards, or over five miles, with a 32-pounder.'

Length of range, however, becomes, beyond a certain point, of very little consequence. All practical artillerymen agree that usually the range in battle is limited to about 2000 yards, and under any circumstances, cannot exceed 3000 yards, as any further point cannot be seen, even with good telescopes. Sir William Armstrong tells us himself, that beyond a certain distance, range for general purposes has no practical value, and that artillerymen might as well fire at the moon as at any object five miles off without anything to guide them but the eye. The great question is, what damage a gun will inflict when it reaches its destination. Consequently, he has given as much thought to the invention of a projectile as of a gun, and has succeeded in inventing one of the most destructive character. It can be used either as a solid shot, as a shrapnel shell, or as canister. It consists of a very thin cast-iron shell, filled with forty-two pieces of cast iron, which are built up so as to leave a space in the centre for the reception of the bursting charge. The exterior of the shell is thinly coated with lead, to make it take the rifling. When the shell bursts, it spreads into a cloud of pieces, each of which flies forward at the same rate as that at which the shell was moving when it exploded. A shell was let off, by way of experiment, in a closed chamber, and burst into 217 pieces. By means of an ingenious time-fuse and 'concussion arrangement,'

the shell cannot possibly miss fire. Taken together, the Armstrong gun and shell form the most tremendous engine of warfare yet constructed, and will, we doubt not, tend effectually to lessen the duration of wars. A battle fought with such weapons as these must be short and decisive; and fearful as the carnage may be, it will be but as a drop in the bucket, compared with the slaughter of prolonged campaigns and oft-renewed engagements.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LII.—RAISING A RAMPART.

I KEPT the telescope to my eye, not half the time I have taken in telling of it. Quick as I saw that the men stirring around the wagon were Indians, I thought only of screening my body from their sight. To effect this, I dropped down from the summit of the rock—on the opposite side from that facing toward the savages.

Shewing only the top of my head, and with the glass once more to my eye, I continued the observation. I now became assured that the victim of the ensanguined skull was a white man—that the other prostrate forms were also the bodies of white men, all dead—all, no doubt, mutilated in like manner. The tableau told its own tale. The presence of the wagon halted, and without horses—one or two dead ones lying under the tongue—the ruck of Indians clustering around it—the bodies stretched along the earth—other objects, boxes, and bales, strewed over the sward—all were significant.

The scene explained what we had heard while coming up the cañon. The fusillade had been no fancy, but a fearful reality—fearful in its effects, as I was now satisfied by the testimony of my eyes.

The caravan had been attacked, or, more likely, only a single wagon that had been straggling in the rear? The firing may have proceeded from the escort, and the armed emigrants? Indians may have fallen: indeed there were some prostrate forms apart, with a group gathered around them, and those I conjectured to be the corpses of red men. But it was evident the Indians had proved victorious: since they were still upon the field—still holding the ground and the plunder.

Where were the other wagons of the train?—there were fifty of them—only one was in sight!

It was scarcely possible that the whole caravan had been captured? If so, they must have succumbed within the pass? a fearful massacre must have been made?

This was improbable: the more so, that the Indians around the wagon appeared to number near two hundred. They must have constituted the full band: for it is rare that a war-party is larger. Those seen appeared to be all warriors, naked from the breech-clout upward, their skins glaring with pigments. Neither woman nor child could I see among them.

Had other wagons been captured then, there would not have been so many of the captors clustered around this one?

In all likelihood, the wagon had been coming up behind the others? the animals drawing it had been shot down in the skirmish, and it had fallen into the hands of the successful assailants?

These conjectures occupied me only a moment. Mingled with them was one of still more special import: to whom had belonged the abandoned wagon?

With fearful apprehension, I covered the ground with my glass—straining my sight as I gazed through it. I swept the whole surface of the ground. I looked under the wagon, on both sides of it, and beyond. I sought amidst the masses of dusky forms. I examined the groups and stragglers, even the corpses that strewed the plain. Thank Heaven! they were all black, or brown, or red; all appeared to be *men*, both the living and the dead—thank Heaven!

The ejaculation ended my survey of the scene: it had scarcely occupied ten seconds of time.

It was interrupted by a sudden movement on the part of the savages. Those on horseback were seen separating from the rest, and, the instant after, appeared coming on in the direction of the butte!

The movement was easily accounted for. My imprudence had betrayed our presence. I had been seen while standing on the summit of the mound.

I felt regret for my own rashness; but there was no time to indulge in the feeling, and I stifled it. The moment called for action—demanding all the firmness of nerve and coolness of head which, fortunately, I had acquired by experience.

Instead of shouting to my comrades—as yet unconscious of the approaching danger—I remained upon the summit without uttering a word, or shewing a sign that might alarm them.

My object in so acting was to avoid the confusion consequent upon a sudden panic, and keep my mind free to think over some plan of escape. The Indians were still five miles off: it would be some minutes at least before they could attack us. Two or three of these could be spared for reflection. After that, it would be time to call in the counsel of my companions.

I am here describing in detail, and with the tranquillity of closet retrospect, thoughts that followed one another with the rapidity of lightning flashes. To say that I reflected coolly, would not be true: I was at that moment too much under the influence of fear. I perceived at once that the situation was more than dangerous—it was desperate.

Flight was my first thought, or rather my first instinct: for, on reflection, it failed. The idea was to fling off the packs, mount the two pedestrians upon the mules, and gallop back for the cañon.

The conception was good enough, if it could have been carried out; but of this there was no hope. The defile was too distant to be reached in time. The two, who might ride the mules, could never make it—they must fall by the way.

Even if all could succeed in getting back to the cañon, what then? Was it likely we should ever emerge from it? We might for a time defend ourselves within its narrow gorge; but to pass clear through and escape at the other end would be impossible. A party of our pursuers would be certain to take over the ridge, and head us below. To get out there, and reach the woods beyond, would be utterly out of our power; and, without a prospect of reaching the timber, it would be of no use attempting flight.

In the valley around us there was no timbered tract—nothing that deserved the name of a wood: only copses and groves, the largest of which would not have sheltered us for an hour.

I had a reflection. Happy am I now, and proud, that I had the virtue to stifle it. For myself, escape by flight might not have been so problematical. A steed stood near that could have carried me beyond all danger. It only needed to fling myself into the saddle, and ply the spur. Even without that impulsion, my Arab would, and could, have carried me clear.

Death was preferable to the thought. I could only indulge it as a last resort—after all else had failed and fallen. Three men were my companions, true and tried. To all of them, I owed some service—to one little less than my life—for the bullet of the eccentric ranger had once saved me from an enemy. It was I who had brought on the impending attack. It was but just I should share its danger; and the thought of shunning it vanished on the instant of its conception.

Escape by flight was hopeless. On the shortest reflection, I perceived that our only chance lay in defending ourselves. The chance was not much worth;

but there was no alternative. We must stand and fight, or fall without resisting. From such a foe as that coming down upon us, we need expect no grace —not a modicum of mercy.

Where was our defence to be made? On the summit of the butte?

There was no better place in sight—no other that could be reached, offering so many advantages. Had we chosen it for a point of defence, it could not have promised better for the purpose.

As already stated, the cone was slightly truncated —its top ending in a *mesa*. The table was large enough to hold four of us. By crouching low, or lying flat upon it, we should be screened from the arrows of the Indians, or such other weapons as they might use. On the other hand the muzzles of four guns pointed at *them*, would deter them from approaching the base of the butte.

Scarcely a minute was I in maturing a plan; and I lost less time in communicating it to my companions.

Returning to them, as fast as my limbs could carry me, I announced the approach of the Indians.

The announcement produced a surprise sufficiently unpleasant, but no confusion. The old soldiers had been too often under fire to be frightened out of their senses; and the young hunter was not one to give way to a panic. All three remained cool and collected, as they listened to my hurried detail of the plan I had sketched out for our defence.

There was no difficulty about their adopting it—all agreed to it eagerly and at once: in short, there was no alternative.

Up the mound again—this time followed by my three comrades—each of us heavily laden. In addition to our guns and ammunition, we carried our saddles and mule-packs, our blankets and buffalo robes. It was not their intrinsic value that tempted us to take this trouble with our *impedimenta:* our object was to make with them a rampart upon the rock.

We had time for a second trip; and, flinging our first loads up to the table, we rushed back down the declivity.

Each seized upon such articles as offered themselves—valises, the soldiers' knapsacks, joints of the antelope lately killed, and the noted meal-bag—all would avail us.

The animals must be abandoned—both horses and mules. Could we take them up to the summit? Yes, the thing could be accomplished, but to what purpose? It would be worse than useless: since it would only render them an aim for the arrows of the enemy, and insure their being shot at once. To leave them below would be the better plan.

A tree stood near the base of the mound. To its branches their bridles had been already looped. There they would be within easy range of our rifles. We could shelter them so long as there was light.

The plan might appear of little advantage: since in the darkness they could be easily taken from us. But in leaving them thus, we were not without some design. We, too, might build a hope on the darkness. If we could succeed in sustaining the attack until nightfall, flight might *then* avail us. In truth, that seemed the only chance we should have of ultimately escaping from our perilous situation.

We resolved, therefore, to look well to the safety of the animals. Though forced to forsake them for a time, we might still keep the enemy off, and again recover them?

The contingency was not clear, and we were too much hurried to dwell long upon it. It only flitted before our minds like a gleam of light through the misty future.

I had time to bid farewell to my Arab, to run my fingers along his smooth arching neck, to press my lips to his velvet muzzle. Brave steed! tried and trusty friend! I could have wept at the parting.

He made answer to my caresses: he answered them with a low whimpering neigh. He knew there was something amiss—that there was danger. Our hurried movements had apprised him of it; but the moment after, his altered attitude, his flashing eyes, and the loud snorting from his spread nostrils, told that he perfectly comprehended the danger. He heard the distant trampling of hoofs: he knew that an enemy was approaching.

I heard them myself, and rushed back up the butte. My companions were already upon the summit, busied in building the rampart around the rock. I joined them, and aided in the work.

Our *paraphernalia* proved excellent for the purpose—light enough to be easily handled, and sufficiently firm to resist either bullets or arrows.

Before the enemy had come within hailing distance, the parapet was completed; and, crouching behind it, we awaited their approach.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WAR-CRY.

The war-cry 'How-ow-owgh-aloo-loo-oo!' uttered loudly from a hundred throats, comes pealing down the valley. Its fiendish notes, coupled with the demon-like forms that give voice to them, are well calculated to quail the stoutest heart.

Ours are not without fear. Though we know that the danger is not immediate, there is a significance in the tones of that wild slogan. They express more than the usual hostility of red to white—they breathe a spirit of vengeance.

The gestures of menace—the brandished spears, and bended bows—the war-clubs waving in the air—are all signs of the excited anger of the Indians. Blood has been spilled—perhaps the blood of some of their chosen warriors—and ours will be sought to a certainty. We perceive no signs of a pacific intent —no semblance that would lead us to hope for mercy. The foe is bent on our destruction. He rushes forward to kill.

I have said that the danger was not immediate. I did not conceive it so. My conception was based upon experience. I had met the prairie Indians before —in the south; but north or south, I knew that their tactics were the same.

It is a mistake to suppose that these savages rush recklessly upon death. Only when their enemy is far inferior to them in numbers—or otherwise an undermatch—will they advance boldly to the fight. They will do this in an attack upon Mexicans, whose prowess they despise; or sometimes in a conflict with their own kind, when stimulated by warrior pride, and the promptings of the tribal vendetta. On other occasions, they are sufficiently careful of their skins—more especially in an encounter with the white trappers, or even travellers who enter the prairies from the east. Of all other weapons, they dread the long rifle of the hunter. It is only after stratagem has failed—when *do or die* becomes a necessity—that the horse-Indian can bring himself to charge forward upon the glistening barrel. The mere hope of plunder will not tempt even the boldest of red-skinned robbers within the circle of a rifle's range. They all know from experience the deadliness of its aim.

Most probably plunder had been their motive for attacking the train; but their victims could only have been some straggling unfortunates, too confident in their security. They had not succumbed without a struggle. The death of all of them proved this—for not a prisoner appeared to have been taken. Further evidence of it was seen upon the sward; for as the crowd scattered, I had seen through the glass several corpses that were not those of white men. The robbers, though victorious, had suffered severely; hence the vengeful yells with which they were charging down upon us.

With all their menace both of signs and sounds, I had no fear of their charging up the mound, nor yet to its base. There were fifty yards around it within range of our guns; and the first who should venture within this circle would not be likely to go forth from it alive.

'Not a shot is to be fired, till you are sure of hitting! Do not one of you pull trigger, till you have sighted your man!'

On the skill of two of my comrades I could confide—on Sure-shot with all the certainty which his *sobriquet* expressed; and I had seen enough of the young hunter, to know how he handled his rifle. About the Irishman alone was there a doubt—only of his coolness and his aim—of his courage there was none. In this, the 'infantry' was perhaps equal to any of us.

The words of caution had scarcely parted from my lips, when the enemy came galloping up. Their yelling grew louder as they advanced; and its echoes ringing from the rocks, appeared to double the number of their wild cries.

We could only hear one another by calling out at the top of our voices; but we had little to say. The time for talking had expired: that of action had arrived.

On come the whooping savages, horrid to behold: their faces, arms, and bodies frightfully painted, each after his own device, and all as hideous as savage conception could suggest. The visages of bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, are depicted on their breasts and shields—with the still more horrid emblems of the death's head, the cross-bones, and the red hand. Even their horses are covered with similar devices—stained upon their skins in ochre, charcoal, and vermilion. The sight is too fearful to be fantastic.

On they come, uttering their wild 'Howgh-owgh-aloo!' brandishing their various weapons, and making their shields of *parfleche* rattle by repeated strokes against their clubs and spears—on comes the angry avalanche!

They are within a hundred yards of the butte. For a moment, we are in doubt. If they charge up the declivity, we are lost men. We may shoot down the foremost; but they are twenty to one. In a hand-to-hand struggle, we shall be overwhelmed—killed or captured—in less than sixty seconds of time!

'Hold your fire!' I cried, seeing my comrades lie with their cheeks against their guns; 'not yet! only two at a time—but not yet! Ha! as I expected.'

And just as I had expected, the wild ruck came to a halt—those in the lead drawing up their horses, as suddenly as if they had arrived upon the edge of a precipice!

They had come to a stand just in the nick of time. Had they advanced but five paces further, at least two of their number would have tumbled out of their saddles. Sure-shot and I had each selected our man, and agreed about the signal. The others were ready to follow.

All four barrels resting over the rampart had caught the eyes of the Indians. A glance at the glistening tubes was sufficient. True to their old tactics, it was the sight of these that had halted them!

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RED HAND.

The whooping and screaming are for awhile suspended. Those in the rear have ridden up; and the straggling cavalcade becomes massed upon the plain, at less than two hundred yards' distance from the butte.

Shouts are still heard, and talking in an unknown tongue; but not the dread war-cry. That has failed of its effect; and is heard no longer.

Now and then, young warriors gallop toward the butte, vaunt their valour, brandish their weapons, shoot off their arrows, and threaten us by word and gesture. All, however, keep well outside the perilous circumference protected by our guns.

We perceive that they, too, have guns, both muskets and rifles—in all, a dozen or more. We can tell that they are empty. Those who carry them are dismounting to load. We may expect soon to receive their fire, but from the clumsy way in which they handle their pieces, that need not terrify us—any more than their arrows, already sent, and falling far short.

Half-a-dozen horsemen are conspicuous. They are chiefs, as can be told by the eagle plumes sticking in their hair, with the insignia on their breasts and bodies. These have ridden to the front, and are grouped together, their horses standing head to head. Their speeches and gesticulations declare that they are holding council.

The movements of menace are no longer made. We have time to examine our enemies. They are so near that I need scarcely level the glass upon them; though through that, I can note every feature with minute distinctness.

They are not Comanches—their bodies are too big, and their limbs too long, for these Ishmaelites of the southern plains. Neither are they of the Jicarilla-Apache: they are too noble-looking to resemble these skulking jackals. More like are they to the Cayguas? But no—they are not Cayguas. I have met these Indians, and should know them. The war-cry did not resemble theirs. Theirs is the war-cry of the Comanche. I should have known it at once. Cheyennes they may be—since it is their especial ground? Or might it be that tribe of still darker, deadlier fame—the hostile Arapaho? If they be Arapahoes, we need look for no mercy.

I sweep the glass over them, seeking for signs by which I may identify our enemy. I perceive one that is significant. The leggings of the chiefs and principal warriors are fringed with scalps; their shields are encircled by similar ornaments. Most of these appendages are of dark hue—the locks long and black. But not all are of this kind or colour.

One shield is conspicuously different from the rest. A red hand is painted upon its black disc. It is the *totem* of him who carries it. A thick fringe of hair is set around its rim. The tufts are of different lengths and colours. There are tresses brown, blonde, and even red; hair curled and wavy; coarse hair; and some soft and silky. Through the glass, I see all this, with a clearness that leaves no doubt as to the character of these varied *chevelures*. They are the scalps of white men!

And the red hand upon the shield? a red hand? Ah! I remember—there is a noted chief of the name, famed for his hostility to the trappers—famed for a ferocity unequalled among his race—a savage who is said to take delight in torturing his captives—especially if it be a pale-face who has had the misfortune to fall into his hands. Can it be that fiend—the Red-Hand of the Arapahoes?

The appearance of the man confirms my suspicion. A body, tall, angular, and ill-shaped, scarred with cicatrized wounds, and bent with age; a face seamed with the traces of evil passion; eyes deep sunken in their sockets, and sparkling like coals of fire—an aspect more fiendlike than human! All this agrees with the descriptions I have had of the Red-Hand chief. Assuredly it is he.

Our enemies, then, are the Arapahoes—their leader the dreaded *Red-Hand*.

'Heaven have mercy upon us! These men will have none!'

Such was the ejaculation that escaped my lips, on recognising, or believing that I recognised, the foe that was before us.

The Red-Hand was seen to direct. He was evidently leader of the band. All seemed obedient

to his signal; all moved with military promptness at his word or nod. Beyond doubt, it was the Red-Hand and his followers, who for crimes and cold-blooded atrocities were noted as he. A dreaded band, long known to the traders of Santa Fe—to the *Ciboleros* from the Taos Valley—to the trappers of the Arkansas and Platte.

We were not the first party of white men besieged by these barbarous robbers; and if it was our fate to fall, we should not be the first victims. Many a brave 'mountain-man' had already got into their fiendish grasp. Scarcely a trapper who could not tell of some comrade, who had been 'rubbed' out by Red-Hand and his 'Rapahoes.'

The council of the savage crowd continues for some time. Some *ruse* is being devised and debated.

With palpitating hearts we await the issue.

I have made known my suspicions as to who is our enemy, and cautioned my comrades to be on their guard. I have told them that, if my conjecture prove true, we need look for no mercy.

The talk is at an end. Red-Hand is about to address us.

Riding two lengths in front of his followers, the savage chief makes halt. His shield is held conspicuously upward—its convexity towards us—not for any purpose of security; but evidently that we may see its device, and know the bearer. Red-Hand is conscious of the terror inspired by his name.

In his other hand, he carries an object better calculated than his shield to beget fearful emotions. Poised on the point of his long spear, and held high aloft, are the scalps recently taken. There are six of them in the bunch—easily told by the different hues of the hair; and all easily identified as those of white men. They are the scalps of the slain teamsters, and others who vainly attempted to defend the captured wagon. They are all fresh and gory—hang limber along the shaft—the blood is not yet dry upon them—the wet surface glitters in the sun!

We view them with singular emotions—mine more singular than any: I endeavour to identify some of those ghastly trophies. I am but too satisfied at failing.

CHAPTER LV.

AN ILL-TIMED SHOT.

'*Hablo Castellano?*' cries the savage chieftain in broken Spanish.

I am not surprised at being addressed in this language by a prairie Indian. Many of them speak Spanish, or its North Mexican *patois*. They have opportunities of learning it from the new Mexican traders, but better—*from their captives*.

'*Si, cavallero!* I speak Spanish. What wishes the warrior with the red hand upon his shield?'

'The pale-face is a stranger in this country, else he would not ask such a question? What wishes the Red-Hand? Ha, ha, ha! The scalps of the white men—their scalps and lives—that is the will of the Arapaho.'

The speech is delivered in a tone of exultation, and accompanied by a scornful laugh. The savage is proud of his barbarous and bloodthirsty character: he glories in the terror of his name. With such a monster, it seems idle to hold parley. In the end, it will be only to fight, and if defeated, to die.

But the drowning man cannot restrain himself from catching even at straws.

'Arapaho! we are not your enemies! Why should you desire to take our lives? We are peaceful travellers passing through your country; and have no wish to quarrel with our red brothers.'

'Red brothers! ha, ha, ha! Tongue of a serpent, and heart of a hare! The proud Arapaho is not your brother: he disclaims kindred with a pale-face. Red-Hand has no brothers among the whites: all are alike his enemies! Behold their scalps upon his shield! Ha! See the fresh trophies upon his spear! Count them! There are six! There will be ten. Before the sun goes down, the scalps of the four squaws skulking on the mound will hang from the spears of the Arapahoes!'

I could not contradict the declaration: it was too fearfully probable.

I made no reply.

'Dogs!' fiercely vociferated the savage, 'come down, and deliver up your arms!'

'An' our scalps teo, I s'pose,' muttered the Yankee. 'Neo, certingly not, at thet price; I don't sell my notions so dirt cheep as thet comes to. 'Twouldn't pay nohow. Lookee yeer, old red chops!' continued he in a louder voice, and raising his head above the rampart—'this heer o' mine air vallable, do ee see? It air a dear colour, an' a putty colour. It 'ud look jest the thing on thet shield o' yourn; but 'tain't there yet, not by a long chalk; an' I kalklate ef ye want the skin o' my head, ye'll hev to trot up an' take it.'

'Ugh!' ejaculated the Indian with an impatient gesture. 'The yellow squaw is not worth the words of a chief. His scalp is not for the shield of a warrior. It will be given to the dogs of our tribe—it will be thrown to the jackals of the prairie.'

'Ain't partickler about what 'ee do wi' 't—thet is, efter ye've got it. Don't ye wish 'ee may git it? eh?'

'Wagh!' exclaimed the savage, with another impatient gesticulation. 'The Red-Hand is tired talking. One word more. Listen to it, chief of the pale-faces! Come down, and deliver up your fire-weapons! The Red-Hand will be merciful: he will spare your lives. If you resist, he will torture you with fire. The knives of his warriors will hew the living flesh from your bones. You shall die a thousand deaths; and the Great Spirit of the Arapahoes will smile at the sacrifice.'

'And what if we do not resist?'

'Your lives shall be spared. The Red-Hand declares it on the faith of a warrior.'

'Faith o' a warrior!—faith o' a cut-throat! He only wants to come round us, capting, an' git our scalps 'ithout fightin' for em—thet's what the red verming wants to be at—sure as shootin'.'

'Why should the Red-Hand spare our lives?' I inquired, taken by surprise at any offer of life coming from such a quarter. 'Has he not just said, that all white men are his enemies?'

'True. But white men may become his friends. He wants white men for his allies. He has a purpose.'

'Will the Red-Hand declare his purpose?'

'Willingly. His people have taken many fire-weapons. See! they are yonder in the hands of his braves, who know not how to use them. Our enemies—the Utahs—have been taught by the white hunters; and the ranks of the Arapaho warriors are thinned by their deadly bullets. If the pale-faced chief and his three followers will consent to dwell with the band of Red-Hand, and teach his warriors the great medicine of the fire-weapon, their lives shall be spared. The Red-Hand will honour the young soldier-chief, and the White Eagle of the forest.'

'Soldier-chief! White Eagle of the forest! How can he have known'——

'If you resist,' continued he, interrupting my reflections, 'the Red-Hand will keep his word. You have no chance of escape. You are but four, and the Arapaho warriors are numerous as the trees of the Big Timber. If one of them fall by your fire-weapons, he shall be revenged. The Red-Hand repeats what he has said: the knives of his braves will hew the living flesh from your bones. You shall die a thousand deaths, and the Great Spirit of the Arapahoes will smile at the sacrifice!'

'Be Jaysis, cyaptin!' cried O'Tigg, who, not understanding Spanish, was ignorant of what was said,

'that ugly owld Indyian wants a bit ov cowld lid through him. In troth, I b'lave the musket moight raich him. She belonged to Sargent Johnson, an' was considhered the best gun about the Fort. What iv I throy her carry on the ridskin? Say the word, yer honour, an' here goes!'

So astounded was I at the last words of the Arapaho chief, that I paid no heed to what the Irishman was saying. I had turned towards Wingrove —not for an explanation: for the young hunter, also ignorant of the language in which the Indian spoke, was unaware of the allusion that had been made to him.

I had commenced translating the speech; but, before three words had escaped from my lips, the loud bang of the musket drowned every other sound; and a cloud of sulphury smoke covering the whole platform, hindered us from seeing one another!

It needed no explanation. The Irishman had taken my silence for consent: he had fired.

From the thick of the smoke came his exulting shout:

'Hurray! he's down—be my sowl! he's down. I knew the owld musket 'ud raich him! Hooray!'

The report reverberated from the rocks—mingling its echoes with the wild vengeful cries that rose up from the plain.

In an instant, the smoke was wafted aside; and the painted warriors were once more visible.

The Red-Hand was erect upon his feet, standing by the side of his horse, and still holding his spear and shield. The horse was down—stretched along the turf, and struggling in the throes of death!

'Be gorrah! cyaptin! wasn't it a splindid shat?'

'A shot that may cost us our scalps,' said I: for I saw that there was no longer any chance of a pacific arrangement—even upon the condition of our making sharpshooters of every redskin in the tribe.

'Ha, ha, ha!' came the wild laugh of the Arapaho. 'Vengeance on the pale-faced traitors! vengeance!'

And shaking his clenched fist in the air, the savage chief retired among his warriors.

THE BURLESQUE PULPIT.

ORATOR HENLEY.

Comic theology, I am sorry to say, does not appear to be at all strange or unwelcome in certain parts of this kingdom at the present day; so I judge, at least, from the extraordinary titles usually given to those concert-room and town-hall sermons which are becoming a regular Sunday-evening feature in some of our larger cities and boroughs. The Reverends Newlight and Spinbrain almost invariably advertising their Sunday sermons on all walls and hoardings under such superscriptions as the following: 'Stop, Thief!' 'The Same to you,' 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' 'Who 's that knocking at the Door?' &c.

What is this a sign of? Partly, perhaps, of a more intense desire to gain the 'masses' than was felt by the last generation. This desire, I fear, is not always pure and unmixed; I think I smell the census in it. However, whether so or not, of this it is most undoubtedly a sign—of a diseased and growing craving after originality. The Reverend Schism-sucker, paling before the popularity of Spinbrain, outdoes the advertisements of his ministerial brother by announcing that he intends to preach upon 'Hoop-de-dooden-do.' The exposition of this text got over, however, and the sermon proceeding, we find it is exactly like all other sermons, and that the originality and the comicality are entirely confined to the title.

I have before me a few papers with which I imagine I can make the whole generation of comic theologians either jealous or abashed. They are simply the titles under which the famous Orator Henley advertised his discourses. I have taken my notes from two sources: first, a manuscript book in the Orator's own handwriting; and, second, the *Daily Advertisers* and *Fog's Weekly Journals* for 1730 and 1731.

The general facts of John Henley's life are, I suppose, pretty generally known—how he was ordained deacon and priest in the English Church—how the Earl of Macclesfield gave him a Suffolk living of eighty pounds per annum—how Henley fancied himself too original and profound to rust and rusticate—how he found a curate who prayed, preached, confessed, christened, churched, married, and buried for twenty pounds per annum!—how Henley came up to London, astonished the religious world, and scandalised the church by the most amazing sermons—how he fell under the censure of his bishop—how he thereupon determined to restore the primitive church, and so took a room (the Oratory) in Clare Market, where he used a liturgy compiled from the *Apostolical Constitutions* and other sources*—how he there became a butt for the men of wit and the practical jokers—how he was pilloried by Pope in the *Dunciad*—how he finally drunk away his character, and died wretched and forgotten—

> How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
> And seemed to mortal a mere priest in drink.
> —*Dunciad.*

The Orator gave his audience four original productions every week—on Sunday morning, and on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. He divided these into Postils, Sermons, Theological Lectures, and Orations. He used to advertise the subject of each week's performance throughout the previous week. Robert Dodsley, that poetical footman, thus alludes to this practice of Henley's in his *Art of Preaching*—

> So the great Henley hires for half-a-crown
> A quack advertisement, to tell the town
> Of some strange point to be disputed on.

Of these quack advertisements I purpose to offer specimens, and I think the reader will confess that the burlesque sermon-titles of our own time cannot stand beside them for a moment.

The following is an *in extenso* specimen from *Fog's Weekly Journal* for August 8, 1730: 'At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-in-Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, being Sunday—1. The postil will be on Chance, proving that there is no chance. 2. The sermon will be, "A Gentleman's Feast at Port-Glasgow;" of being carried away by the devil, and of the hearse stopping often, and the horses trembling, &c., &c., on conveying the corpse of Mr B., of Folkingham, practically applied. 3. The Wednesday's subject will be, "Jack at a Pinch, or Sir Humphrey Have-at-all."' Is there not in this advertisement just that happy commixture of revelation and concealment which would excite the amusement-hunter to attend the uncovering of the remainder?

The oration advertised for August 15 is: 'Cross or Pile, or All the World at Hussle-cap;' for September 19: 'The Wars of Westminster, or Three Sheepskins all of a Colour;' for November 7: 'The Queen of Diamonds is the Trump, or the Grey Mare the Better Horse;' for December 5: 'The Maid's Wish, or the Art of Courtship.'

The oration for May 15, 1731, he tells us in the *Daily Advertiser*, 'will be an exercise of wit to baffle my adversaries on this point—namely, "Maturity Defended, or a proof there is No Old Man or Old Woman in the World; and a Defense [*sic*] of my Grammara."' In elucidation of the latter clause, I must tell you that the Orator, in the earlier part of

* A work really worth examining. It is printed in rubric and black-letter.

his life, had published Latin, Italian, and French grammars; and that the *Grub Street Journal*, in April and May 1731, was making cruel onslaught upon these *opuscula* of Henley's, even to the assertion that he neither understood French nor Italian, but had cooked up his books from already extant grammars, reproducing the very mistakes and misprints of those grammars.

Henley loved to be the hero of these word-battles, and was always glad to see the head of an opponent start up at the conclusion of a sermon or oration. He not only invited some one to get up and fight, but, knowing that to gird at some popular or unpopular opinion was the best way to fill the Oratory, he usually selected some very disputable topic for his Sunday-evening's subject, appending to the advertisement the name of some scholar or divine famous by his recognised connection with that subject. Thus, if it were the Holy Trinity, he would parade the names of Dr Waterland and Dr Clarke; if it were the Apostolical Succession, the name of Dr Sherlock. Sometimes, however, he would aim at a nobler quarry; for instance, he affixes the following N.B. to his advertisement of September 5, 1730: 'If the bishop or his deputy pleases to assist at the Sunday-evening disputation, he shall be entertained with the best polemics we have.' How likely that the bishop would seat himself, with hostile intention, in front of that famous 'gilt tub,' the throne of his quondam rebellious presbyter! Yet it was safe and crafty for Henley to invite him. With what gusto the mob of Henleyites must have declared—when eight o'clock came, but no bishop with it—that the right reverend father was afraid—that he would 'think twice'—that he 'knew better;' and so forth.

Henley, however, had to fight sometimes in another way than the controversial. The 'fast men' of the eighteenth century, especially if 'wits' also, mindful of what Pope, Fielding, and such leaders of wit, had called Henley, looked upon him as a common butt. One riot got up at the Oratory by George Selwyn, with the correspondence resulting therefrom, is described in J. Heneage Jesse's Life of that worthy. The Autobiography of John Byrom, published by the Manchester Chetham Society, contains the record of an angry battle between the Orator and Byrom. Byrom, though now never read, nor likely to be, has found his way into some editions of the British Poets. His Poems, however, are more theological, or, rather, theosophical (for he sat at William Law's feet) than poetical. The most important of them is on *Enthusiasm*, and in right thereof, I suppose, Byrom took his stand in a critical manner under the pseudo-enthusiast of Clare Market. But Byrom's business, or profession, was short-hand writing, and he found himself accordingly taking notes of the oration. This Henley did not allow. 'As to Mr Henley's turning me out,' writes Byrom to his wife, January 23, 1726, 'I went there one Wednesday night with Mr Davy, senior, and took out my pen and wrote. His manager came to me, and told me the Doctor, as he called him, did not allow of writing. We had a long squabble; sometimes I wrote, sometimes I gave over, for Mr Orator went on so much faster than usual, that he took the only way to stop me. The man at last brought me my shilling, and desired me to walk off. I told him I should go when I thought fit. "I am here to write, and I shall write as long as the Doctor preaches!" "Sir," says he, "he may have his discourses printed upon him."'

This remonstrance of the Orator's official shews very faithfully the impression Henley kept up among his Henleyites; it was the essentially demagogic one, that he was hated of all peers, bishops, placemen, and officers, and they were always on the watch to catch some faint show of excuse for apprehending so dreaded an enemy. Henley's own advertisements, however, show the *real* cause why he did not wish his discourses printed. Like Agapemone Prince, he was not so carried away by enthusiasm and the mission of restoring the perfect dispensation, as to be unaware of the value of money, or inadept in the means of accruing it; if money was to be made by printing his discourses, he wished to be the maker of it. He did print several of them, his favourite one, 'Burlesque Discourses Defended,' among the number. Every advertisement of the week's postiling, preaching, and orationing is closed by an advertisement of his books. The way in which the rise and fall of the price of these articles are described is most amusing. 'N.B.—The books of the Oratory are republished,' he advertises one week; the week after, 'The Oratory books are 8s. 6d.;' a fortnight after, 'The Oratory books will soon be 10s. 6d.' For many weeks they continue at half-a-guinea; then an N.B. states that 1s. 6d. is about to be taken off; in a few weeks more they are raised 6d.; and so they go on, fluctuating after the pattern of a share-list.

We have seen from Byrom's letter to his wife, that it cost one shilling to listen to the Orator's burlesque sermons. The regular Oratorians had silver (first-class) and Bath-metal (second-class) ticket-medals, which admitted them on all Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Special subscriptions were raised for discourses on other days; to these the ticket-medals did not admit the holders. For those, however, who held no ticket-medals, but trusted to the shilling on entrance, there was no certainty. Such an N.B. as the following now and then closed the Orator's advertisement: 'Both on Sunday and week-days this week, the extempore discourses will be on some remarkable piece now especially on foot, delivering a ready judgment upon it, on which occasion the prices of the seats will be raised.' Again, 'N.B.—This week some seats will be 1s. 6d.'

I have ventured to assert that the comicality of our living burlesque sermon advertisers is entirely confined to the titles of their sermons, that it does not descend into the treatment. It was not so with the thoroughly burlesque Henley; his treatment is as odd as his titles are.

Here, however, his advertisements give no light; I shall, accordingly, make a few extracts from the manuscripts. It is interesting to look at these quartos of writing-paper now; to think of the time in which they were stitched together for that singular charlatan to dot down his vagaries upon them; to question whether he was sober or unsober when he saw a connection between this and that; whether he ever said to himself over these pages, with the ink wet in his pen, 'What a cheat and sham am I!'

The comicality in these sermons is, of course, of no essential or inherent kind; it was dependent on the action and gesture of the preacher, on its applicability to the transient gossip of the week, on the mobile passion of the listening Henleyites. Its most prevalent feature is its unblushing demagogishness. It is never religious, always political; every text of Scripture is strained into some ridiculous relation to the English court, parliament, or ministry. I will select first some passages from a sermon preached on the 25th of January ('the conversion of St Paul,' in the church calendar). The title is: 'Conversion of St Paul to the Ministry.' 'Let a bill pass, that as Bishop Paul was a tent-maker, Bishop Canterbury shall be a pipe-maker, Bishop York a breeches-maker, Bishop London a felt-maker, to strip ye wool from his flock, and ye skins after, and then devour ye mutton: to make canonical hats of ye first, excommunicating parchment of ye second, and keep house with ye third.'

The presence of St Paul at St Stephen's martyrdom supplies the orator with the following political patefaction: 'When Stephen, St Stephen (from whose name St Stephen's Chapel was christened, where ye Pope was godfather), when he was stoned, overwhelmed by a hard majority, Paul kept their clothes, waited in the lobby with their cloaks and great-coats,

and very likely ran away with them, for we do not read he had them again, and he had scarce wherewithal to buy ye cloak he left at Troas.'

The third extract, from the same sermon, will shew how little real reverence there was in this restorer of primitive Christianity. 'Dr Cave says he was then taken up to the third heaven; Commons, ye first; Lords, ye second; Court, ye third. There he saw and heard "things not lawful to utter;" he was not to blab secrets.'

That Orator Henley was a thorough demagogue and mob-flatterer, indeed appears from these manuscript notes, in which he is the confessor of himself, with a clearness which none of the memoirs, nor the incidental thrusts at him in the satirists and poets, have given. In the notes of the sermon for June 5, 1743, for which we have no title, he recommends himself to the 'love and care of ye people,' saying that he 'makes their interest his, and their cause a religion, and attempts for them all they can want or wish, without ever betraying them, or accepting any titles, places, pensions, or advantages'—as if any had been offered him! 'Other preachers,' he writes, 'and even prelates, are hired and employed to amuse and deceive the people, for ye advantage of some, and ye prejudice of ye bulk of mankind. A bishop is just as serviceable to a state as a ballad-singer to a pickpocket, or bells to a packhorse, to beguile ye poor, jaded, overloaded people from ye consideration and memory of their miseries.'

A man who could keep himself before the world so long, and with success, must have had some effective kind of cleverness, however deficient in wisdom. That with which one is most struck in glancing over his notes, is, perhaps, that he is never at a loss for matter; and, further, that whatever the subject, he never wants for a way to drag King, Lords, Commons, and Clergy under the shadow of the title, or to pillory the current unpopularity. For instance, the 30th of November is St Andrew's Day, so he takes St Andrew for his subject; he passes from saints' days to patron saints; thence he falls foul of Scotland for choosing St Andrew for her patron saint; Scotland leads him to the Stuarts; the Stuarts branch backwards to George Buchanan, and sidewards to the Hanoverians, places, and pensions; and Buchanan touches the Reformation; and the Reformation, the Union.

PADDY'S SMALL BORROWINGS.

THERE are many peculiarities observable in Ireland, in relation to the loans of small sums of money, to be repaid when the immediate pressure has passed away. With us in England, the usurious money-lenders, the keepers of so-called loan-offices, and the regular pawnbrokers, do this work; but in Ireland, the legislature has stepped in, with an avowed hope and intention of lessening the ruinous effects which too often attend such transactions. This is so, because Ireland has been, if it is not so now, a country teeming with extremely poor persons, who are too low down the social ladder to help themselves, unless some one gives them a lift. There are three distinct sets of institutions, which it is interesting to know something about in reference to this matter. One of these groups comprises the *Monts de Piété;* another, the *Loan-funds*, under the control of a Board of Commissioners; and a third, the *Reproductive Loan-funds*, under the management of a society whose headquarters are in London.

The Monts de Piété may be shortly characterised as benevolent pawnbrokers, lending money on pledges —not for profit, but for the benefit of the borrowers. These Monts de Piété are of Italian origin. The Popes, in bygone ages, encouraged the formation of lending-houses, where small sums could be obtained by the poor, without interest, and returnable within short periods; and indulgences were granted to wealthy persons, to induce them to supply the requisite funds. It was found, however, that nothing permanent arose out of this plan; and the pontiffs thereupon allowed the charge of a small rate of interest for the loans. About the year 1460, the new system assumed this form—money was raised by collections, small sums were lent on pledges to the indigent, and a rate of interest, payable monthly, was charged, just sufficient to pay the expenses of the establishment. Lending-houses, or Monts de Piété, on this principle were established at Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, Savona, and other places in Italy; and after a course of vigorous advocacy by the Franciscans, the system extended itself to Mantua, Florence, Milan, Modena, Bologna, and most of the great towns. The name *Montes Pietatis*, afterwards rendered in equivalent Italian and French by *Monti di Pietà* and *Monts de Piété*, was given to these lending-houses, to denote banks of piety, or banks promoted through motives purely religious and benevolent; but the Dominicans fiercely opposed the system, on account of the charging of interest, insignificant though it was, upon the loans; and the Popes and Franciscans had much to contend against in their endeavours. The Lombards, regarded in those days less in the light of Italians than at the present time, lent money on pledges on a larger scale than that just noticed; they were, in fact, the forerunners of the great bankers now known all over Europe, and Lombard Street was named after them.

Referring to our own country, it does not appear that Monts de Piété were ever established in England. Among the Lansdown manuscripts is one, written in the time of Charles I., descanting mournfully and indignantly on the enormous rate of interest charged by money-lenders, amounting to fifty or sixty per cent. on small loans; while 'fishwives, oyster-women, and others that doe crye things up and downe the streets,' borrowed trifling sums at more than four hundred per cent. The Monti di Pietà of Italy were then alluded to, and a scheme was put forth for the raising of a sum of a hundred thousand pounds for the establishment of a similar institution in England; but nothing seems to have resulted from the proposal.

The habits of the people in Ireland, however, assimilate more nearly to those of the Italians and the French than to those of the English; and the failure of the Monts de Piété in England did not seem necessarily to involve a similar result in Ireland. About twenty years ago, the Rev. H. J. Porter, and other benevolent persons in Ireland, resolved to found one of these institutions; and in order to demonstrate the advantage of them, Mr Porter published the results of an examination of those in France and Italy. In order, at the same time, to shew the great want of something similar in Ireland, he ascertained the actual rate of interest payable by the borrowers of small sums in different places. As the pawnbrokers are opposed to all such investigations, he adopted an ingenious mode of arriving at the facts. He selected one whole county, Armagh; one large trading-town, Belfast; and the metropolis, Dublin, as being likely to afford data applicable to a large area of Ireland; although it is worthy of remark that this selection, in excluding Connaught and Munster, excluded the poorest provinces of the country. He deposited, at every pawnbroker's in the

selected places, an article of clothing, and received duplicates or tickets, each bearing a number on it, shewing the order in which articles had been received and registered. In seven days' time he deposited another pledge at each pawnbroker's, as before, and received in like manner duplicates or tickets. By comparing the numbers on these tickets with those on the first series, he could ascertain how many pledges had been deposited in the interval of seven days; and assuming that number to be a fair average, he calculated how many that would amount to in a year. Mr Porter gave a considerable mass of figures on this subject in a paper read at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association; but we will merely state that, in Dublin alone, there were estimated to be nearly four millions of pledgings in a year; that the sum lent upon each pledge averaged about four shillings; and that L.16,000 was paid for duplicate tickets alone, besides interest. What the actual amount of interest was, does not clearly appear; but Mr Porter found that the 'wee-pawn' system in Glasgow yielded the enormous interest of four hundred per cent. per annum. Whether this 'wee-pawn' system still continues, we do not know; but, as described by Mr Porter, it was adopted by those who would lend money on articles of smaller value than those recognised by the regular pawnbrokers, and who would also advance a larger percentage of the real value of the article deposited. The time for redeeming the pledge was limited to one month; the interest charged was at the rate of one penny per week for one shilling; and the machinery of tickets or duplicates was dispensed with. The sums lent on the 'wee' deposits varied from a halfpenny to a shilling, giving an average of about fourpence. Mr Porter ascertained that there were the astonishing number of seven hundred of these wee-pawn shops in Glasgow, at which nearly forty million articles were pledged annually—besides those pledged with the regular pawnbrokers.

Armed with the knowledge furnished by these investigations, Mr Porter proceeded, with the aid of the gentry and clergy, to establish a Mont de Piété at Tanderagee in 1839. It comprised a charitable pawn-office, a loan-fund, and a savings-bank, all combined under one administration! During the first year, there were 15,000 articles pledged, of which 11,000 were redeemed within the year; the amount lent on them was L.2000, averaging about half-a-crown each. The interest received on the money lent was L.110, obviously insufficient to pay the expenses of management. During 1840, similar institutions were founded at Limerick, Portadown, Belfast, Dungannon, and Coleraine. At these several establishments, in 1841, there were pledged about three hundred and fifty thousand articles, on which sums varying from one shilling to thirty shillings were lent. It was a discouraging fact, however, that not one of these establishments paid its expenses; the interest was kept low, because the object of the founders was benevolent; and there was not sufficient agreement of opinion among the founders to raise it to a paying rate. At Limerick and other places, Monts de Piété were established; and the plan of operations was generally as follows: Two working-officers were paid salaries—a conductor, who was a licensed pawnbroker, and a secretary. The capital was made up of two portions—loans on debentures, and donations. The sums advanced varied from two-thirds to four-fifths of the actual value of the articles deposited; and the good character of the borrowers was inquired into before the loan was made. The articles were redeemable any time within one year, but one month was the minimum charge for interest.

These Monts de Piété have not been permanent institutions in Ireland. There were eight of them in 1841; they lessened to four in 1844, to one in 1848; and after 1853, they ceased to be included among the loan-societies, presently to be noticed. In the one Mont de Piété, from 1848 to 1853, the number of articles pledged did not exceed nine to eleven thousand annually. The truth seems to be, that donations gradually fell off; and that when the capital had to be raised by debentures, the interest charged to the poor pledgers was not sufficient to defray the various expenses incurred.

We shall now speak of the *Irish Reproductive Loan-fund*. Somewhat about forty years ago, Ireland was afflicted with one of those periods of extreme misery which have so sadly marked her history. An 'Irish Relief Committee' was established in London, to distribute large sums which were obtained by subscriptions. When the suffering was abated, the committee had a sum of L.40,000 unappropriated, increased to L.55,000 on a subsequent balancing of accounts. It was resolved to have a board of directors in London, and local boards in Ireland, to conduct a system of lending this sum of money in small portions. Sir George Nicholls, in his inquiries on the state of the Irish poor, pointed out the following cycle—want of capital produces want of employment; want of employment produces turbulence and misery; turbulence and misery produce insecurity; insecurity produces withdrawal of capital; and so on, each producing the rest; and he urged that until this cycle is broken, Ireland cannot be prosperous. The new institution, acting on these or similar views, proposed to lessen the miseries by making temporary loans to deserving persons, as a means of enabling them to help themselves. There was no necessity to borrow money on debentures, because the L.55,000 formed a capital fairly and wholly belonging to the directors. This money, or the greater part of it, was sent over to ten counties in Ireland—Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, and Tipperary—comprising those counties of Munster and Connaught in which poverty most unmistakably presents itself. The local boards consisted of gentry and clergy, who worked without pay; and as the expenses were very small, the greater part of the interest paid by borrowers went to the augmentation of capital. In 1844, a charter of incorporation was granted to the company, to render the legal position more definite and secure. The advances to poor farmers, cotters, and others, were either in the form of money, or in those of implements, seed, or raw materials, according to the necessity of the occasion; and the payment of interest was in some cases dispensed with.

This Irish Reproductive Loan-fund Institution has existed ever since. Unlike the Monts de Piété, there is a secure capital actually in hand; and unless there be gross mismanagement somewhere, there is no reason why the institution should fail in continuing its limited amount of good service. We have before us the Report for 1858, from which it appears that the capital had increased from L.55,000 to L.81,000. There was a 'Fishery Fund' and an 'Agricultural School Fund,' but the greater part of the capital was lent out in small sums. The information given, however, concerning this institution is not very detailed; there is a capital stock, and there is a charter; there is no appeal to a charitable public for funds; and hence the proceedings partake somewhat of the uncommunicative character of those of corporate bodies in general, except so far as certain annual reports are rendered compulsory by act of parliament.

We now come to the third of the three groups of institutions established for the benefit of poor borrowers—those called *Loan-funds* or *Loan-societies*, which are quite distinct from the one just described. The possibility of establishing such funds was often considered in the Irish House of Parliament in the last century; but it was by private individuals that the thing was done. A musical society at Dublin gave all their profits for many years to found a capital for one

such fund; this was chartered as an incorporation in 1778, and for a long time it filled a sphere of usefulness, but its operations gradually declined and died out. Early in the present century, various English societies were founded in London to aid the Irish poor; some by introducing the straw-hat manufacture; some by aiding the fisheries; some by fostering agriculture; and some by the temporary lending of small sums of money. In all these cases, local committees in Ireland superintended the working of the system. One reason for the adoption of such measures was afforded by the ruinous rate at which any loans could be obtained in Ireland for the advancement of industrial pursuits; unless a cotter, a small farmer, or a small shopkeeper, could pay 'money down' for whatever he purchased, the interest charged was likely to be such as would absorb all his profits. In a report relating to one of the loan-funds, this matter was adverted to in the following terms: 'It was a common practice to supply meat at a price one-third above the market. Potatoes were also supplied during the cheap season; an engagement being entered into by the buyers to pay the summer price, whatever it might be. Nor was this all; for interest was charged on the promissory-notes at the rate of 6 per cent. Again, if a poor man required a cow or a horse, he applied to one of the money-lenders, who either purchased it for him, charging him one pound or more for the bargain, or counted down the money asked for by way of tender, and then abstracted one pound for 'compliment;' in either case putting the borrower to the cost of one shilling and sixpence for the promissory-note, and requiring him to pay 6 per cent. interest. In like manner, weavers were obliged either to take yarn from the dealers considerably above the market-price; or if, as was often done, they borrowed twenty shillings for one month, or between two markets, to purchase yarn for themselves, they were charged one shilling at least, and frequently more, for such accommodation.'

When the loan-funds or loan-societies, intended to lessen these evils, became rather numerous, irregularities in the management sprung up. The fund was in most cases formed by means of deposits made by persons possessing a little money, the money being lent at interest, and the depositors receiving the greater part of the interest thus accruing. This was the general scheme; but the necessity for some legislative control became apparent. Several acts of parliament were passed relating to this subject. That of 1836, empowered the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to appoint a Board of Commissioners, authorised to inspect all loan-societies. By the same statute, small loans to the poor were rendered repayable by instalments; the interest charged was not to exceed sixpence in the pound for twenty weeks; and any profits, beyond those actually needful to defray the cost of management, were to be devoted to some charity in the neighbourhood. The act of 1838 made obedience to the Board of Commissioners more imperative than before; with, however, a special exemption in favour of the Irish Reproductive Loan-fund Institution (already described), which was to be kept beyond the control of the Board. At length, in 1843, came the act which repealed all the former on the subject, and which established the Loan-fund Commission on the basis which it has ever since held. This Board controls all loan, pawn, and deposit offices in Ireland, with the one exception just adverted to. It has an office in Dublin. Any new loan-society may be established in Ireland, when sanctioned by the Board, but not before. The societies may borrow money on debentures, but at no greater interest than 5 per cent.; and this money may be lent to the poor, to be repaid by instalments. Pawn-societies may also be established, to lend money on pledges, at a rate of interest fixed by the Board. No loans on personal security are to exceed L.10. The rate of interest charged was lowered from sixpence to fourpence in the pound for twenty weeks; but a certain portion of the funds may be lent out at a penny three-farthings per pound per month, whenever the repayment is stipulated to be after a longer interval. All Monts de Piété were to be regarded as pawn-societies, subject to the control of the Board. None of the societies, whether loan or pawn, were to hold their meetings at public-houses, for reasons easily understood.

From the report of the Loan-fund Commissioners for 1858, which now lies before us, we find that in 1840, there were 215 Loan-funds and Monts de Piété under the supervision of the Board; there are now about 110. In the fullest year, 1842, the societies circulated more than L.1,700,000, in nearly 800,000 separate loans; and after paying the interest on the capital raised, and a small sum for management, there remained a profit of L.19,000 applicable to charitable purposes. In the last year tabulated, when the societies in union were 111, the sum circulated was rather less than L.1,000,000; the loans were about 200,000 in number, and the surplus profits L.7000. In 1858, there were three counties in which a loss occurred; that is, the interest on debentures, expenses of management, bad debts, and loss on notes, exceeded by a small sum the total interest paid by the poor borrowers; but in the other counties, there was a small net profit. All the counties in Ireland had loan-funds, except Carlow, Kerry, and Louth. Tyrone had the largest number—eighteen. The money forming the capital stock of the several societies was advanced by about 2400 persons, chiefly shopkeepers and servants. It was difficult, in the early days of the system, to induce these persons to invest money in this way, on account of suspicions very deeply rooted; but the distrust partially wore off in subsequent years.

These, then, are Paddy's small borrowings; and the reader will see how considerably they differ in their nature and management from those of the Scotch and English.

FRENCH FLOWER-FARMS.

There is something calculated to charm even the dullest imagination in the very name of a flower-farm, in the very idea of an agriculture limited to bright petals and odorous stamins, of crops of blushing buds, and harvests of perfumed blossoms. Such farms exist in Italy; in colder Germany even, where a favoured spot of sunny land seems suited to the purpose; nor is England quite without rose-farms and lavender-farms. But there are more flower-farms in Provence than in all the rest of Europe. The traveller from Cannes to Grasse, or from Grasse to Draguignan, passes through the centre of a district which it is no poetical exaggeration to call a land of flowers. Sheltered from rude breezes by a range of protecting hills, fully exposed to the southern sun, and in the centre of the most delicious part of sweet Provence, this strip of country seems indeed the parterre of Europe. Every breath of summer wind is laden with the fresh scent of myriads of flowers; every field is a garden; every proprietor is a flower-grower; the golden age seems to be realised there, and an Arcadia to exist more graceful and unreal than that of the poets. And yet it is not *all* Arcadia, even there. Spring and summer are anxious seasons. The owner of all these odorous treasures is often found a care-worn man, watching the sky and the weather-glass as anxiously as a sea-captain in uncertain weather, and groaning over the ravages of blight and insects among his acres of blossoms. These blossoms are destined to supply the great distilleries of Grasse, renowned throughout Europe. The word 'distillery' has a fiery alcoholic ring in it, which is a libel on the industry by which Grasse lives and thrives. Let me hasten to say that

the distillers of Grasse aim at pleasing the olfactory sense, not at scorching the palates or stupifying the intellects of mankind. Grasse distils nothing more hurtful than subtle essences and dainty perfumes. It is a beautiful sight, in good seasons, that floral harvest; the gathering in of those snowy mounds of white orange blossoms, with their perfumed breath and maiden purity; the gleaning of those purple violets, those clustering jasmines, those honeyed tuberoses. More productive and gorgeous still is the ocean of crimson roses, pink roses, white roses, of every size and variety, which are born to yield their choicest sweets to the cunning alchemy of flowers. All this beauty, industry, and prosperity originated in a very singular way, and owed its commencement to the constancy and attachment of a pair of lovers, and the prompt wit of a humble French peasant.

In the year 1860, these Provençal flower-farms did not exist; there were not then, as now, in the town of Grasse, a hundred stills, continually producing those delicate scents which are now sold at a high price in every city of the civilised world; French perfumes were distilled in Paris alone, from the produce of Italian gardens; while the more valuable kinds of essence were drawn from Italy, and chiefly from Florence, which had been renowned for its perfumes and its poisons during the learned sway of the Medici. At this time there dwelt in the village of Méry-les-Roches, three miles from Grasse, an old man of considerable wealth, doubtful repute, and imperious character, named Jean Baptiste Desormes. Old Desormes owed his doubtful repute, in part, but in part only, to the manner in which his fortune had been acquired. I am afraid we should be but little edified by a full account of his early career. His biographer simply mentions that he had been a lackey of the Maréchal de Mirepoix, and had been as useful in Paris as '*Scapin redivivus*.' This newer impersonation of the illustrious Scapin had somehow managed to render great services to his employer, or to master enough of his employer's secrets to make him of consequence, for he was suddenly made *intendant* of the Mirepoix estates, in the neighbourhood of Grasse. Desormes was not much liked. There were ugly rumours about his early career. He was a severe taskmaster, and laid on the *corvées* and the *dîmes*, and the other taxes and local exactions which the seigneurs of pre-revolutionary France were wont to screw out of their tenants with unsparing hand. Yet, somehow, the steward was more popular than the landlord, for the latter was never seen, and the absent are proverbially made to bear the burden of sins they were never art or part in. If a peasant were flogged or imprisoned, if a poor woman's cow or a poor man's seed-corn were confiscated for some trifling offence or omission, it was always the fault of M. le Maréchal. The marshal was so severe—the marshal's orders were so precise, so unfeeling—the marshal had the heart of a flint! The artful intendant probably perceived the mutterings of the brewing storm, and was preparing himself a refuge when its fury should sweep over the land. So it came to pass that old Desormes, by dint of cunning hints, threw most of the blame of his acts on the seigneur, and acquired for himself a sort of consideration by painting M. de Mirepoix of demoniac blackness. Yet, somehow or other, grind and screw as Desormes might, very little of the golden stream wrung out of hard pinched toil flowed into the coffers of the lord. The maréchal sometimes had to borrow, at usurious interest, from Desormes himself, or from a Paris Jew, the gold pieces he staked at ombre or basset; and while the plundered villagers of Méry were cursing monseigneur, monseigneur was at the court, with empty pockets, swearing at the rascally intendant who fattened on him. Why was not Desormes dismissed? Ah! there the biographer loses his lucidity, and recurs to rumour and common fame. Rumour declared that M. de Mirepoix was afraid of his steward, who held him in check by a secret. Common fame said that Desormes kept under lock and key some mysterious letters of M. le Maréchal, the disclosure of which to his majesty the king would have opened the gates of the Bastille, and given the governor of that interesting fortress another guest of rank.

The great storm burst, and the aristocracy of France had the alternative of death or exile. The old maréchal was dead; his widow, whose jointure was formed by the Provençal estates, emigrated, and sought safety in Germany. We all know by how summary a process the estates of the emigrants were sold—what good bargains were made at the time—how stately châteaux were purchased for a less amount than would have paid for the building of their very orangeries and offices—and how broad acres were offered for sale until the market was glutted. Among the buyers, of course, was Citizen Desormes, ex-intendant of the *aristocrate* Veuve Mirepoix, justly deprived of her lands for anticivism, and escaping from the guillotine to a crust and a garret at Vienna. It was said that Desormes bribed the *commissaires* of the new republic, and got the farms and woodlands for less than others were willing to give; but such scandals were common at that time, when fortunes were made or overturned in a day. At anyrate, Desormes turned republican, saved his neck, and with what he had amassed in his stewardship, bought half the Mirepoix estate.

In 1800, he was growing old and frail; but by this time the red fever had cooled down, the rule of Napoleon was looming in the future; and M. Desormes, no longer Citizen, was fawned upon as the richest man in the arrondissement. He had 30,000 livres of annual revenue, and, like a true provincial Frenchman, did not spend a third of his income. No wonder that his daughter, Marie Desormes, had suitors in plenty. Her inheritance was a glittering bait that magnetised the susceptible bachelors of the department. And yet Marie was pretty enough, and good enough, and sprightly enough to have been loved for her own sake. One, and only one, of her many admirers did love her for her own sake, Pierre Lescaut, a young farmer of the neighbourhood. They had played together as children: Pierre had gathered the daisies and scarlet poppies that Marie wove into crowns and ropes of flowers; Pierre had climbed the tree to shake down the walnuts into his little playmate's apron. But of all the pretenders to pretty Marie's hand, Pierre Lescaut, though at once the handsomest, the manliest, the best, was, alas! the poorest; and in a country where there is so intimate a connection between money-making and match-making, Plutus is generally lord of the ascendant. Everybody expected that old M. Desormes—a choleric, tyrannical old fellow in most relations of life, as are many whose early servitude has forced them into a supple obsequiousness foreign to their true natures—would compel Marie to accept the suite of old Colin Legrimon, who was lame, squinting, and sixty, but who had feathered his nest gloriously when the emigrants' lands were brought to the hammer, and louis were scarce in France. Colin Legrimon was the richest of Marie's admirers; Pierre Lescaut was the neediest. Could M. Desormes hesitate? Now, curiously enough, M. Desormes *did* hesitate. That unscrupulous, grasping man had one soft spot in his flinty heart: he really loved his daughter, and none the less, perhaps, because she was the only object on which those yearnings of affection, of which even the worst of us are capable, could expend themselves. Desormes had lost his wife years and years ago, when Marie was still an infant. He had no other child. He was always kind to his daughter—that is, he neither beat nor scolded her, to the wonder of the neighbours, for he was a hard master, and had become a severe landlord, as soon as the mob-law of early Jacobinism had sufficiently died out to render unpopu-

larity safe; and his voice, in speaking to Marie, was never the harsh, sarcastic voice which his debtors knew and trembled at. Accordingly, old Desormes shrank from compelling Marie's choice. He took good care to let her know that he would wish her acceptance of lame, squinting, old Colin Legrisson; but he did not absolutely command it. The maiden was not without sense and spirit; she detested Colin, and loved Pierre. To force her to give up the second, and marry the first, would be difficult, her father thought, but by no means impossible for his iron will; but it could only be effected by severity, by violence: Marie must be broken, not bent. And she might die, and he would be left alone—for young girls' hearts were curious things, and he had known them capable of even such *bêtises* as dying, when such cases had occurred—a childless old man in a world that hated him; and who, O who would inherit the gold he had sold his conscience for! All these things old Desormes brooded over, and the result was that he told Marie he hoped she would fancy old Legrisson, who had lands and beeves; but if not, why, he must trust some other *soupirant* with a snug fortune would be forthcoming. The ex-intendant had no dislike to Pierre Lescaut; he admired the young man's courage, industry, and even his honesty, as people often admire qualities quite removed from their own. But Pierre Lescaut's farm was a mere patch of land, and he picked up only a scanty living out of his little vineyard, and his score or two of olive-trees. 'Thou shalt never marry a beggar, my girl,' the ex-steward would say, striking his stick on the floor. 'If Pierre can shew twenty thousand crowns *tournois* on the wedding-day, good! I bestow my blessing, and, what is better, I double the money. But, marry a beggar! thou shalt coiffer St Catherine sooner than that!' Now, to *coiffer St Catherine*, in French parlance, is to die an old maid.

'Ah! Pierre,' said the poor girl with tears in her eyes, as the lovers walked up and down the garden of Pierre's farm, while the old servant, under whose chaperonage Marie had come, sat knitting in an arbour—'Ah! Pierre, why have you not twenty thousand crowns? Cannot you in any way get twenty thousand crowns?'

Pierre groaned, and struck his forehead. 'What chance have I, Marie?' he rejoined. 'Your father is firm as a rock, I know, and I can't blame him, for no one that is rich likes his child to wed with poverty. But what on earth can I do? These few poor acres, that vineyard, those olive-trees—I might sell them all, and not get a fifth of the money. Twenty thousand crowns! that sum does not grow on the hedges. Ah! but I wish it did.' And Pierre looked quite angrily at his pretty garden, full of blooming flowers of every hue, whose mingled fragrance floated towards him on the balmy air, and the very hedges of which, as is not unusual in the south, were composed of blush-roses. 'How I wish, for thy sake, my Marie, that I could coin these flowers into gold!'

Now, it often happens that a word hastily or lightly spoken suffices to give a colour and a direction to the entire thoughts of the speaker or the hearer, and perhaps to change his whole career and prospects. 'I wish that I could coin those flowers into gold!' Those words of his own haunted Pierre's ear through all the livelong afternoon; long after Marie had left him, long after the shades of evening had begun to embrown the forests, and the bees were coming back, heavy laden, to the hive, and the rooks were flapping home in sable line. Still Pierre mused and walked alone, with knitted brow and drooping head. What could he do? He loved Marie so dearly. He knew her parent would never go back from his word, never permit their union, unless he, Pierre, became a rich man. And how to become rich! He looked round at his scanty possessions with a sort of despair. The poor little vineyard, yielding its half-dozen casks of inferior wine; the rushy pasture, where the four cows picked up a scanty living; the olive-trees, with their silvery leaves and gnarled roots: what could he conjure out of these beyond a subsistence for himself and his two day-labourers, and the old peasant woman who did the indoor work of the farmhouse? But the flowers! They were bright, and varied, and numerous; for the garden was very large, compared with the size of the property, and Pierre's father had been head-gardener at the Château de Mirepoix in his youth, and had stocked his own ground, no doubt, with many a slip and shoot of plants rare in France at that time. The garden was renowned for its beauty and fragrance for leagues around; and when a wedding took place, Pierre Lescaut was always petitioned to furnish a bouquet for the bride from the treasure of living gems that flourished in his parterres. Pierre could not get the roses and geraniums out of his head; their perfume, their brilliancy, seemed to haunt him since his interview with Marie. That evening, as he sat alone amid his poor furniture of brown walnut wood, in his white-washed room, he revolved many vague ideas in his head, and sighed as common sense seemed to overturn all his card-castles one after another.

All his hopes, all his wild projects were gilded and sanctioned, as it were, by his love for Marie. He would never have longed for money, save as a means of winning her; yet, as he laid his head on the pillow, the words still rang in his ears, 'I wish that I could coin these flowers into gold.' And when, after much tossing and restlessness, the young man sank into sleep, he was flower-haunted still. In his dream, he saw himself surrounded by the choicest blossoms of his garden, but they looked brighter than before; the dew that spangled them glittered like diamond drops; the fragrance of their mingled breath entranced him, and closed him in like a sweet vapour; their hues were as brilliant as if every rose-leaf had been changed into a ruby, every lily into a pearl of the Orient. And, lo! wonder of wonders, the petals expanded, and forth from every blossom peeped a fairy—a fairy with waving wand, and starry wings, and jewelled diadem; and the entrancing strains of a tiny but exquisite music, the music of Elfland, floated in the scent-laden air. Then the fairies mocked and derided, with small peals of silvery laughter, the blindness of the mortal who would coin flowers into gold, and knew not how; and Pierre winced in his sleep at the laughter and elfin scorn. But the graver and kinder queen of the fairies waved her wand. 'He loves,' she said; 'he is no miser, seeking wealth for itself. Let us befriend him, for Marie's sake.' And then every flower opened still wider, and every fairy pointed downwards with her wand, and, behold! deep in each blossomed cup lay heaps of fairy gold piled up; and struggling up from tiny mines and shafts that led far into the dark earth, came endless crowds of little gnomes, bearing gold to add to the myriad heaps; and the fairies cried in their shrill voices: 'Thus may flowers be coined into gold!' Then the fragrant mist grew thicker and sweeter, till fairies, flowers, gold, and gnomes vanished away in it, and nothing was seen but mist. And Pierre awoke, with the scent of the blossoms overpowering him.

It was early morning—the sun was streaming on his face, the dew was drying away, the early perfumes of the rose-garden came through the open window of the room. Now, whether the dream suggested the recollection of long-forgotten remarks that his father had sometimes made, or whether the recollection of such remarks was the true origin of the dream, I do not pretend to say; at anyrate, Pierre, with an anxious but a hopeful face, trudged through the fields towards the town of Grasse. In Grasse there dwelt a withered old Italian druggist, druggist and herbalist, who had a mean bare shop, and picked up but a mean bare living by his traffic in simples and confections. He was a native of Florence, and had a reputation for

learning; but few customers were attracted by the stuffed alligator over the door, and the dusty shop and jars, and bottles, and the long lean figure of the maestro himself, and his suit of rusty black. In short, he was just such an apothecary as Romeo selected for the purveyor of the deadly draught, and to his half-empty shop did Pierre Lescaut, another luckless lover, repair, but not to ask for poison. Long was the consultation between the young Provençal farmer and the old druggist, and it ended in the latter's accompanying Pierre homewards, with a gleam of unusual excitement on his lean brown face.

The apothecary spent hours in Pierre Lescaut's garden, going from flower to flower, sniffing, ogling, and even tasting petal, and pollen, and stamen, gazing at the buds through a horn-mounted magnifying glass, and chuckling the while in a strange ghostly way. The neighbours, who had some suspicion that the gaunt stranger in sable was a wizard, stared and wondered. More heartily did they wonder, a little later, when Pierre was seen shifting his fences, and, day after day, enlarging his garden. Now he took in a slip of vineyard, now a corner of his fields; anon he went off to the forest with his men, to search for fine black mould; and next day he was busy grafting, sowing, cutting, and transplanting among his flower-beds. He was enlarging his already ample garden. That was odd enough; but when, instead of stocking the ground with pulse and potherbs, Pierre actually began to cultivate flowers with tender solicitude and skill on every spare inch of earth, the whole neighbourhood was up in arms. He was pelted with good advice. Let him grub up all those useless flower-stocks, and grow honest leeks and garlic, if he wished to be thought a man of sense. Pierre was firm. His friends said he was obstinate, foolish, mad; very likely bewitched by that lean Italian wizard from the town, who was now always to be seen coming up and whispering to Pierre, and who was after no good, doubtless. The neighbours were quite angry with Pierre; old and young predicted his ruin; old Desormes pronounced him an idiot. Marie alone encouraged her lover, shared his hopes, prayed for his success, and cheered him as only a faithful woman can cheer a struggling man. That was a good year for the olives, and a decent vintage, and Pierre managed to rub on, neither saving nor spending more than he could afford.

The short winter passed, spring and summer came on. The flowers were more glorious and plentiful than ever in Pierre's now very extended garden. The old Italian chuckled as he marked them. Then came a great gathering of blossoms, and Marie came to help in the picking of the flowers, and the old Italian rubbed his bony hands with exultation. Anon, his furnace was noted to be strangely active; he was perpetually at work, brewing, simmering, and distilling. The lean Italian was a man of skill: he succeeded in producing—thanks to the rare flowers in Pierre's garden—essences and perfumes equal to the daintiest Florence could afford. It was an era of ultra-nationality. Josephine, the then adored wife of the First Consul, was asked by a deputy of the South, a patron of the druggist's, to accept the dedication of the new discovery. Josephine consented. Paris followed suit. Giacomo Frantinelli and Pierre Lescaut sold their whole stock at a high rate. All the flowers in Pierre's garden would not, multiplied tenfold, have supplied the demand that sprang up with mushroom rapidity. Pierre threw all the land he had into the compass of his garden-fence; he bought more land; he reared more and more flowers. Another year, the profits quadrupled—quintupled. The fairies had spoken truth; flowers *were* indeed, by a delicate alchemy, transmuted into gold, and soon it was difficult, in the portly well-fed Italian, clad in glossy black, to recognise the rusty scarecrow of other days. And Pierre and Marie! their share of the joy and success was the purest and the fullest. Before the end of the second summer, the bells rung, and the girls of the village strewed flowers in the path of Marie, as, garlanded with flowers herself, blushing, proud, radiant, she passed along on her husband's arm from the chapel to her home, a happy bride. Old Desormes had been won over; success, wit, strength of mind and will, the old ex-steward could appreciate at their full value; and although the prescribed sum of twenty thousand crowns was not yet realised, Pierre was on the highway of fortune. He had, in truth, founded a new industry, the most poetic, and not the least profitable in France. Around *his* garden there gradually sprung up other gardens; and flowers and seeds were bought in Italy, and other stills than those of old Giacomo dropped fragrant essences, and the odorous trade of Grasse extended daily. There was enough for all; and Pierre, who had set the example, was now the idol of the district, and the oracle of those who once prophesied his inevitable ruin and impoverishment. At the present day, though the flower-farms are many, the descendants of Marie Desormes and Pierre Lescaut are the most considerable proprietors in the arrondissement. It is not always, perhaps, that invention, industry, and resolution reap, in so fair a field, so solid a reward.

This story is taken partly from tradition, and partly from an old history of the department of which Grasse is the *chef-lieu*, and which I found, covered with dust, in an old public library of a French town. It illustrates a chapter of the past, little known, probably, even to the French themselves, and which I do not think has ever been alluded to in an English work. But it would repay any one who would diverge from the great road, in the months of May and June, to take a peep at the variegated glories of a Provence flower-farm.

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

O how the swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go!
Like country brides bound to the church,
Sails set, and all aglow,
With pouting breast, in pure white dressed,
Soft gliding in a row.

Where through the weeds' green fleeces,
The perch in brazen coat,
Like golden shuttles mermaids use,
Shot past my crimson float,
Where swinish carp were snorting loud
Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in a gale;
And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gowns,
Late for the even-song,
When up the close, the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

O how the swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream!
As calm as holy hermits lives,
Or a play-tired infant's dream.
Like fairy beds of last year's snow,
Did those radiant creatures seem! W. T.

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THE BURNING OF ST ROSALIE.

In the penitential days of Louis XIV., when Madame de Maintenon had succeeded in putting the belles of his court in high dresses, and making the princes of the blood walk beside her sedan to mass, the dulness and devotion of Versailles, debarred from all the sweets of scandal, was somewhat enlivened by a tale which began to circulate regarding one of madame's most distinguished protégées. The young lady was in her nineteenth year, and would have been a court-beauty, had beauties been then acknowledged; but the mighty marchioness did not permit such things; and Mademoiselle de Bethune had been placed, nobody knew how, under her special protection. The blood of Sully and of Rohan mingled in the fair girl's veins. She was heiress to broad lands in Provence and Languedoc. Her birth, her beauty, and her fortune might have commanded one of the best matches on earth, or at least in France; but Madame de Maintenon and her friends, the Jesuits, were determined on making her a bride of Heaven.

Rosalie de Bethune's mother had early lost her husband in a duel fought in defence of her reputation. Subsequently, the bereaved widow was known as one of the gayest ladies at the court presided over by Madame de Montespan; but having survived her youthful charms, and come to the days of De Maintenon and devotion, she was converted to the most ascetic piety, and died, bequeathing her daughter with her whole fortune to the convent of St Rosalie. It had been founded by one of the young lady's ancestors, ages before the name of Huguenot was known to the Bethunes. Their patronage had been withdrawn from all convents since the Reformation, when they, as well as the Rohans, became Calvin's men; but the nunnery had held its ancient place on one of the dry sandy plains of Provence, leagues away from town or village, and also kept up the strict discipline of the holy St Benedict. Though of Calvinistic descent, the heiress had been reconciled to the church in her early childhood, Madame de Bethune being too much of a court-lady to hold a faith frowned on by Louis le Grand. Even the piety of her patroness had never suspected the young heiress of the slightest leaning to heresy. Nevertheless, a life spent in the convent of St Rosalie was a prospect which no eloquence could recommend to her taste. In vain the spiritual fathers, old and young, of madame's chosen society set before her the sinfulness and vanity of the world; the risks her youth ran in the midst of its many temptations; and the special judgments she might expect for despising her mother's dying wish and solemn dedication of her to the saint whose name she had received in baptism. One assured her, that no honourable man would marry a woman with such terrors hanging over her; another found out, that there had been leprosy as well as heresy in her family, and both would certainly break out with renewed violence in the degenerate branch, which dared to refuse the saintly veil; a third reminded her that, with her fortune and talents, she had every prospect of becoming an abbess, reigning over a community of obedient sisters, extending the fame and influence of the convent, and probably attaining to the honours of canonisation.

Neither the wrath to be expected from Heaven, nor the distinctions the church had to bestow, could move the obdurate heiress of the Bethunes. She respected her mother's dying wishes, she venerated the sanctity of the cloister, half her fortune was at St Rosalie's service; but she had no vocation for monastic life, and into the convent she would not go. Unfortunately, Père Duroque, madame's ally and the king's confessor, was first-cousin to the abbess of St Rosalie; moreover, it was a triumph for the faith that the last descendant of two such heretical families should retire with all her wealth to the solitary convent erected by her pious ancestor; yet, to give the sacrifice éclat, it must appear to be voluntary; and those ghostly counsellors were sufficiently acquainted with the world they despised and censured, to know that ladies rarely hold out against advice and persuasion so fiercely except there be a lover in the case. The usual machinery of espionage and inquiry was therefore set to work. Between her confessor, her maid, and some inferior instruments, it was discovered that a secret correspondence had existed for some time between the heiress and the Count d'Ambois. The count was a gentleman of ancient family and very reduced estate. The king had made him an officer of the bedchamber; and his mother had contrived to get him introduced to Mademoiselle de Bethune, with whom the count said he had fallen in love; the young heiress believed him; and his mother connived, encouraged, and assisted the romance, which was carried on with great privacy, for fear of the mighty marchioness. This being made out, the necessary steps were taken. The count and his mother were admonished to break off the affair, with a promise of place and pension if they obeyed, and *lettres de cachet* if they refused. In consequence, letters and locks of hair were returned with all speed. The count found out his heart had never been affected. He set forth the same day on a tour of Italy and Spain; and his mother employed all her credit to redeem out of the hands of a money-lending goldsmith, a richly wrought crucifix, set with precious stones, and believed to

contain a chip of the true cross, which she forthwith presented to the convent of St Rosalie. The crucifix was an heirloom in the Ambois family, and according to the tradition of that noble House, had been presented to its first marquis by the famous Doge Dandolo, from the spoils of Constantinople. Their arms and quarterings were engraven on its reverse; it had descended from marquis to marquis with the château and estate; and long after these were gone, it served the family necessities with the said goldsmith and his congeners.

On this occasion, it served their fortunes also. The nuns of St Rosalie sent back their thanks, and partly promised the good offices of their patroness above. Madame d'Ambois was taken into court favour, and got a pension; her son was made keeper of the king's wardrobe; yet the point was not gained. In spite of the desertion of her lover, in spite of the fact that she was forbidden the court, that people had orders not to visit her, that her confessor placed her under an interdict at once from the mass and the theatre—the heiress of the Bethunes held out, till her spiritual advisers agreed that the Huguenot blood was in her, and some pretext was sought for sending her to the Bastile. On the very day in which she had been admonished of this design, by a guard being privately placed over her in her family hotel, which she had continued to occupy with the old *maîtresse* and servants, the heiress was sitting alone in one of the great salons, musing over her unlucky wealth, which left her no choice between the Bastile and the convent. Of course, her entire household had been long in the service of her enemies, and acted as so many spies. They were all apprised of the steps about to be taken, and rather satisfied that things were coming to a climax, when the three musketeers took their station at the foot of the grand staircase. But even the porter was surprised when, in the fall of the winter twilight, a monk presented himself, and demanded leave to speak with mademoiselle's confessor. The reverend father had been installed within doors in the deceased lady's time, and knew better than to give up his vantage-ground. The monk was introduced to his study without delay, and the confessor was somewhat startled when he presented a letter from the vicar-general, commanding that Brother Cyprian of the Society of Jesus should be permitted to speak privately with Mademoiselle de Bethune.

The reverend father had seen letters from the vicar-general before; the present was his hand and seal, and Brother Cyprian looked grave and trusty enough to be employed on such a mission. He was a man about middle height; no one could have guessed his age, but there was nothing of decay about him. His frame looked thin and wiry; his face had a fixed expression, like that given by death; and his eyes, which were at once sunken and fiery, had a keen searching power in them which the confessor did not care to meet. According to the rules of the society, Brother Cyprian was his superior for the time. The monk evidently knew it, and would give no information touching his mode of procedure with the refractory heiress. The confessor had hoped for the glory of her reclamation; but the vicar-general's command must be obeyed, and Brother Cyprian was conducted to her salon.

The maid, who got absolution for peeping through the keyhole, saw them talking together, but could catch neither word nor meaning, except that her mistress looked first frightened, then thoughtful, and at last resolved; while the monk's face never altered; and the pious *femme* declared in her confession, that his eyes seemed to look through the door into her very heart. The conference did not last long, but it proved effectual. Within half an hour after Brother Cyprian's departure, which was accomplished so silently that the musketeers only saw him pass, mademoiselle announced her determination to fulfil her mother's dying wishes, and take the veil of St Rosalie. The confessor ground his teeth over the honour and triumph he had lost, but at the same time made a vow of extensive tapers to the shrine of St Cyprian, to whose special interference he attributed the remarkable success of the monk who bore his name. Madame de Maintenon and her pious coadjutors were more sincerely delighted, though no inquiry could discover who the envoy was, or whence he came. It was even reported that the vicar-general, in his first surprise, had positively affirmed he never wrote the letter, and knew nothing of Brother Cyprian, which it was not thought politic to persevere in, though the king himself suggested that a miracle might have taken place. What matter?—the spiritual victory was gained; and the lands in Provence and Languedoc secured, for the last descendant of the Rohans and the Bethunes took the veil, and became a nun in the convent of St Rosalie.

The circumstances which induced her to take the vows, and to which a strong tinge of the miraculous was imparted in the provinces, gave the event immense interest. It was not permitted to subside. The abbess and nuns who had welcomed with open arms this valuable accession to their community, soon began to publish such tales of the devotion and austerities of Sister Rosalie—the nun had chosen and been permitted to retain her saintly name—as made their convent famous throughout the south as the dwelling-place of a probable addition to the calendar. It was asserted that, for weeks together, she never slept at all; that her prayers ascended night and day from their chapel altar; that the only bed she would consent to occupy was a flat tombstone; and her use of the scourge and haircloth, her prolonged fasts, and exhortations to do likewise, created a pious ferment of emulation among the sisterhood. Then came tales of a still more marvellous character: lights were seen in Sister Rosalie's cell which no earthly hand had kindled; voices were heard conversing with her when she prayed alone in the chapel; a plant in the convent garden, believed to be dying, revived and put forth new buds at her touch; and a nun, long bedridden, benefited so much by her prayers that she rose and walked to matins.

These miracles increased in number and magnitude as they went abroad. The powers of Sister Rosalie brought visitors from village and château to the convent. To secure an interest in her prayers for family hopes and troubles, the rich offered gifts to the altar; the peasantry, to the cellar or larder; and hundreds who laboured under such visible difficulties as a withered limb or an unmanageable sore, supplicated healing from the touch of her holy hand. The list of miracles consequently extended every day, though numbers were disappointed for want of faith. The convent bade fair to be the richest in Provence. Its fame reached Versailles; and as a weight of sanctity was just then wanted to cast into the scale against Port-Royal and the Jansenists, the whole court turned out in pilgrimages to the shrine of St Rosalie and her chosen nun. Madame de Maintenon did not take the journey, neither did the king, for it was winter, and very bad weather; but they sent a great abundance of needlework from St Cyr, and as the popular preachers came out that Lent on Sister Rosalie and her miraculous conversions, they got their full share of the glory.

The convent was still in the full blaze of its fame—the pilgrims were talking as much about the riches of its chapel, as of the miracles wrought there—when another blaze startled the scattered dwellers on the barren plain around it; for one dry, breezy night, three hours before the ringing of the matin-bell, the sky was flushed with a glare redder than that of the coming day, and the convent of St Rosalie was a flaming pile before the honest peasants could understand the cause.

Substantial as it looked, the greater part of the old fabric had been timber, dry as time and that southern air could make it. The fire, therefore, made such rapid progress, and the hamlets were so far from the nunnery, that when the nearest neighbours reached the spot, the burning roof and part of the walls had fallen in, and out of the whole establishment no living creature escaped but the porteress, the wood-cutter, and the convent dog. Their habitations being in the outskirts, they could give no account of the fire, but that the convent was in flames when the glare and the noise roused them from their sleep. It was too late to make their way into the inner passages; they thought they heard cries mingling with the roar of the flames; but none of the sisterhood ever appeared, and the miracle-working nun must have perished among the rest, for she was praying that night in the chapel, and it was first consumed. The wonders of the terrible calamity did not end here. Though guarded by the provincial police, and diligently sought over, no remnant of the costly plate or jewels with which the altar had been enriched could be found in the charred ruins. Gems, gold and silver, were known to be incombustible; but they had disappeared, though the ashes of the poor nuns were partly gathered. No inquiry, no investigation could throw light on the mysterious fire. The porteress and the wood-cutter, though examined by bishops and priests, had no other story to tell; nor was any addition to their testimony ever obtained, except that of a solitary shepherd, who stated, that on the night St Rosalie was burned, a pair of mounted travellers, with black horses of unusual size, and huge saddle-bags, had passed him on the heath, and inquired the nearest way to the sea. All along the southern coast, those travellers were watched and searched for in vain. The shepherd could give no account of their faces; he said the moon was under a cloud when they passed. The peasantry began to find out that Sister Rosalie's miracles had not been genuine; a question arose among them regarding the agency by which they had been performed. The unaccountable fire did not seem to them an event of saintly origin. Nothing could be made of it, and it might encourage heresy; so the authorities, temporal and spiritual, did their best to get the convent forgotten, and the peasants of the plain took care to avoid its ruins after nightfall.

Years passed away. The Count d'Ambois and his mother kept the place and pensions they had gained by giving up the heiress of the Bethunes; but though devout and obsequious as the reigning marchioness could desire, they never advanced a step further in court favour. There was no more use for them. The strange and terrible conclusion of the business in which they had served cast an ominous shadow on them; the people in power did not care for the instruments of such a work, and what was worse, no eligible woman would hold parley with the count on matrimonial subjects. Little profit had been made by what Madame d'Ambois was in the habit of calling their great sacrifice; however, she was not the lady to be forgotten; and while just keeping clear of being troublesome enough to get banished the court, her claims were so often and so variously presented to royal notice, that at length, by way of pensioning them off, her son was appointed one of the *attachés* to the special embassy sent to Berlin, where the elector of Brandenburg was about to be crowned first king of Prussia, and madame was permitted to accompany him.

It is said that Berlin was never so full of odd and unaccountable people as at the splendid coronation of the first Frederick. Adventurers from all corners of Europe crowded to the capital of the new kingdom. Traditions still exist of the high play and fatal duels which came off in the interludes of the royal festivities. The latter were on a scale so magnificent and prolonged as to tire the eyes and exhaust the patience of everybody concerned, except the new-made king, whose love of pomp and pageant was insatiable. They wound up with a masked ball at the palace, to which all-comers were welcome; and where, consequently, the police would be in attendance too. The company was immense, and the great saloons a sight to be remembered, filled as they were with all varieties of costume. Madame d'Ambois and her son were there. The old Parisian dame, though verging on sixty, did not think herself past a mask; and it was with many complaints of the niggardly allowance assigned them, that they assumed the characters of a monk and a nun, as the least costly; they went in a hired carriage, and mixed, unnoticed, with the motley throng. Nobody knew them, and they knew nobody. The gentlemen and ladies of the embassy were all present; but the count and his mother had come from court under a cloud, and they did not consider it necessary to acknowledge their existence anywhere, much less at a masked ball. The count was an agreeable man, and his mother could talk cleverly; but that night the damp of their fortunes fell on them. In spite of masks and the best intentions, they failed to interest anybody in the gay crowd, were pronouncing it a very dull evening, and talking of going home a little after midnight, when a veiled sultana, whose magnificent Eastern costume and matchless eyes, flashing through two slits in her veil, had been the admiration of the whole assembly, came up to the corner where they stood, entered at once into conversation after the manner of masks, and, as might be expected, addressed herself especially to the count. It was a lady's voice, and a fine-toned one. A small and beautiful hand, evidently displayed for the purpose, gave further assurance of a true sultana. Perhaps her son had made an impression on some German princess; at all events, he could take care of himself, and Madame d'Ambois discreetly retired into a quiet chat with an old miner, who, she had reason to think, was a Hungarian nobleman, very tired of the masquerade, and waiting for his carriage; but she kept her eye, and her ear also, on the pair; heard the sultana offer to confess to the monk, and saw him follow her through the suite of salons, till she lost sight of them at a small side-door, covered with rich drapery, and leading to a private cabinet, where Frederick had given audience to his favourite upholsterers, and debated questions of dress and decoration for those crowning days. Madame watched and waited long, but they did not reappear. The miner left her, and went his way. She got into other chats, and did some small flirtation with the help of her court-training and some talent for the work, in spite of years and adverse fortune. But hours passed, the company began to grow thinner, and still there was no return of her son. She explored the rooms in search of him and the sultana; no trace of either could she find. There might be modes of egress from that cabinet with which she was not acquainted. Out of the side-door they had not come. There might be snares laid for the count, though he was poor and prudent. It was six in the morning, and madame would wait no longer. She made her way boldly to the cabinet; the rich drapery covered the doorway; it was but a step from the great salon, yet nobody had thought of turning in there. A single lamp lighted the small but elegant apartment; it was hung with green damask, and festooned with flowers, and there was her son, alone, reclining on a sofa, with his monk's frock drawn closely round him. He seemed asleep; but as madame stepped up to wake him, her feet splashed in something on the floor: it was blood! The mother's shrieks brought company, servants, and police into the private cabinet, and the count was found reclining in an easy attitude, but stiff and cold, with a

dagger driven deep into his left side. Its hilt was a crucifix richly wrought in gold, set with precious stones, and bearing on its reverse the arms and quarterings of D'Ambois. It was the very gift with which madame had propitiated the powers of the court, and the nuns of St Rosalie. The unfortunate woman knew it at first sight, and the circumstance was believed to have upset her brain, for she lost her reason from that hour, and would never talk of anything but the burned convent and Sister Rosalie. No research or inquiry after the veiled sultana was spared, but trace or tidings of her were never gained by the police in Prussia or elsewhere. One curious fact, however, came to light, which only involved the affair in deeper mystery—it was discovered that sundry jewellers and goldsmiths in the large German towns had purchased from passing travellers, supposed to be foreign noblemen, valuable plate and other costly articles, known to have been presented to the convent in Provence, which, though nobody could tell how, must have escaped the burning of St Rosalie.

OUR CONDEMNED COINAGE.

THE English sovereign is admired, respected, and welcomed everywhere; our crown, if rather heavy and inconvenient, is not to be despised, especially Wyon's pet specimen of the genus, which, being considered by that mysterious body the Moneyers too fine for the wear and tear of everyday existence, no sooner appeared in the world than it withdrew from busy commercial life into the dignified privacy of the numismatist's cabinet. The florin, perhaps, sports too much frippery; but the shilling and sixpence, if not particularly remarkable for beauty, are at least respectable. As much can scarcely be said for their poor relations, the 'coppers' of the United Kingdom. What a bruised, battered, ill-matched, ill-conditioned lot are a shillingsworth of half-pence; large and small, thick and thin, old and new, pierced with holes, dented and scarred by wanton ill-treatment, disfigured by advertising newspaper proprietors, or that numerous but disgusting class of people who persist in placing their vulgar names or initials where they are least to be desired. Bright, newly issued Victorian coppers mixed with the dull yellow coins of the Sailor King; pennies of Gentleman George, looking like miserable starvelings beside the greasy 'butcher's pennies' of Georgius Tertius—stout servants that, after sixty-three years' hard service, beat all younger competitors in size and plumpness. Then we have diminutive Irish half-pence, and Irish 'thirteens' bearing the unmistakable profile of the Iron Duke, and the national motto, 'Erin-go-bragh;' to say nothing of the three-legged Manx half-pennies, French sous, American cents, Brummagem tokens, and smooth clumps defying any attempt at recognition, which make up that heterogeneous metallic currency called, by a stretch of courtesy, small-change. Let us be thankful it is doomed; a few months, and our pockets will know it no more; but before the familiar coinage passes for ever from among us, let us review its past history.

Coke lays it down that the currency of England must be either gold or silver. At the time he wrote, no other metal had ever been coined by royal authority, excepting the circulation in Ireland of farthings, made of a mixture of silver and copper, so early as 1462. The smallness of the silver pennies, whereby they were easily lost, and the quality of the metal, which tempted exporters to send the silver money abroad, caused a continual scarcity of small-change. To obviate this, the trading world manufactured tokens of copper, tin, and other metals. Elizabeth, finding royal enactments, backed by pains and penalties, futile to prevent the circulation of this bastard money, purposed issuing a copper coinage, a purpose she unaccountably left unfulfilled. Both James I. and Charles I. issued copper farthing tokens, but of such little intrinsic value—one pound-weight of copper being made into eleven hundred and sixty-four farthings—that it was not deemed advisable either to enforce their currency, or recognise them as legal coins; consequently, they speedily fell into contempt, and were disused. A copper coinage for the convenience of the poor seems to have been projected under the Commonwealth, as patterns are in existence bearing the dates of 1649 and 1651—the latter, rather curiously, having the image and superscription of Oliver Cromwell, as Protector of England, Ireland, and Scotland, although it was not till the end of 1653 that he was publicly invested with that proud title.

The first real copper money was coined by Charles II. in 1665, beautiful Miss Stuart sitting for Britannia; but as it was not made current at that time, the commencement of the regular coinage must be dated from 1672, when, to supply the great want of small-change, offices were opened in Fenchurch Street for the daily issue of copper farthings and half-pence. These were intrinsically worth the sums they represented, the larger coin weighing 4 dwts. 23 grains. Copper was declared a legal tender for all payments under sixpence, and it was enacted that vendors, utterers, or manufacturers of any other farthings or half-pence, should be chastised with exemplary severity. In 1680, letters-patent were granted to Sir Thomas Armstrong and Colonel Legg for twenty-one years, authorising them to coin copper half-pence weighing 107 grains Troy, for the use of his majesty's subjects in Ireland. The patentees sold their privilege to John Knox, who obtained a renewal of it from James II., when the value of the coin was fixed by a royal proclamation, declaring thirteen Irish pence equivalent to one shilling English.

When James, after his enforced abdication, landed in the sister-isle to measure swords with his rival, he revoked Knox's patent, and collected together all the old copper, brass, broken bells, useless guns, and worn pewter he could lay hands upon. This refuse, valued at threepence or fourpence a pound, was manufactured into sixpenny, twelvepenny, and half-crown pieces, making four pennyworth of base metal current for five pounds sterling! Not even content with this, the half-crown was subsequently transformed into a five-shilling piece, and the shilling reduced to half its former weight. Of this irregular money, forced into currency by hanging instantly any one who demurred at taking it in exchange for goods, the amount issued was nominally L.1,396,799. After the battle of the Boyne, and the flight of James Stuart, Lord Coningsby found L.22,489 in the Mint, which he valued at L.641, 19s. 5½d. A proclamation from William and Mary reduced this war-coinage to its intrinsic value, by declaring that henceforth the five-shilling piece was to pass for one penny, the half-crown for three farthings, and the shilling and sixpence for one farthing each.

In 1689, and the two following years, tin half-pence and farthings, with a copper centre, were coined in large quantities. In 1693, Andrew Corbett, Esq., applied for and obtained a nine years' patent, by which he undertook to coin seven hundred tons of copper into half-pence and farthings, at a rental of L.1000. This, it subsequently came out, left the patentee a profit of L.18,100, the Master of the Mint having, by want of presence of mind, bound the nation to a bargain by which it lost L.12,800. In consequence of his representations, Corbett's patent was, before

one year of it had expired, transferred to other hands. This, however, did not satisfy the public, which declared against the system altogether. The traders petitioned against the continuance of the patent coinage, and demanded that the copper, like the gold and silver money of the realm, should be made at the royal Mint alone. Their prayer was in vain. An arrangement was made by the government with Sir John Hearne and others, by which the latter bound themselves to coin, in seven years' time, seven hundred tons of the best English copper into rolled and milled farthings and half-pence, in the proportion of twenty-one pence to the pound of copper. They also engaged to exchange every week not less than two hundred pounds-worth of the old tin coins for new copper ones, and pay a comptroller a salary of L.200 per annum. Soon after the contract was concluded, copper rose to such a price that the licensees lost L.2400 in the first twelve months of their speculation. This did not stay their proceedings, however, for in 1699 the issue of half-pence and farthings was stopped by act of parliament, there being a glut of those useful media of barter.

In consequence of the abundance of small-change provided by her predecessors, there was no necessity for coining any more during Anne's reign; but towards the close of it, five pattern half-pence and the same number of pattern farthings were struck. One of the latter, bearing the date of 1714, and one bearing that of 1713, were probably circulated, as they are common enough, despite the popular belief in the rarity of a Queen Anne's farthing. The authorities of the British Museum receive from time to time letters from persons who, strong in the belief that only three of these farthings were coined, of which two are safe in the Museum already, announce that the last of the trio is in their possession. Some have actually demanded a suppositious reward of L.1000 for the precious little piece, the fact being that every collector possesses three or four specimens. Mr Miles, a dealer, was in the habit of keeping half-a-dozen in a drawer, on purpose to shew to any one bringing a Queen Anne's farthing for him to buy, and used to astonish many an expectant visitor by quietly offering to give three shillings for his farthing, or to sell any in the drawer for five. The Museum collection contains four in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper.

After the troubles which disturbed the beginning of the Hahoverian rule were blown over, attention was once more directed to the copper coinage. In 1717, two hundred and thirteen and a half tons of copper were delivered at the Tower, whence the metal re-issued in the shape of forty-six thousand pounds-worth of pennies and half-pennies, at the rate of two shillings and fourpence to the pound of copper; and for the first time 'Fidei Defensor' made its appearance upon the coins of the realm as one of the titles of his Britannic majesty, although it had been reckoned among them since Henry VIII. wrote in defence of the papal authority. A few years later, a half-penny was destined to raise a tremendous political storm. In 1724, in consequence of a great deficiency of copper currency in Ireland, it was resolved to grant a patent for its supply. Mr Wood, a great copper and iron master, who leased all the crown-lands in thirty-nine counties, obtained the patent for coining a hundred thousand pounds-worth of farthings and half-pence, through the king's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal. It was rumoured that the lady shared the profits with the patentee; to render it more unpopular with those it was intended to serve, the patent was passed without the lord-lieutenant or Privy Council being formally consulted; and while the actual terms were concealed in Ireland, the friends of Wood exaggerated the gains which would accrue to the speculation.

Great was the ferment in Ireland when it was known the king had treated the sister-isle as a dependency, by giving the patent to an Englishman, and having the coin struck out of the country. Taking advantage of such a favourable opportunity, Swift determined, under cover of assailing Wood's coinage, to attack the whole system of government, and sent forth the famous *Drapier Letters*, in which the cry of 'Ireland for the Irish' was first raised. Their effect was marvellous. The lords-justices refused to issue the necessary orders for the circulation of the obnoxious money. People of all parties rushed to draw their cash from the banks, and drew their notes with the stipulation that they should be paid in silver or gold. The most rabid pamphleteer might pen treason to his heart's content with impunity, if he took the precaution of abusing the unpopular patentee, for then no jury would convict him. Every effort was made to discover the author of the *Letters*, but those in the secret were faithful; and Sir Robert Walpole was given to understand, that if he wished to arrest the writer of them, he must send ten thousand men to do it. He attempted to punish the printer, but the Dublin grand jury not only threw out the bill, but represented all persons who should endeavour to impose Wood's money on the people as enemies to the state. The parliament addressed the crown in accusation of Wood, declaring he was guilty of fraud, both as to the quantity and quality of the coins issued. They asserted that the circulation of them would be prejudicial to the revenue, destructive to commerce, and dangerous to the rights and property of his majesty's subjects. The Commons had the hardihood to declare that Wood's half-pence were not intrinsically of more than one-eighth their nominal value, and that even if the patent was honestly carried out, the country would lose a hundred and fifty per cent. by its bargain. Sir Isaac Newton had the maligned coins assayed, and found them to exceed the conditions in goodness, fineness, and weight. He might have spared the trouble. The Duke of Grafton, and Lord Cartaret after him, tried in vain to induce the people to receive the new money; and the struggle ended in its being withdrawn, the patent cancelled, and Wood compensated with a pension of L.3000 for eight years. The Irish were left without small-change, but a victory had been gained over the Saxon, and they rejoiced accordingly. The Drapier became the toast of toasts, clubs were instituted in his honour, medals struck to commemorate his triumph, and the hard-hitting Dean lived for ever in the hearts of his countrymen.

In 1729, a new copper coinage—one hundred and eighty tons of half-pence, and twenty tons of farthings—was issued, by virtue of a warrant under the sign-manual of the regent Caroline; but the reign of the second George was more notable for spurious than legal copper money. In 1741, an act was passed inflicting two months' imprisonment upon coiners of base money, and compelling them to find sureties for two years. This did not intimidate the offenders. Birmingham became the centre of the manufacture, and few payments were made there without a goodly proportion of 'Brummagem half-pence'—three shillings' worth of which could be made for eightpence. With these the large employers paid their workmen, from them they passed to the tradesmen, and they distributed them over the kingdom, and to such an extent, that in 1753 it was computed that at least two-fifths of the copper money in circulation was of Birmingham origin. A knotty point was soon after raised for the decision of the lawyers, as to whether copper coins were, strictly speaking, current money, or merely money for a special purpose; the latter opinion seems to have prevailed, for the punishment awarded to utterers of false coin was not construed to extend to the utterers of counterfeit half-pence. By an act passed in the eleventh year of George III., counterfeiting copper money was declared a misdemeanour. In 1789, several advertisements appeared offering

goods in exchange for base copper; what was so obtained was sent to Scotland, where the common people, for some inexplicable reason, declined to take George III.'s half-pence; and although seven of the Brummagem half-pennies were worth little more than one penny sterling, they passed among the canny Scotch at twenty-four for a shilling. In 1792, the copper coinage was in such a debased condition as to justify the issues of provincial coins and trade tokens. At length, a new issue was resolved upon; and to the great confusion of the lower orders, a contract for coining five hundred tons of new pennies was entered into with Mr Boulton of Soho, Birmingham, who agreed to pay all expenses, and do, provide, or pay for about twenty different things not included in copper coining at the Tower. For this he was to be paid at fourpence per pound, and for the copper itself L.108 per ton. In the same year, twopenny-pieces, weighing two ounces each, were issued. These and the pence were made current by proclamation; and upon a further issue, two years afterwards, in conjunction with the smaller coins, it was declared that no person could be compelled to take more than one shilling in penny or twopenny pieces, or more than sixpence in half-pence or farthings. These latter, as our readers can judge for themselves, were not by any means equal in weight to one-half and one-fourth of the penny, Mr Boulton being permitted, in consequence of the rise of copper, to coin one pound into thirty-six half-pence instead of twenty-four. In 1805, a sudden increase in the value of the metal raised the intrinsic value of the larger copper coins by one-third, in consequence of which, great numbers found their way to the melting-pot. The following year, six hundred tons of pence, half-pence, and farthings were issued, at the rate of twenty-four, forty-eight, and ninety-six to the pound. In 1808, several combinations having been made to prevent the circulation of the old half-pence coined at the Mint, the lord mayor issued a proclamation, threatening the rigour of the law against any person refusing to take them on any pretence whatever. In 1813, suspicions were entertained of government calling in the Tower farthings and half-pence coined before 1797, at a rate below legal currency, and many refused to take them. In 1817, they were called in by proclamation, the Mint receiving them till the end of the month on the following terms: For every bag weighing fifty-six pounds, and averaging fifty-five pieces to the pound, the Mint paid six pounds eight shillings and fourpence; averaging fifty-four pieces, six pounds six shillings; and so on in proportion for any less number of pieces to the pound. In 1819, two hundred tons of new copper were issued, being the last during the reign of George III.

A new copper coinage was struck in the succeeding reign, and the currency of Ireland assimilated to that of the rest of the kingdom by the issue of fresh coins, and the calling in of the old ones. When the copper money of William IV. appeared, a slight tinge of colour in the metal excited suspicion that it contained gold, and it is said that such proved to be the fact upon examination, and that the issue was collected by Birmingham agents in various parts of the country, and melted down, which accounts for the scarcity of such coins now. We remember being ourselves, in our youth, rewarded for every William IV. half-penny we could collect; but, for all that, we believe the above story to be apocryphal, and worthy to be ranked with the Anne's farthing tradition. Almost immediately after the accession of Queen Victoria, a new coinage was prepared, which included copper money of each denomination, differing in no essential from the issues of her predecessors; fresh issues have since taken place from time to time, the only novelty being some half-farthings, which appeared and disappeared, and were heard of no more. Now the fiat has gone forth, the copper currency will soon be of the past, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the advent of small-change that will not try our tempers and pockets to carry; and so let us give a hearty welcome to the Age of Bronze.

CONFESSIONS OF A RIFLE VOLUNTEER.

Rousseau wrote Confessions, and why shouldn't I? It's true I'm not likely to become so famous as Rousseau, but I hope I shall not be so infamous either. My style is undoubtedly worse, but my morals, I hope, are better than his. I never descended to actual theft, at least in the vulgar sense of the word; and I am not going to publish, for Scandal to gloat over, the mental weaknesses and the bodily diseases of my dearest friends. Let it not be supposed, then, that, though I shall be sometimes obliged to make myself appear ridiculous, I wish to hold up to ridicule the Volunteer movement. It doesn't follow that because I am myself knock-knee'd, the rest of my company should be so also. Why, we've some of the bandiest-legged men in our company that can be seen in Merry England; and very much I admire their marching, though I find it impossible to imitate their movements, and I will state first of all why it was that I joined the Volunteers. I'm not at all bloodthirsty, nor am I particularly courageous; nobody ever observed of me, as I once heard a 'lady' remark of Jones, that 'I had quite the *air militaire*;' but I am very dyspeptic. Sitting over a desk for sometimes ten consecutive hours has a tendency to make you so, particularly if you never take any exercise beyond getting into and out of bed; and that was all I had a chance of taking, unless I could have managed to get up a little earlier, which was impossible with *my* sleeping faculties, or to feel less tired when I left business, which never once happened to me. As soon, therefore, as I heard that drill was good for the peptic organs, I felt an inclination to serve my country; when it was announced that Volunteers would be allowed to leave business a few hours earlier on Saturdays, my inclination was transformed into determination; when it flashed across my mind that, as soon as I displayed a military spirit, there could be no objection to my wearing a moustache (which ornament for the upper lip had always been to me an object of ambition), my determination amounted to a positive anxiety; and when I caught a glimpse of one of the Victoria Rifles in full uniform, with braid upon his bosom, and a sword at his side (though I never knew exactly why that corps should wear swords), my anxiety was heightened to longing. But, alas! the Victorias were beyond my reach; they required more leisure and more money than I could command; so I was forced to put up with a less expensive body. I joined the First Lowersex, and I got my half-holiday. Of course the first thing I did was to order my uniform, for I had always understood that the chief requisite for a soldier was a uniform: it is unnecessary to say that my notion was wrong. I put on my uniform as soon as it came home, and I am bound in common honesty to state, that I didn't look in the least military; whether it was the peculiarity in my legs (mentioned above), or a deficiency in chest and shoulder (to which I must plead guilty), or an unfortunate habit of stooping (to which I am addicted), or the want of taste of those who originated the uniform, I cannot say with any certainty; but I must conscientiously affirm, that I bore a wonderful resemblance to the errand-boys at the telegraph-offices, with a slight dash (about the cap) of a school-boy at those establishments which are conducted upon the French model.

As soon as I commenced drill (which, of course, I did not attend at first in uniform), I proceeded to the second important step—to wit, the growth of a moustache. This was a very difficult and unsatisfactory task; for either from careless and unartistic

shaving, or from some cruel freak of nature, the bristles came out with extreme irregularity—here a bunch and there a bunch—and each bristle turned in a different direction; while, such was the texture and colour thereof, that I was sometimes inclined to believe, as was suggested by an impertinent street-boy, that an old tooth-brush had growed through my lip whilst I was engaged in the process of teeth-cleaning. However, perseverance will surmount all difficulties, and by care and attention to the kindly hints of comrades in the like situation, and by copious application of remedies proposed by a confidential hair-dresser, I reduced the obstinate hairs to some degree of order, and even induced them to grow in an elegant curve from the corner of the mouth to join the whisker; but they 're patchy, very patchy.

Oh, but the drill! How can I describe the horrors of the first few days' drill! The days were yet short when I joined the corps, and as I could not go until after business, it was dark when I arrived at the square (in one of the Inns of Court) where the scene of torture was enacted. I was alone; I came late, and had no brother in affliction. Those who were sufficiently advanced, were marching, and wheeling, and forming comp'ny all over the square; but others were lounging listlessly about, and, inhuman wretches that they were, ranging themselves at a short distance from me, whence they could avenge themselves for their late sufferings by gazing upon a fellow-creature in the like condemnation. The corporal placed me where the sickly rays from a gas-lamp made more hideous the grotesqueness of my movements. He put me in the attitude of 'tention—I thought it should be written *tension*, as pronounced—he adjured me to 'old up my 'ead, straighten my knees, kip my thumbs agin my forefingers, shove out my chest, putt in my stomach, and not stick my chin out like a conj'ror a-balancin' a little boy on the hend of a pole. No little difficulty attended a compliance with these requests of his; it was against my nature to stand upright without elevating the chin, and the tendency of my stomach was to stick out, and of my chest to go in. Moreover, the lookers-on, particularly the females, giggled, and that made my task more arduous. I really don't think I could say my alphabet if anybody giggled. However, by calling the corporal 'Sir,' I appeased his wrath, and enlisted his sympathies in my favour against the laughers, whom he rebuked—the males on the ground that 'they didn't do no better theirselves at fust;' and the females, as being ready to laugh at 'anythink they didn't understand.' Thus encouraged, I made desperate efforts, and drew in my stomach after the fashion of donkeys unwilling to be saddled; I managed to drop my chin to the proper position, and hoped that time and exercise would develop my chest.

My next trial was 'standing at ease,' a position in which I fancy I must have looked more comfortable than I was; besides, I couldn't for a long while smack my right hand smartly upon my left without looking at them, which the corporal objected to. I always struck the thumb of one hand against the wrist of the other. However, after about twenty minutes' practice, I managed to perfect myself in that important movement for the repulse of an enemy. I sent the palms together with a loud report, twisted the left thumb over the right, passed the right hand over the back of the left, and never forgot to advance my left foot six inches—a feat of memory on my part which elicited the warm congratulations of the corporal. The 'balance movement without shifting ground' I found comparatively light work, for I had learned dancing; and the corporal didn't keep me half so long on one leg as M. Coulon had done. And so my first 'drill' was over. I found it much greater fun drilling in company; and after I had tipped the corporal half-a-crown, it was astonishing how rapidly I improved. He always managed to make me a right file, of which I was very glad at the time, but rather repented of when I had another drill-master, whom I couldn't tip, and who was anything but considerate. As soon as we were intrusted with rifles, and marched with trailed arms, I seldom escaped some personal injury. If I were a front-rank man, my rear-rank man never missed an opportunity of treading upon my heels; and if I were a rear-rank man, my front-rank man always swung his rifle backwards and forwards, causing me agonies; while in 'ordering arms' from the shoulder, from an over-anxiety to appear smart, I invariably dropped the butt of my rifle upon the little-toe of my right foot. But of all the sufferings I endured, none are to be compared with those of the 'fire-and-reload-kneeling' practice. My legs, I am persuaded, were never intended to form a tripod; and though I have heard of 'sitting on your thumbs,' I am persuaded that a human being was never intended by nature to sit upon his right heel! My instructor, however, expected it, and I had to do it. For three days, I attempted it, and failed—partly because the strain upon my right knee was more than I could bear—partly because I had on thin boots, and couldn't keep my right foot perpendicular; besides, gravel doesn't agree with my knee-cap. However, on the fourth day, having provided myself with a good stiff pair of shooting-boots, I achieved the position, and was informed by the sergeant, whose opinion I dared not controvert, that I was then 'quite comfortable.' If he had not said so, I should have thought otherwise; but he had been in the Rifle Brigade, and wore medals and clasps, and of course must know. Compared with the above, I felt relief even from 'position drill;' albeit, as respects that matter, 'all my mind is clouded with a doubt'—I mean when you have to 'bring the butt of your rifle at the word "three" sharply into the hollow of your right shoulder, raise the right elbow as high as the shoulder, and keep the left elbow well under the rifle, which is to be supported by the left hand alone.' It seemed to me they might as well have told me at once to have the rheumatism in both arms. Still I submitted, for the sake of my country and my half-holiday; and I have at last become so steady, that I can put a penny close to the muzzle of my rifle, 'present,' and snap the trigger, without dropping the coin more than five times out of six. Another exercise which I practised was voluntary, but painful, yet, as it was strongly recommended by the sergeant for the development of my chest, I persevered in it like a spider; and this is the fashion of it—take your rifle in both hands, the right grasping the small of the butt, and the left the upper band; hold it in front of you horizontally, at the full extent of your arms, the trigger-plate towards you, and the hammer of course from you. At the word 'one,' throw your arms forward about six inches; 'two,' lift them up to their full extent (turning the hammer upwards), so as to bring the rifle horizontally over the crown of your head; 'three,' bring the rifle sharply down behind your back as far as you can, keeping your knuckles turned from you. You 'll find, if you do this fifty times, that it 's very good for the chest.

Marching in sections and subdivisions, I don't think I shall ever master; I never know whether I 'm in a right or left subdivision, and the language I have caused my officers to use is awful: I almost think it would be a Christian act upon my part if I were to retire. Forming four deep, too, is another *crux* to me: it 's easy enough, I know, even if you 're a left file, and if you 're a right file, of course you 've only to stand still—I ought to be able to take one pace to the rear with my left foot, and then one pace to the right with my right foot; indeed, I *can* do it when

I'm alone in my own room. I got four pair of boots, and went through the drill with *them* quite well; but as soon as the boots become inhabited by human beings, I'm abroad again. Nevertheless, since I have joined the movement, my appetite is better, I must allow; and my cousin thinks I'm more upright, although I can't get my legs straight.

SEA-SHELLS.

We propose to gossip upon no subject of learned disquisition; upon no highly sounding classifications of malacology, conchology, and other ologies of the naturalist; not of the food which the inhabitants of shells furnish to man, nor on the mode in which the shell-fishes build the houses which they inhabit; but on some of the manifold and remarkable uses to which the ingenuity of artisans and others has enabled them to apply the shells picked up on sea-margins and river-beaches.

And, first, if beauty is a 'use'—if it be useful to us to have beautiful objects to look at, then do shells indeed offer charming gifts from nature to man. The rude tribes set the example here, and civilised nations follow.

The *chank* volute shells of India are sliced up with circular saws and other cutting instruments, and made into bangles, armlets, bracelets, anklets, finger-rings, toe-rings, and other personal ornaments much coveted by the natives. Some of these slices are richly carved, gilt, and otherwise decorated. There is a very large consumption of these shells in India; because it is customary among the Hindus to throw into the Ganges, or some other holy river, the shell-ornaments which have belonged to a person deceased —as an offering, possibly, to some of their deities, or to avoid the chance of the ornaments being worn by persons of lower caste. There is a profitable fishery for chank shells all round the coast; and experienced divers bring them up from two or three fathoms depth of water. Ceylon alone yields three or four millions of them in a year, valued at L.10,000, which mostly find a market at Calcutta. A very fine specimen will fetch its weight in gold. The volute shells, of which the chank is one variety, afford a curious illustration of the value which men place upon *uniques*—that is, articles prized, not because they are beautiful or valuable, but because there are few of them; the curls or twists of the volute generally turn to the left, but when they turn to the right, a higher price is demanded and given, because of the rarity. Connoisseurs in old pictures, old books, old china, old articles of *vertu*, will readily believe this, for they understand this kind of craving. Concerning head-dresses, neck-ornaments, &c., made of shells, every one knows how largely these are to be met with in the islands and semi-barbarous countries of southern regions. But it was not until the Great Exhibition of 1851 that we had the means of knowing how exquisitely this kind of work is done at the Bahamas; ornaments were there exhibited, in which it was difficult to know whether most to admire the graceful forms, the brilliant colours, or the tasteful grouping of the shells.

Of *pearls*, what need we say? All the world knows them, and all who know them, admire them. The best pearl-oysters are found off the coast of Ceylon; the next, in the Persian Gulf; and inferior kinds in the Pacific, and the West Indies. There are a few occasionally met with in Scotland and Ireland. The Tay and the Ythan are the Scottish rivers most highly reputed for the pearl-fishery; and it is constantly affirmed by tradition, that the large pearl in front of the Scottish crown was obtained in the latter river. Attempts are being made to *cultivate* pearls in Bavaria, by treating the oysters to a particular food, and subjecting them to careful treatment; but we are not aware that any success has yet attended this curious project. The produce of the pearl-fishery in Ceylon sometimes amounts to L.40,000 per annum. It has much of the uncertainty of a lottery in it; only a few shells contain any pearls; the number in each may be only one, or may amount to a hundred; and the quality varies greatly. The bad pearls are dissolved or ground up, and used as medicines by some of the natives; the good specimens are sent to market; the Persian Gulf pearl-fishery employs 30,000 men and 3000 boats, and constitutes the chief source of revenue of the imaum of Muscat. Some of the small inferior pearls are scarcely worth preserving; while such a one as that which belongs to the wealthy Mr Hope, and which is nearly as large as an egg, is worth—anything that a millionaire is willing to give for it; for such rarities have no fixed market value.

Besides shells and pearls *au naturel*, there is a kind of fine art depending on a particular use of shells. We speak of *shell-cameos*. This branch of art has lately sprung up into much importance. The shells fitted for it are hard and dense in texture, and consist of two or three layers of different tints. By cutting away certain portions of the upper layer, and carving or engraving the rest, a cameo may be produced in relievo on a ground of a different colour. The varieties are numerous. The purple *volute* shell may be worked down from a brown surface to a dark-yellow substratum, or from a dark-yellow surface to a white; *cowry* shells will often work down from a white to a violet; some shells will work down from a beautiful mother-of-pearl surface to a coloured opaque substratum. The shell-mosaic workers of France, who chiefly carry on this branch of art, employ *helmet* shells, *bull's mouth* shells, *stromb* shells, *conch* shells, and many other kinds. Some of the most favourite combinations are, white upon dark grounds, pale salmon on orange, and yellow on pink. Such cameos are now made in France to the value of L.40,000 or L.50,000 annually.

While speaking of shells in connection with fine art, it may be well to observe that the exquisite forms of some of those natural products have not escaped attention, regarded as models or patterns for man to imitate. Professor Simmonds, to whose published lecture on shells we are indebted for much curious information, says: 'From the extreme diversity and elegance of their forms, shells are deserving the attentive study of the decorator and designer. Beautiful designs have, it is true, been copied from the univalve testaceæ; and as ornaments for stucco-work, cornices, centre-pieces for ceilings, elegant curvatures, &c., for chimney-pieces, they have been much admired. But there is a wide field laid open to the intelligent and thoughtful architect, builder, and designer, in the varied and elegant forms of the mollusca, whether of land or sea, fluvial, oceanic, or fossil. In this scarcely touched field, the ingenious draughtsman, the clever artist, and the educated workman, may cull numberless elegant forms and groups for ornamentation, whether it be in stone or compo, wood or metal, for exterior or interior building adornment. Let the workmen seek among the finny tribes and shelly wonders of the great deep for subjects to aid his decorative designs.' After mentioning certain publications on shells and shell-fish, Professor Simmonds proceeds: 'Glancing over the plates and figures, he will not fail to observe various symmetrical systems of form and combination, and to glean new ideas of beauty and general arrangement from the fanciful but chastely elegant whorls, spires, curves, and convolutions of shells. "The hand that made them is divine;" and there is beauty, order, and symmetry in all their parts. The cones, the volutes, the trochis, the scallops, the ammonites, the pyramids, the clams, the nautilus, and a hundred others, will afford him hints and suggestions for arrangement and grouping of forms of bordering, centering, cornicing, arching, and ornamentation generally, which he would seek in vain

elsewhere. Either isolated or in combination, some of their elegance of form, beauty of arrangement, and regularity of radiation, may be made use of. If painters, sculptors, and artists can so readily avail themselves of all the beauties for which shells are characterised, the architect, builder, and decorator should certainly not overlook the ideas their forms may suggest.' As this *Journal* passes into the hands of workmen and decorators, as well as other classes of society, we beg to recommend this suggestion to their careful consideration; it is sound, because it is founded on *natural* beauties, irrespective of the vagaries of fashion.

Certain parts of certain shells are used in the production of dyes, pigments, and inks. The *purpuræ* yield a beautiful purple, which was well known to the ancients. There is a small vein or sac in the fish, containing only a few drops of liquor; but the colour of this liquor is so intense, that it goes a great way as a dye-material. The tint of purple varies according as the fish has lived among mud, sea-weed, or pebbles. Several kinds of *murex* yield various shades of purple and crimson. The sepia or cuttle-fish gives out a fluid of intense blackness, which the ancients employed as ink. These uses of shells and fishes, for dye and pigment materials, were more common in early times than at the present day; the resources are now much extended in other and more easily available directions.

Pearls we have talked of, but not *mother-of-pearl*—a name which significantly tells of one particular theory concerning the origin of pearls, and constitutes an inside lining to many kinds of shells, chiefly of the oyster kind. The specimens are mostly bought up by dealers at Singapore and Manilla, and by them sold for use in Europe and other regions. So far as our own country is concerned, the consumption centres chiefly at Birmingham and Sheffield—the thicker specimens for the handles of knives and other articles, and the thin for buttons, counters, porte-monnaies, card-cases, ladies-work implements, spectacle-cases, and countless other purposes. The shells best suited for Sheffield use are six inches or more in diameter, and of considerable thickness. The 'haft and scale makers' of that busy town are a distinct body of artisans and manufacturers, who have nothing to do with the steel of the cutlery instruments for which the handles are intended. The entire handle is with them a 'haft,' whereas the 'scale' is the thin material which frequently covers the haft—mostly of some more costly material, such as mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, or ivory, than the substance beneath. The pearl-handle makers work at nothing else. They saw the shells into thin films or oblong pieces; and, in order to do this, they are obliged to keep the shell constantly wetted, as otherwise its extreme hardness would heat and blunt the saw. It is, like many others by which beautiful articles are produced, a dirty occupation; and the work-rooms are strongly imbued with the odour of fish. After the sawing, the pieces are fashioned, ground, and polished into the requisite forms. At Birmingham, a very large quantity of mother-of-pearl is used, chiefly to inlay japanned papier-maché ornaments; it is not, however, actually sunk into recesses cut to receive it, but is laid *on* the surface, the level being reproduced by copious varnishings and repeated polishings.

Mussel and *snail* shells often exhibit that phenomenon of differently coloured layers, which gives rise to the production of the shell-mosaics already described. The *helmet* shell yields a material for the handles of umbrellas from its thick part; while the thinner portions are used as borderings and decorations for work-boxes, watch-stands, and other ornamental articles. Thin films of *oyster* shell, smoked in a particular way, are made into the greatcoat buttons so often affected by a certain class of 'fast' men. Some shells are embossed or engraved on the surface with portraits, inscriptions, &c.; this is effected either mechanically by the aid of cutting instruments, or chemically by the corrosive action of certain acids. Large and coarse specimens receive the inscriptions of tombstones in some of our cemeteries. A few of the large and elegant forms of shell are made to serve as graceful receptacles for hanging plants in rooms and green-houses. Some varieties, such as the *butter* shell of New Zealand, on having a bluish outer layer ground away at certain parts, lay bare a splendid gold colour beneath. The *clam* shell of the Eastern Archipelago is eagerly sought after for the uses it renders; a pair will sometimes weigh five or six hundred pounds; the fish, called in some places the 'Dutchman's cockle,' is eaten as a coarse but not unpalatable food. The shells are used whole in some Roman Catholic countries as receptacles for holy-water; more usually, however, they are cut up into arm-rings and other ornaments. Some of the specimens, perfectly white, admit of being polished like the finest marble. The clam anchors itself to rocks by a cable of its own making, so thick and strong that nothing less than a blow from an axe will sever it. The *byssus*, or silky fibre of the *pinna*—long, fine, lustrous, and strong—is susceptible of being spun and wrought up like silk into gloves, stockings, and other articles; it was much used by the ancients, and would be more used than it is by the moderns, were not the produce of the silk-worm so much more abundant. Small shells called *cowries*—clear, white, and glossy—are used as money in some of the countries of Asia and Africa. They rise and fall in value, like other commodities, by variations in supply and demand; but a penny will usually exchange for nearly two hundred of them in India. So cheap are many articles of food in plentiful seasons in that country, that one single cowry is often the purchase-price for a small quantity of fruit or vegetable. It is said that there is a church in India, for the labour of which the workmen were paid wholly in cowry shells—more than thirty millions in number; how the necessity for this singular mode of payment arose, does not appear. We import hundreds of tons of cowries annually, and re-sell them to Africans. It has been found that cowries may be converted into a glaze for earthenware and an enamel for clock-faces. We have already spoken of the *cuttle-fish*, which yields the intensely black fluid *sepia*. There is, besides this, a calcareous spongy bone or plate which strengthens the back of the fish, and which is employed by artists and workmen as a sort of sand-paper or emery-paper, for polishing varnish, paint, wood, and soft metal, and for making pounce. The *conch* shell, already mentioned in reference to other uses, with one end cut off, is often used as a horn or trumpet in some of the tropical countries. In sugar plantations, the signal for going to and from dinner is given to the slaves by a blast from such a trumpet, called the 'shell blow.' Various species of the *triton* shell may in like manner be used as horns or trumpets. The *ear shell* or *haliotis*, named on account of its partial resemblance in shape to the ear, has a beautiful iridescent surface, which causes it to be sought by Birmingham manufacturers as a material for inlaying or veneering, like mother-of-pearl. Some univalve shells are used as rustic lamps. Large scallop shells are often employed in skimming milk and slicing butter. Among nations not very far advanced in the useful arts, we find thin pellucid films of large oyster shells used as a substitute for glass; deeply hollowed shells used as cups and spoons; sharpened fragments used as razors and tweezers; pointed fragments, or whole shells of certain kinds, used as fish-hooks, harpoon-points, and arrow-points.

Shells, chiefly on account of the lime they contain, are often valuable both as a material for cement and as a fertiliser for the ground. Shell sand, the detritus of shells, has brought into a moderately fertile state many a sea-beach. Near Calcutta, there are immense

stores of the *teleb'alia telescopium*, exposed in heaps to kill the fish by the heat of the sun's rays, preparatory to the grinding up of the shells for making lime. Some kinds of burnt shell make an almost imperishable cement when combined with lime and sand. Ground cockle and oyster shell make a good covering for gravel-walks. On the sea-board of America, there are large numbers of persons who gain a living by collecting shells for these and similar purposes.

Let us say a last word in favour of a sort of sea-scavenger—a fish which has usually rather a bad reputation, but which is, nevertheless, worthy of something like thanks from us. This fish is a species of mussel, the *Mytilus lithophagus*. It works much mischief on the hulls of ships, and on this account it is regarded by shipowners as an enemy; yet a Westminster reviewer, quoted by Professor Simmonds, points out another action of this fish more than equivalent on the side of advantage. 'Were the fragments of wrecks and masses of stray timber, that would choke harbours, and clog the waves, permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injury to property that would result would soon far exceed all the damage done and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shell-fish is one of the police of Neptune—a scavenger and cleanser of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating and sunken timber with which it comes in contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, a hundred are really saved; and while we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operation, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and more venturous mariners doomed to watery graves.'

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LVI.—ATTEMPT TO STAMPEDE.

We make an attempt to re-open the interrupted parley. In vain. Whatever amicable design the Red-Hand may have conceived, is now changed to a feeling of the most deadly hostility. There is no more 'talk' to be drawn from him—not a word. In the midst of his warriors, he stands scowling and silent. None of the chiefs speak. The common braves make answers to our overtures; but only by the insult of a peculiar gesture. Any hopes we may have conceived of a pacific termination to the encounter, die within us as we note the behaviour of the band.

Whether the Indian was in earnest in the proposal he had made, or whether it was a mere scheme to get our scalps without fighting for them, we could not tell at the time. There was an air of probability that he was honest about the matter; but, on the other hand, his notorious character for hostility to the white race contradicted this probability. I had heard, moreover, that this same chief was in the habit of adopting such plans to get white men into his power.

We had no time to speculate upon the point; nor yet upon that which puzzled us far more—how he had arrived at the knowledge of who we were! What could he have known of the 'White Eagle of the forest,' or the 'young soldier-chief?'

So far as I was myself concerned, the title might have been explained. My uniform—I still wore it—might have been espied upon the prairies? The Indians are quick at catching an appellation, and communicating it to one another. But the figurative sobriquet of the young hunter? That was more specific. The Red-Hand could not have used it accidentally. Impossible. It bespoke a knowledge of us, and our affairs, that appeared mysterious and inexplicable. It did not fail to recall to our memory the apparition that had astonished Wingrove in the morning.

There was no opportunity to canvass the question—only time for the most vague conjectures—before the savages began to fire at us—discharging in rapid succession the guns which they had loaded.

We soon perceived that we had little to fear from this sort of attack. Unless by some stray bullet, there was not much danger of their hitting us. Their clumsy *manège* of the fire-weapons was evident enough. It added to the probability, that the chief had been in earnest about our giving instructions to his warriors.

Still was there some degree of danger. The guns they had got hold of were large ones—most of them old muskets of heavy calibre—that cast their ounces of lead to a long distance. We heard their bullets pattering against the rocks, and one or two of them had gone whistling over our heads. It was just possible to get hit; and, to avoid such an accident, we crouched behind our parapet, as closely as if we had been screening ourselves from the most expert marksmen.

For a long time, we did not return their fire. O'Tigg was desirous of trying another shot with his piece, but I forbade it. Warned by what they had witnessed, the Indians had retired beyond even the range of the sergeant's fusil.

Two parties of savages now separate from the main body; and, taking opposite directions, go sweeping at full gallop round the butte. We divine their object. They have discovered the position of our animals: the intention is to *stampede* them.

We perceive the importance of preventing this. If we can but keep our animals out of the hands of the savages until darkness comes down, then may there be some prospect of our escaping by flight. True, it is only a faint hope. There are many contingencies by which our design may be defeated, but there are also circumstances to favour it; and to yield without a struggle, would only be to deliver ourselves into the hands of an unpitying foe. The last words uttered by the Arapaho chief have warned us that death will be preferable to captivity.

We are sustained by another remembrance.

We know that we are not the first white men who have been thus surrounded, and who afterwards contrived to escape. Many a small band of brave trappers have sustained the attack of a whole Indian tribe; and though half of their number may have fallen, the others lived to relate the perilous adventure. The life of a determined man is difficult to take. A desperate sortie often proves the safest defence; and three or four resolute arms will cut a loophole of escape through a host of enemies.

Some such thoughts, flitting before us, hindered us in that hour from succumbing to despair.

It was of the utmost importance, then, to prevent our animals from being swept off; and to this end were our energies now directed. Three of us faced towards them—leaving the fourth to watch the movements of the enemy on the other side of the butte.

Once more the wild cry rings among the rocks, as the red horsemen gallop around—rattling their shields, and waving their weapons high in air. This is done to affright our animals, and cause them to break from their fastenings.

These demonstrations have not the desired effect. The mules prance and hinnie; the horses neigh and bound over the grass; but the long boughs bend without breaking; and acting as elastic springs, give full play to the affrighted animals. Not a rein snaps, not a lazo breaks, not a loop slides from its hold!

The first skurry is over; and we are gratified to see the four quadrupeds still grouped around the tree, and fast as ever to its branches.

The *stampede* has proved a failure.

Another swoop of the wild horsemen ends with like result; and then another.

And now closer and closer they come—galloping in all directions, crossing and meeting, and wheeling

and circling—with shrill screams and violent gesticulations.

As they pass near, they hide behind the bodies of their horses. An arm over the withers, a leg above the croup—are all of the riders we can see. It is useless to fire at these. The horses we might tumble over at pleasure; but the men offer no point to aim at. A red face gleams through the tossing locks of the mane; but, ere we can take sight upon it, it is jerked away.

For a considerable time, this play was kept up—the Indians all the while yelling as if engaged in some terrible conflict. As to ourselves, we were too wary to waste our shots upon the horses, and we reserved them, in the hope of being able to 'draw a bead' on some rider more reckless than the rest.

The opportunity soon offered. Two of the savages exhibited a special determination to succeed. Knife in hand, they careered around—evidently with the design of cutting the bridles and lazoes. Cheered on by the shouts of their comrades, they grew less careful of their skins, and at length make a dash towards the *cavallada* under the tree. When almost within hand-reach of the fastenings by which the mules were held, one of the latter slewed suddenly round, and sent her heels in a well-directed fling against the head of the foremost horse. The steed instantly wheeled, and the other coming behind followed the same movement—exposing both the riders to our aim. They made an effort to throw themselves to the other side of their horses; but the opportunity was lost. Our rifles were too quick for them. Two of us fired at the same instant; and as the smoke cleared away, the red robbers were seen sprawling upon the plain.

Our shots had proved fatal. Before we could reload, the struggles of the fallen horsemen had ended; and both lay motionless upon the grass.

The lesson was sufficient for the time. Warned by the fate of their comrades, the Indians, although still continuing their noisy demonstrations, now kept well out of the range of our rifles. There appeared to be no others in the band desirous of achieving fame at such risk of life.

CHAPTER LVII.

OUR WEAK POINT.

The savage horsemen continued their circling gallop around the butte—one occasionally swooping nearer; but covered by the body of his horse, in such a way that it was impossible to sight him.

These manœuvres were executed by the young warriors, apparently in a spirit of bravado, and with the design of shewing off their courage and equestrian skill. We disregarded the harmless demonstrations—watching them only when made in the direction of our animals.

At intervals, a hideous face, peeping over the withers of a horse, offered a tempting target. My comrades would have tried a flying shot had I not restrained them. A miss would have damaged our prestige in the eyes of the enemy. It was of importance that they should continue to believe in the infallibility of the fire-weapon.

After a time, we observed a change of tactics. The galloping slackened, and soon came to an end. The horsemen threw themselves into small groups, at nearly equal distances apart, and forming a ring round the butte. Most of the riders dismounted, a few only remaining upon their horses, and continuing to dash backward and forward, from group to group.

These groups were beyond the range of our rifles, though not of the sergeant's musket. But the savages—both mounted and afoot—had taken care to make ramparts of their horses.

At first, this manœuvre of our enemies appeared to have no other object than that of placing themselves in a position to guard against our retreat.

A moment's reflection, however, told us that this could not be the design. There were but two points by which we could pass down to the plain—at the two ends of the trail—why then should they *surround* the butte?

It could not be for the purpose of cutting off our retreat? That could be done as effectually without the circular deployment.

Their design soon became apparent. We observed that the muskets were distributed among the groups—three or four to each. With these they now opened fire upon us from all sides at once—keeping it up as fast as they could load the pieces.

The effect was to render our situation a little more perilous. Not having the means to make our parapet continuous, we were at several points exposed. Had we had good marksmen to deal with, we should have been in danger. As it was, we drew well back towards the centre of the platform; and were screened by its outer angles.

Now and then, a shot struck the rock, sending the splinters in our faces; but all four of us escaped being hit by the bullets.

We had made an observation that rendered us uneasy: we had observed a weak point in our defence. We wondered that our assailants had not also noticed it.

Around the butte, and close up to its base, lay many boulders of rock. They were prisms of granite, that had become detached from the cairn itself, and rolled down its declivity. They rested upon the plain, forming a ring co-centric with the circular base of the mound. Many of these boulders had a diameter of six feet, and would have sheltered the body of a man from our shots. Others, again, rested along the sloping sides of the butte—also of prismatic shapes, with sides overhanging. These would form ramparts for our assailants. Even the spreading cedars would hide a human form from sight. They were the trailing juniper of the western wilds—very different from the Virginian cedar. They were of broad bushy forms, with stunted stems, and tortuous branches, densely set with a dark acetalous foliage. They covered the sides of the butte, from base to middle height, with a draping perfectly impenetrable to the eye. Though there was no path save that already mentioned, assailants, active as ours, might easily have scaled the declivity.

Should the Indians make a bold dash up to the base of the butte, then drop their horses, and take to the rocks, they might advance upon us without risk. While working their way up the slope, they would be safe from our shots, sheltered by the projecting boulders, and screened by the trees. We should not dare to expose ourselves over the edge of the platform, since others, remaining behind the rocks below, would cover us with their aim; and the shower of arrows would insure our destruction. Those who should scale the mound, would have us at their mercy. Assailing us simultaneously from all sides, and springing upon the platform, ten to one against us, they would soon overpower us?

This was the observation we had made, and the reflections that resulted from it. We only wondered that our enemies had not yet perceived the advantage of this plan of attack, and since they had neglected it so long, we were in hopes that the design would not occur to them.

We soon perceived our error, and that we had miscalculated the cunning of our dusky foes. We saw the Indians once more taking to their horses. Some order had reached them from the Red-Hand, who stood conspicuous in the midst of the largest group of his warriors.

The movement set on foot by this order was similar to that already practised in the endeavour to

stampede our animals; but now all the band took part in it—even the chiefs mounting and riding among the rest. The marksmen alone remained afoot, and continued to fire from behind their horses.

Once more the mounted warriors galloped in circles round the butte. We perceived that at each wheel they were coming nearer, and could divine their intent. It was the very plan of attack we had been apprehending. We could tell by their gestures that they were about to charge forward to the butte.

Regardless of the fire from the plain, we crept back to the edge of the parapet, and pointed our pieces towards the circling horsemen. We were excited with new apprehensions; but the caution to keep cool was passed around; and each resolved not to fire without being certain of his aim. On our first shots would depend the success or failure of the attack.

As before, we arranged that two only should fire at a time. If the shots should prove true, and two of our foes fall to them, it might check the charge, perhaps repulse it altogether. Such often happens with an onset of Indians—on whom the dread of the fire-weapon acts with a mysterious effect.

On the other hand, should we miss, our fate was sealed and certain. We should not even have the choice of that last desperate resort, on which we had built a hope. We should be cut off from all escape, for our animals would be gone before we could reach them. On foot, it would be idle to attempt flight; even could we have run the gantlet through their line, we knew they would overtake us upon the plain.

We felt like men about to throw dice for our lives, and dice too that were loaded against us.

Nearer and nearer they come, until they are coursing within fifty yards of the butte, and scarcely twice that distance from our guns. Were their bodies uncovered, we could reach them; but we see only their hands, feet, and faces—the latter only at intervals.

They draw nearer—now they are riding within the circle of danger. Our elevation gives us the advantage. We begin to see their bodies over the backs of their horses. A little nearer yet, and some of these horses will go riderless over the plain!

They have perceived their danger—one and all of them. Notwithstanding their cries of bravado, and mutual encouragement, they dread to make the final rush. Each fears that himself may be the victim.

Our heads were growing dizzy with watching them, and we were still expecting to see some of them turn their horses, and dash inward to the butte; when we heard a signal-cry circulating through their ranks. All at once the foremost of them was seen swerving off to the plain, followed by the whole troop!

Before we could recover from our surprise, they had galloped far beyond the range of our guns, and once more come to a halt!

CHAPTER LVIII.

A RAMPART ON WHEELS.

For a time, our hearts throbbed more lightly: the pressure of apprehension was removed. We fancied the savages had either not yet become fully aware of the advantage of storming our position, or that the certainty of losing some of their number had intimidated them from making the attempt. They had abandoned their design, whatever it was; and intended waiting for night—the favourite fighting-time of the Indian.

This was just what we desired; and we were congratulating ourselves that the prospect had changed in our favour.

Our joy was short-lived: the enemy shewed no sign of repose. Clustered upon the plain, they still kept to their horses. By this, we knew that some other movement was intended.

The chiefs were again in the centre of the crowd—the Red-Hand conspicuous. He was heard haranguing his warriors, though we could not guess the purport of his speech. His gestures told of fierce rage—his glances now and then directed towards us betokened a spirit of implacable vengeance.

At the conclusion of his speech, he waved his hand in the direction of the wagon. The gesture appeared to be the accompaniment of a command. It was promptly and instantly obeyed. A dozen horsemen dashed out from the group, and galloped off. Their course was directed up the valley—towards the scene of their late strife.

Those who had remained upon the ground dismounted, and gave their horses to the grass. This might have led us to anticipate a suspension of hostilities, but it did not. The attitude of our enemies was not that of purposed repose. On the contrary, they came together afoot; and engaged in what appeared to be an eager consultation. The chiefs spoke in turn. Some new scheme was being discussed.

We watched the party who had ridden off. As anticipated, the wagon proved to be the *butt* of their excursion. Having reached it, they halted; and, dismounting, became grouped around it.

It was impossible for some time to tell what they were doing. Even the glass did not reveal the nature of their movements. There were others besides those who rode up; and the white tilt appeared in the midst of a dark cluster of men and horses.

Their errand at length became obvious. The crowd was seen to scatter. Horses appeared harnessed to the tongue—the wheels were in motion—the vehicle was turning round upon the plain. We saw that some half-dozen horses were hitched on, with men seated upon their backs as teamsters.

They make a wheel, and head down the valley in the direction of the butte. They are seen urging the animals into a rapid pace; and the wagon, no longer loaded, leaps lightly over the smooth sward. The horses are spurred into a gallop; and amidst the shouts of the savage drivers, drag the huge vehicle after them with the rough rapidity of a mountain howitzer.

In a few minutes, it advances to the ground occupied by the dismounted band, who surround it upon its arrival.

We upon the summit have a full view of all. We recognise the well known Troy wagon—with its red wheels, blue body, and ample canvas roof. The lettering, 'TROY, NEW YORK,' is legible on the tilt—a strange sight in the midst of its present possessors!

What can be their object with the wagon?

Their actions leave us not long in doubt. The horses are unharnessed and led aside. Half-a-dozen savages are seen crouching under the axles, and laying hold of the spokes. As many more stand behind—screened from our sight by the tilt-cloth, the body, and boxing. The pole projects in the direction of the mound.

Their object is now too painfully apparent. Without thinking of the analogy of the Trojan horse, we see that this monster of a modern Troy is about to be employed for a similar purpose.

Yes—shielded by the thick planking of its bed—by its head and hind boards—by its canvas covering and other cloths which they have cunningly spread along its sides, the savages may approach the mound in perfect safety. Such is their design.

With dismay, we perceive it. We can do nought either to retard or hinder its execution. Those under the vehicle can 'spoke' the wheels forward, without in the least exposing their bodies to our aim. Even their hands and arms are not visible: buffalo robes and blankets hang over, draping the wheels from our sight. Those behind are equally well screened; and can push forward the huge machine, without risk of danger.

We note all these circumstances with feelings of

keen apprehension. We adopt no means to hinder the movement: we can think of none, since none is possible. We are paralysed by a sense of our utter helplessness.

We are allowed but little time to reflect upon it. Amidst the shouts of the savages, we hear the creaking of the wheels; we behold the mass in motion!

Onward it comes towards the mound—advancing with apparently spontaneous motion, as of some living monster—some horrid mammoth approaching to destroy and devour us! * * * *

Had it been such a monster, its approach could not have inspired us with a greater dread. We felt that our destruction was equally certain. The savages would now surround us—advance up the rocks—spring upon us from all sides at once; and, although we might fight to the death—which we had determined to do—still must we die. The knowledge that we should die fighting, and with arms in our hands—that we should fall upon the corpses of our enemies, avenging death before parting with life—this knowledge was but a feeble ray to support and cheer us. Though no cowards—not one of us—we could not look forward to our fate, without a feeling of dread.

The certainty of that fate we could no longer question. Even the time seemed to be fixed. In a few minutes, the assailants would be upon us; and we should be engaged in the last struggle of our lives, without the slightest hope of saving them.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE ASSAULT.

With the prospect of such fatal issue—so proximate as to seem already present—no wonder that our hearts were dismayed at sight of the wagon moving towards us. As the inhabitants of a leaguered city behold with fear the advance of the screened catapult or mighty 'ram,' so regarded we the approach of that familiar vehicle—now a very monster in our eyes.

We were not permitted to view the spectacle in perfect security. As the wagon moved forward, those who carried the muskets drew still nearer under cover of their horses, and once more played upon us their uncertain but dangerous shower. With the bullets hissing above and around us, we were forced to lie low—only at intervals raising our heads to note the progress of the party intended to storm.

Slowly but surely the machine moved on—its wheels turning under the impulse of brawny arms—and impelled forward by pressure from behind. To fire upon it would have been of no avail; our bullets would have been thrown away. As easily might they have pierced through a stockade of tree-trunks.

O for a howitzer! but one discharge of iron grape to have crushed through those planks of oak and ash—to have scattered in death that human machinery that was giving them motion!

Slowly and steadily it moved on—stopping only as some large pebble opposed itself to the wheel—then on again as the obstacle was surmounted—on till the intervening space was passed over, and the triumphant cheer of our savage foes announced the attainment of their object.

Risking the straggling shots, we looked over. The wagon had reached the base of the butte; its tongue was forced up among the trees—its body stood side by side with the granite prisms.

The storming-party no longer required it as a shield; they would be sufficiently sheltered by the great boulders; and to these they now betook themselves, passing from one to the other, until they had completely surrounded the butte.

We observed this movement, but could not prevent it. They flitted from rock to rock, like red spectres; and with the rapidity of lightning flashes. In vain we attempted to take aim; before a barrel could be brought to bear upon them, they were gone out of sight. We ourselves, galled by the leaden hail, were forced to withdraw behind our ramparts.

A moment of suspense followed. We knew not how to act: we were puzzled by their movements, as well as by the silence in which they were making them.

Did they intend to climb up the butte, and openly attack us? What else should be their design? What other object could they have in surrounding it?

Only about a dozen had approached under cover of the wagon. Was it likely that so few of them would assail us boldly and openly? No. Beyond a doubt, they had some other design?

Ha! what means that blue column slowly curling upward? It is smoke!

See! Another and another—a dozen of them! From all sides they spring up, encircling the mound!

Hark to those sounds! the 'swish' of burning grass—the crackle of kindling sticks! They are making fires around us!

The columns were at first filmy, and then grew thicker and more dense. They spread out and joined each other—they became attracted towards the rocky mass—they fell against its sides, and wreathing upward, wrapped its summit in their ramifications. The platform was soon enveloped in the cloud!

We saw the savages upon the plain—dimly, as if through a crape. Those behind their horses still continued their fire; the others were dismounting.

They abandoned their horses, and appeared to advance on foot; their forms, through the magnifying mist, loomed spectral and gigantic!

They were visible only for a moment. The smoke rolled its thick volume around the summit, and shrouded them from our sight.

We no longer saw our enemy or the earth. The sky was obscured—even the rock on which we stood was no longer visible, nor one of us to the other!

Through all continued the firing upon the plain; the bullets hurtled around our heads, and the clamour of our foe reached our ears with fierce thrilling import.

We heard the crackling of fagots, and the spurting hissing noise of many fires; but perceived no blaze—only the thick smoke rising in continuous waves, and every moment growing denser around us.

We could bear it no longer; we were half suffocated. Any form of death before that. Was it too late to reach our horses? Doubtless, they were already snatched a way. No matter: we could not remain there. In five minutes, we must have yielded to the fearful asphyxia.

'No! never! let us die as we had determined, with arms in our hands!'

Voices husky and hoarse made answer in the affirmative.

We sprang to our feet, and came together—so that we could feel each other. We grasped our guns, and got ready our knives and pistols. We made our way to the edge of the rock, and, sliding down, assured ourselves of the path. We groped downward, guided by the granite walls on each side. We went not with caution, but in the very recklessness of a desperate need. We were met by the masses of smoke still rolling upwards. Further down, we felt the caloric as we came nearer to the crackling fires.

We heeded them not, but rushed madly forward, till we had cleared both the cloud and the flames, and stood in the open air.

It was but escaping from the fires of hell to rush into the midst of its demons. On all sides, they surrounded us with poised spears and brandished clubs. Amidst their loud yells, we scarcely heard the cracking of our guns and pistols; and those who fell to our shots were soon lost to our sight behind the bodies of others who crowded forward to encompass us.

For a short while, we kept together, and fought, back to back, facing our foes; but we were soon separated; and each struggled with a dozen assailants around him.

The struggle was not protracted. So far as I was concerned, it ended almost on the instant of my being separated from my comrades. A blow from behind, as of a club striking me upon the skull, deprived me of consciousness, leaving me only the one last thought—*that it was death!*

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WEATHER.

As there is no topic of conversation so universal as that of the Weather, so there *is* none upon which so many false and foolish things are spoken. Considering that it is the single subject upon which a very large and respectable body of persons consider themselves qualified to speak confidently, and that it forms the medium of conversation even among the highest and most intelligent classes, it is quite surprising how ill apprehended and misunderstood a thing it is. The majority of our fellow-countrymen do not regard the truth even in respect to the passing indications of the weather, but observe, 'A beautiful day, sir—a *very* beautiful day, sir,' when one is glistening after a recent shower; or 'A terrible day this, sir—a *most* terrible day,' when the clouds are lifting visibly and it is promising fair; not, it is true, with the intention of wilful misrepresentation, but because they imagine a positive statement of some kind to be more genial and conciliatory in the eyes of a stranger than a more moderate remark which has only truth and soberness to recommend it; or it may, perhaps, be one of those many symptoms which Mr Thomas Carlyle has observed to be prevailing amongst us, of the universal hollowness and decay of the human race. Certainly so the matter stands, and we would recommend to the conscientious the observation, 'Magnificent weather for the turnips, sir,' as the sole meteorological remark in wet weather which combines the advantages of enthusiasm and fact. That we are not overstating the looseness with which Society is apt to speak upon this important subject, may be tested by any of our readers upon his introduction to the first communicative stranger he may meet on road or rail, whom he will find to be quite easily driven from his original assertion, that is (for instance) 'Lovely weather,' into allowing, with more or less polite candour, that it is 'misty,' nevertheless, and 'raw,' and 'cold,' and—finally—'quite unseasonable.' If it is not worth a man's while to defend a position, he should not take it up; and yet how few there are who will either make a stand for a truth, or expose a fallacy in connection with this subject. We had once the privilege of being in the same carriage with a couple of judges of the land, whom we will call A and B, and a high sheriff of his county, C. A, since deceased, was one of the cleverest and most genial men that ever sat on the bench, but testy withal, and excessively impatient of a dull remark. B, on the other hand, was the pink of politeness and courtesy. C was excessively anxious to be agreeable to his learned companions, who were also his guests, and like many other excellent and by no means stupid persons, he thought the Weather would be a capital topic to commence what he intended should eventually become an animated and agreeable conversation.

'I think we shall have a change in the weather soon, my lord,' remarked C, as soon as the horses were in motion, to A, who was the senior judge.

A looked contemptuously at the speaker, and replied sharply, 'Why, sir, why?' after the manner of the late Samuel Johnson.

'Because, my lord, the moon is changing.'

'The moon!' exclaimed A, with an irritation that turned him purple in an instant; 'because your grandmother *is* changing, you mean. Can you be such a fool, Mr High Sheriff, as to believe that the moon has anything to do with it?'

This present writer sat aghast at the unexpected outbreak; but the unfortunate country gentleman who had provoked it, quite collapsed, and retired into himself at once, like a hermit-crab into his shell. He had broken the ice of conversation with a vengeance, and going down through it, head first, after such a fashion, was never again able to appear above the surface.

'Really, Brother A,' observed B, sincerely grieved by the injury thus inflicted by his learned colleague, 'you seem to me exceedingly hard upon our friend here. It is the opinion of many persons of good judgment that the moon does certainly influence the weather. I confess, I believe myself'——

'Then all I have to say,' broke in his senior, taking out from his pocket that edition of Lucullus without which he never travelled—'all I have to say is this—you are as great a fool, Brother B, as C is.'

After which we concluded our drive in silence.

There are few, however, who have that force of character and power of flat contradiction which were so characteristic of the late lamented A. In *his* presence, the conciliatory and gregarious stranger would not have been permitted to use the word 'unseasonable' in connection with the weather with that impunity which is accorded to him by all companies in every class of railway carriage—the great probability being that the weather is *not* unseasonable, and that his remark is nonsense. Upon the whole, it is likely that the weather is a great deal more consistent than the speaker, and can be predicted of, from year to year, with far greater certainty. The fact is, the weather has many enemies, and therefore evil tales are falsely told of it. The newspaper writers regard it as their prey, to revile—since abuse, as in the human subject, is easier, and fills up more space than praise—whenever there is a lack of political or social victims; while all old people—*laudatores temporis acti*—delight in declaring that the weather has 'fallen off' (where from and where to, we wonder!), and is by no means the charming thing it used to be. This last is an opinion which has too often found expression in the works of those who have had some literary and scientific pretensions—who, in a word, ought to have known better.

Thus Pinkerton, in his Geography, writes as follows: 'Many observers endowed with philosophical skill and candid judgment have agreed that, since the year 1775, a considerable change has taken place in the temperature of the year, both in Great Britain and Ireland. The winters in general have been more moist and mild, and the summers more humid and cold, than will be found on an average of preceding years.' A Mr John Williams of Pitmaston published a book in 1806 upon the changes in the climate of Britain, wherein he looks forward to the time when the increasing humidity of the summers will prevent this country from producing any wheat. Dr Thomas Garnett, in two quarto volumes which appeared about the same time, entitled *A Tour through the Highlands and part of the Western Isles of Scotland*, endorses the above forebodings. A writer in *Brande's Journal of Science* for the year 1818, indulges himself in the following gloomy paragraphs: 'That for several centuries past the climate of England has undergone a very material change for the worse, appears demonstrated by the most irresistible historical evidence; nor can there, indeed, be a doubt that the springs are now later, and the summers shorter, and that those seasons are colder and more humid than they were in the youthful days of many persons, and those not very aged, who are now alive. We learn from our old chronicles that the grape has formerly been cultivated in England for the manufacture of wine; but we now know, that even with much care and attention

it can scarcely be brought to ripen a scanty crop under walls exposed to the sun, sheltered from cold wind, and in every respect in the most favourable aspect.' 'Nay,' says he, 'on ground where the vine once flourished, the apple has of late years scarcely ripened; and we are informed on good authority, that it is now sixteen years since the orchards have afforded a plentiful crop. It is really melancholy to think that at no very remote period, our posterity may be in all probability in the same situation in regard to cider, that we are now placed in, in respect to wine.'

Even Mr Knight, the celebrated horticulturist, entertained the idea that some alteration in the character of the seasons was discernible during his own recollection—only his account of the change is almost diametrically opposite to those of the preceding authorities. In a paper read before the Horticultural Society in 1829, he says: 'There are, I believe, few persons who have noticed, and who can recollect the state of the climate of England half a century ago, who will not be found to agree in opinion, that considerable changes have taken place in it; and that our winters are now generally warmer than they were at that period. My own habits and pursuits, from a very early period of my life to the present time, have led me to expose myself much to the weather in all seasons of the year, and under all circumstances; and no doubt whatever remains in my mind, but that our winters are generally a good deal less severe than formerly, our springs more cold and ungenial, our summers, and particularly the latter parts of them, as warm at least as they formerly were, and our autumns considerably warmer.' Mr Nicholas Whitley, in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, for 1850, observes that 'there is every reason to believe that the winters have been acquiring a more genial character;' and finally, even the Registrar-general of England asserts: 'From a careful examination of the fall of rain (year by year) from the year 1815, it would seem that the annual fall is becoming smaller, and that there is but little probability that the large deficiency will be made up by excess in future years.'

The weather-mongers, therefore, not only vary in their assertions, but absolutely contradict one another. One says the summers are getting colder and moister; another, that they are as warm, if not warmer, and that there is less water in the rivers during that season; a third asserts that the seasons are changed, because the woods have been cut down; a fourth writes a book to prove that it is because the plantations have increased. All are agreed in one thing only—wherein it will be presently shewn that they are wrong—namely, in the falling off in the temperature of the spring, or the more ungenial nature of that season compared with the springs of former years.

Under these circumstances, the Marquis of Tweeddale, president of the Meteorological Society, offered a prize in June 1859 for the best essay on this subject: 'Whether the amount of rainfall in the western parts of Europe, and more particularly in Scotland, is less now than it formerly was.' Of this prize, Mr T. F. Jamieson of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, was the gainer, and to his interesting little pamphlet* we are indebted for what we may fairly consider to be a final settlement of this vexed question. The only gauges which this gentleman found to be continuous and reliable registers of the rainfall for any great number of years, were two—the one at Greenwich, and one kept by Mr Smith of Carbeth House, in Stirlingshire, each of which embraced a period of forty-five years. To the results procured from these, Mr Jamieson has added those from eleven other authentic registers recorded for a less but still a considerable period. 'When all are examined,' says he, 'we find almost the whole agree in shewing a deficiency in the average amount of rain for the last few years; but when we come to seek for evidence of a gradual or progressive diminution, going on from the beginning of the present century to the present time, we fail to find any satisfactory proof of such being the case.' There has been a slight decrease here and there, but no permanent or even general alteration whatever. In Edinburgh, indeed, there has been a diminution in the rainfall for thirty-five years; but at Oxford, on the other hand, there has been a decided augmentation. In the long and faithful record kept at Carbeth House, where the gauge has remained at the same spot, and been chronicled by the same observer, the average of the first thirty years is 42·6 inches, and of the last thirty 42·8 inches.

Statements regarding the alteration of climate, both here and elsewhere, have been made with the same looseness and falsity as those concerning the weather. 'Greenland has been quoted as a striking example of decreasing temperature. Discovered by an Icelander about the beginning of the tenth century, it was soon after occupied by Scandinavian colonists; and on East Greenland, the settlements increased up to near three hundred villages or farms. "This country," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* (vol. viii. p. 200), "it is well known, was lost to the rest of the world by the setting in of the polar ice about the year 1406. Since this period, it has not been considered accessible, all attempts to reach it having failed; and the fate of the colonists has been constantly wrapped in that perfect obscurity which renders it a subject of the most intense interest." And another writer in the *Journal of the Royal Institution* tells us: "Greenland received its name from its verdant aspect, and an extensive commerce existed between it and Norway till the beginning of the fifteenth century, since which period all communication with East Greenland has ceased; and what was once known respecting it is almost buried in oblivion, and its coast has become blockaded by an immense collection of ice, so that, till within these few months, no vessel could approach near enough even to see the land."—(Vol. iv. p. 281, 1818.)

'And Arago, to a similar effect: "Le Groenland (*Groenland*, terre verte) offre l'example le plus frappant, qu'on puisse citer de la détérioration des climats septentrionaux. Des colonies nombreuses s'y établirent et faisaient encore, dans le commencement du XV^e^ siècle, un commerce très animé avec le Norvége; mais à partir de cette époque, toutes les communications ont cessé. Les glaces, en s'accumulant d'année en année sur la côte orientale, ont empêché les bâtiments d'y aborder."—Arago, *Sur l'Etat Thermométrique du Globe Terrestre*. Now, all this story about East Greenland—its verdant aspect and the hapless fate of its settlements, suddenly cut off from the rest of the world by the launching down of the polar ice—turns out, it would seem, to be a mere myth, arising from a misconception of the name. Recent exploring expeditions, sent out by the Danish government for the express purpose of clearing up the matter, have shewn that there never were any European colonies on what we call East Greenland, and the origin of such a legend seems to have been this: The original colony had been about the southern promontory, near Cape Farewell, while other settlements established themselves further west, or rather to the north-west, so that the older establishment came to be termed *Oestre Bygd*, or the Eastern Settlement, and the other *Vestre Bygd*, or the Western Settlement; and after the colonists had been exterminated by the plague—which prevailed about the year 1402, and reached even this remote region—aided also very likely by the enmity of the Esquimaux, or other causes now unknown to us, the name of East or Old Greenland gave rise to the notion we have alluded to.'

* *The Tweeddale Prize Essay on the Rainfall.* By T. F. Jamieson. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

Here, in Scotland, since some of the higher mountains almost reach the limit of perpetual snow, we have a peculiarly delicate test of the temperature. 'If our climate had been materially warmer or less snowy in former times, we should expect that no snow would have remained on them throughout the summer; and had it been more severe, the higher peaks would have been constantly invested with an icy cap; but from all that I can learn, matters appear to have been pretty much the same of old as they are now, for some Highland proprietors held their estates on condition of presenting a snow-ball any day of the year it might be required, and some stories are told of the occasional difficulty that occurred in fulfilling the quit-rent. Monro of Foulis is said, by Pennant, to have held a forest in the neighbourhood of Ben Wyvis under such a charter.'

Mr Jamieson disputes the idea of a greater or less amount of forest having any influence upon the rainfall whatever, and even denies any climatological effect to drainage. 'In the first place,' says he, 'there is no clear evidence of any progressive diminution, as may be seen from inspection of the tables I have produced. And the decrease within the last few years is as strongly marked at Orkney as anywhere else; but no one, I imagine, will assert that land-drainage could have thus affected the rainfall of these remote islands. Can it be thought the drying of a few damp fields would have such an influence, so long as an extensive ocean encircles these narrow shreds of land, and throws its spray almost quite over them?'

In the Lake district of the north of England, the annual quantity of rain increases from 47 inches on the coast to 147 inches on the hills. 'This enormous difference does not arise from the coast-lands being better drained, but seems to be the result of these high mountains being situated in a narrow part of our island, with seas near them on both sides, so that the air, loaded with moisture, whether it blows from the east or west, strikes upon these hills, and is forced up their slopes, as up an inclined plane, until, becoming cooled in these higher regions, it lets fall its vapour in copious showers.'

Upon the whole, this little pamphlet forms the most complete refutation of those foolish theories formed upon insufficient *data*, which we find in everybody's mouth, and even in some sensible men's writings, concerning the weather. Our Climate has suffered no alteration since Britain was inhabited by man and woman, nor is it likely to change, whatever man or woman may say to the contrary. 'Geology teaches us, indeed, that wonderful changes have taken place in the earth's climate. In Greenland, Scoresby found coal strata shewing impressions of tropical plants; and here, in our own country, we find Britain to have been at one time a land of palms and cocoa-nuts, with monkeys climbing amongst the branches; at another, the seat of giant glaciers and perpetual snow, where no living sound might have been heard but the hoarse baying of the reindeer, or the growl of the northern bear. The passage from one extreme to the other was doubtless very gradual; indeed, we have proof that the rigorous climate of the drift period came on by degrees, and did not at once attain its full severity; ages, we have reason to believe, passed away, and whole tribes of animals flourished and decayed. The cause of these mighty changes is still wrapped in obscurity, but seems to have had some connection with the relative distribution of land and water. Whole continents have risen and sunk, mountain-ranges have been lifted up within the snow-line, and have subsided again, until their summits alone remained as a set of islands in the midst of the sea. The changes that have taken place since the dawn of history are, however, slight, and confined within narrow limits. Indeed, it is still doubtful whether any perceptible difference has been established. The same plants are still characteristic of the countries that produced them in the days of Moses. The geographical limits of the olive, the vine, and the palm-tree, seem to be the same as they were three thousand years ago; and as even a slight alteration would affect the ripening of their fruits, we cannot suppose much change to have occurred. Seed-time and harvest have remained the same, so far as we can discover, neither has the vintage varied. All things point to very similar climatic conditions in the early days of our race: and this is not to be wondered at, for the great world-clock moves slowly and deliberately, but inevitably; and in the long record of the earth's history, the whole human period, so far as it has yet run, counts but as yesterday. The law, however, seems to be motion and progress—what has been is not to be. Climates and creations grow old and pass away; they are but the garment of the Eternal, and as a vesture does He change them.'

A WORD WITH DESPONDENCY.

'Raise thine eyes, raise thine head,
Govern the grief thy soul that wrings;
Of all on this rocking earth that tread,
Man is the noblest of breathing things.
Shame not the sunshine with moody brow;
Strengthen thy heart
For a manlier part,
And look like a king, as thou art, below.'

'I say not but others have sorrows as great,
But I am weak, and they weigh me down;
I have wrestled against the ills of fate,
But not for me is the victor's crown.
My heart is aching with many a wound;
I am weary and faint;
I am well content
To lay me down and die on the ground.'

'Knowest thou not that the spirit of Ill
Goes forth through the world with chainèd feet,
That though he may wreak his vengeful will
To trouble and torture all he meet,
Yet he is but a slave, whose work and way
Is traced by a power
Who appoints his hour,
And gives him to chasten, but seldom to slay!'

'Lost in the forest, wrecked on the seas,
Warring or passive, in hope or grief,
Men suffer and sink: what matter to these
Though sterner endurance might bring relief?
Our sinews can bear but a measured strain;
Through the torturing night
We watch for the light,
But die ere sunrise, o'ermatched with pain!'

'Small were thy loss, should the Fates be hard;
Thou diest like a warrior, sword in hand.
Great will thy gain be, and bright thy reward,
If thou in the evil days dost stand.
Tend thou Faith's lamp with a vigilant care;
When skies are most dark,
It shall yield thee its spark,
Nor fail till the morning breaks on the air.'

E. C. B.

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THE LATE SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETING AT GLASGOW.

THE meeting last year at Bradford of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was so agreeable an affair, that we resolved on going to the meeting this year at Glasgow, where, from all accounts, a great success was expected. We accordingly went, and, from personal experience, may be allowed to say a word as to how far it appeared to fulfil expectations.

We may observe at the outset, that, in point of agreeableness, the meeting fell somewhat short of that last year: more successful in point of numbers, it seemed to want the unity and concentration of the previous meeting, and there were not the same means of conversational intercourse among members. Bradford possessed the immense advantage of an exceedingly commodious and splendid hall, with reception-rooms and certain minor places of meeting attached, to which all centred as bees to a hive; whereas at Glasgow, the reception-room was considerably detached from any place of meeting; and the City Hall, where the chief assemblage took place, is of somewhat curtailed proportions. This separation seriously marred the enjoyability of the gathering, while even the very numbers that were present formed a drawback. Everywhere, there was a jam of people. Instead of a pleasant lounge, with a chance of seeing and chatting with old acquaintances, you on some occasions found yourself in a crowd so dense as to impede convenient movement.

If there were, however, these lacks, there were also some things to be spoken of with commendation. The most obvious advantage of all, was the bringing of a number of the best minds in England and Scotland together, for an expression of opinion on matters of momentous consideration. Hitherto, there had been comparatively few Scotch at the annual meetings. Standing on their own ground, they now mustered in great force; and to particularise a class, we would point with satisfaction to the phalanx of lawyers of a high order connected with the Scottish supreme courts. This alone constituted an important novelty in the Glasgow meeting; and we cannot doubt that the addresses and discussions that ensued as to the desirableness of assimilating and improving the laws and juridical practices of England and Scotland, will have the best practical effects. The address of the Lord Advocate on this topic was one of the most masterly and suggestive of all that were delivered.

The great attraction of the meeting was, of course, the venerable and indefatigable octogenarian, Lord Brougham, who, active and eloquent as ever, occupied the position of president, and never failed to impart a peculiar zest to the chief assemblages. The opening address of this remarkable personage, extending over two hours, has been so well reported in the newspapers, and so generally read, that we are left little more to say respecting it, than that it was characterised throughout by that quality of boldness and fervid sincerity to which Brougham's enduring popularity are in no small degree to be ascribed. When he alluded in terms of just reprobation to that frightful growing evil, the waste of time by protracted and vain talk in the House of Commons, his remarks met with an instantaneous and cordial response. Except that politics are excluded from discussion at the congress, it would have been well for this Nestor of legislators to have told his audience that the proper remedy for the monstrous abuse was in the hands of the people themselves; for they have only to mark who are the loquacious wasters of time, and take the first opportunity of relieving them of an office which, to the scandal of representative institutions, they have done all in their power to bring into discredit.

Persons disposed to be critical have drawn attention to the fact, that the Social Science meetings are themselves nothing more than an arena of talk. But the avowed aim of the Association is to ventilate and discuss subjects of universal importance in order to promote their practical efficacy; improvements in laws, means for preserving health, condition of overcrowded dwellings, education of the young, and methods of assuaging vice and crime, forming the bulk of the topics that are brought under notice. As may be supposed, with such ample scope there is no want of crotchets, and the notion possibly dawns on the mind of the auditor, that he is in an assembly of monomaniacs, who are all struggling to make out the indispensable necessity of carrying out their respective views. Any idea of this kind, however, must rest on exceptional cases. By close attention to the business of the sections, it is seen that there is an immense amount of earnest sound-headed philanthropy at work. The object decidedly is to lessen the sum of human evil, by available means, or, at all events, remedial measures are suggested which admit of being listened to and discussed. It will be easily imagined that in numerous cases, two or more persons offer expositions of the same kind, to which extent there is an occasional monotony in the papers to be disposed of; though this is to be less complained of than the very brief space of time allowed for the several discussions.

Judging from what came under our notice at the present and preceding meetings, it would seem that no

kind of social economics engages so much anxious consideration as the condition of the less affluent classes in town and rural districts, but especially in the more densely populated towns. It surely must be reckoned a fine trait of the age we live in, that such should be the case. In times within our own memory, the cudgel and the hangman were about the only recognised remedial agencies; and if people would die by overcrowding, by bad ventilation, or by any other kind of maladministration, it was their own affair—they might pine or perish in any way they liked. All this is fortunately changed. The future historian will, with satisfaction, explore the early annals of the Association now under notice for the most lively evidences of a wide-spread desire to assist the great cause of social amelioration. The very principle on which the movement should be conducted, has perceptibly advanced. It is a matter of no small consequence to know what may and what may not be done by legislative enactment—that law may in some things restrain, but rarely compel, to good. This was exemplified in a variety of papers read in the section of Social Economy. Laws to prevent what is called the truck-system, by which workmen are insidiously led to take payment of wages in the form of goods from a store, are shewn to be practically valueless, there being, in fact, no legislative contrivance which can supersede the exercise of discretion and forethought on the part of the manual labouring-classes. What a world of outcry is blown to the winds by Mr Burton's paper on this subject! The perplexed question of trades-unions and strikes may be said to have attained to an equally satisfactory settlement. As a latent check, strikes are not without their use, while, when ill-devised, they re-act on their promoters, and therein are best let alone. But an infinitely more useful truth was reiterated at these meetings, which it would be well to take to heart. It was incontestably proved by an array of facts and figures, that through the means of co-operation, the working-classes have to a very large extent the power of improving their position in their own hands. If the Social Science Association had done nothing else than establish this result, it would have performed an important public service. Let us try to put the matter plainly.

Many millions come every year into the hands of the operative classes, who, with some insignificant exceptions, never grow any richer. The reason for this is simply want of management. In making their purchases, they give all the profit away, instead of keeping it to themselves. On the food they eat, the clothes they wear, and the houses they inhabit, they are constantly laying out sums beyond what they ought to do; and not only so, they recklessly see others enriching themselves at their cost. While, as a general thing, such is the state of affairs, certain bodies of workmen, however, have at length had the shrewdness and skill to provide a remedy. It may be recollected that last year, on our return from Bradford, we visited Rochdale, and gave an account of the marvellous systems of co-operation which have there been organised entirely by working-men. At the Glasgow meeting, we heard with inexpressible satisfaction, from a paper by Dr J. Watts of Manchester, that the Rochdale associations continued to flourish, and that the plan of co-operation was rapidly spreading throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire. No candid listener could hear the explanations given, without feeling that here, for the first time, is a solution of that mighty problem—the elevation of the working-classes. Undeniably, there must be intelligence with prudent self-denial to begin with; but these being assured, all the rest is easy. Nothing is wanted in the way of coddling and coaxing from the upper classes. Thinking as well as acting for themselves, the co-operatives enjoy the pleasure which naturally springs from self-respect and a consciousness of independence. In our account of the Rochdale concerns, we mentioned that the principle of co-operation had begun to be extended beyond the comparatively limited sphere of store-keeping and flour-grinding, and was about to embrace a cotton-factory at a cost of L.50,000—a factory the property of the workers, who consequently were to be their own employers. It appears, from the paper of Dr Watts, that there are now, either wholly at work, or in progress of erection in Lancashire, thirty-one manufacturing establishments got up by operatives. The least costly of these is set down at L.5000; the greater number vary from L.20,000 to L.40,000; several are L.50,000; and two reach even to L.100,000: the total outlay being one million and eighty-eight thousand pounds—a striking proof of what working-men may do by their accumulated pence! Travelling out of the safe routine of store-keeping, and undertaking the risks of capitalists, the co-operators will need to exercise the skill and caution that ordinarily belong to manufacturing enterprise. Should they, in the long-run, weather this difficulty, it may almost be averred that a new phase of society has been successfully achieved.

Strangers from England, accustomed to towns of brick, would perhaps be struck with the handsome stone edifices, as well as the regularity of street architecture of Glasgow, nor would they fail to remark the air of business and substantial prosperity which generally prevails. At the same time, if they looked a little more narrowly into affairs, particularly in the vicinity of the College, where the meetings of departments were held, they would have grounds for being surprised and distressed at the spectacle of wretchedness which presented itself. A speaker at one of the meetings, in referring to the state of the lower orders in Glasgow and Edinburgh, said he had seen nothing so bad in continental Europe, and we can verify the observation. The want of proper house-accommodation was strongly urged as one of the main reasons for this social debasement; but undoubtedly there are causes at work greatly more deteriorating. While the country at large has been advancing in material prosperity, taste, and refinement—not to say anything as regards religious progress—there has been accumulating, unobserved, at the base of society, a degree of ignorance and physical depression which well-nigh defies improvement. A vast deal of discussion took place at Glasgow as to National Education, but to our certain knowledge, the subject has been discussed in the same way for the last fifteen years, and things are just where they were. There is still the same battle among sects, the same wrangling as to the abolition of tests, while, all the time, children are growing up insufficiently educated, or not educated at all. We have it on respectable authority, that there are at the present moment in Glasgow twenty-eight thousand children receiving no sort of school instruction—a fact which should stimulate the committee of the Association appointed for that purpose, to devise some system that will reconcile contending parties.

In considering what may with advantage be attempted to remedy deficiencies in house-accommodation in large towns, it would be but proper to keep in mind the distinction between the respectable body of well-employed workmen who stand in need of and would cheerfully pay for dwellings suitable to their means, and that semi-pauperised and piteously abject mass to which we have just been referring. To understand the matter rightly, we must remember that there are immense numbers for whom no capitalist in his senses would build houses. That is the difficulty with which the subject is fraught. Yet, with decency forced into contiguity with vice, order with disorder, and health with disease, as they now are, it is obvious that there ought to be a remedy of some kind. In making a very effective statement as to house-accommodation in the worst parts of Glasgow, Mr William Keddie mentioned that though five was

the average number of persons in a dwelling composed of one apartment, there were cases in which the number was much greater. 'He had visited a house where the grandfather and grandmother, two married daughters, with their husbands, four children, a female lodger and her niece, were all living together in an ordinary sized kitchen, with a closet attached to it of the dimensions of an ordinary sized press.' He added that there were 31,732 houses in Glasgow under L.5 of yearly rent; and such was the demand for dwellings, that frequently more than one family was huddled into a single dark and ill-ventilated apartment: good health, decency, and comfort were consequently out of the question. This picture of Glasgow life was heightened by a paper from Mr David Smith, who at some length gave a startling account of the two varieties of alleys, called wynds and closes. In one close, a few feet wide, there dwell 1400; in another, with a branch from it, about 2000, persons. From 800 to 1200 inhabitants, in one of these narrow and polluted thoroughfares, is quite a common population. Unless for coming out to play in the open street during the day, children could not be reared in such places, and as it is, the mortality among them is excessive. An apartment with 1000 cubic feet of air, is the allowance for a prisoner in England; but in the confined dwellings in these closes, the average quantity of space is but 175 cubic feet. Mr Smith found that in a den of this kind, 17 persons slept; in another, 8; and in one still smaller, 8 also. He said he had once seen 19 persons living in two small apartments—five of a family and fourteen lodgers—and at another time, three of a family and seven lodgers, living in a room seven feet square. There were even more painful details than this, as to overcrowding, but we have said enough. In the discussion that ensued on the subject, it seemed to be the general impression, that whatever might be done as respects providing house-accommodation by societies or capitalists, the legislature ought to interfere to regulate the number of families in a building, as it had already interposed to regulate the keeping of low lodging-houses. Remedies of this kind, however, would need to be very carefully considered. The world at large has begun to doubt the propriety of trying to cure social evils by act of parliament; and although much is allowable within the sphere of sanitary police, we would rather seek for a remedy for the overcrowding of dwellings in moral and spontaneous agencies.

We could wish that our space had enabled us to present some account of the Bothy system, as detailed by the Rev. Dr Begg, which was again brought before the Association. We may just explain to our English friends, that the system consists in lodging a number of unmarried ploughmen in a barrack by themselves, where they live in a rude kind of monachism—cheaply to the farmer their employer, but vastly to the destruction of morals. In some places, this system, the opprobrium of Scotland, includes female bothies. Nothing more atrocious ever existed in rural life, yet, a gentleman who took part in the discussion on the subject, had the temerity to speak in its vindication. The landed gentry will not thank him.

Obliged to pass over the eloquent addresses of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Sir John Packington, and Sir James Emerson Tennent, we would call special attention to the address on public health by Mr Edwin Chadwick, on the last day of the gathering; in which occurred the remarkable observation, that more than two hundred thousand deaths occur every year in Great Britain from preventable causes—in other words, were proper sanitary measures adopted, fully one-half the usual number of deaths would be spared. One could not possibly listen to this, and several other addresses of much practical value, without feeling that, according to present arrangements, they have not justice at all done to them. The newspaper press reports some of them with surprising copiousness; but many necessarily receive only a passing notice. In process of time, the whole are comprehensively issued in a thick octavo volume, which is distributed among members. Consigned to this well-edited repository, the addresses and papers may be said to be safely and decorously entombed. No one hears any more about them. Twelve months ago, we took leave to hint to the secretary that the literature of the Association deserved a better fate. We suggested for the consideration of the council, that at least the more important class of papers should be popularised; but were informed that certain obstacles were in the way. O that lion which is always in the path when anything good is to be done! Presuming that, if fairly faced, the difficulty is not so unconquerable after all, the public will join with us in thinking that a cheap issue of these addresses—as, for example, that of Mr Chadwick on preventable mortality—is worth a trial. Why, indeed, by means of this nature, should not these valuable tracts be read again and again all over the country at public assemblages, with a view to disseminating a useful kind of knowledge among the masses?

We would refrain from finding the least fault where so much praise is due, but may be permitted to echo not a solitary remark, that if the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science is substantially to fulfil its professed aims, and be something more than a meteor that blazes and dazzles for a week, and is then quenched, it will—apart from methodising recognised facts and principles—need to adopt some reasonable expedient to popularise and give enduring efficacy to its proceedings. W. C.

TAILORS.

Clarkson, Wilberforce, Buxton, and Howard are names well known in the annals of philanthropy; but a greater philanthropist than any one of them is your tailor. Some people's ideas of tailors are limited to the making of clothes; but these have but a very scanty notion of the multifarious kind offices performed by tailors. It must not be supposed for one moment that I am inclined to underrate or disparage the tailorian art as an art. We nourish still a tender feeling of gratitude towards the far-sighted and beneficent being who made our boyish jacket and trousers on anti-ferule principles—that is to say, loose of fit and ribbed in texture—so that, when we had been caught playing marbles during school-hours, we had greatly the advantage of Jones, whose clothes were of superfine cloth, and fitted him like a glove, and who therefore howled with anguish, when we respectively received the reward of our iniquity. And later on in life, on the evening of the last day of our last half-year at school, when the juvenile ball was given, how was it that I cut out Jones, though he had as many as fifteen hairs of whisker on each cheek, and I had none? How was it that Mary Smith preferred Jacob to Esau as her partner in the Lancers? Because Jacob's tailor had put a gold edging to his evening waistcoat, and Esau's hadn't to his. I had been wondering how it was all through the dance, but at the end of it, when I offered her my arm, she said to me: 'What a very pretty waistcoat!' and I thanked my tailor in my heart, for at sixteen you are not sufficiently philosophical to wish to distance your rival simply by your own personal merits. Talk about virtue rendering a man happy! why, virtue is nothing to clothes. Moreover, if you are well dressed, you have all the virtues put down to your credit directly. We know that the first thing a man has to do, is to look like a gentleman; the second, to behave like a gentleman; and the third, to feel like a gentleman. Ignorant persons reverse the sequence; but I speak on

undoubted authority. They wouldn't admit Aristides himself into the pit at the Opera unless he wore a dress-coat; and Orestes would cut Pylades if he met him in Regent Street with a hole in his inexpressibles. It is well, therefore, always to make a friend of your tailor, who, by giving you credit, preserves for you your reputation and your friends, and enables you to mingle in the throng of men with some chance of gaining their esteem, and their assistance; for strange to say, the more you look as though you wanted help, the less likely you are to get it.

To whom do you owe it, I should like to know, that you are put into a pew in a strange church? To whom that the waiter is so civil to you at the tavern where you dine? To whom that the porter at the club where you call to see a friend overwhelms you with politeness? To whom that shopmen wait upon you with alacrity, and shopwomen trip forward to meet you with a blush of pleasure? To whom that ladies regard you with a look of complacency in the Park, and gentlemen with a stare of envious aversion? To whom that policemen touch their hats to you when you request them to direct you somewhither, and that the decent artisan says 'Sir,' when he addresses you? To whom that the railway porter remarks, you are going 'first-class of course, sir,' and that the guard asks if you would 'like a carriage to yourself, sir,' and whether you 'want any lights?' To whom that cabmen whisper confidentially to one another, that you are 'the swell as lives at No. 1, London?' To whom that strangers and acquaintance alike accost you courteously? To your tailor, to your tailor!

Wear a threadbare suit, and you may carry a list of your virtues hung round your neck, and signed by way of testimony with the names of the wisest, and the highest, and the mightiest, but it will be of no avail: the pew-opener won't see you; the waiter will keep a watchful eye on you, and sneer at your gratuity; the porter at the club will reply to your queries with a yawn; shopmen will demand, 'Well, and what do *you* want?' shopwomen will titter in the background; ladies will think, 'What a horrid-looking set one sees in the Park!' gentlemen will shrink from you, as though you were infectious; policemen will tell you 'they're not sign-posts,' and request you to 'move on;' the decent artisan will address you as 'mate;' the railway porter will conclude you're going third-class, and the guard will shout out gruffly, 'Hilloa! you mustn't smoke in there;' cabmen will want their fare in advance; your acquaintance will preserve a very stolid demeanour as they nod to you, and strangers will accost you as if you were public property. I am, you see, far from undervaluing the tailor as an artist, or from being blind to the necessity of always 'keeping an account' with him. On the contrary, my opinion of his artistic services is confirmed by every new visit I pay him. I see him supplying deficiencies of nature, concealing blemishes, creating virtues out of senseless cloth. I observe the incomplete garments; I draw upon my imagination for the honourable gentlemen who will wear them, and I pay involuntary homage to the lifeless representatives of those whom I am accustomed to reverence in the flesh. Here is a manly chest which he has prepared with pains for the newly gazetted cornet, on whom I shall gaze with mingled awe and admiration; here are the stalwart-looking legs which he has invented for a spindle-shanked hereditary legislator; on yonder chair hangs the, as yet armless, body of an eloquent M.P.; and here is a waistcoat, in my eyes the chivalrous bosom of a right honourable baronet. Then there's Jeames's plush, and Tummas's drab, and Richard coachman's buttons—and a vision rises before me of fatted calves, and marble halls, and carriages in 'the Drive.' And anon, with 'bated breath and awestruck air, I gaze upon a pair of knee-breeches, which a most reverend prelate will condescend to put on, though they will perhaps expose to the scoffer a pair of understandings which school-boys would denominate 'sticks;' however, my tailor sententiously informs me that he gets L.15,000 a year 'for showin' of 'em,' and hints that I would be happy to do it for half the money, which I deny with my lips, but in my heart of hearts most cordially allow. And many more outer crusts of worthy men, who without the outer crust would be, perhaps, but would not seem such worthy men, I contemplate with reverence; and with much humility I give my insignificant order to the munificent being from whose creative hand start manly cornets, eloquent M.P.s, chivalrous baronets, reverend gentlemen, plush-breeched Jeameses, drab-coated Tummases, metal-buttoned Richards, most reverend prelates, and all the honoured figures that daunt me daily as I slink through Vanity Fair.

But there are tailors who do not confine themselves wholly to the creation of virtuous, pious, and honourable gentlemen: they have larger hearts than that, which is but one form of their universal philanthropy. I divide tailors under two heads—the old-fashioned and the new-fashioned: there are diversities of each class, but for general purposes, they may be separated into those two. Let me say a word about each; and first about the old-fashioned tailor. He is your true philanthropist: his principles are conservative, and he has laws and customs as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. You must not imagine that you have simply to enter the shop of this manner of man, give him an order, and tell him to send the bill when he forwards the articles which are to be your vouchers for gentility; he would scorn your order, and politely decline to invest you with those attributes which the snip of his scissors confers. As for sending in his bill simultaneously with the product of his art, he would rather give you a suit of clothes for nothing; he would expect you to ask next for discount, because you paid ready money—a course of proceeding which neither he nor his fathers have ever sanctioned. No, you must first obtain an introduction; and though a duke should be your introducer, err not so far as to suppose that you will make an impression upon Mr Schneider. It may appear to you that a tradesman is sure to recollect whether he have an account with the Duke of ——, or no; but Mr Schneider has not employed so many years of his life in making other people look dignified without acquiring some dignity himself. He will ask his foreman quite coolly whether they have an account with the Duke of ——; the foreman will answer equally coolly that he will see: he will overhaul a ledger, and answer in the affirmative; and Mr Schneider will then express himself willing to take your commands. Thenceforward you may congratulate yourself upon having secured a gentlemanlike exterior for the rest of your natural life. The tailor I am speaking of never duns, never puts a gentleman into prison, never exposes him in any way. His charges are made upon the time-honoured principle of making good debts pay for bad: he makes so much per cent. out of those who pay, that he can afford to supply gratis those who don't. He will send in his account every half-year, not with any base idea of it being settled, but because it is the correct thing to do, and saves you the trouble of keeping your own reckoning; for of course you have complete confidence in him, and never think of checking him by private memoranda. You may dispute his bill if you please, but all you will gain by the proceeding will be a polite request on his part that you will no longer look to him to make you presentable in the world. Nor flatter yourself that he will be in a hurry to adopt new cuts, and send you forth into society in peg-top trousers and leg-of-mutton coat-sleeves, until he has good authority for so doing. It will be in vain for you to iterate your

wishes; he will shake his head, and respectfully decline to give the sanction of his name to so dangerous an innovation, until Count D—— or the Hon. Mr E—— has given in his adhesion. Indeed, the great benefit of being in the hands of Mr Schneider is this—you can leave everything to him; you may lay your head upon your pillow with a clear conscience, knowing that nothing 'fast,' nothing 'loud,' nothing even 'striking,' will ever be put upon you by him. You may look everybody serenely in the face, whether you walk, or ride, or drive, or dine, or attend a wedding-breakfast, or grace a ball-room, for you may be quite sure that everything you have on is exactly as it should be. If there is braid upon your coat, be easy—it should be there; if a stripe adorn your trousers, be comforted—it is all in order; and even if a velvet collar appear upon your surtout—it is the result of anxious deliberation. Mr Schneider takes as much interest as you do in your personal appearance; he rejoices greatly at the work of his hands when he sends you forth, the perfection of human excellence; and he thinks that if cleanliness is next to godliness, correct dress must be godliness itself.

A modification of the old-fashioned tailor is he who calls himself an army-tailor. He performs many acts of benevolence for his customers; but not having so much capital to commence upon, and not being supported by so many men of rank and fortune, who pay exorbitant bills without a murmur, justly considering that otherwise they would never be able to dispose of their revenues, he cannot emulate the philanthropy of the princely tailor. He is obliged to have recourse to diplomacy when in want of money. He is far too old-fashioned in his notions to ask a gentleman to pay his bill—unless that gentleman happen to be 'in difficulties,' when he always chooses that rather inconvenient period for making an application—but his Co. dissolves partnership; the consequence of which proceeding is, that 'the affairs of the firm have to be wound up;' and the customers receive pretty little notes from clever attorneys, containing their bills very accurately made out, and a notice to pay the same within ten days; the same customers also receive by the same post an apology from the head of the firm, who regrets extremely the pig-headed obstinacy of Co., who will choose this particular juncture for retiring into private life (for a month or two), and necessitating the Head to trouble them about pecuniary matters. 'The business, however, will still be conducted as usual' by the Head, who 'begs to thank' them 'for past favours, and solicits a continuance of' their 'kind patronage.' This sort of tailor performs many kindly offices for those who deal with him: the choleric man of war, who is home on leave of absence, and having a difficulty with a gentleman at the Opera or elsewhere, solves it by knocking him down in the lobby, and by being himself provided with a cell in the police-station, always bethinks him of his tailor: he does him the honour of sending for him out of his bed, and allowing him to become bail for his appearance when wanted. This sort of tailor is banker also in many instances, and young gentlemen, under age especially, put his good-nature to the proof, insomuch that paterfamilias marvels when he sees the number of pairs of trousers which his firstborn wears out in the course of a year—more than even Briareus could by fair wear and tear have reduced to extremity, had his legs been as multitudinous as is fabled of his hands. This, again, is the sort of tailor who can obtain you a commission in the army, all rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, if you have a son or a nephew devoted to Mars, but without interest with Mars's high-priest: you have only to pay L.400, and hold your tongue, and in due time Johnny is gazetted. This sort of tailor, it is hinted, can even find a substitute for Johnny at the examination, should Johnny himself be weak in arithmetic or a little shaky in his spelling. Many other matters there be in which this kind of tailor is delighted to assist his customers: he can give them a 'tip' for the Derby; he can recommend them to a Jew who charges less per cent. than any other Jew; and he can direct them to a gambling-house where they play more on the square than they play at any other house. This is the kind of tailor who visits the universities, and takes captive not only the freshman, but the second-year, and even the third-year man. He overcomes weak-minded youths by whispering, how that there is always a slangy appearance about university-cut clothes, whereas *he* has all the first styles of the London clubs; and, moreover, not being a university tradesman, is under no obligation to 'send in his bill to the tutor.' He will give them credit until they take their degree, and then Co. will retire, according to his habit, and the lawyers will be under the painful necessity of threatening the youthful customers with Whitecross Prison, until they have paid the uttermost farthing.

The new-fashioned tailors are very different men. They are all distinguished for one peculiarity—a love of ready money. Credit jars upon their ears: no pay, no breeches, is their motto. So soon as your inexpressibles are brought to your door, you must pay the price, or be content to see how you look without them. They are Caucasian, for the most part, by origin; and their patronymic is Abrahamides. Their language is derived from the Romance languages: they speak not of waistcoats and trousers, but of vests and pants. Their pants they advertise as 'idoneous,' their vests as 'callipectoral,' and their coats as 'eumorphous.' Their advertisements are of themselves a little fortune to many a journal: they write long histories of themselves and their achievements, and some of them keep a hereditary bard, as Scottish chiefs a piper. Nay, not content with prose and poetry, they enlist in their employment an artist: 'ut pictura poesis' they have heard, and they suppose 'ut poesis pictura.' If poetry is applicable to garments, so decidedly is engraving; consequently, the eye is frequently attracted by tailorian illustrations of a high style of art. Who has not seen the legs in a pair of 'Sydenhams,' making believe to mount, with the foot on the wrong side of the stirrup, upon the back of a furious charger? Who has not gazed with wonder upon the All England Eleven, or the Zingari, or the M. C. C., playing cricket in 'continuations' strapped so tightly over the foot that catastrophes must be of frequent occurrence? It would be impossible in that costume to stop a ground-ball without apoplexy, or a rent in the garments. Who has not observed the young gentleman at the fashionable seminary, represented as playing leap-frog in full evening-dress, with stoical indifference to the inevitable results of a more than usually extended straddle? Who has not, in his heart, refused to believe that a boat-race could possibly be won by men with 'fashionable exteriors?' Abrahamides may engage the cleverest pencil in the world, but he will never persuade any one but a marine to row for 'the sculls' in 'idoneous' trousers.

There is little philanthropy in this race of tailors, but there is no pride: they wouldn't give you credit for a day, but they would drive to your lodgings in a carriage and pair, and leave a single pair of 'pants' in person. They've been known to do it, but they've never been known to go away without the money. Small profits and quick returns is the belief they stick to with a bigoted pertinacity. They confine themselves to the making of clothes. You wouldn't think of sending for *them* to bail you out, or of asking *them* to become your bankers. They have calculated that if they can only induce the thirtieth part of the population of England to try their articles once or twice, their fortune is made, and they direct all their energies to that one object.

You mustn't, however, imagine that their clothes are made to last; and a sanguine man would he be who should expect that a pair of Abrahamides's trousers would admit of 'letting down.' Abrahamides never makes an article of dress in which there is a fraction of an inch of superfluous cloth; and if your pants should split after three days' wear, what can you expect for 16s. 6d.?

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LX.—A CAPTIVE ON A CRUCIFIX.

Am I dead? Surely it *was* death, or an oblivion that equalled it?

But no—I live! I am conscious that I live. Light is falling upon my eyes—thought is returning to my soul!

Am I upon earth? or is it another world in which I awake?

It is a bright world—with a sky of blue, and a sun of gold; but are they the sky and sun of the earth? Both may belong to a future world?

I can see no earth—neither fields, nor trees, nor rocks, nor water—nought but the blue canopy and the golden orb. Where is the earth?

It should be under and around me, but I cannot see it. Neither around nor beneath can I look—only upward and forward—only upon the sun and the sky!

What hinders me from turning? Is it that I sleep, and dream? Is the incubus of a horrid nightmare upon me? Am I, like Prometheus, chained to a rock face upward?

No—not thus: I feel that I am standing—erect as if nailed to a wall!

If I am not dreaming, I am certainly in this attitude. I feel my limbs beneath me; and my arms appear to be stretched out to their full extent, and held as in the grasp of some invisible hand! My head, too, is fixed: I can neither turn nor move it; a cord traverses across my cheeks. There is something between my teeth. A piece of wood it appears to be? It gags me, and half stifles my breathing!

Am I in human hands? or are they fiends who are thus clutching me?

Anon my senses grow stronger, but my wild fancies still continue: I am yet uncertain if it be life!

What are those dark objects passing before my eyes? They are birds upon the wing—large birds of sable plumage. I know them. They are vultures. These are of the earth. Such could not exist in a region of spirits?

Ah! those sounds! they are weird enough to be deemed unearthly—wild enough to be mistaken for the voices of demons. From far beneath, they appear to rise, as if from the bowels of the earth, sinking and swelling in prolonged chorus.

I know and recognise the voices—they are human. I know the chanted measure—it is the death-song of the Indian!

The sounds are suggestive. I am not dreaming—I am not dead. I am awake, and on the earth.

Memory comes to my aid. By little and little, I begin to realise my situation. I remember the siege—the smoke—the confused conflict—all that preceded it, but nothing after. I thought I had been killed. But no—I live—I am a captive.

My comrades—are they alive? Not likely. Better for them, if they be not. The consciousness of life need be no comfort to me. In that wild chant there is breathing a spirit of vengeance.

Oh! that I had not survived to hear it! Too surely do I know what will follow that dirge of death. It might as well be my own.

I am in pain. My position pains me—and the hot sun glaring upon my cheek. My arms and limbs smart under thongs, that bind too tightly. One crosses my throat that almost chokes me, and the stick between my teeth renders breathing difficult. There is a pain upon the crown of my head, and my skull feels as if scalded. O Heavens! have they *scalped* me?

With the thought, I endeavour to raise my hand. But, no—I cannot budge either hand or arm. Not a finger can be moved; and I am forced to remain in horrid doubt as to whether the *hair* be still upon my head—with more than a probability that it is gone!

But how am I confined? and where? I am fast bound to something—every joint in my body is fixed and immobile, as if turned to stone. I can feel thongs cutting sharply into my skin; and my back and shoulders press against some supporting substance, that seems hard as rock.

I cannot tell what it is. I cannot even see my own person—neither breast nor body—neither arms nor legs—not an inch of myself. The fastening over my face holds it upturned to the sky; and my head feels firmly set, as if the vertebral column of my neck had become ossified into a solid mass!

And where am I in this stringent attitude? I am conscious that I am a captive and bound—a captive to Indians—to Arapahoes. Memory helps me to this knowledge; and furthermore, that I should be, if I have not been carried elsewhere, in the valley of the Huerfano—by the Orphan Butte. Ha! why should I not be *upon* the butte—on its summit?

I remember going down to the plain; and then being struck senseless to the earth. For all that, I may have been taken up again. The savages may have borne me back, to satisfy some whim? They often act in such strange fashion with their vanquished victims. I must be on some eminence—since I cannot see objects before me.

In all likelihood, I am on the top of the mound. This will account for my not having a view of the ground; it will also explain the direction in which the voices are reaching me. Those who utter them, are below, upon the plain?

The death-song ceases; and sounds of other import are borne upward to my ears; shouts that appear to be signals—words of command in the fierce guttural of the Arapaho. Other sounds seem nearer—the voices of two men in conversation. They are Indian voices.

As I listen, they grow more distinct. The speakers are approaching me—the voices appear, as if rising out of the ground beneath my feet!

They draw nigher and nigher. They are close to where I stand—so close I can feel them breathing upon my body, but still I see them not. Their heads are below the line of my vision.

I feel a hand—its knuckles pressing against my throat; the cold blade of a knife is laid along my cheek; its steel point glistens in my eyes. I shudder with a horrid thought.

I mistake the purpose. I hear the 'wheek' that announces the cutting of a tight-drawn cord—the thong slackens, and drops off from my cheeks. My head is free; but the piece of wood between my teeth—that remains still gagging me firmly. I cannot get rid of it.

I now look below, and around me. I perceive the correctness of my conjecture. I am on the butte—upon its summit. I am close to the edge of the platform, and command a full view of the valley below.

A painted Arapaho is standing on each side of me. One is a common warrior, with nought to distinguish him from his fellows. The other is a chief. Even without the insignia of his rank, the tall gaunt form and lupine visage are easily identified. They are those of Red-Hand—the truculent chieftain of the Arapahoes.

Now, for the first time, do I perceive that I am naked. From the waist upward, there is not a rag upon me—arms, breast, and body all bare!

This does not surprise me. It is natural that

the robbers should have stripped me, especially that they should have taken my coat, whose yellow buttons are bright gold in the eyes of an Indian; but I am soon to learn that for another purpose have they thus bereft me of my garments.

Now, also, do I perceive the *fashion* in which I am confined. I am erect upon my feet, with arms stretched out to their full fathom. My limbs are lashed to an upright post; and, with the same thong, are my arms tied to a transverse beam. *I am bound upon a cross!*

CHAPTER LXI.

THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLE.

In an exulting tone, the savage chief broke silence.

'*Bueno!*' cried he, as soon as he saw that my eyes were upon him—'*bueno, bueno!* The pale-face still lives! the heart of the Red-Hand is glad of it—ha, ha, ha! Give him to drink of the fire-water of Taos! Let him be strong! Fill him with life, that death may be all the more bitter to him.'

These orders were delivered to his follower, who, in obedience to them, removed the gag; and, holding to my lips a calabash filled with Taos whisky, poured a quantity of its contents down my throat.

The beverage produced the effect which the savage chief appeared to desire. Scarcely had I swallowed the fiery spirits, when my strength and senses were restored to their full vigour—but only to make me feel more keenly the situation in which I stood—to comprehend acutely the appalling prospect that was before me.

This was the design in resuscitating me. No other purpose had the cruel savage. Had I entertained any doubt as to the motive, his preliminary speech would have enlightened me; but it was made still clearer by that which followed.

'Dog of a pale-face!' cried he, brandishing a long Spanish knife before my eyes; 'you shall see how the Red-Hand can revenge himself upon the enemies of his race. The Slayer of panthers, and the White Eagle, shall die a thousand deaths. They have mocked the forest maiden, who has followed them from afar. Her vengeance shall be satisfied; and the Red-Hand will have his joy—ha, ha, ha!'

Uttering a peal of demoniac laughter, the Indian held the point of the knife close to my face—as if about to drive the blade into my eyes. It was but a feint to produce terror—a spectacle which this monster was said to enjoy.

Wingrove was still alive: the wretch Su-wa-nee must be near?

'*Carajo!*' again yelled the savage. 'What promised you the Red-Hand? To cut the living flesh from your bones? But no—that would be merciful. The Arapahoes have contrived a sweeter vengeance—one that will appease the spirits of our slain warriors. We shall combine sport with the sacrifice of the pale-faced dogs—ha, ha, ha!'

After another fiendish cachinnation, far more horrible to hear than his words of menace, the monster continued:

'Dog! you refused to instruct the Arapaho in the skill of the fire-weapon. Wah! you shall furnish them a lesson before you die—ha, ha! You shall see!'

'Haste!' he continued, addressing himself to his follower; 'prepare him for the sacrifice! Our warriors are impatient for the sport. The blood of our brothers is calling for vengeance. This in white, with a red spot in the centre—the rest of his body in black!'

These mysterious directions were accompanied by a corresponding gesture. With the point of his knife, the savage traced a circle upon my breast—just as if it had been on the bark of a tree. The scratch was light, though here and there it drew blood. At the words 'red spot in the centre,' as if to make the direction more emphatic, he punctured the spot with his knife, till the blood flowed freely. Had he driven the blade to its hilt, I could not have flinched: I was fixed firmly as the cross to which they had bound me.

I could not speak a word—either to question his intent, or reply to his menace. The gag was still between my teeth, and I was necessarily silent. It mattered little about that. Had my tongue been free, it would have been idle to use it. In the wolf's visage, there was not one trait of clemency: every feature bespoke the obduracy of unrelenting revenge. I knew that he would only have mocked any appeal I might have made. It was just as well that I had no opportunity of making it.

After giving some further directions to his follower—and once more repeating his savage menace, in the same exulting tone—he passed behind me; and I lost sight of him. I could tell by the noise that reached me at intervals that he had gone down from the rock; and was returning to his warriors upon the plain.

It was the first time since my face-fastenings had been cut loose, that I had a thought of looking in that direction. During all the while that the Red-Hand stood by me, I had been in constant dread of instant death—or of some equally fearful issue. The gleaming blade had never been out of my eyes for two seconds at a time: for in the gesticulations that accompanied his speeches, the steel had played an important part; and I knew not the moment, it might please the ferocious savage to put an end to my life.

Now that he was gone, and I found a respite from his torturing menace, my eyes turned mechanically to the plain. I there beheld a spectacle, that under other circumstances might have filled me with horror. Not so then. The agony of my thoughts was already too keen to be further quickened. Even the gory skull of one of my comrades, who lay scalped upon the sward, scarcely added an emotion. It was a sight I had anticipated. They could not all be alive.

CHAPTER LXII.

A SAVAGE ARTIST.

The ensanguined skull was the first object that caught my eye. The dead man was easily identified. The body, short, plump, and rotund, could be no other than that of the unfortunate Irishman. His jacket had been stripped off; but some tattered remnants of sky-blue, still clinging to his legs, aided me in identifying him.

Poor fellow! The lure of Californian metal had proved an ill star for him. His golden dream was at an end. He was lying along the sward, upon his side, half doubled up. I could not see his face. His hands were over it, with palms spread out—as if shading his eyes from the sun. It was a position of ordinary repose; and one might have fancied him asleep. But the gory crown, and red mottling upon the shirt—seeming still wet—forbade the supposition. He slept, but it was the sleep of death.

My eyes wandered in search of the others. There were fires burning. They were out upon the plain, some three hundred yards from the base of the butte. They had been lately kindled: for their smoke was rising in thick volumes, part of it falling back to the earth. Around the fires, and through the smoke, flitted the forms of the Indians. They appeared to be cooking and feasting. Some of them staggering about the fires, kept up an incessant babble—at intervals varying their talk with a savage whoop. Others danced around, accompanying their leaps with the monotonous 'hi-hi-hi-ya.' All appeared to have partaken freely of the fire-water of Taos. A few more seriously disposed were grouped around four or five prostrate forms, that were evidently the bodies of their slain.

The two we had shot from their horses must have been among these: since they were no longer to be seen where they had fallen. Those around the

bodies stood hand in hand chanting the dismal death-song.

Not far from the fires, a group fixed my attention. It consisted of three figures, all in attitudes as different as it was possible to place them in. He who lay along the ground upon his back was the young hunter Wingrove. He still wore his fringed buckskin shirt and leggings; and by these I recognised him. He was at too great a distance for his features to be distinguished. He appeared to be bound hand and foot—with his ankles lashed together, and his wrists tied behind his back. He was thus lying upon his arms, in an irksome position; but the attitude shewed that he was alive. I knew it already.

Some half-dozen paces from him was a second form, difficult to be recognised as that of a human body—though it was one. It was the body of Jephthah Bigelow. Its very oddness of shape enabled me to identify it—odder from the attitude in which I now beheld it. It lay flat along the grass, face downward, the long ape-like legs and arms stretched out to their full extent, both as to length and width; and radiating from the thin trunk like spokes from the nave of a wheel!

Viewing it from my elevated position, this attitude appeared all the more ludicrous; but it was easy to perceive that it was not voluntary. The numerous pegs standing up from the sward, and the cords attached to them, and leading to the arms and limbs, shewed that the *spread-eagle* position was a constrained one.

That it was Sure-shot, I had no doubt. The long locks of clay-coloured hair were playing about in the breeze; and some remnants of bottle-green still clung around his legs. But without these, the spider-like frame was too characteristic to be mistaken.

I was glad to see those yellowish tufts. They told that the wearer still lived—as they also declared the fact of his being bound. A dead body would not have merited such particular treatment.

It was, perhaps, the third figure of this group that most claimed my attention.

I saw that it was not that of a warrior, though quite as tall as many upon the plain. But the contour of the form was different—as also the fashion of the garments that draped it. It was the figure of a woman!

Had I not been guided in my conjectures by a previous knowledge—by the allusions that had occurred in the speeches of Red-Hand—I should never have dreamed of identifying that form. Forewarned by these, the apparition was not unexpected. The woman was Su-wa-nee.

She was standing erect by the prostrate form of the young hunter—her head slightly bent, and her face turned towards him. An occasional motion of her arm shewed that she was speaking to him. The gesture seemed to indicate a threat. Was it possible that in that dread hour she was reviling him?

I was at too great a distance, either to hear her words, or note the expression upon her face. Only by the dumb show of her gesticulations, could I tell that a scene was passing between them.

A glance around enabled me to note some other changes in the aspect of the plain. The horses of the Indians were all picketed upon the grass, and browsing peacefully—as if the clangour of strife had never sounded in their ears. I could see my own Arab a little apart, with the other horse and the mules—all in charge of a horse-guard, who stood sentry near them.

The wagon was still by the base of the mound; and the cedars along its sides were yet unburnt! I thought that the flames had consumed them, but no. The object of the fires had been to blind us with their smoke—so as to drive us from our position, and thus facilitate our capture.

I was not permitted to make these observations without interruption. The savage who had stood by me had a duty to perform; and during all this time, he was busied in its performance. A singular and inexplicable operation it appeared.

His first act was to blacken my body from the waist upward, including my face, throat, and arms. The substance used appeared to be a paste of charcoal, which he rubbed rudely into my skin. A circle upon my breast—that traced out by the blade of the chief—was left clear; but as soon as the black ground had been laid on, a new substance was exhibited, of snow-white colour, resembling chalk or gypsum. With this—after the blood had been carefully dried off—the circular space was thickly coated over, until a white disc about as large as a dining-plate shewed conspicuously upon my breast! The red spot in the centre of this was necessary to complete the escutcheon; but the painter appeared at a loss for the colour, and paused to reflect.

Only a moment was he at fault. He was an ingenious artist; and his ingenuity soon furnished him with an idea.

Drawing his knife, and sticking the point of it some half inch deep into the fleshy part of my thigh, he obtained the required carmine; and, after dipping his finger in the blood, and giving it a dab in the centre of the white circle, he stood for a moment contemplating his work. A grim smile announced that he was satisfied with it; and uttering a final grunt, the swarthy savage leaped down from the platform, and disappeared from my sight.

A horrid suspicion had already taken possession of my soul. I was not left long to speculate upon the purpose for which I had been thus bedaubed: the suspicion soon gave place to certainty.

Upon the plain directly in front of me, and less than a hundred yards from the butte, the warriors were collecting in groups. The Red-Hand with his under-chiefs had already arrived there; and the other Indians were forsaking the fires, and hurrying up to the spot.

They had left their lances apart, standing up from the plain, with their shields, bows, and quivers leaning against them, or suspended from their shafts. The only weapons brought upon the ground were the guns. With these they were now occupying themselves—apparently preparing them for use.

I saw them trace a line upon the grass, by stretching a lazo between two upright pegs. I saw them wiping, loading, and priming their pieces—in short, going through all the preliminary manœuvres, observed by marksmen preparing for a trial of skill.

Then burst on me in all its broad reality the dread horror for which I was reserved—then did I comprehend the design of that white circle with its centre of red: the savages were about to hold a shooting-match—*my breast was to be their target!*

THE JULY ECLIPSE THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

On the 18th of last July, there was a great flocking together of learned and literary, gathered from many nations; and it was on a narrow tract, not much more than seventy miles broad, and situate among the mountains in the north-eastern angle of Spain, that the strangers were all collected. The occasion, was the now well-known total eclipse of the sun, which was that afternoon to be seen there, and there only of all the European world.*

From the earliest days of man upon earth, a total solar eclipse has been ever a phenomenon of the most enthralling interest; for, to witness the orb of light suddenly blotted out of the sky at noonday; to see darkness fall on all nature like a pall; and to feel the cold of the polar regions momentarily advancing, to seal

* See No. 348, p. 132.

up with eternal frost that portion of terrestrial surface which has lost the beneficent influence of our kindly sun, whose rays, having hitherto been as constant as necessary to our existence, have been too slightly appreciated by us—to witness all these really awful changes worked out, in little more than the space of three short minutes, with a heralding of a black purple sky, and lurid, conflagration-coloured horizon, is surely one of the most thought-inspiring, soul-moving scenes that mortal man may ever hope to witness, until the elements themselves shall melt with fervent heat, and the end of all things have supervened. What the thoughts of those early nations must have been, who were overtaken by the spectacle before astronomy was a science to forewarn and forearm, as well as explain, we have not now to do; but we cannot even yet, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, divest the phenomenon, though we would, of all its poetic effects, or its thrilling appeal to the feelings. No doubt, that nearly the same order of appearances has been observed, age after age, at each total solar eclipse, and may be predicted pretty safely of the next; but for all that, each successive astronomer, to whose lot it falls to observe and describe any additional eclipse which may occur in the world's history, can never resist launching forth into more or less rhapsody on the pallor of things earthly, on the alarm of all animated beings, the oppressive sense of the blackened heavens rushing down to overwhelm the earth, and similar ideas; and then to plead guilty to having been so bewildered and demented with all this magnificent ruination of terrestrial imagery, that he looked about him wildly at everything, instead of keeping steadily to that one phase which it had been his duty to observe.

So each one apologises for the imperfect account he can give of his first total solar eclipse, hoping to acquit himself better on a second occasion; and much he exerts himself to travel to that particular strip of the earth's surface where, some few years after, it is announced by astronomical calculations that another such phenomenon will be visible.

Then, again, passing by all æsthetic sentiment, and looking only to hard, scientific results, a total solar eclipse has, from the time of the Chaldeans at least, been justly reckoned one of the most important phenomena that can be chronicled; for, so precise in its nature in the sky—proving so infallibly the coincidence of the apparent places of sun and moon, at a particular instant; and so narrowly limited and strictly defined as to the part of the earth where alone it can be seen, that it is of as signal importance in fixing the absolute dates of ancient historic events, as it is powerful in detecting any shortcomings of astronomical science.

In the particular case of the eclipse of last July, the phenomenon was even more than usually attractive. From distant Russia, from the cities of the United States, from Scandinavia, from all Germany, and in crowds from England and France, the savans poured forth; while Spain—grand old country we must allow—made admirable preparations to receive all her scientific visitors.

One reason for all this excess of gathering was, that they who failed to satisfy the longing of their souls by beholding the eclipse of the sun on this occasion, would have to wait until the year 1887, before they would have another opportunity in Europe; and then, all the Western nations would have to travel so far as to Moscow, and the eclipse would be at a colder season of the year, later in the day, and the darkness not so complete, or so long. The eclipse of 1860 has been, in fact, a momentous closing, for a season, of one of the chapters in the great book of Nature, and will indicate to all posterity the conclusion of a most remarkable epoch in the progress of human efforts in astronomy.

Something more than curious it surely is, how mythical ideas of number do receive occasional support from fact. After a long historic period, during which only imperfect eclipses had been witnessed by the civilised world, *three* splendidly complete total solar eclipses have been specially vouchsafed to Europe; each of the three separated from the next in order, by exactly *three* times *three* years; and in each, the duration of darkness was *three* minutes. The first of the trio took place in July 1842, and striking the earth near the south of Spain, swept across the north of Italy, and on through Austria and Russia. The second appeared in July 1851, taking in its course Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Poland. And the third, in July also, of 1860, again crosses Spain, enters the Mediterranean, and finally loses itself in Africa.

We have thus three signal celestial phenomena, recurring with a ternary regularity, as regards the times and seasons of our particular earth-ball, amongst all the various planets, which has in it something almost of the marvellous. Let us accept them, then, as definite nature-marked epochs, to chronicle distinct stages in the progress of science, and the advance of knowledge. What sort of lessons may we cull from them? Something which we may rudely arrange after the following manner.

The first eclipse sweeps over Europe, and finds astronomical science in rather a comatose condition. No great discovery has been made for more than a quarter of a century. Of known planets, the most distant is Uranus, and the number of the planetoids four; the places of the sun, moon, and principal planets are predicted mostly by the tables of those French mathematicians who lived in the times of their Great Revolution, or in the splendour of the First Empire; while comets seem almost to have deserted our system. Yet astronomy is not dead—many hard workers are at their quiet unassuming tasks; and Arago, Airy, Plana, and many other well-known names, are observers of the eclipse of 1842, in the course of which some trembling indications of certain new and unexpected phenomena are just suspected.

When the second eclipse strikes the world, there is a change. The interval from 1842 to 1851 has witnessed the discovery of a new planet twice as far off as Uranus, has seen the number of the planetoids more than tripled, and comets and variable stars almost innumerable added to our system; but most of all does it delight to add to the roll of great names on the list of fame, those of Le Verrier and Adams; as the two men who, of all others since the day of Newton, have come nearest to his great genius in their power of interpreting the working of nature, by the aid of their symbolical language. The eclipse itself (1851) is observed by unprecedentedly numerous bands, representing many branches of learning; and now, the suspected new phenomena of the previous occasion—namely, the red prominences—are not only abundantly testified to, but established for facts; and considered likely to prove of most important service, in developing the mysterious physical nature of the sun, *if* they are really solar phenomena; but that is still to be proved.

Time passes, and the third eclipse (1860) comes on in its appointed course. How men have laboured in the interval! The number of planetoids has been increased to fifty-eight; new French tables of the sun have been published by Le Verrier; Adams has improved some important points in the theory of the moon; and new tables of her motions have been produced by Hansen. Great the advance; but the horizon is vaster than ever; new difficulties have presented themselves, unexpected discoveries have been made, and further extensions indicated. This eclipse of July 1860 must therefore be well observed.

Hence it arose that amongst various other expeditions, our British Astronomer Royal, for the first time in the history of the Greenwich Observatory,

crossed the Bay of Biscay with a party of no less than sixty observers, in a splendid steam-ship of 3000 tons burthen, granted by government for the occasion. And when he set forth in this lordly style, you may be sure that the Imperial Astronomer of France was not far behindhand, though both his methods and manner were different. The Celtic principle, indeed, will always be diverse to the Saxon; and, to the end of the chapter, will divide the votes of the world. The English Astronomer Royal went out as the elected chairman of a number of free and independent scientific men, held together for the time by some general opinion only, of what was the safest course to pursue on the whole; but each of them having his own, and some of them very peculiar and conflicting opinions, immense zeal and energy, but very various standing and ability. The Imperial Astronomer of Paris, on the contrary, conducted everything on a strictly official governmental system: those whom he took with him were the officers of the Observatory only. The instruments and instructions were all prepared in one *bureau*, and military discipline was observed in all their proceedings. Then, when the time came for publication, first appeared the chief's account, and afterwards, through him, the relations of each of his subalterns, in their regular rotation; not in print, but in lithographic pages, sent at the expense of the Emperor to the various observatories and scientific societies of Europe.

Far different was it with Mr Airy. No sooner was the eclipse over, than one of his free and independent democracy of savans sits down and writes off his own account of the event to the Thunderer newspaper, and another does the same to the Daily Postman, and another to the Utopian Magazine; while a host of others turn round, and angrily inquire, why their chairman does not immediately publish all their sixty accounts in the large volume which he promised, as elected leader of their expedition.

Of course, that cannot appear in a moment; and it will be prudent for us to refrain from attempting to form any opinion on the absolute or comparative merits of the British party, until the said book has been authoritatively produced; but, in the meantime, there will be no harm, and perhaps some profit, in looking to what our Gallic neighbours have written on their side. Their work, we may be sure, is first-rate as far as it goes; they are all celebrated men, known to Europe; and if this be the first time that Le Verrier, the great physical mathematician, has taken up his pen to describe a popular phenomenon, there may be some justifiable interest in seeing how he acquits himself, as the successor of Arago, the eloquent exponent of science to the people.

For this reason, we trust that the reader will excuse us, if we attempt to render pretty literally all the plainer parts of M. Le Verrier's narration.

'Monsieur and Minister,' he begins, 'the kind attention with which you have followed the preparations for our expedition to Spain, has made you desire to know immediately the earliest results. I bestir myself, therefore, to conform to your instructions, by addressing to you a report, with more detail than could be inserted in my telegraphic dispatch of yesterday.

'This letter itself will be incomplete. The proceedings of those of my coadjutors who remained on the mountain, not having reached me, I can only set forth to your excellency my own observations and those of M. Leon Foucault, and without insisting on their complete discussion, which will require certain further experiences.

'The order to send an expedition to Spain, for which we were by no means prepared, came to me on the 18th of April. There thus scarcely remained to us three months to organise for observations whose whole duration was to last *three minutes*. But every one will comprehend that the brevity of the phenomenon renders the study of it more difficult.

'The exact time of the various phases, necessary for the rectification of astronomical tables, and for the appreciation of a physical phenomenon to which the name of irradiation has been given; the form of the crescent cusps of the sun, connected with the possible existence of a lunar atmosphere; the luminous corona, simple or multiple, and its rays; the rose-coloured appendages, considered by turns as protuberances, mountains, or simple optical phenomena; the attentive examination of the surface of the moon, on which at different times observers have thought they remarked brilliant points or serpentine lights—all these questions, and their details multiplied to infinity, would have to be studied in *three minutes*, and that far from our own country, in an observatory organised provisionally and in haste. Labour ungrateful and perilous!

'Every scientific research develops itself after much the same manner. Men start with a plan carefully studied, after having brought to bear upon it all possible means of action, with abundance of time at command, and in the silence of the cabinet. But, on taking the very first step forward, the *a-priori* ideas which they had conceived in their minds are utterly upset. It is necessary, then, to search out another line of inquiry, which is not found until after months or years. Hardly ever does any one discover exactly what he had searched for, but, most likely, something very different.

'The necessity of observing an eclipse in a very restricted space of time, in which one can neither have the leisure to remedy a defect of the instrument, nor the time to reflect on a phenomenon which will last no longer than the very moment, at which it has suggested some useful research, constitutes, then, a situation contrary to the serious habitudes of science. Experience has already demonstrated, even in this very matter, that those who are unable to restrain themselves, and who wish to embrace everything, do not arrive at any useful result. In consequence, your excellency, having decided on sending, in the party to Spain, my coadjutors MM. Yvon Villarceau, Chacornac, and Leon Foucault, it was understood that the work should be limited and distributed as follows:

'MM. Yvon Villarceau and Chacornac were to occupy themselves with the changes in height and angle of position of one, or at most two of the luminous appendages, in order to be enabled to pronounce on their origin. M. Leon Foucault was to study the corona, and make experiments with photographic photometry, which, from accounts of older eclipses, would require to be very delicate. Lastly, if it were possible for me to join the expedition, I was principally to observe the astronomical phases of the phenomenon, and seek to obtain an exact description of its entire appearance.

'Two reflecting-telescopes, on the system of M. Foucault, were destined for the measures; but as the ordinary methods would have been too long, these instruments, otherwise mounted equatorially, were furnished with special micrometers for rapid working, imagined by M. Villarceau, and capable, at need, of being used in the dark. Besides a good refracting telescope of six-inch aperture, which was reserved for myself, we had to carry a second one of the same size, which Messieurs, the Spanish observers, had requested of us. If you add to all this *matériel*, and to the photographic apparatus, a meridian instrument for determining the hour at the place, chronometers for the measure of time, barometers for the determination of the height of our station, a counter of seconds, searcher-telescopes, and lastly, a great meridian instrument belonging to the Dépôt of War, and which was to serve for the determination of our longitude—you may form some idea of the amount of scientific baggage with which we took the road on the 28th of June, *en route* for Spain.

'In the earlier days of July, M. Villarceau rejoined the instruments at Tudela, a town situated on the banks of the Ebro, completely within Spain, and directed them immediately on Taragona, and from there, at a height of 4600 feet, to a place called the *Sanctuary*, chosen for the station. There, had already planted himself, M. Novella, the astronomer of the Observatory of Madrid.

'On my part, with the assistance of the telegraphic departments, both French and Spanish, I devoted all the last days to the study of the method which was to serve us for determining the geographical situation of our station. The interesting results of this work will be presented and discussed in our definitive Memoir.

'On Sunday, the 15th of July, I was passing through Pampeluna, when the horizon began to darken on the right; very soon an extensive storm burst forth, coming from the north-west, and about to be for us the cause of so much anxiety. When, indeed, at about eight o'clock in the evening it was possible for me to see these mountains, where they had so abundantly assured me that in the month of July, clouds were unknown, I saw, with the most intense chagrin, that they were completely covered. In the night, we reached Tudela simultaneously with the tempest; I met it again on the morning of Monday at Taragona, where the thunder was heard rumbling loudly in the mountain.

'Our station of the Sanctuary found itself in the middle of the clouds, when I arrived there in the afternoon. I immediately took all measures to procure from the neighbouring villages abundant means of transport, in case events should make us depart from there. I sent an express to Tudela to demand, by telegraph from Madrid, a knowledge of the state of the weather on the south side of the Gulf of Gascogne (*Gallice*, for Bay of Biscay), from which the wind was coming to us; and, that done, I employed the rest of the day, Monday, to traverse with MM. Chacornac and Foucault, the 3000 feet which separated us from the summit of the Peak, and with the result of ascertaining, by means of several openings, that on all sides the clouds extended to the utter destruction of the view.

'On Tuesday, at the hour at which the eclipse was to take place the next day, we were still in the clouds. The answer waited for from Madrid informed me that the atmosphere on the coast, from St Sebastian to Santander, was very stormy. In another visit to the summit of the Peak, I found it enveloped in clouds. On my return, the bell of the Sanctuary was sounded, to call together those travellers whom the fog had made to lose their way in the mountain.

'We could no longer hesitate. It was resolved that next day we should leave at the Sanctuary, and conformably with their desire, Messieurs Yvon Villarceau and Chacornac, whose instruments were not very transportable; while M. Novella, M. Foucault, and myself, setting out with a convoy—still very considerable—should descend into the plain, and march along up to the very last moment, in order to meet the fine weather which, it appeared, had reigned there yesterday.'

LUCKNOW KAVANAGH, V.C.

THERE is a fatal facility about autobiographical writing which makes it the most favourite form of composition; the thoughts of the writer, and especially of the unaccustomed writer, can be expressed more conversationally, and therefore more easily, in this fashion than in any other. He does not entangle himself in so many grammatical labyrinths, nor—in particular—find himself confounding together the first person with the third, or unable to discover his nominative case. Nevertheless, there are graver evils about autobiography than those. Even when this style is adopted in mere fiction, the public will persist in identifying the pen-and-ink hero with the flesh-and-blood writer, compelling thereby his principal character to appear, if spirited, a braggart—if modest, a spooney; and when the autobiography is authentic, the difficulty of steering between these Scylla and Charybdis, is of course considerably increased. One cannot, with any humility, describe one's self as possessing all the virtues; and still less can one afford to write one's self down as commonplace. It is far worse than the undertaking of one's own epitaph—although that is a delicate operation—inasmuch as you have to hear criticisms on the composition; while, moreover, the epitaph only concerns yourself, whereas your autobiography, unless you have been a hermit in the wilderness—in which case it is to be hoped you would have been better employed than in 'writing for Colburn, or Longman, or Murray'—must needs relate to other people. That is why almost all autobiographies are published after the deaths of the authors. The sword of Damocles—the lash of the horsewhip—is always hanging over that gentleman's shoulders who publishes his 'Recollections' otherwise than as his 'Remains.' We have known a certain eminent literary person to pass the latter part of his life much respected, or, at all events, amidst the kindest offices of his acquaintances, because he was known to be compiling a posthumous record of his existence; whereas if some of his friends could have caught a sight of the manuscript, it is possible that they might have hastened its publication by wringing his neck. The fact is, an autobiographical writer may inflict the cruelest chastisement upon very worthy people by simply telling the truth; and posthumous writers always do tell the truth, and in the most unpleasant manner conceivable. They write as it were from the sanctuary of the tomb, where action for libel can no longer lie against them.

Nevertheless, if one wants to fill one's own pockets by an autobiography, it is highly necessary that it should appear during one's life, and there are some narrations which needs must be told in the first person. When a man escapes alone from a shipwreck or a fire, he must tell the story himself: and Lucknow Kavanagh, who gained the Victoria Cross for venturing alone through a hostile city and an enemy's lines, in order to act as guide for the relieving army under Sir Colin Campbell, could scarcely have got another to relate the tale. No more modest and simple story exists than his account of that one incident—a plain and unvarnished picture of a brave man performing a perilous duty; whereas, on the other hand, his history, as a whole, and wherever it refers to others, exhibits the worst evils of the autobiographical class. It is harsh and detractatory towards the author's equals and superiors; it is querulous and bombastic in so far as it concerns himself. He unwittingly hands us the private key to his own character, and when he asks us to bewail with him at his ill-success in life, we can say little more than that we are not the least surprised at it. There are some men that cannot even complain of their misfortunes without leading their hearers to sympathise in some sort with those at whose hands their injuries have been received. If they did not deserve them, they seem at least to have brought them on themselves. We cannot imagine that Mr Kavanagh's behaviour can have been at any time conciliatory or judicious towards those who held his fortunes in their power, although we allow that he has been certainly insufficiently rewarded for his great deed. He is, however, one of the bravest men, as we should imagine, who ever breathed, nor need we speak further here concerning him, except as respects that bravery. Before he took upon him that voluntary service which has made his name so famous, he shewed himself as gallant a soldier, civilian

though he was, as any in that beleaguered band in Lucknow Presidency. He made no pretence, indeed, of that entire absence of fear, which—if it exist in any man—must needs rob courage of all its virtue, but fully conscious of each peril, he put it aside to make way for duty. Fighting above ground is not agreeable to most people, but how slight a matter must that be when compared with a death-grapple in a counter-mine! 'What a nervous moment was that first crawl on all-fours through a long, narrow, cold, damp mine, appalled by the darkness and a fancy that an enemy may have got in, wishing to blow out my shrinking brains, or that it might fall in and bury me alive! It tried me considerably, and I had to say a great many encouraging things to myself to calm my agitated heart, which vehemently panted for the light again. Indeed, it cost many efforts to appease my fears, and gain confidence in those subterranean ramifications, in which I sometimes strayed at night, despairing of ever getting out. At last I discovered that a resolute man was more dangerous below than above ground, and I soon had an opportunity of testing my spirit in the bowels of the earth.

'The enemy were heard mining in the south corner of the Sikh quarters, and the engineers countermined to stop them; but they had done so much before being discovered, that we broke in about three feet from our own shaft, and the miners escaped. At this moment, I relieved the officer on duty, and went down with a revolver, conjecturing that the enemy would send in some one to see what had disturbed the miners. After waiting awhile, a sepoy descended with his musket, and advanced to my end of the gallery, where it was quite dark, whereas the light streamed down at his. I let him come in about his own length, and then shot him through the shoulder. I pursued him, and fired again, but the cap snapped, and he escaped, roaring with pain. The enemy let water into the gallery, and an hour after, it fell in.

'Another day, while crawling through the galleries, I heard their miners at work, and for two hours I sat watching for them as they noiselessly approached. A small hole was first made, through which the miner thrust the handle of his tool, to try what it led to, for they knew nothing of our listening galleries; as he withdrew it, I shoved down the narrow partition with my hands, and put a pistol to his breast. It missed fire again and again as I went in after him, and he scrambled out screeching with fear. I waited in the gallery, thinking it probable that one of the sepoys would venture in; and, after much squabbling as to who should do it, a sepoy jumped down, cautiously keeping his body back from the mouth of the gallery. He put his musket in towards me, shewing no more than his hand; I felt certain that he would look before he fired, and reserved my shot. It was a hazardous moment, for whichever fired first was sure to hit. Fortune favoured me! As he stooped, his left arm and shoulder was exposed—my bullet passed through it—and he lost no time in getting out to his comrades.

'The miner in his haste had dropped his tools in the shaft, and the mutineers—who were only about three yards from me—threatened to shoot him if he did not fetch them. The poor creature remonstrated most sorrowfully, and my heart sickened as he prayed, before descending, that they would see to the support of his family. He leaped down, crying "Mercy! mercy!" I could not fire a second time, as he slowly climbed out wounded, exclaiming he was dead! I grieved that our own imminent danger made it compulsory to intimidate the enemy's miners, so as to render it difficult to obtain the services of such men.'

On another occasion this 'ugly customer' sat waiting for sepoys in a damp mine for *nine hours*, and was only driven from his unpleasant watch by the cramp. It was very exciting, he tells us—and we can easily believe it—squatting in a dark hole of the earth, and listening to the enemy as they lessened the partition between them and him, until presently a stroke of the pickaxe placed him face to face with the astonished miner, who was, in Residency parlance, 'immediately potted;' or, in other words, who 'glared with fear as he spread out his arms, screaming, and fell back mortally wounded by the revolver into the shaft.' These poor wretches used to come out to their deaths with pomp and circumstance enough of barbaric war.

'When not defending the walls from an attack, our principal duty was to sit on the roof of our dwelling, protected by a thin earthen parapet, and observe the enemy in a street running parallel to the Kaisur Bagh, along which the guards passed to relieve the besiegers. As the native chiefs resided in the direction of the palace, all extraordinary movement of troops was thus known to us at once. We relieved each other every two hours, and recorded in a book whatever was remarkable. The assaults were usually made in the day, and were always preceded by constant reports from the look-out like this: "A large body of infantry, with six standards, gone from left to right.—A long line of matchlock-men, with numerous green and red colours, gone in the same direction—in all about six thousand.—About five hundred cavalry, regular and irregular, preceded by drums, apparently escorting men of rank mounted on elephants; swordsmen mixed with bowmen following for about ten minutes.—Two brass guns, seemingly twelve-pounders, drawn by bullocks, and escorted by infantry and cavalry, went by at a trot—two small horse-artillery guns, and wagons, pulled by bullocks.—A small party of regular cavalry, some in gray uniform, escorting a man of consequence, preceded by drums and two standards.—Several doolies.—More infantry and matchlock-men in irregular order, and a long line of running-swordsmen and archers."

'The look-out, although an excessively hot and unsafe place, was a point of intense attraction on these occasions; and some authority had to be exerted to keep all the curious off the roof, over the parapet of which it was dangerous to lift your head.

'The enemy, after the assaults, invariably returned home in the same order, followed by the wounded on litters; but the infantry, matchlock-men and swordsmen, no longer walked with head erect, chest puffed out, arms stiffly swinging to and fro. Nor did the cavalry plunge and carracole, nor the dark, slim Pasee* caper and stretch his bow, as he glibly followed in the wake of his discomfited compatriots. To us in the distance, the whole procession, there and back again, resembled a pantomimic display. But they always left us to bemoan the death of some fine fellows, who had nobly borne their share in repelling the onslaught. We usually had a few days' relief after these great processions, when the look-out was rather monotonous.'

What a restless, anxious time of it the poor garrison had at this time, may be gathered from the fact, that for two nights after Havelock had retired to Cawnpore, their hopes of instant relief were sustained by a pony in a dark stable, whose tremulous efforts to shake off insects from his sides were echoed in a well close by. It was of course after the first relief, and when the relieving-party were themselves being beleaguered, that Kavanagh gained his prefix of 'Lucknow.'

Sir James Outram had, it is true, furnished the commander-in-chief with accurate plans for advance, but these were only for *a certain route;* and if circumstances should happen to render that unavailable, it was of the last importance that he should have a reliable European guide, who could conduct him by

* 'A low caste of natives in Oudh, who are expert bowmen and incorrigible rogues.'

other ways. Swayed by these facts and reflections, Mr Kavanagh imparted to Kunoujee Lal, a spy, who was returning on a certain night to the commander-in-chief, then at the Alum Bagh, with a dispatch, his desire to venture with him in disguise. The native at first positively refused to incur the additional risk to which the company of a second person, and he a European, must needs expose him; but after hearing a specimen of the volunteer's Hindostanee, and upon the promise of a fit reward for himself, consented.

'I now sought a lonely spot where I could commune with myself, for until I secured a proper companion I would not prepare myself for the worst. I sat amazed at my boldness, unable to concentrate my thoughts, which came and went with a vehemence I had never felt before. Gradually, as the awfulness of death crept into my bewildered mind, the perturbation extended to the heart, and it beat violently against my side. The feelings of both overpowered me, and came pouring out in large drops through my eyes, as I sat with a flushed face buried in my hands. This precious effort of nature relieved me, but the attempts made, over and over again, to think calmly of the enterprise, only brought back the agitation; and I was obliged at last to seek the company of my comrades to compose myself. Whilst conversing with those fine fellows, I deliberated in my mind, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, resolved to volunteer my services through Colonel Robert Napier. I was impelled to the step I now took only by a sense of *duty*.

'Colonel Napier expressed surprise at the offer, and at once pronounced the attempt impracticable, his features relaxing into a smile as he said so, for he evidently regarded the proposal as most absurd. He was, however, so much pleased with this further evidence of the zeal of his *protégé*, that he went into the chief-commissioner to mention it, followed by me. Sir James Outram listened as I disclosed the reasons for wishing to go out, and figuratively placed them in one hand, and my life in the other, and asked whether the advantages were not weighty enough to overbalance his scruple to adventure a single life. He was not less astonished than Colonel Napier; but, in the true spirit of chivalry, he at once conceived and appreciated the motives of my proposition, and reasoned with me upon the probability of success. He frankly confessed that he thought it of the utmost importance that a European officer, acquainted with the localities and buildings intervening between the Dilkooshah and the Residency, should be provided to guide the relieving force, should its commander determine on advancing by that route; but that the impossibility of any European being able to escape through the city undetected, deterred him from ordering any officer to go, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty. He observed that my services as a guide would be very valuable, and that he, therefore, with difficulty resisted the temptation to accept my disinterested offer, of which he thought he ought not to avail himself. I was, however, so earnest in my entreaties to be allowed to go, that he yielded, provided he was satisfied with the disguise, and that I was of the same mind when the hour for departure arrived.'

The most difficult part of the leave-taking, however, still remained for him, for Mr Kavanagh was a husband and a father. 'I lay down on the bed with my back towards my wife, who was giving her children the poor dinner to which they were now reduced, and endeavouring to silence their repeated requests for more. I dared not face her, for her keen eye and fond heart would have immediately detected that I was in deep thought, and agitated. She called me to partake of a coarse cake, but, as I could no more have eaten it than have eaten herself, I pleaded fatigue and sleepiness, and begged to be let alone. Of all the trials I ever endured, this was the worst! The most kind and affectionate of women had been my companion for nearly thirteen years, through which she had patiently and courageously endured much trouble and discomfort for my sake. We were happy and contented to go on together the whole tenure of our lives surrounded by our family. The efforts I made to suppress all outward manifestations of distress swelled my heart, and so pressed on my brain, that I had suddenly to leave the room, pretending I was wanted at the mines.' At six o'clock in the evening, upon the same pretence, he affectionately took leave of his family, and set about the work of his disguise.

'I endeavoured, without exciting suspicion, to discover whether a permanent dye was procurable in the intrenchment; and, luckily for my little beauty, there was none. I obtained a complete oriental suit by borrowing each article from separate natives, and, tying them in a bundle, took them home. I remained quite composed till six o'clock in the evening, when, as was customary with me, I kissed the family, and left, pretending that I was for duty at the mines, and that I might be detained till late in the morning. I carried my bundle to a small room in the slaughter-yard, and was there dressed by that good, steady young man, Mr F. Quieros, whom I enjoined to keep it a secret for the present. I was amused at my own ugliness, as I carefully surveyed each feature in the glass to see that the colouring was well spread. I did not think that the shade of black was quite natural, and I felt somewhat uneasy about it, till we talked over the chances of detection, and came to the conclusion that the darkness of the night was favourable to me. Kunoujee Lal now joined us, and seemed to chuckle at the ridiculous appearance of the metamorphosed sahib, as we walked over together to the quarters of Sir James Outram.

'Natives are not permitted to go into the house of a European with shoes on, nor to take a seat uninvited. In order to draw particular attention to myself, I did both, and the eyes of the officers, who sat at the general's table, were at once turned angrily and inquiringly upon the queer man who did such impudent things. Questions and answers were exchanged without detecting the disguise, although my plain features were known to every one of the outraged officers, who called in the general, and he took some time to recognise me. I regarded this first step in the adventure as presaging success, and was glad to lay hold on any little thing to keep up my confidence. I was daubed once more by the general himself, and, considering where I was going to, there was extraordinary hilarity in the whole proceeding, which was most beneficial to my nerves. My turban was readjusted; my habiliments subjected to a close inspection; and my waistband adorned by a loaded double-barrelled pistol—belonging to the gallant and amiable Captain Sitwell, A.D.C.—which was intended for myself, should there be no possibility of escaping death at the hands of the mutineers, who would have done it in their own particular way.

'At half-past eight o'clock our gaiety ceased, for that was the time appointed to leave. The kind-hearted and chivalrous Sir James, and my good friend Colonel Napier, pressed my hand, with a few encouraging words; the rest, with many earnest prayers for my success, shook hands; and I started with Kunoujee Lal, in the company of the brave Captain Hardinge, who came down to the picket, on the river Goompty, to pass me out. As I parted from him, he tightly squeezed my hand, as if much affected, and slowly observed, that he would give his life to be able to perform what I was doing. His last encouraging and cheering words were feelingly addressed to me: "NOBLE FELLOW! YOU WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!"'

It would be unfair, out of so small a volume as Mr Kavanagh's,* to extract the whole of this most

* *How I Won the Victoria Cross.* By T. H. Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in Oudh. Ward and Lock.

interesting expedition, which, from the moment when he took the first plunge, naked, into the Goompty, to that when he heard the welcome, 'Who comes there?' of the British sentinel, may vie for 'situation' and peril with any adventure upon record. The successful issue of the undertaking is well known. Mr Kavanagh doubtless saved many lives, by expediting the relief of the garrison, as well as much treasure, which further delay would have rendered it dangerous to have removed. For reward, he received two thousand pounds—which he bitterly and not unreasonably contrasts with the public liberality displayed towards Mr Thomas Sayers—and that Victoria Cross which confers upon this little book its taking title. From it, as from Mr Russell's more ambitious work, we derive information not readily afforded by the mere military and official historians of the mutiny. While the abominations and cruelties of the sepoys are fully admitted, the excesses of our own troops are not passed over in silence. The battle-scenes are not delineated as though they were conflicts between armies composed of good and bad angels; nor is a stronghold carried by assault made a theatre for the exhibition of all the sterner virtues. Here is a photograph taken from the storming of the Secunder Bagh. 'Highlanders and Siekhs, besmeared with blood, trampled over the dead, through the plants and houses. Screams and groans ascended above the uproar. Here, mutineers manfully received our soldiers on the point of the bayonet; there, threw down their muskets, and fiercely defended themselves with swords. Some threw away their arms, and pitifully pleaded for mercy to men infuriated by slaughter; others ran to the inner rooms for shelter, and despairingly clutched at the weapons of the fierce soldiers who pressed in after them. Bullets flew in every direction from friend and foe.

'The 53d Regiment, encouraged by the gallant Lieutenant Ffrench, violently smashed through the iron bars of a window, and, with loud screams of victory, added to the tumult, the confusion, and the slaughter. Hoarse calls for help came from this side; loud and frequent orders to go in and bayonet from the other; curses, in the most awful words, mingled with imploring voices. A few ran wild through the combatants, to end their misery by death. Hundreds were deliberately bayoneted, and pitched, writhing in the agonies of death, into a reservoir. The appalling sounds of cutting, hacking, and stabbing were heard all round the garden, with the dreadful screams of the combatants. "Cawnpore, boys! Remember our women and children! Mercy! No mercy for you!" Miserable creatures! a day of retribution had come.

'The mass of dark men moved here, there, backwards and forwards, trampling down the plants that sent forth their fragrance to nostrils choked with blood; many ran in and out of the rooms, pursued by their fearless and merciless foe. The scene was animated and horrible to the utmost degree, when the effect was increased by a conflagration, from which the mutineers struggled on to our weapons, and were thrown back upon the raging flames! Some wretches, as a last resource, sought concealment on the roofs and in the towers, where they were remorselessly followed and chucked dying to the yard below! The strife was obstinately maintained at one tower. Officers and men courageously threw themselves against the door to burst it, and were killed; and another and another fell in fruitless efforts to enter. Artillery were brought in, and the awful uproar was made more awful by its booming, and by crashing walls, as the balls passed through the room of the desperate defenders.

'At last the tumult ceased, and the victors walked triumphantly through the blood of the prostrate foe to count their bodies. Two thousand of the enemy covered the ground, lapped one in the other: they were either dead or dying. At one spot, the corpses above were moved up and down by the suffocating respirations of the living below! Animate and inanimate nature alike lay bruised on the ground. The eye encountered dreadful scenes of carnage all over the enclosure.'

Nor was this fearful spectacle—wherein, as it might well be thought, there was no room for aught but horrors—entirely unmitigated by the humorous element. One must not calculate too much, it seems, even in the moment of victory, upon the grateful enthusiasm of a commander-in-chief.

'Sir Colin Campbell, mounted on his gray horse, was outside the Secunder Bagh, surrounded by his staff, when a Highland officer, excited, tattered, and blood-stained, issued through the gate, and approached the group with a red banner.

"I have killed the last four of the enemy with my own hand, and here, sir, are their colours!" exclaimed the bleeding and agitated Highlander.

"Damn the colours, sir! Where is your regiment? Go back to your regiment, sir! I thank you, Colonel Ewart, for your zeal and gallantry; but go back to the regiment!"'

RING-MONEY.

If the etymology of the word *money* has occasioned much diversity of opinion, many tracing it to the Hebrew *monah* or *mineh*, alike the name of a weight and of a species of currency, some contending that it is derived from *monere*, to warn, 'quia nota inscripta de valore admonet,' and others from the circumstance of silver having been coined at an early era in the temple of Juno Moneta at Rome, speculation has been equally varied as to what country, by what people, and at what period the art of stamping it originated. Herodotus ascribes the practice to the kings of Lydia, about six hundred years before Christ, whence, he says, it extended among those nations with whom the Lydians maintained commercial intercourse. Other writers attribute the invention to Pheidon I., king of Argos, about 750 B.C.; but it is most probable that the Greeks acquired their first knowledge of coined money from some of the nations with whom they came into contact in Asia Minor. According to Pliny, upon the authority of Timæus, a historian of Sicily, who flourished nearly three centuries before the Christian era, the Romans were acquainted with a minted copper currency in the reign of Servius Tullius, the sixth of the legendary kings of Rome (578—535 B.C.), who, it is said, instituted a coinage impressed with the figure of a sheep, whence it acquired the name *pecunia*, from the Latin *pecus*, a herd, since in the pastoral and nomadic ages of society, money was generally represented by flocks and herds of animals. We have the testimony of Gronovius, in his work on Greek Antiquities, that the primitive metallic currency of that country was in the form of rings. When gold and silver were first exchanged as circulating mediums, they were invariably in an unfashioned state—in ingots or rude bars, the quantity of the metal being proportioned to the precise quantity required of the commodity, whatever it might be. This custom was universal among those nations of so-called classic antiquity, but the sacred writings furnish the most striking and instructive illustrations in the earliest recorded ages. Abraham is said to have been 'very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold;' yet there is no reference to these metals as general instruments of commerce until after the patriarch's return from Egypt, when the use of silver—which in the original Hebrew often corresponds to the modern term money, and was probably, from its comparative purity in the ore, and greater abundance than gold, the first metal employed in the fabrication of articles of utility and ornament—is exemplified in his purchase from the sons of Heth of the field of Ephron with the cave of Machpelah;

destined as a sepulchral vault for Sarah. As the equivalent for this ground, the founder of the Jewish nation weighed 'four hundred shekels of silver, current [money] with the merchant,' an expression which is evidently intended to indicate something more than the purity of the metal merely. Had it been coined or impressed with any authorised stamp by which its weight and quality could be ascertained at a glance, it would of course have been unnecessary to subject it to the criterion of the scales, a test which, from the earliest period to which authentic history reaches back, was common among eastern nations through the medium of public weighers and scribes or notaries, until a late date. It was in consequence of this prevailing custom that when the Israelites discovered that the money which they paid for the corn they purchased had been returned into their sacks by command of the prime minister of Pharaoh, and brought it back to Egypt, they particularly observed that it had been restored in its integrity—'in full weight.' Of such importance did the ancient Egyptians regard any falsification of weights and measures, that their criminal code condemned offenders to lose both their hands. Again, however, apart from the tedious and delicate assay formerly necessary to determine the weight and fineness of the precious metals, there was another inconvenience attending their use in a rude form as a commercial currency—the extreme difficulty of portability. From the statement that the purchase-money of the field of Ephron was 'current with the merchant,' it is not unreasonable to imagine that it was of a kind specially adapted for ready carriage. Annular personal decorations, such as rings, bracelets, and armillæ, would have been natural objects of exchange, and unquestionably they suggested the torsion of straight bars of gold and silver into a fashion which would permit of their being strung together and carried 'in bundles,' as we learn the sons of Jacob brought the money for the corn down to Egypt; and it is worthy of observation, as confirmatory of this view, that the word *shekel*, which in Hebrew implies *to weigh*, in Ethiopic literally means *to suspend* or *append*. The money of the Egyptians —among all the nations of remote antiquity the most cultured in the arts and sciences—was in the form of rings at the era of the embodiment of that country in the colossal empire of Persia, the early currency of which was also annular, as evidenced from the remarkable bas-reliefs displayed on the mutilated columns of Persepolis, its ancient capital. The fresco-paintings upon the tombs of Thebes frequently represent figures in the act of weighing gold and silver rings in the market, or bearing them in procession as tribute-offerings to the foot of the monarch's throne, ages preceding the exodus of the Israelites (1706 B. C.); but it is somewhat singular, that although tablets commemorating payments of money specified by weight have been discovered in considerable numbers, not a single ring or a trace of a coin has rewarded the modern researches otherwise pursued with so much success among the ruins of that city, which even in its mournful wrecks still exhibits art, vast, simple, and sublime.

It is not improbable that it was the maritime successes of the Phœnicians of Tyre—who, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated the Cape of Good Hope —which suggested to the senate of Carthage, more than five centuries before the Christian era, the dispatch of an expedition under Hanno for the purpose of exploring the western coast of Libya (Africa) beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. During the years 1836–8, a peculiar species of rings, known as *manillas*, were very extensively fabricated at Birmingham and Bristol for exportation from Liverpool to the Gulf of Guinea, in imitation of those of unalloyed gold worn as ornaments, and passing as a metallic currency, in the territory of Sennaar, on the borders of Abyssinia, and the neighbouring countries. In the course of the summer of 1836, the *Magnificent*, an African merchantman, was wrecked on the Ballycotton coast, near Cork, and among its cargo were several chests of these counterfeit rings—some of which were of cast iron, and others a composition of about nine parts of copper to one of tin—the manufacture of which has been discontinued since the year 1838, in consequence of the refusal of the African princes and chiefs to longer recognise them as a circulating medium. Heretofore, the design of certain penannular gold articles discovered in Ireland, as well as in Scotland, had been only a subject of fruitless dispute. So intimate, however, was the resemblance in form and features which they presented to these manillas, that opinion is now becoming settled in a conviction of their having been an early form of money.

The late Sir William Betham, keeper of the Birmingham Tower Records in Dublin Castle, and Ulster King-of-arms, was the first to pursue inquiries into the nature and history of the ring-money of the Celts, the results of which were embodied in two essays read before the Royal Irish Academy, in November 1836, and January 1837, and the chief merit in which was the originality of the subject, for the author's theories were truly wild. He elaborately endeavoured to trace the term *manilla* to two Celto-Phœnician words —*main*, riches, patrimony, or value; and *callac*, cattle, that is, a representative of the value of cattle or property. Now, it is to the Portuguese, who discovered the Gold Coast in the fifteenth century, that Europe has been indebted for the term. In that language, as well as in the Spanish, manilla literally means a bracelet. When the Romans invaded Britain, they found the inhabitants in possession of iron ring-money, adjusted to certain weights, and to which Cæsar has alluded in a very cursory and indefinite manner: 'Utuntur aut ære, aut annulis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis, pro nummo.'

Although some difficulty exists in determining the precise era of the introduction of a minted coinage in Ireland, there can be no hesitation in assuming it as incontrovertible, that a denomination of such was adopted to facilitate exchange, many centuries antecedent to the arrival of the Danes in that country. From the most remote pre-historic period, even to the close of the twelfth century, the precious metals were current in the form of ingots and rings of specific weight and value, which also served the purpose of personal ornaments, known as *muintorc* when designed to encircle the neck, and *failghe* when worn either as armillæ or anklets; and hence originated the epithet of 'exactors of rings,' so frequently applied in the northern metrical romances by their scalds, or bards, to the vikings who harried Ireland in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, and who themselves possessed similar circulating mediums until long after the establishment of Christianity, as we learn from the ancient chronicles of the kings of Norway. All the fierce Teutonic conquerors of the Britons, who

> With their red seaxes from the southward shores
> Carved realms for Hengist,

brought with them a currency of rings, as indicated in the poem of *Beowulf*, which describes Hrothgar, a Danish chief, as 'a distributer of rings,' and 'the keeper of the hoard of rings.' The use of this decorative money is very interestingly illustrated in a passage explaining the word *Righ*, one of the ancient names of the river Boyne, which occurs in a manuscript of the Brehon Laws preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, from which it appears that Boann, or Bóinn, the wife of Nuadha Neacht, king of Leinster in the first century, was accustomed to adorn her wrist or arm (*Righ*) with 'rings of gold for bestowing on poets.' Some traditions assert that

this princess was afterwards drowned in the Boyne, which received its name from the event. In form, these rings, which Vallancey asserts are cognate with the Irish term *boillreann*, from *boill*, circular, and *reann*, a sale or covenant, exhibit two distinct types—the annular and penannular, or open, and are either characterised by an entire absence of symmetry and design, or a grace and elegance of outline, and elaborate finish, which neither the corrosions of time nor the violence of barbarism has impaired. The weight of those hitherto discovered has varied from fifty-six ounces to half a penny-weight Troy, in accordance with which scale it is remarkable they are in general regularly graduated, being found, when carefully tested, correct multiples of twelve grains. The Irish annals furnish a perfect mine of interesting evidence with regard to the payment of rings of a specific weight as gifts and fines, or 'fetter-ounce.' Thus, about five years preceding the battle of Clontarf, Brian Borumha, monarch of Ireland, presented the cathedral of Armagh with a ring of gold which weighed twenty *unccas* (the Latin *uncia*, and the exact Troy ounce), and was said to correspond exactly with one discovered in the last century near Craobh Ruadh, the site of the palace of Emania. Sixty *unccas* of gold were exacted from the people of Leinster in 1152 by Tirdelvac O'Connor, as a ransom for their chief; and in 1157, the monarch O'Lochlainn presented the monks of Mellifont Abbey, at the consecration of that edifice, with a similar number, a regal munificence which was exampled by Dearbhforgaill, wife of Tiernan O'Ruark, Prince of Breffny, the Helen whose charms proved so fatal to the destinies of her country. In the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or 'Book of Rights,' a work anterior to the tenth century, links or rings of gold form a large proportion of the articles paid as *cis ail*, or tribute-rent, to the Irish princes. Counterfeits of these rings, composed of bronze, or a mixed metal strikingly resembling it, similar to that of which the Greco-Asiatic featured weapons of the Celtæ were manufactured, have been frequently found. Their real character was so cunningly masked with thin plates of gold, as to render a detection of the fraud impossible, unless they were tested by weight. Rings of stone, jet, or ebony are also common, which presenting the same type as those of the precious metals, are conjectured to have been an inferior species of currency.

CURIOUS LETTER IN BROAD SCOTCH.

In March 1737, the *Gentleman's Magazine* gave a copy of a letter recently written in the Scottish dialect by an inhabitant of Burntisland, regarding a new political journal he had heard of:

'Mester Geone Huge.

'Onrid Sir—Yu he ey bin ur gude frinde, let fok sey wat they lik; nu leuk yu si, theyr seyin hir thers a neow neows whate cat cume ute they ka keumin cens, and they sey it wid bi of gey us hir. For me Ay ken neting abut it, for for ay he na gat it yit, u leuk yu si, gif yu tink it nidfu, yu mey send it tu use.

'Aym shur gif it be wirth one ting it cane bi dir o' tipens, for dil a me de yu si gif ay wid het gif it wir dirir, for aym ne for nidles tcharges on the per tune. So leuk yu si, yu mey send it gin yu lik. But ay mun tell yu, de yu si, thers sum fok sey it might ene du mukl Mitcheef hir, and tak awa mone o yur frinds fra yu, and tat wid ples sum childer hir; but yu ken that best yur sel, onle leuk yu si gif yu guge it nesere to send it, yu man se to send it to me first, for aym shur yu ey ken yur ain

'Bruntelen, *Febre* 24, 37 J. R.

'*Poskripe.*—Yu mey send it to ur Minister, he ey liks the neows, and it mey help the Bode whan he rins a grund in his prechens, ur denegil tinks he his enuh ot else, but yul ken tat best. But me and thi kunsil want mukle to he it. Agou.

'Tu thi mutch onrid

'Mester Geone Hugh o Kamo ur provest at his kuntre hus tes wit kere and heste.'

Which may be thus presented in English:

Master John Hugh.

Honoured Sir—You have always been our good friend, let folk say what they like. Now look, ye see, they're saying here there's a new news—what d'ye call it?—come out, they call Common Sense; and they say it would be of considerable use here. For me, I know nothing about it, for I have not got it yet. Only look, you see, if you think it needful, you may send it to us.

I'm sure if it be worth anything, it cannot be dear of twopence, for deil o' me, d'ye see, would have it if it were dearer, for I'm not for needless charges upon the poor town. So look, ye see, you may send it if you like. But I must tell you, d'ye see, there's some folk say it might do much mischief here, and take away many of your friends from you, and that would please some fellows here; but you know that best yourself; only look, you see, if you judge it necessary to send it, you must see to send it to me first, for I'm sure you always know your own J. R.

Burntisland, *Feb.* 24, 1737.

Postscript.—You may send it to our minister, for he always likes the news, and it may help the body [*i.e.*, the creature] when he runs aground in his preachings. Our Dean of Guild thinks he has enough of it else; but you will know that best. But me and the council want much to have it. Adieu.

To the much honoured
Master John Hugh of Cambo, our provost, at his country-house, these with care and haste.

WINTER.

When gusts of wind, with rain and sleet,
Wildly against the casement beat;
Past creaking signs the tempest roars,
And lazy maids let slam the doors:
Then down the chimney puffs the smoke,
And nature yields to winter's yoke.

When horses' hoofs, well shod with steel,
Clang on the frozen earth a peal,
And shooting-stars attract the eye,
And northern lights shine flamingly:
Then winter, with its wondrous might,
Bridges the rivers in one night.

When young men stamp to warm their toes,
And purple turns the drunkard's nose;
When girls are wrapped in endless shawls,
And slippy roads give hurtful falls:
Then winter's snowy mantle 's spread,
A coverlet on nature's bed.

When kine are huddled in the yard,
And muddy lanes turn crisp and hard;
When frost hangs white upon the beard,
And limbs are numb, and eyes are bleared:
Then, for the badly clad and poor,
Cold winter makes the fires roar.

When deep snow cakes beneath the feet,
And chilblains itch with burning heat;
When starving birds the homestead seek,
And robin's voice is low and weak:
Then sloppy roads, and dripping eaves,
Tell that cold winter shortly leaves. K.

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THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

I AM not sure that my Aunt Somers thought she was serving her country, but I think she believed herself somehow entitled to public gratitude, for condescending to remove to Barnsbury, and take in boarders, when my uncle the doctor died, after buying a West-end practice, and left her a disconsolate widow, with two maiden sisters and his orphan niece. Each of the sisters—their names were Miss Charlotte and Sophia Singleton—had a few hundreds vested in the Five Per Cents, on the interest of which they lived, and exerted themselves to get off. The niece, little Bessy Somers, should have had a few hundreds too; but the late doctor being her guardian, had thought proper to vest them in his West-end practice, with solemn vows and promises made to himself, that they should be gathered out of it, and laid up against her wedding-day. Death had given him no time for the fulfilment of those good intentions, but he laid on his wife a stringent obligation, in return for his making her his sole heiress, that she would take care of and provide for Bessy. My respected aunt always declared that the legacy consisted of nothing but old furniture and cracked china. She kept fast hold of it, however, and made great efforts to roll the annexed responsibility off her own shoulders, and on those of the doctor's relations; but having tried his brothers, his sisters, his uncles, his aunts, his first and second cousins, without success (by the way, she and the whole tribe were sworn enemies ever after), Mrs Somers took the advice of her friends, removed to Barnsbury with her encumbered estate, leased a house in Mountford Place, and took under her boarding wings a select constituency, who were to form one family, and enjoy the comforts of a happy home.

They consisted, first, of myself—one likes to begin with the person highest in one's esteem. I was an apprentice then with a certain city optician; and my father and mother, honest people, thought my morals and manners would be safe in my aunt's house. Secondly, there were the Misses Singleton; thirdly, the widow of a coast-guard lieutenant, who called herself Mrs Captain Browne; and fourthly, Mr Simington, an East India merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business in Leadenhall Street, by way of occupying his spare time. The boarders being select, were not numerous; moreover, they had the advantage of being, every soul, more or less related to the mistress of the establishment; for Mrs Captain Browne was a third-cousin of her father; and the East India merchant counted kindred somewhere at a remote distance on the maternal side. We all sat at the same table, and could have talked through the partitions of our rooms, yet my aunt's boarding-house was a complete hierarchy. The scale ascended inversely to my summary. I was its lowest note; appointed to the seat in the draught, lodged in the attic-room, expected never to be helped twice to anything, nor poke the fire unless specially requested. The Misses Singleton occupied the position immediately above me. The second-floor back was sacred to them. They might be helped the second time to anything that was plenty, and had a limited licence to use the poker in cold weather. Still higher stood Mrs Captain Browne. She rejoiced in the second-floor front, made her demands boldly at dinner, and turned up the coals without fear. But the archbishop, the cardinal, the pope of our establishment, in short, the principal boarder, was Mr Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-humoured, and well disposed to make himself comfortable and keep friends with everybody. Mr Simington was a bachelor too; his two married sisters in Pimlico, his three brothers in the city, his nieces in Worcestershire, and his nephews in Kent all agreed—it was said to be the only point of agreement among them—that Mr Simington never would marry. Mrs Somers and her maiden sisters declared themselves of the same opinion, whenever occasion served. He was too fond of his comforts, too confirmed in his bachelor ways, ever to change them. And why should Mr Simington think of marrying at all? It was not a pretty face that would beguile him—he was a great deal too sensible for that; it was not fortune nor family—he had money enough, and did not care for high connections; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Mountford Place? Such was the published confession of the fair trio. To it Mrs Captain Browne gave her adhesion now and then; but, like many manifestoes, its true reading was to be made out by contraries, for, to my certain knowledge, the four ladies had, every one, private and deeply laid designs on Mr Simington. He was one of those gentlemen given to pay attentions—I think most men between forty and fifty get into that line. As a principal boarder, with four ladies studying him, the East India merchant could scarcely do otherwise; so he paid attentions to each of the four according to her standing in the house, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the next to Mrs Captain Browne, and the third to the maiden sisters, whose claims he balanced with such even-handed justice, that both were equally sure of his heart. It is candour and not

spite which compels me to declare there was not a pretty face in the quartett. My youthful judgment may have been biassed, for I was the nephew-of-all-work, blamed for everything that went wrong out of doors, lectured on my own misdoings as well as those of my acquaintances; and I maintain that no man knows what snubbing is, who has not had an aunt with two maiden sisters and a coast-guard lieutenant's widow to hold command over him in his youth.

There was one comfort, however—I had an inferior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against my aunt's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunders from the three next in command, to have called Bessy anything but a child. In fact, she did double duty in our establishment, filling at once the offices of drudge and little girl. Bessy had to help in all her domestic difficulties our one female servant, Sally Stubbs, whom my aunt called her cook or her housemaid as exigencies required. She had also to wear short frocks, take bread and milk for breakfast, and go to bed punctually at eight. A small slender figure, a face that might have served as a model to the workers in wax, but for the light of its laughing blue eyes, which no doll could borrow, and the soft fair hair that would go into wavy ringlets however clipped and combed—all helped the illusion, which her seniors did their best to promulgate, by always speaking of Bessy as that poor child. My aunt was accustomed to lament over the years which must pass before she would grow up, and the expense her education would be when Bessy was old enough to be sent to a finishing-school. The good lady was to do wonders for her protégée, when the proper period of womanhood arrived; but she considered it decidedly sinful to put notions of dress and vanity in children's heads. Bessy was never allowed to appear in the drawing-room except in the capacity of duster; and as she got nothing but old dresses shortened, the orphan niece went out only with messages to the green-grocer on week-days, and to evening church on Sundays with the maid.

My Aunt Somers always allowed that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was right. Whatsoever orthodoxy was established in the territory, house, or workshop where I chanced to sojourn, became my confession of faith for the time. Whatsoever greatness was set up, to it was I prepared to do homage. I would have worshipped Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, independently of the fiery furnace; and there was one ready for all recusants in Mountford Place. On that prudent principle, I did my best to think Bessy a child, though it sometimes struck me that going to bed in broad daylight on a summer evening, when there was a little dancing-party in the drawing-room, could not be to her taste; and I could not help fancying how well she would look in a long muslin frock and ringlets among the young ladies. The same judicious inclination to what was ordered and expected, made me bow down before Mr Simington, and consider him the greatest man within my knowing. Was he not my aunt's principal boarder? Did he not occupy the best bedroom? Were not his tastes consulted in spite of market-prices? Did not the entire household wait upon his nod, as the Olympian gods were said to do on Jupiter's? More than all, was he not the aim and object of the four ladies who employed, commanded, and snubbed me? Oh, the warming of slippers, the peeling of walnuts, the mulling of wine, that went on for that old gentleman in cold winter evenings! Oh, the falling on his neck, when he came home from his summer rambles, as though the East India merchant had been three prodigals rolled into one! What well-governed youth would not have prostrated himself in spirit before such manifest superiority; so I bowed down to Mr Simington, and served him. Yet, notwithstanding my awe and worship, it sometimes occurred to me that he went out very regularly on Sunday evenings, just after Bessy and the maid set forth to church; that he must have taken a particular fancy to the green-grocer my aunt patronised, as I often noticed him lingering near the shop; and probably sent intimations of his good-will by Bessy, for more than once I espied him speaking to the child on the stairs, and evidently intending not to be seen.

I had heard that great men were often eccentric, and doubtless these were the eccentricities of Mr Simington; but as his peculiarities were too sacred to be observed by an optician's apprentice, I made no report on the subject, and nobody else appeared to have taken notes. Thus things went on, I cannot precisely say how long. The ladies were every day getting stronger in their public convictions of Mr Simington's perpetual celibacy, and more resolute in carrying on their private sieges. I could have taken ten to one on my aunt's chance; it was the best in everybody's eyes but those of the other three. The summer was drawing to a close, and Mr Simington preparing for a tour in Scotland, which he had talked about since the season began. The day of his departure on that journey was one of extraordinary bustle in our establishment. The four had been up most of the preceding night packing his carpet-bag, preparing delicacies for his refection in steamer and train, and giving him good advices against catching cold and rheumatism. No wonder he looked jovial over the abundant breakfast devoted to his service—so should any man if half so well taken care of. Mr Simington was mighty in jokes and great in compliments that morning; the ladies, one and all, declared they must go somewhere, the house would be so dull till he came back; and I saw Bessy in the decentest frock she had—by the by, it was also the shortest—steal past the window with her basket; she was doubtless bound for the green-grocer's. Nobody thought of her at the leave-taking, which was extra-impressive. Mr Simington's squeezes of eight fair hands were matters to be remembered; the adieus and good-wishes he got might have served all the travellers that ever crossed the Tweed; but at length the ceremony came to a close, and the cab drove away with him and his carpet-bag.

The optician had given me a fortnight's holiday; it commenced that same morning; and instead of going to business, as usual, I also was packing up and getting ready for a small excursion. But nobody took trouble with my travelling-gear. My undarned socks and buttonless shirts had to do duty abroad as well as at home. I was not an East India merchant with my fortune made, and where was the use of envy and grumbling? A ring at the door-bell, loud enough to reach my back attic, made me pause and listen. Mr Simington was not more than two hours gone, yet that was his name which I heard my aunt utter in a kind of a shriek. I had left the ladies talking in the breakfast-parlour, and there I found them on my rapid descent, gathered round Mrs Somers, who clutched convulsively a pair of wedding-cards, while she questioned the waiter of the Barnsbury Hotel.

'It took place, ma'am, about one hour ago,' said that messenger of fate, making great efforts to preserve his gravity. 'Miss Somers dressed at our house, and I must say looked uncommon well in her white silks and fine bonnet. My missus went to church with them. It was done by special licence, you see. Mr Ross, the gentleman as always stops with us, and knowed Mr Simington from a boy, gave the bride away; and, indeed, ma'am, she got through it wonderfully. I went to see it myself, havin' a great likin' for marriages. The 'appy pair, as I may say, waited no time after; they're off to Scotland, ma'am, by the Great Northern. But Mr Ross is to do the sendin' out of the cards; and says he, tippin' me half-a-crown, like a gentleman, as he is: "Waiter," says he, "run with

these to Mrs Somers; she has the best right to the earliest intelligence, for Mr Simington was her principal boarder."'

THE PATRIMONY OF ST PETER.

Pontifical supremacy was, in the beginning, of a spiritual nature only. After the fall of the Western Empire, and the reconquering of Italy by Belisarius and Narses, Rome, though enjoying a pre-eminent position among the Christian churches, held but a low secular rank among the principalities of Italy. The city and its adjacent territory were governed by a prefect, appointed at Constantinople, and subject to the exarch of Ravenna. About the year 720, Leo, the Isaurian, engaged in his crusade against the Iconoclasts, or image-worshippers; the then pope, Gregory III., attempted to induce the emperor to relax in his severity; finding Leo deaf to argument and entreaty, he boldly declared Rome independent of the empire, and offered the consulate to Charles Martel. He formed an alliance with the Dukes of Benevento and Spoleto, and the king of the Lombards; an alliance of but short duration, as far as the latter nation was concerned. Their king, Astolfo, invaded the duchy during the pontificate of Stephen II., who, seeing no other means of ridding himself of the Lombards, invoked the aid of Pepin the Younger, in the name of the church and of the dukes, counts, tribunes, and people of Rome. Pepin quickly responded to the appeal; drove Astolfo out of the exarchate, and made him deposit on the altar of St Peter's, at Rome, the keys of Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Urbino, Forli, and fifteen other towns, the government of which Pepin, to the great indignation of the Greek emperor, handed over to the Holy Church of God and the Roman Republic. Astolfo broke the peace, immediately Pepin's army had retired, for which bad faith he was punished by being compelled to add the city of Comacchio to the papal dominions. From this time (726), the popes assumed the language of temporal sovereigns, and dated their rescripts by the years of their own pontificates. Still the papal rule was more nominal than real. The Lombards were the actual masters of the ceded towns, till Charlemagne finally overthrew their power; but this does not seem to have much altered the position of the pontiff, as the conqueror kept all the regal rights to himself; and although again and again besought for the good of his soul to fulfil his promises in favour of the church, the most he did was to allow the see to receive the revenues of the exarchate.

When the imperial sceptre passed from Frankish into German hands, the temporal influence of the church was still further lessened, and we find Henry III. nominating popes as regularly as Queen Victoria nominates Anglican bishops. Gregory VII., a bold, enterprising, energetic man, taking advantage of the minority of Henry IV., resolved to free the pontificate from its subservience to the empire; and at his instigation, a council assembled at Rome declared that henceforth no layman could confer any clerical office. Astute as he was bold, Gregory gained over to his side many of the German princes by pronouncing the empire to be an elective not an hereditary monarchy. A fierce and lasting contest arose between the empire and the papacy for supremacy; the pontiff was again and again driven from his capital, and forced to see anti-pope after anti-pope elevated to the apostolic throne. In 1102, the Countess Matilda, an enthusiastic supporter of Rome, left to the pope her fiefs of Parma, Mantua, Modena, and Tuscany; but they were immediately seized by the emperor, and, with the exception of the first named, never came under the papal rule. A century later, Innocent III. persuaded the towns of Spoleto, Foligno, Gubbio, Rieti, Perugia, Assisi, Nocera, Citta di Castello, Todi, Fermo, Osimo, Fano, Jesi, Sinigaglia, Camerino, Pesaro, and Ancona, to swear allegiance to the see of Rome, and guaranteed the inviolability of their municipal charters.

In 1278, Rudolph of Hapsburg, at the instance of Pope Nicholas, formally defined the States of the Church as extending from Radicofani to Ceperano, near the Liris, on the Neapolitan frontier, and as including Perugia, Bologna, Bertinoro, the duchy of Spoleto, the exarch of Ravenna, and the march of Ancona. The inhabitants were absolved from their oaths of allegiance to the empire; Rudolph renouncing for himself and successors all rights over the said places, and acknowledging the sovereignty of the pope. This sovereignty was little more substantial than a title of courtesy. Perugia, Ancona, and Bologna were republics, and many of the other towns hereditary principalities, in which the influence of the pope was of the slightest; and even this hold became weakened by the seventy years of Avignon exile. Poor, however, as the papacy might be in temporalities of its own, it was powerful enough over those of other people. An English monarch did not scruple to humiliate himself and his subjects by holding his kingdom as a fief from the pope; a king of Aragon resigned his realm to the pontiff; and a foreigner was inducted into the throne of Naples by the hierarch of Rome.

Sextus IV., having to provide an appanage for a nephew, cast his eyes upon the beautiful and fertile plain of the Romagna, a prize for which various Italian princes were then contending. By dint of intrigue, perjury, and murder, Sextus attained his object, and had the satisfaction of hailing Girolamo Riario lord of Imola and Forli. In a few years, Sextus made way for Alexander VI., and Girolamo left his principality to his widow. She did not long enjoy it. She was driven out of the Romagna, and Cæsar Borgia reigned in her stead. Alexander the infamous, and his yet more infamous son, joining the Guelph faction, drove Sforza from Pesaro, Malatesta from Rimini, Manfredi from Faenza, and installed themselves as masters in those cities. Not content with thus spoiling their foes, the worthy couple next turned their arms against their allies. The Duke of Urbino had to flee for his life; the chiefs of the Orsini party were entrapped and assassinated by Cæsar, and their territories added to his ill-gotten dominions. The death of Alexander wrought a change. The old lords of the land, the Colonnas, Orsinis, and Malatestas returned to Italy, and recommenced their internecine strifes. The pope, Julius II., bent, not on family aggrandisement, but on enriching the papal see, seized Borgia's dukedoms and castles, pacified the lesser nobles, and waged war on the more powerful ones. Perugia, Bologna, and the Romagna were speedily annexed to his dominions. Old and enfeebled as he was, Julius took the field in person against the Venetians, and crossing the frozen ditches of Mirandola, drove the enemy from the coast, and, thanks to his Swiss and Spanish troops, made himself master of Parma, Placentia, and Reggio. Parma was afterwards severed from the Papal States by Paul III., who bestowed it on his son; but before he died, he again reunited it to Rome; to be finally disjoined by his successor, Julius III.

The Venetian envoys, who travelled through the States of the Church in the early part of the sixteenth century, are loud in praise of the fertile and beautiful territory which acknowledged the representative of St Peter as its master. 'We travelled from Macerata to Tolentino, through a district of surpassing loveliness. Hills and valleys were clothed with grain; throughout an extent of thirty miles, nothing less rich might be seen. Uncultivated land we could not find for the breadth of a foot.' At this time, the Campagna not only supplied sufficient grain for the use of the capital and its neighbourhood, but aided the adjacent states, and even supplied foreigners from its abundance. Nor were other productions wanting. Perugia

was famed for its hemp, Faenza for its flax, and Viterbo for both; Montefiascone and Cesena were noted for their wines, Rimini for its oil, Bologna for its woad, San Lorenzo for its manna, and the Campagna for its breed of horses. The lakes abounded with delicious fish; and alum, salt, sulphur, and marble enriched the owners of the soil. The harbour of Ancona was crowded with vessels from the Levant, and its city with merchants from all quarters. The martial reputation of the States was also great: the people of Perugia made steady soldiers; the inhabitants of the Romagna were as brave as they were improvident; the Bolognese full of courage, but neglectful of discipline; the warriors of Faenza were both firm in fight and swift and untiring in pursuit; those of Forli excelled in manœuvring, as the dwellers in Fermo surpassed all others in the use of the lance. In fact, the whole population were martially inclined, and apt in the use of the weapons of war. Venice drew her best troops from among them, and they boasted that they could supply all the princes of the world with captains of tried valour and skill.

Destruction threatened the temporal power of the pontificate under Leo X., when by the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano, the Papal States lay at the mercy of the French king. Leo proved equal to the emergency; against the advice of his council he sought an interview with Francis, and by sacrificing Placentia and Parma, secured the remainder of his dominions, and delivered Italy for a time from the presence of the French soldiery. The pope, placed as he was between the rival powers of France and the Empire, had no easy game to play, and Leo's policy was more wily than honest. When war broke out between Charles and Francis, he could no longer remain neutral, but naturally sided with the former, and just lived long enough to receive his reward, by recovering the lost provinces for the papal see. Gregory XIII. wrested Castelnuovo, Corcana, Lonzano, Savignano, Bertinoro, and Verrucchio from their hereditary rulers. In 1598, the House of Este were compelled to resign Ferrara, Comacchio, and their portion of the Romagna; and forty years afterwards, on the death of the aged Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria, Taddeo Barberini at once seized upon his principality, and annexed it to the States of the Church, much to the indignation of the inhabitants, to whom the change was anything but agreeable; the year 1650 saw Ronciglione and the duchy of Castro added to the pope's territories; and here the catalogue of annexations ends.

The French Revolution did not spare the Holy Father. In 1797, General Bonaparte constituted the Cisalpine Republic, making Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forli members of the new confederation. In 1801, the Legations were restored to the pope, but only for a short period. Napoleon having resolved to erect a kingdom of Italy, marched on Rome, and declaring that temporal sovereignty was incompatible with the exercise of spiritual power, formally annexed the ecclesiastical states to the French empire, and Pius VII. became virtually a prisoner in France, and was forced to accede to his conqueror's demands. The pontiff patiently watched events, and bided his time. Every reverse sustained by Napoleon was a step towards the pope's deliverance from bondage. At length the opportunity came, and Pius lost not a moment in declaring his concordat with France to be null and void, and in making his way towards his dominions, which he re-entered while the allied armies were marching triumphantly into Paris. By the treaty of Vienna—thanks to the three great anti-catholic powers, Russia, Prussia, and England—the pope received back his territory almost intact, a few insignificant portions of it on the left bank of the Po, which were alienated from the ecclesiastical states by the valley of that river having been constituted its boundary, being the only territorial loss; but Austria reserved the right of recruiting in Comacchio and Ferrara.

In 1830, the people of Ancona and Bologna, rendered desperate by clerical misgovernment, rose in insurrection, to succumb to an Austrian army which was speedily marched to the pope's aid. The grievances of the subjects of the church were, however, so palpable, that even Austria united with the other great powers in recommending Gregory XVI. to reform the most flagrant abuses, by admitting laymen to the exercise of judicial and administrative functions. The only result of this interference was a slight modification of the municipal law; and the Bolognese again rose against their rulers. This second insurrection afforded a pretext for massacring the inhabitants of the offending city, and for a fresh advance of Austrian troops, to balance which, a French force took possession of Ancona, and thus commenced the system of occupation. Ancona was freed from its unwelcome protectors at the end of six years, and the Austrians at the same time withdrew from the Legations. In 1846, Pio Nono ascended the pontifical chair, and electrified the world by the appearance of a pope in the character of a political reformer. The liberal ideas promulgated by Pius so displeased Austria, that she moved her troops into the Papal States; but upon a remonstrance being addressed to the European powers on the subject, the white-coated legions were ordered home again. For awhile, Pius persevered in the path of progress, and his name seemed likely to become the watchword of the peninsula; but, bullied by his neighbours, and alarmed by the rapid spread of revolutionary movements in Italy, after the success of the Parisian insurrection in 1848, he lost courage, and halted when he should have pressed forward. At such a time, to hesitate was to be lost. The people rose, and the apostolic vicar fled from his subjects in the meanest of disguises, while a republic was proclaimed at Rome. How that republic struggled against the forces of false France, despotic Austria, priest-ridden Naples, and effete Spain, is too well known to need recapitulation. Its fall left an indelible stain upon the leaders of the French republic—a blot not all the special pleading of a Montalembert can obliterate. Pius IX. returned to his dominions the hated protégé of France. For ten years he has held his throne by the precarious tenure of foreign bayonets. Like his Bourbon neighbour, experience has rendered him no wiser; and, like him, he is now reaping the whirlwind. Day by day, the temporal possessions of the see of Rome are being absorbed in the new kingdom of Italy, and he may esteem himself fortunate if he is able to leave his successor so much as the capital of the long-held States of the Church.

The *Stato Pontificio*, before Victor Emmanuel incorporated the Romagna, possessed a population of 3,124,178, occupying an area of 16,155 English square miles, and was divided into twenty provinces. In some of these provinces, oranges are cultivated to perfection; in others, the hills are seldom seen without a covering of snow, so different are the climates of the various members of this ill-conditioned body-politic. In the plains of Rome, there is no lack of figs, citrons, oranges, and pomegranates; cherries, chestnuts, and walnuts abound in the Apennines; the cork-tree flourishes in the woods of Terracina, and the forests supply the pope's subjects with fuel. Wheat, maize, and barley are produced in sufficient quantities to allow of exportation; but then little is kept for home consumption, the masses finding a substitute for bread in beans, chestnuts, and onions. With the exception of an occasional piece of bacon or sausage, animal food is rarely eaten by the poorer population, although sheep, goats, and swine are numerous enough in the states. Flax, hemp, and saffron are cultivated to some extent, and the raising of cotton is rapidly spreading. The olive grows

everywhere. The vine is also to be found in almost every part, but so carelessly cultivated, that the wine produced in the Roman territory bears no great reputation. Oxen are universally used for the plough; the ass and mule are the common beasts of burden in the Apennines; the country was once famous for its breed of Borghese horses, but the race is well-nigh extinct, and the trade quite so. The cows are the most favourable specimens of the animal kingdom to be found, and may be seen roaming freely about the Campagna; their owners finding their profit in selling their calves to the butcher, rather than transforming the milk into butter and cheese. Silk forms an important item in the agricultural statistics of the papal patrimony, the soil being particularly adapted for the white mulberry. Bologna, which once held a monopoly of the crape trade, is the chief seat of the silk manufacture. The states also produce paper, leather, linen, and woollen cloths; glass, pottery, tallow, wax-candles, and artificial flowers; alum, saltpetre, culinary salt, and sulphur. The exports in 1853 amounted to L.1,659,950, the principal items consisting of hemp, wheat, maize, rice, silk-thread, cattle, works of art, cordage, fish, furs, skins, stone, and building materials; the imports being close upon a million in excess of the exports. Ancona is the principal trading port; in 1857, there were entered inwards 684 vessels, of 110,704 tons; and 652 vessels, of 104,786 tons, entered outwards.

This country, by no means maltreated by nature, is governed, or misgoverned, by an unlimited elective hierarchy, administered by a Council of Ministers under the Cardinal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and presided over by the pope. There are separate ministers for the interior, for grace and justice, for finance, for war, for police, for commerce and public works, and for fine arts, who are usually ecclesiastics or prelates, although laymen may be chosen for any of these offices. The word 'prelate' needs a little explanation. With us, it is necessarily synonymous with 'ecclesiastic;' but at Rome, a prelate means any man possessed of the degree of doctor of law and a small independence, who chooses to enter the prelature, which entitles him to employment in the pontifical household, with the chance of becoming nuncio, delegate, governor of Rome, or even cardinal. These gentlemen are styled Monsignore, and as long as they retain the office, must not think of taking a wife. The cardinals, limited to seventy, are appointed by the pope, styled Princes of the Church, and constitute the Sacred College, which meets in secret conclave ten days after the death of a pope, and elects one of its members to the vacant chair, a majority of two-thirds being requisite to make the election valid. There are three classes of cardinals—cardinal bishops, of whom there are six; cardinal priests, to the number of fifty; the remaining fourteen bearing the lowlier title of cardinal deacon.

The judges of the land are appointed by the pope, and removable at his pleasure. Each province has its tribunal, with courts of appeal at Rome, Macerata, and Bologna, and a still higher court at Rome called the Corte della Signatura. The proceedings are open to the public, excepting in the case of trials for political offences, when the prisoner can only be defended by the official advocate, and is not allowed to see the witnesses against him, or even to know the nature of the evidence upon the refutation of which his liberty or life depends. Such is the infallible priest's idea of justice! Ecclesiastics can only be tried by ecclesiastical courts, which possess the power of imprisoning any person on the ground of immorality—a power in such hands terrible indeed.

The Papal States boast of two primary and six secondary universities, the oldest of which is that of Bologna, dating from 1119. Episcopal towns have their schools for educating for the church, and the more prosperous communes rejoice in primary schools under the direction of the parish priest. Education, of course, is entirely in the hands of the clergy, and, as a natural consequence, the lower classes of the pontifical states are, with the exception of the population of the Two Sicilies, the most ignorant of any in Italy. The church is the curse of the land: within the limited area over which Pio Nono was called to reign, there are no less than nine archbishoprics and fifty-two episcopal sees. Six hundred nunneries and 1800 monasteries are spread over the states, which harbour 8000 nuns, 21,415 monks and friars, and 16,905 priests. Rome itself numbers 1800 nuns and 4500 priests, monks, and friars among its 178,500 inhabitants.

The revenue of the popedom, according to an official return for 1857, amounted to L.3,009,524, the expenditure during the same period being L.3,104,692, leaving an acknowledged deficit of L.95,168; but with such a pecuniary position, the papal financialists are well qualified to deal, for, since 1828, the Roman government has never, even for a single year, lived within its income.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXIII.—A PITILESS PASTIME.

YES—to hold a shooting-match was undoubtedly the design of my captors; and equally clear was it that my breast was to be their mark. This explained my position upon the summit of the mound, as well as my attitude upon the cross. I was bound to the latter that I might be held erect, spread, and conspicuous.

I could not comfort myself with any doubt as to their intention. Every movement I saw confirmed it; and the question was finally set at rest by Red-Hand possessing himself of one of the loaded muskets, and making ready to fire.

Stepping a pace or two in front of the line of his warriors, he raised the piece to his shoulder, and pointed it towards me.

It is vain to attempt describing the horror I endured at that moment. Utterly unable to move, I gazed upon the glistening barrel, with its dark tube, that threatened to send forth the messenger of death.

I have stood before the pistol of the duellist. It is not a pleasant position to be in, under any conditions of quarrel. Still is it perfect happiness compared with that I then held. In the former case, there are certain circumstances that favour the chances of safety. You know that you are *en profile* to your antagonist—thus lessening the danger of being hit. Judging by yourself, you feel assured that the aim taken will be quick and unsteady, and the shot a random one. You are conscious of possessing the capability of motion—that whether you may feel inclined to give way to it or not, you still have a certain discretion of avoiding the deadly missile—that by your own skill or quickness, you may hinder it from being sent.

There are other circumstances of a moral nature to sustain you in a trial of this kind—pride, angry passion, the fear of social contempt, and stronger than all—perhaps most frequent—the jealousy of rival love.

From none of all these could I derive support, as I stood before the levelled musket of the Arapaho. There was no advantage—either moral or physical—in my favour. I was broad front to the danger, without the slightest capacity of 'dodging' it; while there was nothing to excite the nerves of the marksman, or render his aim unsteady. On the contrary, he was sighting me as coolly, as if about to fire at the trunk of a tree!

It may have been but a minute that the savage occupied himself in adjusting his aim; but to me it appeared ten. In such a situation, I may have believed the seconds to be minutes: they seemed so.

In reality, the time must have been considerable. The beads of sweat that had started from my brow were chasing each other down my cheeks, and dropping upon my breast. So prolonged was my suspense, I might have fancied that the Arapaho was designedly dallying with his aim, for the purpose of sporting with my fears.

He may have had such motive for procrastination. I could believe it. Distant though he was, I could mark his fiendish smile, as he repeatedly dropped the piece from his shoulder, and then returned it to the level.

That he meant more than mere menace, however, was proved in the end. Having satisfied himself with several idle feints, I saw him make demonstration, as if setting himself more eagerly to the work. This time he was in earnest. His cheek lay steadily along the stock—his arms appeared more rigid—his finger was pressing on the trigger—the moment had come.

The flash from the pan—the red stream poured forth from the muzzle—the hist of the bullet, were all simultaneous. The report came afterwards; but, before it had reached my ears, I knew that I was untouched. The lead had whizzed past, at a distance, as I could judge by the sound, of several feet from my body.

I heard a scratching behind me; and the instant after, a savage face came before my eyes. It was that of the artist, who had painted me for the part I was playing. I fancied he had gone down to the plain, but no. He had remained near me, concealing his body behind the rock. He was now enacting a different *rôle*—that of marker for the marksmen.

Running his eye over my body, and perceiving that I was nowhere hit, he telegraphed the intelligence to his comrades upon the plain; and then glided back to his covert.

I was relieved from the terrible anxiety, but only for a short moment—a mere interval of about a dozen seconds' duration. The Red-Hand, after firing, had resigned his place. This was instantly occupied by one of his sub-chiefs; who, armed with another musket, came up to the line in a similar manner.

Again saw I the gleaming barrel brought to the level, with its dark tube pointed upon my body.

This fellow was more expeditious; but for all that, it was a moment of racking torture. Again did the drops bead out upon my brow, and chase one another down my cheeks. Again had I to undergo all the agony of death itself—and, as before, without dying, or even losing a drop of my blood!

As before, I beheld the puff of smoke, the flash, the blaze of fire projected from the muzzle; but ere the crack reached me, I heard the 'thud' of the bullet, as it flattened against the granite below my feet.

This time the marker did not mount up on the platform. He had seen the splinters shivered from the rock; and without further inquiry, he, for the second time, telegraphed a miss.

A third marksman soon appeared upon the stand; and my fears returned—as acute as ever. This fellow caused me to suffer nearly a dozen deaths. Either was his gun without a flint, or his powder damp; for, after snapping it nearly a dozen times, the piece refused to go off. Had it been designed for a new horror, it could not have been better planned. Each time that the savage essayed to fire, I had to undergo the agony of a fresh apprehension.

It ended by another gun being placed in his hands, that *did* go off, but with no advantage to the clumsy marksman; for his shot, like that of the Red-Hand, whistled past, far wide of the mark.

A fourth now took the ground. This was a tall, swarthy warrior—one of the tallest of the tribe; and without the insignia of a chief. The cool and deliberate manner in which he went about his work, caused me to anticipate in him a better shot; and my apprehensions were heightened to a degree of painful intensity.

I felt my whole frame shiver as his gun went off; and for a time I believed myself hit. The cheer of his companions upon the plain announced their belief in the success of the shot; but he upon the summit soon undeceived them—as I was myself reassured. The bullet had struck the wood-work of my crucifix—one of the cross-pieces to which my arms were bound. It was the shock of the timber that had deceived me into the belief that I had been hit.

A fifth marksman followed; and then another and another, until more than a dozen had tried their hands. The guns were all emptied; but this caused only a short cessation in the cruel sport. They were soon reloaded; and new candidates stepped forward to make trial of their skill.

I had by this time discovered that they were not practising for mere sport.

It was a *game*, and bets were upon it. Apart upon the plain, the stakes were laid—consisting of saddles, robes, weapons, and the plunder of the wagon. Horses also were picketed near—surplus animals—that were set against one another; whether in many separate wagers, or all forming a grand 'pool' I could not determine. My own scalp—I was uncertain whether I still wore it—was no doubt the chief object of the contest. It was the 'cup,' to be given to him who should place his bullet in that white circle upon my breast, and nearest the red spot in the centre!

The guns once more reloaded, the firing recommenced. But one shot was allowed to each; and this only to those who had placed a stake. The condition gave me an opportunity of experiencing my apprehensions in different degrees; since, according to the apparent adroitness or clumsiness of the marksman, my fears of being hit were greater or less.

Strange to say, before a dozen shots had been fired, *I no longer wished them to miss!* The dread ordeal so oft repeated, was too terrible to be borne. I was sustained by no ultimate hope of escape. I knew that the fiends would continue firing, till some one of them should finish me by a fatal shot; and I cared not how soon it should be sent. I desired it to come. Death was preferable to the agony I was enduring.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE THOUSAND DEATHS.

For a full hour was the pitiless sport continued—during which at least fifty shots had been fired at me. The truculent chieftain had threatened me with a thousand deaths. He was fulfilling his threat to the letter; for notwithstanding the unskilful practice, I could not help, on the eve of each discharge, experiencing a certain creeping of the flesh, and curdling of the blood, as if that moment was to be my last. If I had not yet died a thousand times, for at least a hundred had I felt all the sensations that should precede actual death. Over a hundred times; for although but fifty shots had been fired, twice as often had the old guns snapped or flashed in the pan; and each of these was preceded by its especial pang.

I had not escaped altogether unscathed: I had been hit in two or three places—in my arms and limbs. Blood was running down my legs, and creeping over my feet. I could feel it warm and wet, as it trickled between my toes. In a little hollow of the rock, directly in front of me, a crimson pool was collecting.

The wounds could not be severe; since I scarcely felt them. Perhaps only the crease of a bullet! A scratch would be sufficient to cause the effusion of the blood, copious as it appeared to be. I felt certain that no bone had yet been broken—that no vital part of my body had been touched.

After about an hour had been spent by the savages in this dastardly practice, the firing became suddenly suspended. I could not tell why; and sought for

an explanation by watching the movements of the marksmen.

Had they exhausted their ammunition? This was the idea that came uppermost.

The chiefs had turned face to face, and were again engaged in some earnest deliberation.

The subject of their talk was made known by their gesticulations. They were pointing towards Sure-shot, who still lay, as I have described, flat upon his face. Wingrove was no longer there; nor yet Su-wanee! Where could they have gone? I had seen both but the moment before! Had she unbound, and rescued him? Was it about them that the savages were in consultation?

The result proved not. It was the deserter who was the object of their attention. Half a dozen Indians were seen separating from the group. They ran up to the spot where Sure-shot lay. Stooping around him, they undid his fastenings; and then, raising him to his feet, commenced dragging him towards the crowd.

The terrified man made no resistance. It would have been idle. There was a brawny savage on each side, grasping him by the wrist; and three or four behind pushing him forward at a run. His long hair streaming loosely, strengthened the expression of despair that was depicted upon his countenance. No doubt he deemed it his last hour. Whither could they be dragging him? whither but to death?

This was my own belief—at first; but in a few minutes I had reason to change it. For a short while, Sure-shot was encircled by the dusky forms, and I saw him not—or only the crown of his head—conspicuous by its yellow hue among the darker *chevelures* of those who surrounded him. What they were doing to him, I could not guess; but they appeared to be offering no further violence.

After a time, the group scattered from around him, and the ex-rifleman was again uncovered.

With some surprise, I perceived that the expression of his countenance had undergone a total change. It was no longer that of terror—much less of despair. On the contrary, there was a certain air of confidence visible both in his face and manner—as if something had been said, or done to him, that had given him satisfaction!

I was further surprised at perceiving that he had a gun in his hands—his own rifle—and that he was in the act of charging the piece!

My surprise changed to indignation as I saw him step forward to the line, and stand facing me—evidently with the intention to fire!

'Cowardly traitor! he has accepted life upon some base condition. Jeph Bigelow! Sure-shot! whom I thought true as steel! I would not have believed it.'

Such was the reflection, to which my gag prevented me from giving utterance.

In reality, I felt astonished at the behaviour of the old ranger. I believed him a better man; but the dread of death is a powerful test to apply to the human soul; and hard must be the conditions of life when they are refused. Sure-shot had succumbed to the temptation.

Such was my belief, as I saw him raise his piece, and stand confronting me—in an attitude that too plainly bespoke his intention.

Another surprise awaited me—another stimulus to my indignation. Instead of looking ashamed of his work, and cowering under my glance, he appeared eager and determined. There was even an expression of fierceness, ill becoming his countenance habitually meek. Under other circumstances, it would have been ludicrous enough. 'Bravado,' thought I, assumed, no doubt, to give satisfaction to his new allies.

I had not recovered from the confusion of my surprise, when his voice fell upon my ear, uttered in a tone of anger, and accompanied with corresponding gestures. But the words that reached me explained all. On hearing them, I no longer suspected the loyalty of my old comrade. The angry expression was assumed. The counterfeit had a design, far different from that which I had attributed to it. It was Sure-shot himself—still crafty as true.

'Capting!' cried he, speaking quickly, and raising his gun with a gesture of menace, 'pay 'tention to whet I air about to say. Look savagerous at me, an' make these yeer verming b'lieve you an' me's que'lling. Fo'most tell me, ef they've krippled ye about the legs? I know ye can't speak; but shet yeer eyes, an' thet says "No."'

I was for the moment puzzled, by the matter as well as manner of the speech, which in no way corresponded. In an instant, however, I perceived that he had some design; and I hastened to obey his hurried instructions.

As to the first, I needed to make no alteration in my demeanour. Under the belief that he was disloyal, I had been regarding him with a glance sufficiently scowling. I preserved the expression—at the same time closing my eyes, as a negative answer to his query. Although wounded about the legs, I felt sure that I was not 'crippled.'

'So fur good!' continued he, still speaking loudly and angrily. 'Neow! slew yeer right elbow down a leetle, an' gi' me a better chance at thet eer strip o' hide. I kinder guess as heow I kin cut the thing. It 'peers to be all o' one piece, an' 'll peel off yeer body like a band o' rushes. Ef I cut it, theer 'll be a chance for ye. Theer's only one o' the verming ahint the mound. Yeer hoss air theer; make for the anymal—mount 'im, an' put off like a streak of greased lightnin'! Neow!'

As he finished speaking, he stepped nearer to the line, and placed himself in an attitude to fire at me.

I had now comprehended his design. I saw, as he said, that the cord which bound me to the crucifix was all of one piece—a thin thong of raw hide—lapped tightly around my arms, legs, and body. If cut through at any point, it could easily be detached; and, true enough, my horse must be behind the butte, for I could not see him. By a quick run, I might succeed in reaching him, before the Indians could intercept me? If so, then indeed might there be an opportunity of escaping.

CHAPTER LXV.

A SHARP SHOT.

Slight as appeared the chance of my being freed from my fastenings, by the method proposed, I was not without some faith in Sure-shot being able to cut the thong. His skill in the use of the rifle was notorious among good marksmen, and his aim believed to be unerring. I had known him to bring down with his bullet a small bird upon the wing; and had heard him declare that it was not by the *eye* but by the *hand* that he did it. In other words: he meant that his skill was not mechanical, but that he was guided in the act by some mental operation—which he himself but imperfectly understood. I could believe this the more readily—since Sure-shot was not the only marksman I had known possessed of this peculiar power. A something inexplicable, which may be classed with the mysterious phenomena of clairvoyance and 'horse-whispering.'

With such belief in his skill, I was not without faith that he might succeed in his design; and, to give him the chance he desired, I made a violent effort, and wrenched my arm downward. It was to all appearance a demonstration of my wrath, at what the pseudo-renegade had been saying to me; and it seemed to be thus interpreted by most of the savages who stood around him. The words of Sure-shot, spoken in English, were of course unintelligible to them; but notwithstanding the inappropriate gestures

which he had used, the suspicions of one were aroused. This was the Red-Hand himself.

'What says he of the yellow scalp-lock to our captive?' inquired the chief in Spanish. 'Let him take heed, or he too shall become a shooting-mark for the Arapaho warriors!'

Sure-shot's reply was characteristic. It was also in broken Spanish, which the ranger had picked up during our campaign on the Rio Grande. Translated, it ran thus:

'I'm only telling him how I'm about to get square with him. *Carrambo!* great chief! when I was a soldier in the army, yon fellow was my *capitano*, and gave me a flogging. Believe me, I'm right glad of this opportunity to have revenge on him. That's what I was telling him.'

'Ugh!' grunted the savage, apparently satisfied with the explanation.

'Neow, capting!' angrily shouted the rifleman, once more raising his piece to the level, 'look e' out! Don't be skeer't abeout my hittin' o' ye! The whang lies well ageen the board. The ball 's a big 'un. I recking I kin bark it anyheow. Heer's to try!'

A tall yellow-haired man standing with a rifle to his shoulder—his sallow cheek resting against the stock—the barrel apparently aligned upon my body—the flash of a percussion-cap—a stream of red fire and smoke from the muzzle—a shock, followed by the quivering of the timbers to which I was tied, were perceptions and sensations of almost simultaneous occurrence.

Twisting my head, and turning my eyes almost out of their sockets, I was able to note the effect of the shot. The thong had been hit, just at the point where it doubled over the edge of the wood. It was cut more than half through!

By raising my elbow to its original position, and using it as a lever, I could tear apart the crushed fibres. I saw this; but in the anticipation of a visit from the marker, I prudently forbore.

Soon after, the grinning savage came gliding in front of me. He perceived the track of the bullet, and pointed it out to those upon the plain. I was in a feverish suspense lest he might suspect design; but was relieved on seeing him step aside, and the shuffling grating noise from behind admonished me, that he was once more letting himself down from the platform.

The crowd had closed around Sure-shot, who appeared to be expostulating, or explaining. I did not wait to witness the *dénouement*. Raising my elbow, and giving a quick jerk, I heard the thong snapping asunder; and saw the broken ends spring out from their folds.

Another wrench set my right arm free; and then, clutching the loosened coils, I unwound them with as much rapidity, as if I had been freeing myself from the embrace of a serpent!

Not one of the Indians saw what I was about, till after I had undone my fastenings. Their eyes had been turned upon Sure-shot—with whom they appeared to be engaged in some angry altercation. It was only after I had sprung to one side, and stood clear of the crucifix, that I heard their ejaculations of astonishment, followed by their wild continuous screaming.

I stayed not to see what they were doing. I merely glanced towards them, as I turned away. They appeared fixed to their places, as if petrified by surprise!

The moments were precious; and, bounding across the platform, I leaped down upon the opposite side.

There was a little shelf about six feet below the summit. It was occupied by the savage artist. He had been seated upon the edge, with his legs hanging over. His back was towards me; and he was only apprised of what had transpired, by seeing me as I sprang down behind him. He had already heard the yells from the other side; and was just rising to take footing upon the ledge at the moment I dropped down.

He was too late for the accomplishment of his purpose. I saw that he was unarmed; but feared that by flinging himself upon me, he might hold or delay me.

I hesitated not as to what I should do. Rushing forward, I planted my foot against his shoulder, and giving his body a violent impulsion, shot it clear over the edge. I saw it bounding over the angular prisms, and rolling from block to block—till it sunk out of sight amidst the tortuous branches of the cedars.

I ran down the sloping path—taking many yards at a step. Near the bottom, was my horse—with that of Wingrove, and the mules. They formed a little group—but no longer under charge of a guard. The latter had just left them, and was running forward to intercept me. He had a weapon in his hands: it was a gun. He was pointing it upon me as he ran—as if seeking to cover me and fire.

I heeded not the threatening weapon, but rushed straight towards him. I could not go round, for he was between me and the horses. We both ran, as if to meet one another.

When less than five paces separated us, the Indian stopped, sighted me, and pulled trigger. The gun snapped!

Before he could lower the piece, I had clutched the barrel; and, with a desperate effort, wrenched the weapon from his grasp. I made a feint to strike him over the head; he threw up his arms to ward off the blow; but, instead of using the gun as a club, I punched him with the butt right under the ribs; and stretched him gasping upon the grass. He fell, as if shot through the head!

Still holding on to the gun—which, by a strange accident, proved to be my own rifle—I ran up to my horse. The creature welcomed me with a neigh of joy.

It was but the work of a moment to draw the picket-pin, gather up the laryette, and spring to his back. Once there, I felt that I was free!

The Indians came yelling around the butte—most of them afoot, and with no other weapons than the empty muskets. A few, more prudent than their fellows, had rushed towards their arms and horses; but, both being at a distance, they had not yet reached them; and the advantage was mine.

I was no longer hurried in my actions—not even afraid. I had no apprehension of being retaken. On the back of my brave steed, I felt like an ocean castaway, who has climbed up the sides of a strong ship, and once more stands safely upon deck. From my pursuers, I could gallop away at will; and, after taking time to adjust my laryette as a halter, I gave the head to my horse, and rode off.

My Arab needed no urging. Up the valley went he, like a bird upon the wing. I could laugh to scorn the savage pack that came yelling behind me.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE CHASE AND THE SYNCOPE.

I made direct for the cañon whence issued the stream. Its gap grew wider as I approached it, still appearing only a dark cleft between the rocks, as if the entrance to some subterranean passage.

I looked forward to it with satisfaction. Its shadowy chasm promised shelter and concealment.

When near the entrance of the gorge, I passed the ground where the wagon had been captured. Part of its load—barrels and heavy boxes—were lying upon the sward. They were all broken, and rifled of their contents. The plunder had been carried to the butte. The dead bodies were still there—only those of white men. I even halted

to examine them. They were all stripped of their clothing—all scalped, and otherwise mutilated. The faces of all were blood-bedaubed. Under the red mask, I could not have recognised them—even had they been the faces of old friends! There were six of them. Stripped of their clothing, I could form no conjecture as to who or what they had been—whether teamsters or emigrants, gold-seekers or soldiers. The Mormon could not have been among them; the bodies were all too stout for his; while, on the other hand, there was none of them that could have been mistaken for that of the squatter.

I turned away from the sickening sight, and continued my gallop. My pursuers were a full mile behind me. The sun had sunk over the crest of the cliffs, and I could just see the mounted savages through the darkling gloom—still following as fast as they were able.

In five minutes after, I had entered the gorge. The twilight continued no longer: in the cañon it was night.

I followed the stream upwards, keeping along near its bank. Thick darkness was over and around me; but the gleam of the water and its rippling sound served to guide me on the path. I could not see any track—either of horses or wagons—but I knew they must have passed over the ground. There was a narrow strip of bottom-land thickly timbered; and an opening through the trees indicated the road that the wagons had taken.

I trusted the trail to my horse. In addition to his keen instincts, he had been trained to tracking; and, with his head projected forward and downward—so that his muzzle almost touched the earth—he lifted the scent like a hound.

We could only make progress at a quick walk; but I consoled myself with the thought that my pursuers could go no faster.

Seeing how easily I had ridden away from them, they might abandon the pursuit, returning to revenge themselves upon my fellow-captives.

About these, my mind was filled with bitter anguish; and strange enough, my strongest sympathies were with Sure-shot! I could not help thinking that he had sacrificed himself to save me. There could be no doubt of his having done so. He had been offered life, on some traitorous conditions, and could have lived. The Indian whom I had hurled over the rocks, if still alive, would explain my escape. The cunning savages would easily understand it. My brave comrade would take my place upon the crucifix!

For Wingrove, I had less fear. Surely love—even slighted love—would save him from the sacrifice? Yet, after what had occurred, I had but little reason to hope for him either.

I could think of but one chance of rescuing them: to overtake the train, and prevail upon the escort to return. I even wondered at the dragoons having abandoned the wagon, and left the poor fellows who were with it to their fate! I could only explain such conduct, by supposing that these had been far behind, and that their disaster was still unknown to the people of the caravan. The six men who had fallen might have been the only ones along with the wagon; and their firing, as they defended themselves, might not have been heard? The roar of the water in the cañon might have drowned the reports of their guns; and, as I now listened to its deafening sounds, I could believe in the hypothesis.

Indulging in such conjectures, I had groped my way some two or three miles up the gorge, when I became sensible of a singular faintness stealing over me. A chill crept through my frame—not like that produced by cold from without; but as if the blood was freezing in my veins! The feeling was accompanied by a sense of torpor and lassitude—like that experienced by one falling to sleep in a snow-storm.

I made an effort to rouse myself—thinking it was sleep that was oppressing me. It might well have been—since it was more than thirty hours since I had slept, and then only for a short while.

It occurred to me that, by dismounting and walking for a distance, I might recover warmth and wakefulness; and with this design, I alighted from my horse.

Once upon the ground, I discovered that I could not keep my feet! My limbs tottered under me, and felt weak as if I had been for months a bedril; and only by holding on to the withers of my horse, could I stand erect!

What could it mean? My steed turned his face towards me, as if making the same inquiry.

I endeavoured to remount him, but could not. I was unable even to clamber upon his back; and after an unsuccessful effort, I desisted—still supporting myself against his body. Had he moved away, I should have fallen.

And I must have fallen, after my senses left me. In the last gleam of consciousness, I remembered standing by the side of my horse; but I must have fallen, for when thought returned, I found myself stretched at full length along the grass!

THE JULY ECLIPSE THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

In closing our former chapter, it may be remembered how we left M. Le Verrier, on the very brink of the eclipse, puzzled, distracted, indignant at the inveterate persistence of the thick wet clouds about his mountain-station, and determined at last, in desperate resolve, to break up his carefully organised party—leave one portion of them to their fate in the mists of the 'Sanctuary's' Peak, and, with the other, make a forced march into the plains, and seize on fine weather by dint of sheer resolution. To this determination, the several telegraphic dispatches which he had received from various parts of the country, not a little assisted in directing him; for, from all sides was it flashed along the wires to him, but more especially from the Atlantic sea-board, that the previous fine summer weather had within the last few days received a tremendous unsettlement. So true also were the telegrams in this instance, that wherever any of the astronomers of any nation had posted themselves to observe the coming eclipse, they were found out by the tempest, and covered with its clouds, oppressed by gloom, and anxiety, and doubt during all those preparatory days—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—quite as distressingly as Le Verrier himself.

Equally with him, too, does it now appear, on comparing together many accounts, that they availed themselves of the electric telegraph to compare notes instantaneously, as to the condition of the weather at different points; and when reading thus abundantly of their galvanic messages and frequent railway trips, it really begins to alter much of our old ideas touching the march of intellect in Spain. All the observers testify to the alacrity with which the inhabitants at every place had put off ancient prejudices, and prepared to learn any lesson that the scientific foreigners, so suddenly accumulated on their soil, were capable of imparting to them. Every single astronomer, therefore, real or imaginary, English, French, or German, whether armed with a powerful telescope or only a bit of smoked glass, found himself unexpectedly, as the eclipse came on, the carefully and respectfully observed centre of thousands of observers, and treated with the utmost courtesy both before and after the event.

'On Wednesday the 18th,' continues Le Verrier, 'at the very peep of morning, we rapidly descended the abrupt slopes of the mountain, in the midst of a mist which fell in fine rain. Before long, we met the head of a lengthy column of the inhabitants of the adjacent

country, who were ascending to come to our observatory, and of whom the utter astonishment at seeing us leaving, would have been extremely amusing to us, had we been less pre-occupied. Time passed on quickly, and without our having got out of the mist, and it was not until nine o'clock that the first ray of sunshine appeared in the distance. From this moment, however, the sky cleared up before us; and as we marched along, always in the same direction, we found ourselves at last, about eleven o'clock, on a little plateau to the south of the cemetery of Taragona, and under a sky which did not cease to be magnificent during the whole course of the eclipse.

'Some few instants after, we were surrounded on all sides by a numerous population, very obliging, and desirous of being useful to us.

'Our instruments were mounted, our chronometers compared, and we found ourselves ready to observe the eclipse, of which the beginning was imminent. I determined the instant of the first impression of the disc of the moon on the limb of the sun, at 1 h. 43 m. 51·9 s. mean time of Moncayo.

'There were many spots on the disc of the sun; one of them presented two nuclei, separated by a very fine luminous thread, whose occultation took place at 2 h. 43 m. 12 s.

'From this moment, the light of the sun became very feeble; the atmosphere and surrounding objects began to be overspread by those sinister tints which impress so intensely every man who is witness of a total eclipse. But the study of the poetical side of the phenomenon was not in our *rôle;* and we had steadily to resist giving way to any emotion.

'The last ray of the sun vanished at 2 h. 56 m. 1·6 s. The total eclipse was then commenced.

'In rapidly writing down this number, I remarked that the general illumination of the atmosphere was much greater than accounts of old eclipses would have led one to suppose, since I could read and write with facility and without the use of lamps, which we had prepared against all events.

'I arrive now at the description of the luminous appendages spread around the circumference of the superposed discs of sun and moon.

'Perhaps, I had said, in the preliminary instructions prepared for the expedition—perhaps some one of the luminous appendages may appear entirely detached from the disc of the moon, and may thus clearly shew its cloudy nature. And the very first object which I perceived in the field of the telescope, after the commencement of the total obscurity, was a cloud isolated and entirely separated from the border of the moon by a space equal to its own thickness; the whole attained a height of about one and a half minutes, upon a length of about double that. The colour of this cloud was a beautiful rose-tint, mixed with violet, the transparence of which seemed to set off by contrast even to whiteness, the brilliance of some of its parts.

'The rest of the western side of the disc, as well as its lower part, did not offer anything strange, except the "corona," the light of which appeared quite white, and extraordinarily brilliant.

'But towards the east, at 30 degrees below a horizontal diameter, I discovered two elevated and contiguous peaks. The upper side of one of these peaks was, like the clouds, strongly tinted with the same rose and violet colours, while the opposite side was white.

'The moment when the total obscurity was to cease now approached; and in order not to lose the time-measure of this important phase, I directed the telescope to the part where the light would reappear; and during the 20 seconds I was waiting thus for the return of the first direct rays of the sun, I obtained the most important part of my observation.

'This border of the disc, which I had found two minutes before perfectly white, was now tinted by a light fillet of inappreciable thickness, and of a red purple colour; but, in proportion as the seconds passed, this fillet enlarged little by little round the black disc of the moon, to an extent of about thirty degrees, with a red border of sensible thickness, perfectly defined and crescent-shaped, and of which the contour was irregular at its upper part.

'At the same time, the brilliance of the portion of the corona which during the last seconds had emerged from below the disc of the moon, increased with such rapidity, that I was in doubt whether I did not see again the light of the sun. It was not until the appearance of a direct ray, of which the vivacity in its turn effaced that of the corona, that I was sure of the nature of the three phenomena which had almost together passed under my eyes, and of which I make the following *résumé:*

'1. The visible part of the emerging surface of the sun, through the whole of its extent, and to a height of from eight to ten seconds, was covered by a bed of red clouds, which were seen to increase in thickness in proportion as they emerged from below the disc of the moon. May one imagine that the entire surface of our great star is thus covered over to a small height in proportion as it is strewed with *faculæ;* and that the rose-coloured clouds are emanations like the spots which appear on its disc?

'2. The intensity of the light of the corona, a light always perfectly white, varies with very great rapidity in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun's disc.

'3. The reappearance of the direct light of the sun took place at 2 h. 59 m. 15·9 s.; and the total obscurity had lasted 3 m. 14·3 s.

'The disc of the moon had completely quitted the disc of the sun at 4 h. 4 m. 56·9 s.

'Such, then, Monsieur and Minister, is the résumé of whatever observations I have been able to make. In what concerns the corona (aureola), I hand over the pen to M. Foucault, conformably to this rule of our establishment, which leaves to each one the care of preparing the part which he has taken up in a combined work of the whole.'

The pen thus officially handed over to M. Leon Foucault, the still young savant, who, a few years since, so astonished and delighted the whole civilised world by producing, in his pendulum experiment, a simple and complete chamber-proof of the rotation of the earth—there follows from him an admirable account of his photographic experiments during the eclipse, conducted mainly with the view of ascertaining the nature of the *corona* or *aureola*—that glory of 'mild light' which surrounds the place of sun and moon during the total darkness, and is one of the strangest features in the whole spectacle. With a very large-lensed camera, mounted equatorially, M. Foucault had intended to take three photographs of the corona on collodionised glass, with the several exposures of ten, twenty, and sixty seconds. This, too, he not only succeeded in doing, but accidentally got something more; for having slightly stumbled in putting in his first plate, some momentary uncoverings, quite unintended on his part, were made, which gave him, as he found afterwards in developing the plates, three more images of the phenomenon, and with exceedingly short exposures. They were also earlier in the course of the eclipse, and have thus furnished some most precious details, to be added to the results of the more regular pictures. Reasoning in a masterly manner, in order to conclude from the appearances on the plates what the characteristic nature of the apparent phenomenon might be, and from that to arrive at its cause, M. Foucault found that the corona has no definite boundary; that it is simply strongest or brightest close to the conjoined edges of sun and moon, and gradually shades off into invisibility in proceeding from them; and that it has radial streamers, which are manifestly produced by visible irregularities on the moon's limb; but yet it does not belong to the moon, for

it is never seen about it at any other time. It does not belong to the sun, because the moon has been able to mark and influence it; and it cannot be the effect of sunlight on our atmosphere, because that would have to be exaggerated in height up to the moon itself, to explain all the effects. What, then, can the corona be? Nothing more than an optical effect—namely, the 'diffraction,' or peculiar bending of the rays, and alterations in the undulations of light, in passing the edge of an opposing body. This diffraction is a subject which has been much studied by the great mathematical physicists who have built up the undulatory theory of light; and is capable of being shewn very prettily by chamber experiments. They must, however, be very nicely and carefully conducted, and with special precautions; but even then, so little of vigorous effect will be seen, that some persons may be inclined to doubt whether diffraction can ever be expected to rank amongst observed cosmical phenomena. But when, says M. Foucault, we consider that, in the case of the total eclipse, the whole sun is taken as the radiant point of light, the densely opaque body of the moon for the intercepting screen, and the black airless space of the stellar regions for the background—it is plain that the circumstances have a combination of such extraordinary favourableness and power, that we need go no further than this optical appearance, to explain the nature of the corona. The red protuberances, however, he finds to be endued with a definite border, and to have other features indicating that they may have an actual existence; and, in that case, probably belong to the sun.

With this clear statement, M. Le Verrier's report to the French minister, addressed from Tudela in Spain, on the day after the eclipse, terminates. Having, as we have seen, gained a clear sky almost by force of arms, and having succeeded, both in his own person and that of his talented assistant, in making some observations of a high order and crucial character, he was well pleased. Having written then the preceding *bulletin*, he packed up at once, and returned immediately to imperial Paris. But the poor unfortunates left up in the mountain, M. Chacornac and Yvon Villarceau, with their more powerful but nearly untransportable instruments, what became of them? Yes, indeed, that is worthy of inquiry, and to us especially so; for though matters did look very unpromising, on the morning of the eclipse, for our favourite topic of 'mountain-astronomy,' we had not altogether lost hope; and, when the full accounts did at last come, how startling and how gratifying they were! At the very time that Le Verrier was trudging painfully along, obtaining, as he thought, a clear sky solely by means of his said painful pilgrimage into the flat country, the clouds on the mountain gradually thinned, and presently entirely disappeared; and oh! what a glorious deep blue vault was there then for an astronomer to observe in! Chacornac and Villarceau both sprang to their tasks; and, in the eclipse that soon followed, were able to see so much more clearly than the observers in the low country, that when their reports reached M. Le Verrier in Paris, on the 2d of August, he became excited too, and rushed to take up his pen again, delighted, and even enthusiastically eager, to inform Monsieur the Minister what further magnificent fruit had been produced by *his* Spanish expedition.

'M. Villarceau,' says he, 'is still in Spain, where he is determining the geographical positions of the stations. M. Chacornac has not yet quitted the "Sanctuary" mountain, where he studies with a powerful instrument a sky which shines with a brilliancy altogether unknown in Paris. These gentlemen having sent me their notes of the eclipse, I find therein, amongst many others, an observation of the very highest importance, on which I will insist; and as I now take up my pen again, I will profit by the opportunity to develop the views which our observations suggest on the physical constitution of the sun.

'In the first part of my report, I have described the rose-coloured clouds which shewed themselves about the superposed discs of the sun and moon; and I said that MM. Villarceau and Chacornac were ordered to study the heights of one or two of these clouds, and their position on the circumference of our satellite. Let us recall for a moment wherefore these observations were instituted.

"Where did they exist?" says M. Arago, in his notice on total eclipses of the sun—"where did they exist, those rose-coloured flames, with well-defined edges, which extended considerably beyond the disc of the moon during the whole duration of the total eclipse of July 8, 1842? These flames were either in the moon, or in the sun, or in our atmosphere.

'The last supposition,' resumes Le Verrier, 'has met with very few partisans. In all hypotheses, one must, before deciding, pronounce from observation on a particular characteristic of the phenomenon. The disc of the moon moves on that of the sun during the whole of the eclipse; but the luminous clouds, do they follow the movement of the moon? or, on the other hand, does each of them remain invariably fixed over the same point of the sun? In the first case, the origin of the luminous clouds must be sought in the moon; in the second, the clouds belong necessarily to the sun.

'Let us consider, first, on the latter supposition, a cloud, situated to the east, and adhering to the border of the sun. This object will become visible at the moment when the total eclipse commences. Then the moon, regularly advancing at the rate of half a second of arc in one second of time, its disc will successively conceal the lower parts of the cloud, then the centre, and so on. The height of the cloud will thus go on diminishing.

'The inverse of this will take place for a cloud situated to the west. If, then, the rose-coloured appendages observed during total eclipses depend on the sun, one ought to recognise the fact by the variation in height of those of them which shew themselves either east or west.

'In default of clouds about the equator, one may still pursue the disputed question by observation of those that may be met near the south or north of the lunar disc. The height of these clouds, it is true, ought not to vary, whether they belong to sun or moon; but, in the latter case, carried along by the sun, they will displace themselves on the disc of the moon with a quickness which one may calculate.

'The study of the height of the luminous clouds east or west, and of the position of the clouds north or south, offer, then, a very great deal of interest. But, Monsieur and Minister, the whole of the elements of the demonstration searched for, find themselves altogether in the results collected by the expedition which you have sent into Spain. I established, in my first report, the successive increase in thickness of a band of rose-coloured clouds which appeared to the west, at the end of the eclipse. The observations which have come from the Sanctuary will give proof, even to supererogation.

'MM. Villarceau and Chacornac have observed with great care the movement of a cloud situated on the north. This cloud, according to M. Villarceau, was, in two minutes of time, displaced three degrees and a half on the disc of the moon. The measures of M. Chacornac embrace an interval of more than six minutes of time, during which this astronomer has established that the cloud was displaced eleven and a half degrees.

'A beautiful observation, and such as we could not possibly have hoped for! You will indeed remark, that the duration of the movement studied by M. Chacornac much surpasses the duration of the total obscurity. The last measure was performed more

than three minutes after the light of the sun had reappeared.

'Let us add, that the amount of displacement of the luminous clouds established by the observations made at the Sanctuary, is precisely equal to that given by calculation, supposing the clouds to belong to the sun; and there can remain with us now no longer any doubt on the nature of these rose-coloured clouds, which have been successively called flames, mountains, protuberances, clouds.

'Let us give, then, from this time, the name of SOLAR CLOUDS to the rose-coloured appendages which become visible when the light of the sun is sufficiently extinguished.'

After relating a few more observations, all confirmatory, by M. Ismail and others, M. Le Verrier next employs his materials in simplifying the physical theory of the sun, as hitherto generally received, and proceeds much as follows:

'They have been accustomed to assure us that the sun was composed internally of a large and dark globe; that above this globe there was an immense atmosphere of half-dark clouds; higher still, they placed the "photosphere," a gaseous envelope, self-luminous, the source of the light and heat of the sun. When the clouds of the photosphere rend themselves asunder, said they, then you may see the dark body of the sun; thence are the dark spots which present themselves so frequently. To this constitution, so very complex, they would now have to add a third envelope, formed of all the rose-coloured clouds.

'But I fear that the greater part of these envelopes are nothing but pure fiction; that the sun is simply a body luminous by its high temperature, and covered by a continuous stratum of the rose-coloured matter of which we now know the existence. The star, thus formed of a central body, liquid or solid, covered with an atmosphere, re-enters into the common law of constitution of celestial bodies.

'When two rose-coloured protuberances had been observed in the total eclipse of July 1842, persons found themselves, according to the expression of Arago, *put on the trace of a third envelope, situated above the photosphere, and formed of clouds obscure, or faintly luminous;* but they did not yet know from whence these clouds could come. It now appears clear that they emanate accidentally from a bed of matter which covers the whole surface of the sun to a height of eight to ten seconds, equal to the $\frac{1}{100}$th part of the diameter of the star. I clearly distinguished this stratum towards the west, and over a great extent, at the moment of emersion. M. Ismail has noted it towards the east at the immersion.

'But this is not all. When one examines the records of ancient total eclipses, one perceives that observers, provided with good instruments, and not using red glasses, have always indicated the appearance of a purple border, whenever circumstances were such as to permit them to descry it; that is, when the border of the disc of the sun found itself, during the totality of an eclipse, at a small number of seconds from the border of the disc of the moon to the east, or the west, or the north, or the south.

'Thus, the existence of a bed of rose-coloured matter, in part transparent, covering all the surface of the sun, is established by observation. Observation also shews that certain parts of this bed of matter raise themselves frequently above the usual level, and form the cloudy appendages which are nothing but emanations of the atmosphere of the sun, and have the same colour as it. I have not now to examine how this temporary elevation of the matter is produced. Whatever be the constitution of the sun, solid or liquid, the surface and interior of the orb ought to be as much disturbed as the surface and interior of the earth, where there are never wanting either whirlwinds or electrical phenomena, or volcanoes capable of producing the movements observed. What is established is, that the isolated rose-coloured protuberances are only a sort of secondary accident of the atmospheric stratum which covers in the whole nucleus of the sun.'

At this most important point, Le Verrier's manuscript for the present terminates; but there is enough already given, we trust, to prove to our readers, that in the observations made generally by the astronomers of all nations on the 18th of July 1860, not only was there another record taken of the old phenomena seen during previous total eclipses of the sun, but there was so much advance in accuracy and power, as well of telescopic vision as philosophic research, that we do now really know more of the physical constitution of the great central luminary of our planetary system, than we did at any previous stage of the world's history.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR CABMEN.

THERE is perhaps no class of persons, not excepting turnpike-men and tax-collectors, whose hand is set against everybody, and everybody's hand against them, so completely as the cab-drivers.

This universal hostility arises from several causes. There is no money one grudges so much as that which is spent on a short coach-journey at a high rate, and which, when finished, the needy traveller often reflects might have been performed on foot, but for laziness or procrastination. The actual distance travelled in a cab is rarely known with accuracy, and the fare is but too well convinced that if his driver does make an error in the reckoning, it will not be in the favour of the driven. Strong-minded females, and other determined and economical persons, therefore sit in their cabs with what they believe to be the exact sum required tightly grasped in their right hands, and their minds wrought up to an uncomfortable pitch of tension. In thus preparing themselves for the coming struggle, they pass miserable half-hours, quite unknown to that less numerous class who 'would rather give half a sovereign than have a row.' It is upon these poor people, and especially if they be females, that the cabman practises his most striking dramatic effects. It is in their astonished presence that he examines the proffered coin with well-acted curiosity and wonder as it lies in the palm of his hand, and inquires what it is, and what it is for, as though it were some handiwork of man discovered in the green sandstone. He is seldom passionate or vociferous—except in the very latest stage of the dialogue, when Hope itself has departed from that Pandora's box, his breast, to follow the rest of the virtues—but full of quiet determination, and a spirit of calm philosophical inquiry.

'Does the fare really think,' he demands, 'that he is going to drive his horse's tail off after *that* fashion (namely, at the tremendous rate of four miles and a half per hour), for such a remuneration as this? Has the fare ever been in a cab before, during her entire existence? Has she *never* been out of an omnibus, since she imagines that sixpence would defray the charge of a private conveyance, such as his own, fitted up with every luxury. He can wait, he thanks Heaven, for his time is his own, although valuable; and he *will* wait, ay, though it should be for eight-and-forty hours, sooner than be defrauded of his rights.'

The sanguine female, who generally endeavours to carry this gentleman by one tremendous assault, made up of objurgations, threats, and the most solemn asseverations that she will give no more, is defeated by this imperturbable demeanour, before which she pauses, breathless, like charging cavalry which find themselves in front of the bayonet. As they, too, rush round and round the solid square, in the vain hope of finding an entrance, so the infatuated fare now endeavours to discover a vulnerable place in the cabman's conscience, to which she may appeal with that

considerable eloquence with which her sex is generally gifted. She shifts her ground a score of times, but the cabman never moves. Her arguments are drawn from heaven and earth, and even the lower regions, while her adversary concentrates his intellect entirely upon the acquisition of eighteen-pence. The contest is therefore not for one moment doubtful, unless some friendly sail, in the shape of an unusually civil gentleman who knows town, should wear down upon the privateer, and set the distressed merchant-woman free. There is no wonder that the female has a greater horror of the cab-driver than the male entertains. She seldom or never finds him a chivalrous enemy. He looks upon her and her children, and her band-boxes, and the maid-servant that is within her gates, as a spoil and a prey; and when her husband travels with her, his charges sensibly decrease. There is a tendency to 'do' their fellow-creatures about persons connected with horses; there is an apparently irresistible temptation to cheat about those who keep a lodging-house; and the cab-driver who lets temporary lodgings and is 'horsey' as well, seems somehow to combine the attributes of both professions. Far be it from us to join in a vulgar cry against a class which toils late and early in all weathers, and sometimes seven days a week for doubtless not too abundant bread. Cabmen should always receive their dues, and courteously too—not with an averted face, and foot ready to spring away from their hated presence, and out of hearing of their stereotyped cry for more. Without doubt, too, some fares are stingy and mean enough. But the remedy lies nearer to the cabman's hand than it does to theirs. The police-office is always within an easy drive, and there are few persons who like to see their names in the papers in connection with a disputed sixpence. Nobody knows that better than the cabman himself. 'Well, maam, then let me drive you to the police-court;' or, 'Your name and address, then, *if* you please, maam, and I will take out a summons,' has extracted many an unwilling coin from perhaps not overburdened pockets. Fast young men who have plenty of money to spare, do not know, and perhaps would not care if they did know, how much extortion and evil-speaking they are indirectly responsible for, when they fling down their extra shillings at the railway station, and receive in return the information that they are 'something *like* gentlemen,' and 'of the right sort.' Poor Miss Hardlines, the governess, driving up with her scanty luggage for the 'parliamentary' train, is called 'a proper shabby one,' by the very same eulogists, for paying them their just dues. Of course, if the driver has driven fast by special request, or has even been unusually civil and obliging in his manner (a thing which needs encouragement in his class), there is reason for his being rewarded. Upon a wet or cold day, a man who can afford it, may be charitable to a cabman as well as to anybody else. But, in ordinary cases, and whenever the extra money is given as a part of the fare, munificence of this kind is not only not generosity, but an absolute meanness as respects those who, poorer than the donor, have yet occasion to make use of the same sort of conveyance. At the same time, we are quite ready to allow that those public-spirited individuals who go about purposely calculating fares to a nicety, and glorying in the discomfiture of their drivers before a magistrate who hardly knows which way to give his verdict, are despicable enough. Let the public and the cabmen have equal Justice, and whenever there *is* an opening for Generosity, by all means let the cabmen have the benefit of it. Only let us males, and all persons who have money to spare, be considerate to the gentler sex and to the poor, and not overpay our cabmen, just because it doesn't signify to *us*, and 'saves a shindy.' The present writer is the more anxious to impress this upon his fellow-creatures, since, until lately, he was in the habit of indulging in this evil practice himself—not that he was either particularly rich or generous, but because he preferred to take his ease. The following incident, however, which came under his notice the other day, has converted him from his foolish ways, and he trusts may convert others.

Mr Ernest Lambkin is a college-friend of ours, distinguished for meekness and determination; for generosity, and yet for an extreme disinclination to be 'done.' He *is* done, of course, in common with the rest of the human family, who happen to be neither attorneys nor Jews, but he is rarely done after the usual fashion, although, from the innocency of his appearance, he is always marked out by the designing for a prey. It was therefore instructive as well as amusing to have him for a companion in the Highlands during the tourist-season, as happened to us last summer. At a certain hotel at Loch Lomond, where bitter beer is sixpence the half-pint, and sherry six-and-sixpence per bottle, Mr Lambkin took occasion to remark upon the latter item before paying our bill.

'I should like to see the landlord, if you please,' observed he to the waiter, on the morning of our departure from this picturesque but expensive spot.

'The landlord! sir,' replied the domestic, in a tone almost as astonished as if we had demanded alligators' eggs, hard boiled, to put in our pockets for the coach journey. 'Mr Layeton Thick, sir, rarely appears in person, except in the case of'——

'Persons of distinction,' interposed Mr Lambkin softly. 'I understand exactly; but I must see him, nevertheless.'

Mr Layeton Thick put in such a very tardy appearance that the coach went without us, but a misfortune of that kind was by no means a thing to be weighed against the redress of an imposition, with Mr Lambkin.

'You sent a message requesting to see me—personally,' observed our magnificent host, as though his visitors were generally obliged to content themselves with his stereoscopic portrait.

'About an hour and a half ago, Mr Thick,' answered our friend with laborious politeness; 'yes. It was about this bill.'

'Bill!' returned the other, raising his eyebrows delicately; 'I trust there is nothing wrong, sir. It is quite without parallel that any complaint should be made in this house—quite.'

'Do you not consider that six-and-six per bottle for sherry is a little—just a little—extortionate?'

'I do assure you, gentlemen, that we do not gain one farthing—not a single farthing by the sale of it. What with the expense of transit'——

Mr Ernest Lambkin had his note-book out in less than half a moment. 'Transit! From Glasgow to Balloch by train; from Balloch to the door by steamer. Are you deliberately prepared to adhere to your extraordinary statement, Mr Thick?'

'Most certainly, sir.'

'Good! Now I happen to be a wine-merchant.'

Mr Layeton Thick received this intelligence in a manner for which, if I had not seen it, I should never have given him credit. He blushed!

'And that being the case,' continued our friend, 'I will engage to put into your cellar a better wine than that I drank here last night for half the price; and any two gentlemen you choose to name shall be the judges of their respective merits. Now, consider, *for exactly half the price*.'

'We will say four-and-sixpence for this sherry,' returned Mr Layeton Thick, with a shrug of his shoulders.

'Very good,' returned our friend, settling the bill with the deduction thus suggested; 'and even for that price, Mr Layeton Thick, I think I could engage to purvey it to the inhabitants of Kamtchatka at a considerable profit.'

The cab-drivers themselves, with relation to whom

we commenced this paper, discovered in Mr Ernest Lambkin an unextortionable customer. We arrived at Glasgow by steamer, and were conveyed in a cab from the quay to the hotel, at which we designed to remain during our stay. The cabman demanded five-and-sixpence as his legitimate charge.

'That seems a good deal for the distance,' observed Mr Ernest Lambkin.

'It's the exact fare, however,' remarked our Jehu coolly.

'You are prepared to stand by that, are you?' inquired the other.

'Well, sir, then, since it's you and your friend,' this is in a tone of pathetic liberality, as though he had suddenly discovered that we were his brothers; 'we'll say five shillings.'

At these words, this present writer began to pity him, because we then knew for certain how the thing must end.

'My dear sir,' replied Mr Lambkin blandly, 'if it was *fifty* shillings instead of five, provided it was your proper charge, you should have it at once. Why should you let *us* off sixpence more than any other persons?'

'Well, then, dash it all,' cried the cabman, with the air of a man who was recklessly giving away his property for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, 'we'll say four shillings.'

'Have you got such a thing as a reference-ticket with you?' inquired the Undoable.

'Yes, sir—certainly, sir; it's as much as my place is worth to be without one. Robert Macglashan is the name, you see, and the address is Squash Lane.'

'Then drive us to Squash Lane,' remarked Mr Lambkin quietly, as he reseated himself in the cab, from which our luggage had not yet been taken off. 'We want to see all the objects of interest in Glasgow, and we may just as well begin with Squash Lane.'

Never shall we forget the expression of dismay and horror with which the astonished cabman received this order; he looked to his friend and confederate, whom he had brought with him on the box with an eye to porterage, for sympathy and condolence, and not in vain.

So we started, two insides and two out, with luggage for six weeks, besides guns and fishing-rods, upon our journey towards the lane which was called Squash, and diligently, and for the space of more than an hour, did we pursue it. It struck us that the driver seemed to be purposely and maliciously taking a circuitous route—to be driving in what the logicians call a 'vicious circle'—because we came in sight of the same objects again and again; but this was no business of ours. As for Mr Ernest Lambkin, he was deep in the list of Glasgow cab-fares, from which doubtless everything might have been learned by a person who knew the localities, and could do without it, but nothing by a stranger like himself.

'My good fellow,' exclaimed the student suddenly, as he applied his hand to the check-string, 'are you aware that you are transgressing a by-law?'

''pon my word!' cried the cabman, piteously, and reining in his unimpatient steed, 'what *have* I been doing wrong now? I never drove a person like you before in all my life.'

'Not often, I am afraid,' returned his tormentor grimly. 'But, my dear sir, do you know you are putting yourself into a very false position by carrying that gentleman on your box. The little volume you have so kindly lent me expressly forbids that practice, and even exonerates me—if I choose—from paying you for that journey from the quay-side to the hotel, for which your last demand, I think, was four shillings.'

'Mercy me, sir! let us say half-a-crown, and be done wi't,' cried the cabman despairingly, and mopping his manly brow with his pocket-handkerchief.

'Nay, my good man,' returned the other, settling himself comfortably in his seat, 'this is not a matter of bargaining and beating down, but one of fact and justice. Our only desire is to arrive at Squash Lane.'

The unhappy cabman and his confederate began here, as by a common impulse, to scratch their heads. 'If its your wull, sir,' observed the latter doggedly, 'the truth is there's nae sic place.'

'And the person to whom you gave the reference—Mr Robert Macglashan?'

'Well, *my* name is Bob Macglashan,' returned the cabman, 'and that's a fact.'

'Then I think you had better drive us back again,' observed Mr Ernest Lambkin.

When we once more arrived at our hotel after this prolonged excursion, we again demanded what was the proper fare from the quay.

'Eighteen-pence, if you please, gentlemen,' answered Mr Robert Macglashan humbly.

Our friend of course disbursed this cheerfully, but accompanied the payment with a few words of temperate advice.

'I hope, my man, that this long drive which you have taken us to-day, without reward, will yet not have been altogether for nothing. I trust it may be a lesson to you which you may remember in your future dealings with mild-looking gentlemen in spectacles, like myself, and especially with ladies and children. You have been in a false and disgraceful position for the last two hours, of which I was glad to see you were yourself thoroughly ashamed. It would have been better, you must confess, to have received the eighteen-pence at first, like an honest man. Foolish persons have doubtless sometimes given you money to "remember" them by, as the phrase is; but I have given you, I hope, something better, although it has cost me more.'

Though it may provoke the smile of the incredulous, the truth shall nevertheless be told: it is a fact that this Layton Thick of the cab-stand, callous as his class is supposed to be—deaf to the most 'awakening' of sermons, and impervious to the most insinuating of tracts—was really struck by the straightforward manliness of Mr Ernest Lambkin's address, and promising not to forget it, drove off with a civil touch of his hat, as though we had overpaid him handsomely.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Of all the improvements by which London has of late been beautified or benefited, the one now in progress is by no means the least important. We refer to the sub-way, 7 feet 6 inches high, and 12 feet wide, now constructing along the new street leading from Covent Garden to Cranbourne Street. Long talked about, a sub-way is actually commenced at last. It will be large enough to contain all the gas and water pipes required on the route; and when these are once in place, the service to the several houses will be laid on through small lateral passages, and all this can be done without disturbing the surface of the roadway. Those who know what happens in London when a leading thoroughfare is blocked because No. 17 is having something done to its gas, or No. 159 is laying on a larger supply of water, or some company is laying down bigger mains at the rate of a furlong a day, will best be able to appreciate the manifold advantage of a street where the surface will never need to be disturbed except for repaving. When repairs are needed, or alterations are required, the workmen will enter the sub-way by trap-doors, and work there while the traffic goes on as usual over their heads. Of

course the promoters of telegraphs will avail themselves of so convenient a receptacle for their wires: and, indeed, it is not easy to foretell the advantages that may hereafter accrue from such a mode of multiplying the communications of a great city. The Metropolitan Board of Works, to whom the making of this new sub-way is due, make known in their last annual report that the northern high-level sewer, a length of eight miles including branches, is approaching completion. It has a double storm-outlet channel; a double overflow chamber, 138 feet long, and 40 feet wide; and a sewer outfall, 9 feet high, and the same in width. These measurements convey a notion of the magnitude of the excavations, and the enormous quantity of brickwork required. In its course, it passes under the Great Northern and North London railways. The high-level sewer on the south side of the Thames is to be nine miles long, and for some distance 10 feet 6 inches high and wide. During the excavations at Deptford in July last, water burst in, and continued to flow at the rate of 6000 gallons a minute, so that a 70 horse-power steam-engine had to be erected to pump it out, and enable the men to work. The cutting for the outfall is begun in Plumstead marshes, within range, as it appeared, of the artillery; for one day the balls fell but a few feet from the diggers. To prevent accident, the authorities at Woolwich have been requested to cease firing for awhile, or take a shorter range. Those who take interest in the sewage question will regret to learn, that the Board have advertised for persons willing to undertake the task of utilising the sewage—that is, intercepting the foul streams at their outfall, and converting them into a profitable fertiliser—but in vain.

Of improvements of another kind, there are now to be seen in Wellington Street and in Broad Street, St Giles's, new buildings of coloured brick, which have a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. We are glad to notice that the taste for this kind of street-architecture is spreading; and when we remember what beautiful effects are produced with coloured brick by builders in Lombardy, we can but desire to see more attention paid to such an excellent material in this country. Another means of embellishment has been suggested—namely, the offer of prizes for the best flowers, blossoming shrubs and thorns, grown in our squares; an acceptable idea enough, but how is successful flowering to go on in the smoky atmosphere of London? The restoration of the interior of St Paul's progresses satisfactorily, and henceforth, besides the adornments, visitors will be gratified by the fine perspective view opened by removal of the organ screen.

The present age may be described as one of statues as well as of testimonials. Bolton is about to erect a statue to Crompton, the ingenious inventor, at its own cost: Spilsby wishes to have a statue to commemorate Sir John Franklin, because the town was his birthplace, but calls for help from other quarters: Taunton has set up a statue in honour of Admiral Blake—a worthy of whom Somersetshire may well be proud. And while art is advancing, we have the satisfaction of knowing, on the authority of Poor-law Reports, that pauperism is decreasing.

The Horological Institute, whose head-quarters are within the classic precincts of St John's Gate, not content with periodical meetings and a periodical publication, devoted to the essential improvement of horology, have established a class for instruction in geometry and drawing—subjects of first importance to clockmakers.—The Society of Antiquaries have commenced the publication of a new series of their *Proceedings*, for distribution among their Fellows with greater frequency than hitherto. Papers read at the meetings will thus appear promptly in print, and excite, as is hoped, an active spirit of useful intercommunication, and impart animation to the Society's endeavours. Seeing that the king of Denmark has presented a paper to the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, written by himself, on the antiquities of Denmark—that a countess gets a gold medal for the best photograph—that a duke has published, at his own cost, magnificent illustrated volumes of the Roman and other antiquities in Northumberland, it behoves 'ordinary Fellows' to be on the alert indeed.—Two facts are worth mentioning which belong to the history of language: the study of English is now compulsory in the public schools of Norway; and the Emperor of Russia has withdrawn the prohibition, which forbade the youth of Poland to receive college instruction in their own tongue.

The author of *Man and his Migrations* will have to record a new migration in his next edition, for the Tatars are still leaving the Crimea by thousands, to take up their abode in Turkey. For some reason, perhaps because they have been made to feel that they were too lukewarm in the great campaign, they prefer Mussulman rule to Muscovite.—The Persian government are considering a project for a railway from Trebizond to Teflis and Teheran.—England cannot find time to entertain the decimal system of weights and measures; among continental nations which have adopted it, Portugal must now be included, the decimal system having lately there become the law of the land.—Holland is thinking over 'new maritime routes' from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to the North Sea.—The Victorians have dredged the bar of the Yarra-Yarra so effectually, that vessels drawing 14 feet water can now get up to Melbourne. We learn by the last news from the colony, that a new expedition was about to start for further exploration of the interior, with Dr Becker as naturalist, Wills of the observatory as astronomer, and camels as beasts of burden. Another fact, interesting to 'intending emigrants,' is the disproportion between the sexes; for, excluding the females under twenty years of age, there are 217 men to every 100 women throughout the colony.—The census of the United States of America has again been taken, and we are soon to have a summary of the results; meanwhile, it appears that the country has 30,000 miles of railway, 50,000 of telegraph, and 25,000 acres of vines under cultivation.—A project is talked of for preventing the floods of the Mississippi, by doing for that great river what nature does for the St Lawrence. The Canadian river, as is well known, never overflows, because the great lakes through which it passes absorb all the superabundant waters, and maintain it always at the same level. Hence, it is thought, that by forming large reservoirs on the upper course of the Mississippi, where the country is favourable, a similar effect will be produced. It is a grand scheme, not beyond the power of modern enterprise; and as for the cost, the saving by prevention of floods for three years only would repay it. A project of the same kind is under discussion in France, where some of the river-valleys are liable to most disastrous inundations, and the only promising remedy appears to be that of compensation reservoirs. Another scheme is to connect the English Channel with the Mediterranean, by a system of canals from the Seine to the Yonne, the Saone and Rhone.—Russia is thinking of joining the Caspian with the Black Sea, by a canal from the Don to the Volga, but the idea is not a new one. Peter the Great ordered the work to be carried on during his reign, though nothing was done; and he was but a follower of Sultan Selim II., who actually commenced a canal in 1569, and employed 20,000 prisoners on it for two years, after which he abandoned the work.

Some alarmists have raised a question as to the duration of the supply of that very useful oil, paraffine, because it is calculated that the Bathgate coal, from which it is distilled, will be exhausted in eight years from the present time. There is, however, no occasion for uneasiness, for any kind of

cannel-coal will answer the purpose, and this is met with in most of our coal-fields; large deposits, moreover, have been recently discovered at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and any kind of petroleum will yield paraffine —Rangoon tar, Trinidad pitch, and the asphalt of Cuba.

The new metal aluminum is taken more and more into use: a firm at Newcastle-on-Tyne have begun the manufacture of it on a large scale, in the pure state, and as bronze. Unexpected results have been obtained in experimenting with it as an alloy: 20 parts of aluminum with 80 of copper produce a metal which, to the eye, has all the appearance of gold. What a resource is hereby offered to the arts, useful and ornamental! Alter the proportions, and mix 10 of aluminum with 90 of copper, and the result is a metal singularly hard, and of excellent application for pivots and bearings in machinery. We hear, too, of other ways in which aluminum is likely to be available in commerce and domestic life: in one respect, seeing that it does not tarnish or become discoloured by exposure, it has the advantage over silver.

A remarkable experiment was tried at Schaffhausen, at the beginning of September, being nothing less than an illumination of the falls of the Rhine by means of electric lamps. The effect is described as wonderful, for the rushing roaring stream in its whole breadth appeared as if changed into liquid fire.—Mr Wilson of Philadelphia has invented an electric gas-lighter, by which a thousand burners or more can be lighted at once, and in different parts of a large city at the same time. Besides the requisite wires, the apparatus comprises a small voltaic battery, and one of Ritchie's improved induction coils. The battery is maintained in working-order at a cost of a shilling per month. Mr Wilson having had his apparatus in successful operation for more than a year, and having produced a spark 2¼ inches long through 600 miles of wire, has now brought it before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, as an invention which may be economically used in lighting the street-lamps and public buildings of towns. An obvious advantage arising from its use appears at first sight; namely, that the gas need not be lighted until the very moment that it is wanted.—It appears that the sewing-machine is employed in the United States on a scale far beyond anything as yet attempted in England: it has, we are told, modified thirty-seven different branches of manufactures: L.1,500,000 is set down as the annual saving in Massachusetts in the manufacture of boots and shoes, by the mere substitution of the sewing-machine for hand-labour. An equal sum is said to be saved in a year in New York, by using the machine to sew the clothing of men and boys; L.92,000 on hats and caps, and L.170,000 on shirt-fronts. While publishing these totals, we think it well to inquire whether it is really pounds sterling or dollars that is meant.—Another very profitable invention is a machine for cutting hard-wood veneers, by a knife, which obviates all the waste consequent on the use of a saw. By hard-wood is meant rosewood, satinwood, zebra, and the like; and a correspondent, writing from New York, says: 'Our principal pianoforte makers and others are using and will use none but knife-cut veneers. Sawed veneers are behind the age; and a log which would have yielded but five hundred feet, now turns out a thousand, in half the time, and at little expense.'

Scientific readers are aware that the undulatory theory of light, though pretty generally accepted, is nevertheless on its trial, and liable to modification, as new facts are discovered. The question is one of first-rate importance, in a scientific point of view, and rarely admits of popular illustration; but in a paper read before the Manchester Philosophical Society by Mr J. Smith, we find an account of a few interesting experiments, which may be repeated without the use of recondite appliances, and which appeal in a striking manner to the eye. Mr Smith holds that the vibrations of the luminous ether are not such as science teaches, and that we may dispense with the notion that rays are of different refrangibility. He assumes that white light is the motion of an ether, while blackness is the state of no motion, and shews that certain colours—blue, red, or yellow—are producible by the alternate action of light and shadow—taking shadow to signify blackness. Cause a parallelogram of white card-board to revolve over a black surface with the same rapidity as the vibrations of light, and the colour will appear to be blue or purple, according to circumstances. A disk painted with black concentric rings, on a white ground, becomes completely coloured when swiftly whirled; the black and white disappear, and on a bright cloudy day the disk shews a light yellowish green, two different shades of purple, and a pink. Vary the shape of the disks, and the proportions of white and black, and all the colours of the rainbow may be obtained. Similar effects may be produced in shadows cast on a wall, or by rotating a black disk, in which openings are cut of a definite form, in front of a white cloud or screen.

From these and other experiments, Mr Smith concludes that they 'prove the homogeneity of the ether —the undulatory hypothesis, but not the undulatory theory—and that they help to explain many of the phenomena of what is called the polarisation of light, and give a new explanation to prismatic refraction.'

THE MINSTER-BELL.

On a bleak hill the Minster stands,
Black with Time's breath; the ivy there,
Still struggling up its crumbling stair,
Spreads wide its thousand-fingered hands.

Slow pacing through the lonely dell,
When softly twinkling stars appear,
How solemnly, how sweet, and clear,
Chimes from its tower the vesper-bell!

To meditation deep, profound,
Its voice the thoughtful soul aye moves;
And for dead hopes and blighted loves,
Thousands have in it solace found.

A preacher to the hamlets small,
And vale-embosomed villages,
That bell-voice booms across the leas,
Bearing a sermon unto all.

Thousands who in old churchyards rest,
Have paced this solitary dell,
And felt the sermon of the bell,
Wake deepest echoes in their breast.

And long up in its hoary home,
Shall that bell mark Time's rapid flight—
At morn, at eve, and solemn night,
Its message o'er the valleys boom.

For me, wherever called to dwell,
Whether I sorrow or rejoice,
I'll ne'er forget the warning voice
Of the deep-sounding Minster-Bell.

J. R.

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AMONG THE PARTRIDGES.

HAPPY the Cockney who has country friends within reach to whom he may run without invitation, sure of a hearty welcome. I had spent the summer in London—a real summer, by the way, without a total eclipse in the middle of it, the period of obscuration lasting from May to September—a real summer, with hot flagstones, water-carts, and mad dogs. August had well-nigh past; the hunger for green fields and harvest scenes began to be strong, when my next-door neighbour brought matters to a crisis by having the front of his house 'pointed.'

A party of Irishmen—I wonder how those who live in mud cabins at home, contrive to have the whole bricklaying craft in their hands, when they come over here—began scraping out the dry mortar from between his bricks, and making my furniture as gritty and white as their own jackets.

We hurried on our holiday, and wrote to our friend Greenfield, to say we should run down into Norfolk the following week. I told him also I should bring my gun, and help Alfred to shoot some of his partridges on the 1st of September. Of course, he was delighted; and we found ourselves the next Tuesday evening strolling on his lawn after dinner, gathering cool fruit from the tree, and watching the rich changes of an autumn sunset. Alfred was full of the next day's sport—tapping the barometer, fiddling about his gun, and filling his powder-flask and shot-belt. Having, with the help of his younger brothers, punched wad enough to pave the Strand, he gave me a great heap, and many directions into the bargain. Though I had assisted, on his invitation, at a battue the preceding winter, without disgracing myself, he made my inexperience in partridge-shooting an opportunity for the exercise of great condescension and advice. But I had been a great hedge-popper when a boy, and could knock over a flitting black-bird neatly enough.

Who does not remember the first bird he shot? I do: it was a tom-tit on an apple-tree. One afternoon, when I was quite a little chit in a pinafore, I got possession of a horse-pistol which had been hanging up over the kitchen mantel-shelf till it was as rusty as an old rat-trap. After some experimental flashes in the pan, I loaded it, feeling rather guilty and doubtful, with a handful of pease; and seeing cook safely occupied with her own concerns, sallied forth. Should I shoot the cat? The temptation was almost irresistible; she sat on a low wall, with her eyes shut, licking the sunshine off her paws. Would it hurt her? Probably. She was a yard off. Would it make much noise? I should think so, cat and all. Would she recover, and tell cook? What should I do with the body, if immediately successful? It was too rash a venture, all things considered; but to this day she has no idea what a narrow shave it was.

I passed on: there was a small apple-tree close by, and a tom-tit fidgeting about among its upper twigs. Now, then. With the pistol held in my two hands, both arms extended, head thrown back, and teeth shut, I made a demonstration which at least ought to have arrested his attention. Not a bit—he fussed on. Thrice did I cover him with my piece; as often did it miss fire; but the fourth time—— Whether it was from the noise or the pease, or both, is uncertain, but he died. Pussy reached the kitchen-door with a spang; cook rushed out; and I, flinging down the pistol, which smoked like a squib, and clutching my prey, scampered off to a particular lair of my own in the shrubbery, where I might let the first gush of success relieve itself without interruption. That exploit is one of the clearest in my memory, and is, I believe, as deeply cut in the virgin surface of that material, as many a capital-lettered crisis of my being.

How confused a record we have of those years when life's wagon got on the dusty level road, when one day was like another, as we toiled on with tedious speed! A man's memory becomes at last like a long travelled letter, thick with blotted impress, struck hastily on, as he passed from post to post, covered with confused significance. Whereas of the palmy days of youth—— But, heigho! Let us to partridge-shooting!

We set off early the next morning for the Grange Farm, accompanied by John, Ponto, and Ranger. John carried a bran-new game-bag, Ponto and Ranger trotted at our heels. The sky was clear, the freshly reaped stubble stood up in the morning sun as clean and stiff as a new hair-brush, while the leather-leaved turnips flapped against our feet. We turned first into a field of Swedes; I remember the gate was locked; Ponto hopped over, and set to work. Plunging off, however, rather too hastily, he ran smack into, and put up a covey at once; then, like a man trying to conceal a blunder by sudden officiousness, he made himself rigid, and looked as if he hadn't done it.

Bang! 'All right!' said Alfred, who had fired over the gate. 'To heel! Ranger; there are more yet.' Whir—down comes the second bird with a thud. John smiles, opens his bag, and hangs therein the first-fruits. These atoned for Ponto's impatience, or at least saved him a flogging; but, like successful blunders among men, his no doubt weakened his sense of rectitude, and left him a more careless dog than he was before. We found a good many birds, and John's gratification grew less than his bag. Eight or

ten brace of partridges, with a hare or two, hung round your neck, help to make the sun feel very warm.

The morning was wearing away, and hints had already been dropped, and then picked up again, about lunch. However, as we had broken two or three coveys, and driven them into some seed-clover, we determined to take this field before making for the cart which was to bring the prog, and carry back the game we had killed. Just as we reached the gate of the field where we proposed to finish off our morning's work, Alfred broke out with: 'Confound it! there is old Turniptops, with his dog Snap.'

'Who is he?' said I.

'Why, don't you see? He is the farmer. He used to have the shooting here; and now, depend upon it, he will be wanting to walk with us. One does not know exactly how to get rid of him, in his own fields.'

'Possibly not,' I replied.

'Besides,' continued Alfred, 'he is a dead-shot; and it does not do to take a man's amusement out of his hand, and then manage it worse than himself. He will be winking at John, if you miss now, old fellow, and then good-bye to your rising skill. You will be impotent and bitter for the rest of the day.'

By this time the farmer caught sight of us, and, as Alfred had predicted, came up at once. He was a jolly-looking fellow, in a flat hat, with a bald back to his head, and only the tops of his whiskers left, as if he had been standing in decapillatory fluid up to his nose.

'Good-morning, gents. I hope you have had good sport. There is a tidy crop of birds, I can answer for that.'

The greeting between Snap and Ponto was not so civil. After mutual examination, they seemed dissatisfied, and began getting up a *casus belli*.

'Ker-r-r-r-r-m here, you varmint,' says the farmer, emphasising the direction with his stick.

Alfred, parenthetically throwing a clod at Ponto, which hit Snap, replied: 'Fine day, Mr Turniptops. Yes, we've got a tolerable bag. Birds are strong, though, this year.'

'Strong as ever I've known 'em, and that's nigh twenty year now, come Michaelmas. I mind as how when you was quite a little gentleman—Lor'! it seems like t'other day—once when I was a-taking some birds to the Hall, I met you in the pony-chair, along with your mamma, and she said: "I hope, Mr Turniptops, if ever Master Alfred shoots along with you, you will larn him to be very careful of his gun."'

This was a complication of reminiscences not calculated to gratify Alfred, who had been twice mentioned in dispatches from India, and now was taking Turniptops's sport from under his nose, without any compensation, beyond an indefinite resolve to leave, now and then, a leash of birds at the old fellow's house. So he said, vaguely enough: 'Ah, yes, I know you were a capital shot;' as if he had become superannuated. The awkwardness of the conversation was now diverted by Snap, who had begun snuffing about, and started a rabbit, which ran right into the clover, pursued by the dog full cry.

'Hallo!' cried Alfred; 'there are a lot of birds there; he will put them all up.'

First one, and then another, and another struggled up through the thick cover, and marked Snap's course through the field. One turned, and flew across us: Alfred missed it.

'There, now,' remarks Turniptops; 'that's all along of that beast of a dog. Catch that 'ere brute, or drive him home,' cries he, at the top of his voice, to his boy, who appeared at a gap in the further hedge; and young Turniptops dashed after Snap, putting up another covey, throwing stones as he ran, and altogether profaning the sacred enclosure which we had reserved as the last and likeliest spot in our morning's beat. There was nothing for it but to lunch. This would both recruit our feelings, and remind Turniptops—which it did—that it was his dinner-hour. He hauled up his watch, which was as big as a lobster-pot, looked, and left us sitting under the shady side of a hedge. Then followed a quarter of an hour's silence, during which the two dogs, sitting hard upon their tails, and their nostrils wide open, like the muzzle of a double-barrelled gun, looked straight at us, along their noses, as if they were taking aim.

'Don't you call that a sell?' said Alfred, leaning back, and returning the first mouthful of his pipe in a slow, grateful wreath through his nose.

'Unpardonable,' I replied; 'but perhaps some people might excuse Turniptops's evident want of sympathy. I confess it might be made to appear rather hard on a man to be denied the privilege of killing some of the birds which are fed out of his own pocket.'

'Why so? He knew I was going to shoot this year.'

'That is hardly a satisfaction, I should think: the pain of losing a tooth is not destroyed by anticipation.'

'There you go,' said Alfred; 'I believe you would be for having no game-laws at all.'

'If it were possible to conceive society holding together without them,' I replied, 'I should not regret their loss. Partridges at least, I am sure, might easily be protected without their assistance.'

'How so?'

'By applying the laws of trespass, which are at the service of every man, whether he be game-fancier or not. They would enable you to warn any suspected person off your ground, and yet could not be complained of as the tools of any particular class. Consider what the partridge-grower has to guard against—egg-stealing, shooting by day, and netting. The first requires the fields to be closely walked, and therefore the offence might either be prevented or punished as a trespass. The second makes both noise and show, and might therefore be dealt with in the same way. As for netting by night, bush your fields closely, not with loose sprays as big as fagots, but with thorn, or, still better, stout brier, sticks, well fastened into the ground. Poachers can't see these; and when irregularly dotted over the fields, they are the best night-watchers in the world—do their work without talking, and stand all the stronger for being knocked on the head. As it is, they protect your birds more than anything else. You don't employ a keeper, I think?'

'No,' replied Alfred—'not regularly.'

'Yet you have heaps of birds, and hundreds of people beside you have very fair partridge-shooting without the services of a professional keeper. Depend upon it, if you bush your fields well, keep on good terms with your farmers and their labourers, you will have plenty of birds. As it is, the men cannot be kept out of the fields where the partridges breed and lie, as they can out of the pheasant covers; but if you are at feud with those whose business takes them in the way of the birds and their nests, what is to hinder old Turniptops, in a fit of the mullygrubs, or bad weather, putting that elephant foot of his on a dozen eggs?'

'I'll tell you what,' said Alfred; 'this is a very hot day; and I strongly advise you to act on the recommendation of the Alpine Club, and carry a small stone in your mouth, to prevent your being thirsty. As it is, while you have been preaching your throat dry, I have finished the beer.'

'Ah,' I replied, 'then we had better be off, specially as I feel curious to see how many of those ants will drop out of your sleeve when you stand up—they have been passing under the archway of your cuff for the last ten minutes.'

Alfred bounced up as if he had been stung, kicked Ponto, who was defiling his sense of smell at a rat-hole, and, shaking his coat, led off into a neighbouring stubble.

John followed, after taking a much longer time to pack up the vacant bottles than he did when they had to be taken out of the hamper. Possibly he felt interested in seeing whether they were all empty or not.

Some people say that the great charm of shooting is the interest taken in the manœuvres of the dogs. I never could account for a dog's pointing. Ponto is cantering along—all at once he catches the scent—if this is strong, he is smitten stiff; if weak, he draws cautiously on, and passes by stages into the statue of a dog; not a muscle moves; there is no sign of intelligence but in the quivering of his nose, which trembles like the needle of a compass.

The bird is shot, and he thaws. Dozens of times he suffers himself to be thus affected. It is not the result of education alone, for untaught puppies have been known to point when first brought into the field. What result do they expect to follow? If birds are their prey—and dogs will sometimes eat them directly they are killed, though the offence, of course, is capital; yet, if birds are their natural prey—and dogs certainly take great pleasure in hunting—why on earth do they pull up short, directly the object is found—stop at the very crisis of the chase? It can neither be for the purpose of taking a final spring, for that is not dog-nature, nor in expectation of the animal being deceived, and coming within their reach; experience would soon dispel such a hope; but there is the fact—be the game, bird, or even squatting hare, which might be pounced upon, a pointer will stand staring at it with his nose, limbs rigid, and tail as stiff as a ruler—as if he had burst into a magic circle, and stuck fast.

'What can it be, Alfred?' said I, as Ponto had his fiftieth fit.

'I believe,' he replied, 'it is a cultivated fault—a natural hesitation, encouraged for its own sake. I take it, the pointer is an absent, indecisive animal, and can't act without stopping to think. This peculiarity having been observed, care is taken to confirm the dog's irresolution: never being allowed to make up his mind how the game is to be caught, his mental incapacity becomes a valuable gift—so the world profits by the mistakes and infirmities of others.'

'An ingenious and probable solution of the problem,' I replied; 'but it does not explain the philosophy of one dog's backing another. The first which catches the scent stops because he has found the game; the others smell nothing, but only mimic the attitude of their colleague.'

'Oh,' said he, 'this is plain enough: it arises partly from the fear of being whipped if they don't, partly from the common tendency to do as others do. Thus, sheep and men follow a leader, simply because he leads.'

'Here,' I cried, 'is an illustration of your theory. The last covey which rose all round us, and so became divided, has dropped piecemeal in that turnip-field—we shall pick them like stones.'

It is well known how close partridges will crouch when separated, how loath they are to rise, when not encouraged by a sense of companionship; indeed, the great secret of filling your bag is to break the coveys. In this case, the birds which rose as by common impulse, when disturbed in company, suffered the same intruder to despatch them one by one, though they heard the repeated reports which marked the decease of their relations.

By this time, we had nearly finished our beat, and began to hear the birds calling in the stubbles, and gathering the survivors, not to mourn—for sorrow is a prerogative of man—but simply to make the most comfortable arrangements for their immediate board and lodging, moving on with heedless haste, though maybe a maimed and bleeding brother had escaped the retriever's nose, and crept back into the bosom of his family. I believe there are no authenticated statements of tenderness among brutes. An eccentric old maid I knew, who kept a pair of turtle-doves in the same cage, used to whet her sarcasms about matrimony, on the fact of her lady-dove picking her lord's brains out as he was dying.

By the time we had reached the gate where Alfred's dog-cart was waiting to take us back, for we had been walking away from home during our afternoon's beat, we had bagged twenty-three brace of birds, five hares, seven rabbits, and—to confess the truth—a leash of pheasants, which rose too temptingly out of a piece of standing barley, besides two birds lost, and one which towered and fell at so great a distance that it was never picked up. This tendency of animals to rise when mortally wounded arises, I believe, from bewilderment as much as anything, for rooks are sometimes killed by putting a little funnel of paper, covered inside with bird-lime, in the holes where seed has been newly dibbled in. The bird sees the coveted grain at the bottom of the hole, pops in his beak, and fits the conical cap of paper tight on his head. Thus bonneted, he becomes frightened, loses his presence of mind, flies up in narrow circles, till his strength is exhausted, and drops at last with fatal velocity.

Our day's walk over, Alfred and I, with John, relieved of his game-bag, sitting *dos à dos*, and Ponto and Ranger curled up beneath our seat, were soon bowling along through narrow lanes towards home; down the hollow where the little stream spread itself out, and flowed bright and shallow over the clean stratum of the road, and then hid itself again among the sedge; past gates, where boys, tired of tending birds all day, were leaning ready to ask the hour of a passer-by, and start off home as soon as the sun had dipped below the western downs; past new-made stacks, and fragrant heaps of manure, waiting to restore the life the corn had drawn out of the soil; past lines of cows leisurely walking home, and sidling awkwardly on to the grass by the roadside as the sound of wheels drew near; past thatched cottages, sending up into the still air, from their single chimney, long streaks of wood-smoke, thin as the meals in the family pot, round which they first had risen; past gleaners, steadying the bundles on their heads with one hand, while the other helped along a little toddling child, holding in its tiny grasp a few ears, half dropped by the way; past felled timber, lying rough and ready by the roadside, and heaps of stones, round which the grass crept up in longer, ranker stems. How still the evenings when the full-blooded summer-leaf first begins to feel decay, and the year, like one whose tide of growth has turned, seems to pause, and ask himself, What has been the fruit of my life?

A colony of rooks, sprinkled with a pert minority of chattering jackdaws, like the House of Commons on an Irish debate-night, were holding palaver in the high elms around my friend's house as we drove into the stable-yard. The gardener, who was knocking off work, or what he called work, set down the everlasting empty flower-pot which he carries in his hand, and, not without thought of a rabbit for supper, helped John to carry the game into the larder.

Alfred wiped the guns with an oiled rag; and then bidding me make haste, for the second dinner-bell had rung, left me to pass through the luxury of a clean shirt and hot water to the pleasant table of our host.

LIÈGE PRISON.

Let us take off our hats humbly and respectfully, reader, for we are about to visit an abode of misery—the cellular prison of Liège, in the Low Countries. The place is interesting, because the cellular system has proved satisfactory there. New prisons are building on the same principle at Antwerp, Courtrai, and Charleroi; and, according to the merciful spirit gradually entering into European legislation, they are likely to become universal. To gain admittance, we are obliged to call upon a gentleman high in authority, and shew our passports as British officers; but permission is courteously granted, and about twelve o'clock on a wet day, our hackney-coach stops before the entrance of a handsome castle-like edifice. The porter makes us a fine bow, and we pass in; he is, we are told, a soldier who has served his time, and has been rewarded with that comfortable situation in lieu of alms and idleness. Two massive iron gates, with complicated locks and bolts, turn on their hinges as we enter, shutting again with a grave clasp. Then we proceed towards an inner door, which opens upon a stone corridor. There we are received by a military-looking functionary, in moustache and uniform. The benevolent expression of his good-humoured Flemish face is peculiarly pleasant, because they who are placed in charge of criminals too often acquire a morose, sullen, not to say felon-like look. Perhaps the office has an unwholesome influence on some minds; perhaps their features catch a bad reflection of the evil shadow on those around them.

We go into an empty cell, that we may have leisure to take notes, without unmannerly intrusion on a captive. It is a small bare apartment, but high, airy, and convenient. I doubt if nine-tenths of the prisoners were ever so well lodged before; travellers, at the best hotel in the town, certainly are not. There is an air of military order and cleanliness about it, which may well be, since shame, loneliness, and confinement must be depressing enough without bars and dirt. No place could differ more from the popular idea of a dungeon. It is neat and cheerful, lavishly supplied with water, warmed by steam, and excellently ventilated. It contains a comfortable hammock, with ample covering for the night, trimly folded and stowed away; it has a bell to summon aid in case of sudden illness, the means of ablution, &c. &c. For ornaments, I remarked a picture of the Virgin and Child, a crucifix, rosary, and a piece of broken looking-glass, reflecting the merciful truth that vanity never deserts us.

The window is so contrived as to give a good working light, and temper the glare of the sun, without affording any glimpse of the world beyond. It is made of a peculiar kind of barred glass, manufactured at Liège, that might be found generally useful for windows having an objectionable view. There is also a small opening in the door, covered with a wire network; this enables keepers to look in at any time without being seen; but I noticed that the prisoners seemed intuitively aware when they were observed, either through their sensations being morbidly acute, or through some magnetic influence. We went from cell to cell, each resembling the other in every essential particular, yet marvellously coloured by the mind of its occupant, and impressed with some striking mark of individuality. Looking through the little apertures, we saw many earnestly engaged in reading or writing. The cell of one man, a tailor, was decorated with pictures, all drawn and painted by himself on Sundays, the blessed day of rest throughout Christendom. The tailor had also a library, and a good choice of books, chiefly travels and natural history, in several languages. Among these volumes was *Robinson Crusoe*, the roving tempter. God have mercy on the caged wretch solacing his lonely hours with a book which must sometimes make him feel an almost delirious longing for liberty!

In the cells of other prisoners were curious collections of pipes—polished, coloured, and kept with care and pains. One man had carved the exact resemblance of a dog out of an old piece of wood; another had wrought a wonder from a bone; a third had traced a picture on a slate with his living nail; a fourth had written, with a pin, in a nut-shell, a passage from Scripture. Every letter and stop of that fearful handiwork would have borne inspection through a microscope. It was painful to look upon these things, and feel such chained, powerless compassion for the craftsmen, knowing them to be without the pale of man's esteem or woman's love evermore, branded with a mark which time cannot wear away or tears efface.

Framed and hung upon the walls of each narrow dwelling, is a list of all the qualified advocates in practice at Liège, that the accused may choose their own defenders; a tariff for extra provisions; and a printed order commanding obedience, silence, decency, politeness, and decorum. The isolation of each prisoner is complete. On quitting his cell, he must cover his face with a cowl descending to the shoulders. When taking exercise, he must walk twenty paces apart from any other; he is forbidden to sing, to utter any cry, or to make any sign by which he might carry on a correspondence. This complete solitude does not disorder the mind, because the prisoner is kept constantly employed, and not allowed to brood over his condition. The hours of work are from half-past seven in the morning till twelve at noon, deducting one hour for exercise, and one for school; from one in the afternoon till four, less another hour for exercise; and again from half-past four till eight. All lights are then extinguished, and the prisoners must go to bed. The remainder of the time is their own—the long summer mornings and twilight evenings. An endeavour is of course made to provide every man with the employment he best understands. One half his earnings, if not more than a franc a week, is given to him every fifteen days, the rest accumulates till his discharge. A prisoner's diet consists of half a pound of bread and a quart of coffee at eight o'clock in the morning; a quart and a third of soup, made of rice, meat, and vegetables, at noon. The proportion of meat is two pounds for ten men. It is cut into very small pieces, in order that its juices may be better extracted in the soup, and that it may be more easily divided. He receives also a pound and a quarter of potatoes at four in the afternoon. Upon this allowance, the prisoners usually fall off in flesh for the first month, but afterwards recover their condition. Each prisoner costs the state about sevenpence three-farthings daily. Before condemnation, a prisoner may receive food from his friends; afterwards, only money. Extra provisions may be purchased, however, and their price is moderate. A quart of soup is charged ten centimes (about a penny), or, with meat, three-halfpence; a plate of meat, with bread and vegetables, sevenpence-halfpenny; a plate of potatoes, without butter, one penny—with butter, twopence; a plate of other vegetables, twopence-halfpenny; a boiled egg, in summer, one halfpenny—in winter, about three-farthings. Bread at bakers' prices. A slice of bread and butter, one penny and a fifth; a quart of the best beer, three-halfpence; a sheet of writing-paper, one-fifth of a penny; a pen, the same price; a skein of thread, one halfpenny and a fifth; a long pipe, the same price; a short pipe, one-fifth of a penny; soap, threepence-halfpenny a pound; butter, from fourpence-halfpenny to fivepence-halfpenny;

Dutch cheese, threepence to fourpence; candles, fourpence a pound. Tobacco for chewing and smoking, snuff, sugar, sugar-candy, coffee, salt, and dried herrings are also among the articles allowed. They throw a curious light on the national diet of Belgium. Extra provisions are only permitted in moderate quantity, and their prices will shew that the old practice of suffering roguery to make a shameful profit from the gains of crime, which disgraced even the last century, does not here exist. The privilege of supplying the prisoners is offered yearly for public competition. It was sold last year for one hundred and sixty francs. The average number of prisoners throughout the twelve months was rather less than two hundred. A prisoner, before judgment, may spend two francs; afterwards, only one franc. Two hours are allotted daily, as I have shewn, to exercise—one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. Twenty or thirty prisoners may then be seen at the same time pacing in single file round a paved court, while others await their turn, each in a separate iron cage with open bars. Many, I perceived, occupied their time while thus caged by reading, for they are allowed books, and the prison library consists of six hundred volumes. Others came forward eagerly to be interrogated. They looked with affecting interest for some expression of good-will from us, perhaps to be treasured up in their memories for years. We offered them money, but they were forbidden to receive it. The keepers can watch them through windows which look out in all directions on the exercise-ground; therefore, although several attempts have been made to escape, none have succeeded.

The friends of prisoners are allowed to see them twice a week, for a quarter of an hour on each occasion; little stone cells, with barred gratings, are provided for this purpose, and the visitors remain outside. Their conversation is not overheard. Prisoners confined for more than four months, wear a dress furnished by the state; others retain their own. Every man receives a clean shirt and a clean pair of socks on Saturdays; they are shaved twice a week, and have clean sheets once in twenty days. For punishment, they are restricted to bread and water for three days, deprived of pocket-money, and of the visits of their friends. They are sometimes also kept wholly without employment, the severest penalty of all. No flogging is allowed. Of 170 persons confined, one only was sick. Cholera, though raging in the town in 1855, never reached the jail; there was no case of decease that year. It is a noticeable illustration, however, of the wisdom of virtue, or the prudence of age, that there are many more young than old prisoners.

There is a prison chapel, a bright and cheerful place, wherein a Virgin with a crown of stars looks benignantly down on the worshippers. It is used by day for a school, which gives instruction to three classes of scholars. The first have already received some education; the second, less; the third, none whatever. They are taught reading, writing, ciphering, history, geography, the rudiments of science, and the usual branches of preparatory education. Some plates on the wall represented the state of a drunkard's stomach, in comparison with that of a sober man—a stern warning to intemperance. We were told the old story, that by far the greatest majority of criminals are to be found among the ignorant. In the same building, but apart, is a like prison for women. About fifty are confined there; all loveliness and grace, the blush and the sweet charm of womanhood, quite gone, seared away. Some were digging in a garden, others washing in cells fitted up with every necessary, but all alone and within walls—itself a terrible punishment to the soft, clinging, companionable spirit which is a part of feminine nature. Men are often led into temptation, women are usually driven into it; while the angel of the hearth is with them, while their natural protector is faithful to his trust, I do believe that they seldom wander. I am sure it would be heart-rending to look upon the household hells of brutal violence, want, and wretchedness, whence some of these unhappy, misguided girls strayed into evil ways, and were lost.

We were much shocked to learn that insolvent debtors are confined within this prison, and that misfortune or venial imprudence can still be confounded with capital crimes, murder, arson, burglary, and theft. It is grievous to write that the only difference made here between a debtor and a murderer is, that the solitary system is not so strictly enforced, and that the detaining creditor is compelled to allow his prisoner twenty francs a month for support. One woman, shut up for a small debt—I wish her creditors were on a grindstone!—sat rocking herself after the manner peculiar to female affliction. She wrung her little hands, and cried, poor creature, as if her heart would break. The last things we saw were cells on the basement-floor, where three men-slayers were busy carpentering. The jailer said they were the quietest persons in the building. My eye caught also a glowing forge, where rung the anvil of a criminal smith. It was an unusual sight, for there is something about that rough honest work which fairly seems to laugh the devil to scorn, perhaps because to labour is to pray, to obey the commands of Heaven. Emerging again into the light, we came to a large cold kitchen. Some pails full of mashed potatoes and butter were ranged in a row, ready for distribution. There was some barley-bread and a large knife on the dresser.

The Belgian government are chiefly anxious for three things—firstly, that prisoners, though kept in perfect health and cleanliness, shall not be maintained in greater comfort than prudent labourers and mechanics; they consider this object to have been obtained by solitude, disgrace, and the almost total deprivation of luxuries. Secondly, that sale of prison-labour shall not interfere with honest wages, for it would be unjust to bring hundreds of men, collected together from many places, and to establish a cheap wholesale workshop in one. In this design they have succeeded by employing persons for the necessities of the army, which is a public burden; for articles of exportation, to be sold in foreign countries; and for certain public works, especially those connected with jails. Lastly, they have been laudably earnest in an endeavour to furnish prisoners with the means of gaining an honest living at the expiration of their durance, lest they should become utterly cast away. This great end has been attained by a committee of patronage, established in the chief town of every district. The first local magistrate is president *ex officio*. He is informed three or four weeks before every discharge. The accumulated earnings of the prisoners are remitted to him, and employed for the freed man's benefit. The committee hold themselves bound to provide work.

These are noble charities; for the Flemish, though a thrifty folk, are ill supplied with money. Let us not despise even the inmates of a prison-house, nor be careless how they fare. We shall there find that the best among men have no right to despise the worst. An accident, a moment of unguarded passion, an overwhelming temptation, an uncontrollable impulse, a trifling physical derangement, may consign any one of us to a life of shame and bootless regret; for truly are we fearfully and wonderfully made. It is a profound wisdom in the French proverb which says, *Savoir c'est pardonner*, 'To know all, is to forgive all.' There are in men's affairs holy mysteries, which sometimes look like the tricks of guilt. Some are loving and self-sacrificing even unto a death of shame, and will suffer a martyrdom for the thankless, as did Mary's lover, or Philip's wife, who dwelt next door to us. Some have been condemned by discriminating and righteous judges, who were afterwards proved void of offence. We cannot discriminate between the

whine of hypocrisy and the true heart-cry of the persecuted. Likewise, when we know of what leather and prunella most distinctions are made; how, to have won honours, often means to have flattered, truckled, lied, and sued; to have bullied and oppressed the guiltless; when we perceive how few are great and good at the same time, we may often wonder quietly if the law-maker is a better man than the culprit whom the law has branded. Of those who started with us in life, what noble, valiant hearts have been broken, what bright and generous natures have been lured, even by their own kindliness, into ruin, and how many pitiful fellows are flaunting in the sunshine of power and prosperity! Some of the best and wisest men of history have passed years in a dungeon. High civil courage, labour untiring, virtuous hopes, honour, genius, goodness—all have ended there! Let us, then, love our neighbour not the less because he has no bauble, and respect his fall, however low the pit into which he tumbles.

There is no mawkish moral or half-sided truth in this; I seek to make no man in love with a jail, no matter what may be his superior qualities or unmerited misfortunes; the world will rightly attach disgrace to his residence there, and he will hardly feel satisfied with himself. He will rarely be sustained by the sympathy of friends, and seldom will there be any admiring spectators of his fortitude. There will be little dignity in his sorrow; society does not lean towards the hapless, and with obstinate shrewdness affixes the idea of imprudence, at least, to ill-success in life. As to mere mischance, it is but silly to look on life as other than a sojourning-place—a kind of railway hotel, where, if the landlord be a rogue, and the waiters churls, our chop tough, and our bed hard or fluffy, it is but for a night. Let us pay mine host with a sly smile, and chuckle in our sleeves as the boots, ay, and the chambermaid, move off to bob and courtesy before the lucky guest who came in a fine carriage and got the best apartments. We are as good as the daintiest, though we lodge in a cell or garret. Why should we make wry faces? Crying will not bring us roasted ducks, nor trembling conjure up hare-pasties, or sobbing therewith, to pay the piper, as they did to Quaresmeprenant. With such or better thoughts, let each be of good cheer after his own fashion; and by all means, as Rabelais says in his quaint old French, 'Beuvez fraiz si faire se peult' (Quaff a merry cup when you can).

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXVII.—PASSED BY MY PURSUERS.

I must have fallen upon my back, or else turned upon it after falling. On opening my eyes, the sky was the first thing that met them. I saw only a strip of it, of dark-blue colour, bordered on each side by black. I knew it was the sky by its twinkling stars; and that the black borderings were the cliffs of the cañon. By this I remembered where I was, and the stars and darkness told me it was still night.

There was hot air upon my face, as if some one was behind breathing upon me. I raised my head a little, and looked upward. A pair of brilliant eyes were glancing above. So confused were my senses, that it was some time before I made them out to be the eyes of my Arab. He was standing over me, with his muzzle close to my forehead. It was his breathing I felt upon my face.

I could not tell how long I had been entranced. I had no clue to the time of night, and I was not in a condition to consult the stars. I must have lain several hours, partly in syncope, and partly asleep. It was fortunate I had a buffalo-robe around my body. I had found it lying upon the plain among the dead men; and had snatched it up, and tied it around my shoulders as I rode on. But for it, I might have perished in my slumber: since the night was chill, and I had neither covering on my back nor blood in my veins to resist the cold. It was the absence of the latter that had brought me to the ground. I had left most of my blood upon the rock.

Sleep or time had revived me. I was able to get to my feet; and I arose. I was still weak, and staggered like a lamb; but my senses were sufficiently clear; and I remembered everything that had transpired. I was conscious of the danger of remaining in that place; and it was this thought that induced me to rise up—with the intention of going on.

I was strong enough to mount, and just strong enough to keep the seat upon my horse; but I was aware of the necessity of putting a wider distance between myself and the Red-Hand before daylight should arrive; and I commenced moving onward.

The trace was easily followed—more so than when I first entered the cañon. There was more light; and this must have been caused by a moon. I could see none—the cliffs hindered me—but the strip of sky above had the sheen of moonlight.

I rode but slowly. Feeble though I was, I could have ridden faster, but I was proceeding with caution. Strange as it may seem, I was now paying more regard to the front than the rear. I had a suspicion that my pursuers might be *ahead* of me.

I could hardly believe in their having abandoned the pursuit, after so slight an effort. Too many of them had fallen by my hand, for them to let me escape so easily, and with my scalp too. I had ascertained that the trophy was still upon my head.

It was quite possible they had passed me. While endeavouring to mount my horse, I had drawn him from the path; and the place where I had found myself lying was behind some bushes, screened from the eyes of any one riding along the track. In daylight, I might have been seen; but not then—the darkness would conceal me.

And it *had* concealed me, as I soon after learned. My suspicion proved the means of saving me. But for the caution it had caused, I should have ridden head to head against the horses of the Indians.

I had proceeded about a mile further, and was creeping quietly forward, when my steed raised his head horizontally, and gave utterance to a low snort. At the same instant, he stopped without any tightening of the rein!

Above the sough of the stream, I heard noises. The intonation of the red man's voice was easily recognised. There were Indians in front of me!

Were they coming or going? The voices grew louder as I listened—the speakers were nearing me.

My first thought was to glide behind the trees. A glance shewed that these were not tall enough: they were mere bushes. They might have concealed the body of a man; but a horse standing up could not have been hidden behind them.

For a moment, I was puzzled how to act. I thought of turning, and riding back to where I had lain.

I was in the act of facing round, when through the sombre light I observed a break in the cliff. It appeared to be a gap—the entrance of a lateral ravine, and offered a chance of concealment: since it was even darker than the cañon itself.

I hesitated not about accepting the shelter it promised; and, heading my horse to it, I rode rapidly but silently forward.

When fairly concealed by its shadowy gloom, I again halted and listened.

I heard the hoof-strokes of horses and the voices of men. It was the deep guttural of the Arapaho. A troop rode past, going back towards the valley. They were those who had pursued me.

Were these *all* of my pursuers? There appeared to be only a small party—ten or a dozen horsemen. Others might have gone up the river, and had not yet returned?

It was this doubt that caused me to hesitate: otherwise I should at once have ridden back into the cañon, and kept on up the stream. By doing so, I might get between two parties of my pursuers, with no chance of retreating?

Perhaps pickets were placed along the path? To fall upon one of these would be fatal.

Why not follow the lateral ravine? Was it only a *cul de sac?* If not, I might ride up it for a distance, and cross to the caravan trace, above any point to which the pursuit might have been carried?

This plan appeared the safest, and I adopted it.

I rode on up the gorge, which very much resembled that I had left—only that there was no water in it. It had not been always so: for my path here and there ran over a channel of rocks, which indicated the bed of a stream, now dry.

I followed it about two miles. I would have then turned in the proper direction, but could not. The cliffs continued on both sides; I could not scale them.

I had no choice but to go on up the ravine; but that would be at right angles to my proper course!

There was no alternative but to halt and wait for daylight. Indeed, I was too faint to ride further. Slight exertion fatigued me; and, no longer in dread of immediate danger, I deemed it more prudent to stop, and, if possible, gain strength by rest.

I dismounted, gave my horse to the grass; and, having wrapped myself in the warm robe, soon entered upon the enjoyment of sleep—sweeter and more natural than the involuntary slumber in which I had been lately indulging.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE TRACK OF THE MOCCASIN.

The blue dawn of morning was glinting among the rocks when I awoke. On the crest of the cliff was a streak of amber-coloured light, that betokened the rising of the sun. It was time to be stirring.

I had no toilet to make—no breakfast to eat: nothing to do but mount, and move onward.

I continued up the lateral ravine—since there was no path leading out of it; and to return to the Huerfano, would have been to ride back into the teeth of the danger.

I still felt faint. Though less than twenty-four hours since I had eaten, I hungered acutely. Was there nothing I could eat?

I looked inquiringly around. It was a scene of sterility and starvation. Not a symptom of life—scarcely a sign of vegetation! Rocks bare and forbidding, formed two parallel façades grinning at each other across the gorge—their rugged features but little relieved by the mottling of dark junipers that clung from their clefts. There appeared neither root nor fruit that could be eaten. Only a chameleon could maintain existence in such a spot?

I had scarcely made this reflection, when, as if to contradict it, the form of a noble animal became outlined before my eyes. Its colour, size, and proportions were those of a stag of the red deer species; but its spiral horns proclaimed it of a different kind. These enabled me to identify it as the rare mountain-ram—the giant *ammon* of the Northern Andes.

It stood upon a salient point of the cliff, its form boldly projected against the purple sky, in an attitude fixed and statuesque. One might have fancied it placed there for embellishment. A characteristic feature of that wild landscape, the scene would have been incomplete without it.

From my point of observation, it was five hundred yards distant. It would have been equally safe at five; since I had no means of destroying it. I might easily have got within shot-range—since a belt of cotton-woods, just commencing where I had halted, extended up the bottom of the cañon. Under these, I could have stalked to the base of the cliff on which the animal stood—a sort of angular promontory projecting into the gorge. This advantage only rendered the sight more tantalising: my gun was empty, and I had no means of reloading it.

Was it certain the piece was empty? Why should the Indian have believed it to be loaded? Up to this moment, I had not thought of examining.

I drew the ramrod, and inverted it into the barrel. The head fell upon a soft substance. The screw stood four fingers above the muzzle: the gun was charged!

There was no cap upon the nipple. There had been none. This accounted for the snapping of the piece. In all likelihood, I owed my life to the circumstance of the savages being ignorant of the percussion principle.

I was now indebted to another circumstance for a supply of caps. The locker near the heel of the stock had escaped the attention of the Indians. Its brass cover had passed for a thing of ornament. On springing it open, the little caps of corrugated copper gleamed before my eyes—an abundance of them.

I tapped the powder into the nipple, adjusted a cap, and, dismounting, set forth upon the stalk.

The spreading tops of the cotton-woods concealed me; and, crouching under them, I made my approaches as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit.

It grew damper as I advanced; and, presently, I passed pools of water and patches of smooth mud—where water had recently lain. It was the bed of an intermittent stream—a hydrographic phenomenon of frequent occurrence in the central regions of North America. The presence of water accounted for that of the cotton-wood trees—a sure indication of moisture in the soil.

The water was a welcome sight. I was suffering from thirst, even more than from hunger; and, notwithstanding the risk of losing my chance of a shot, I must stop and drink.

I was creeping forward to the edge of one of the ponds, when a sight came under my eyes that surprised me to such a degree, as to drive both thirst and hunger out of my thoughts—at least for the moment.

In the margin of sandy mud extending along the edge of the water, appeared a line of imprints—the tracks of human feet.

On crawling nearer, I perceived that they were moccasin-tracks, but of such tiny dimensions, as to leave no doubt as to the sex of the individual who had made them. Clearly, they were the impressions of a woman's feet!

A woman must have passed that way—an Indian woman of course?

This was my first reflection; and almost simultaneous with it arose another interrogative conjecture: was it Su-wa-nee?

No. The foot was too small for that of the forest-maiden. I had a remembrance of the dimensions of hers.

The tracks before my eyes were not over eight inches in length; and could only have been made by a foot slender, and of elegant shape. The imprint was perfect; and its clear outline denoted the light elastic tread of youth. It was a *young* woman who had left those footmarks behind her.

At first, I saw no reason to doubt that the tracks were those of some Indian girl. Their size would not have hindered the supposition. Among the aboriginal belles of America, a little foot is the rule—a large one the exception. I had tracked many a pair much smaller than those; but never had I seen the footprints of an Indian with the *toes turned out;* and such was the peculiarity of those now before me.

This observation—which I did not make till after some time had elapsed—filled me with astonishment and something more. It was suggestive of many and varied emotions. The girl or woman who had made these tracks could never have been strapped to an Indian cradle. She was white!

CHAPTER LXIX.

A RIVAL STALKER.

It was not by a conjecture that I arrived at this conclusion. I was certain that the footsteps were not those of a squaw—all inexplicable as was the contrary hypothesis.

I observed that they were quite recent—of less than an hour's age; and, as I rose from regarding them, a new sign appeared on the same bed of sand—the footmarks of a wolf!

No—I was deceived by resemblance—on nearer examination, they were not wolf-tracks, but those of a dog, and evidently a large one. These were also fresh like the others—made doubtless at the same time.

The dog had accompanied the woman, or rather had been following her? a little further on, where both were in the same line, his track was uppermost.

There were two special reasons why this sign should astonish me—a *white* woman in such a place, and *wearing moccasins!* But for the style of the *chaussure*, I might have fancied that the tracks were those of some one who had strayed from the caravan. I might have connected them with *her*—ever uppermost in my thoughts. But—no. Small though they were, they were yet too large for those *mignon* feet, well remembered.

After all, I *might* be mistaken? Some dusky maiden might have passed that way, followed by her dog?

This hypothesis would have removed all mystery, had I yielded to it. I could not: it was contrary to my tracking experience. Even the dog was not Indian: his paws proclaimed him of a different race.

My perplexity did not hinder me from quenching my thirst. The pain was paramount; and after assuaging it, I turned my eyes once more towards the cliff. The ram had not stirred from his place. The noble animal was still standing upon the summit of the rock. He had not even changed his attitude. In all likelihood, he was acting as the sentinel of a flock, that was browsing behind the crest of the cliff.

The sun was falling fair upon his body, and deepened the fern colour upon his flanks. I could see his full round eyes glistening under the golden beam.

I was near enough to bring him down; and should the rifle prove to have been properly loaded, I was likely to have for my breakfast the choicest viand of the mountain regions of America.

I had raised my piece; sighted the noble game; and was about to pull trigger, when, to my astonishment, the animal sprang off from the cliff; and, turning back downward, fell heavily into the gorge!

When I saw him pitching outward from the rock, I fancied he was making one of those singular somersaults, frequently practised by the *Ovis ammon* in descending the ledges of a cliff. But no: he would have come down upon his huge elastic horns, instead of falling as he had done, with the dull sodden sound of a lifeless body.

I perceived that the bighorn had dropped dead; and the report of a gun—that rang through the gorge, and was still reverberating from the cliffs—told the cause of its death. Some hunter, stalking on the other side, had taken the start of me!

White or red? Which fired the shot? If an Indian, my head would be in as much danger of losing its skin as the sheep. If a white man, I might still hope for a breakfast of broiled mutton. Even a churl might be expected to share with a starving man; but it was not the quarter in which to encounter a Christian of this kidney.

It was the crack of a rifle. The red man rarely hunts with a rifle. The arrow is his favourite weapon for game.

Notwithstanding the remoteness from civilisation, the probabilities were that the hunter was white. He might be one of those attached to the caravan, or, more likely, a *free* trapper. I knew that upon several head tributaries of the Arkansas there were settlements of these singular men.

From prudential considerations, I kept my place. Screened by the cotton-woods, I should have an opportunity of deciding the point, without my presence being suspected. If the hunter should prove to be an Indian, I could still retreat to my horse without being observed.

I had not long to wait. I heard a noise, as of some one making way through the bushes. The moment after, a huge wolf-like animal rushed round the projecting angle of the cliff, and sprang upon the carcass of the bighorn.

At the same instant a voice reached my ears—'Off there, Wolf! off, villain dog! Don't you see that the creature is killed?—No thanks to you, sirrah!'

Good heavens! it was the voice of a woman!

While I was yet quivering under the surprise produced by the silvery tones, the speaker appeared before my eyes—a girl majestically beautiful!

A face fair-skinned, with a tinge of golden brown, cheeks of purplish red—a nose slightly aquiline, with nostrils of spiral curve—eyes like those of the Egyptian antelope—a forehead white and high, above bounded by a band of shining black hair, and surmounted by a coronet of scarlet plumes—such was the head that I saw rising above the green frondage of the cotton-woods!

The body was yet hidden behind the leaves; but the girl just then stepped forward, and it too was exhibited—equally striking and picturesque.

I need not say that it was of perfect shape—bust, body, and limbs all symmetrical. A face like that described could not belong to an ungainly form. When nature designs beauty, it is rare that she does her work by halves. Unlike the artists of the anatomic school, she makes the model for herself—hence the perfect correspondence of its parts.

And perhaps fairer form had nature never conceived. The dullest sculptor might have been inspired by its contemplation.

The costume of the girl corresponded to the cast of her features. About these there was that air of wild picturesqueness, which we observe in art paintings of the gipsy, and sometimes in the gipsy herself—for those sirens of the green lanes have not all disappeared; and, but that I saw the snowy cone of Pike's Peak rising over the crest of the cliff, I might have fancied myself in the Sierra Estremadura, with a beautiful *gitana* before my eyes.

The soft fawn-skin *tilma*, with its gaudy broidering of beads and stained quills—the fringed skirt and buskined ankles—the striped Navajo blanket slung scarf-like over the shoulders—all presented a true gipsy appearance. The plumed circlet upon the head was more typical of Transatlantic costume; and the rifle carried in a female hand was still another idiosyncrasy of America. It was from that rifle the report had come. It was not a *hunter* who had killed the game, but she who stood before me—a huntress—the WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

No longer was it from fear that I held back; but a hesitancy springing from surprise and admiration. The sight of so much beauty—grand as unexpected—was enough to unnerve one, especially in such a place—and one to whose eye the female form had so long been a stranger. Su-wa-nee's I had seen only at a distance; and hers, to my sight, was no longer beautiful.

I hesitated to shew myself—lest the sight of me should alarm this lovely apparition, and cause her to take flight. The thought was not unnatural—since

the tricolored pigments of black, red, and white were still upon my skin, and I must have presented the picture of a chimney-sweep with a dining-plate fixed upon his breast.

I knew that I must cut a ludicrous figure, and would have slipped back to the pool, and washed myself; but I dreaded to take my eyes from off that beautiful vision, lest I might never look upon it again! In my absence, she would be gone; I feared even then, that on seeing me she might take flight; and I was too faint to follow her. For this reason, I stood silently gazing through my leafy covert, like one who watches the movements of some shy and beautiful bird. I almost dreaded to breathe lest the sound might alarm her. I was planning, at the same time, how I should initiate an interview.

Her voice again reached me, as she recommenced scolding the dog: even its chiding tones were sweet. She had approached, and stooped for a moment over the bighorn, as if to satisfy herself that the animal was dead. Her canine companion did not appear to be quite sure of the fact: for he continued to spring repeatedly upon the carcass with open mouth, as if eager to devour it.

'Off, I say! off!' cried she, threatening the dog with the butt of her rifle. 'You wicked Wolf! what has got into you? Have I not told you that the thing is dead—what more do you want? Mind, sirrah!' continued she, shaking her finger significantly at the dog—'mind, my good fellow! *you* had no hand in the killing of it; and if you spoil the skin, you shall have no share in the flesh—you hear me? Not a morsel!'

Wolf appeared to understand the hint, and retired. Impelled by hunger, I accepted the cue:

'You will not refuse a morsel to one who is starving?'

'Aha! who speaks?' cried the huntress, turning round with a glance more of inquiry than alarm. 'Down, Wolf!' commanded she, as the dog bounded forward with a growl. 'Down, you savage brute! Don't you hear that some one is starving? Ha! a negro! Poor devil! where can he have come from, I wonder?'

Only my head was visible—a thick bush in front of me concealing my body. The char upon my face was deceiving her.

'No, not a negro,' said I, stepping out and discovering my person—'not a negro, though I have been submitted to the treatment of one.'

'Ho! white, red, and black! Mercy on me, what a frightful harlequin! Ha, ha, ha!'

'My toilet appears to amuse you, fair huntress? I might apologise for it—since I can assure you it is not my own conception, nor is it to my taste any more than'——

'You are a white man, then?' said she, interrupting, and drawing nearer to examine me.

'I was yesterday,' I replied, turning half round, to give her a sight of my shoulders, which the Indian artist had left untouched. 'To-day, I am as you see.'

'O heavens!' she exclaimed, suddenly changing her manner, 'this red? It is blood! You are wounded, sir? Where is your wound?'

'In several places am I wounded; but not dangerously: they are only scratches: I have examined them.'

'Who gave you these wounds?'

'Indians. I have just escaped from them.'

'Indians! What Indians?'

'Arapahoes.'

'Arapahoes! Where did you encounter them?'

The question was put in a hurried manner, and in a tone that betrayed excitement.

'On the Huerfano,' I replied—'by the butte. It was the band of a chief known as the Red-Hand.'

'Ha! The Red-Hand on the Huerfano! Stranger! are you sure of this?'

The earnest voice in which the interrogatory was put somewhat surprised me.

I answered by giving a brief and rapid detail of our capture, and subsequent treatment—without mentioning the names of my travelling companions, or stating the object of our expedition. Indeed, I was not allowed time to enter into particulars. I was hurried on by interpellations from my listener—who, before I could finish the narrative of my escape, interrupted me, exclaiming in an excited manner:

'Red-Hand in the valley of the Huerfano! news for Wa-ka-ra!'

After a pause she hastily inquired: 'How many warriors has the Red-Hand with him?'

'Nearly two hundred.'

'Not more than two hundred?'

'No—rather less I should say.'

'It is well—— You say you have a horse?'

'My horse is at hand.'

'Bring him up, then, and come with me!'

'But my comrades? I must follow the train, that I may be able to return and rescue them.'

'You need not, for that purpose. There is one not far off who can aid you in that—better than the escort you speak of. If too late to save their lives, he may avenge their deaths for you. You say the caravan passed yesterday?'

'Yesterday, about noon.'

'You could not overtake it, and return in time. The Red-Hand would be gone. Besides, you cannot get from here to the trail taken by the caravan without going back by the cañon; and there you may meet those from whom you have escaped. You cannot cross there: the ridge is impassable.'

As she said this, she pointed to the left—the direction which I had intended to take. I could see through a break in the bluff a precipitous mountain spur running north and south—parallel with the gorge I had been following. It certainly appeared impassable—trending along the sky like the escarpment of some gigantic fortress.

If this was true, there would be but little chance of my overtaking the escort in time. I had no longer a hope of being able to effect the rescue of my comrades. The delay, no doubt, had been fatal. In all likelihood, both Wingrove and Sure-shot had ere this been sacrificed to the vengeance of the Arapahoes, freshly excited by my escape. Only from a sense of duty did I purpose returning: rather with the idea of being able to avenge their death.

What meant this mysterious maiden? Who possessed the power to rescue my comrades from two hundred savages—the most warlike upon the plains? Who was he that could aid me in avenging them?

'Follow me, and you shall see!' said the huntress, in answer to my interrogatory. 'Your horse! your horse! Hasten, or we shall be too late. The Red-Hand in the valley of the Huerfano! Wa-ka-ra will rejoice. Your horse! your horse!'

I hastened back for my Arab, and led him up to the spot.

'A beautiful creature!' exclaimed she, on seeing the horse; 'no wonder you were able to ride off from your captors. Mount!'

'And you?'

'I shall go afoot. But stay! time is precious. Can your horse carry us both?'

'Undoubtedly he can.'

'Then it is better we should both ride. Half an hour is everything; and if the Red-Hand should escape —— You mount first—be quick!'

It was not the time to be squeamish—even under the glance of the loveliest eyes. Taking the robe from my shoulders, I spread it over the back of my horse; and employing a piece of the lariat as a surcingle, I bound it fast. Into the improvised saddle I mounted—the girl, from a rock, leaping upon the croup behind me.

'You, Wolf!' cried she, apostrophising the dog; 'you stay here by the game, and guard it from the *coyotes*. Remember! rascal! not a mouthful till I return. Now, stranger!' she continued, shifting closer to me, and clasping me around the waist, 'I am ready. Give your steed to the road; and spare him not, as you value the lives of your comrades. Up the ravine lies our way. Ho! onward!'

The brave horse needed no spur. He seemed to understand that speed was required of him; and, stretching at once into a gallop, carried us gaily up the gorge.

CHAPTER LXXI.

A QUEER CONVERSATION.

In other days, and under other circumstances, the touch of that round arm, softly encircling my waist, might have caused the current of my veins to flow fast and fevered. Not so then. My blood was thin and chill; my soul recoiled from amatory emotions, or indulged in them only as a remembrance. Even in that hour of trial and temptation, my heart was true to thee, Lilian! Had it been thy arm that wound my waist—had those eyes that glanced over my shoulder been blue, and the tresses that swept it gold—I might for the moment have forgotten the peril of my companions, and indulged only in the ecstasy of a selfish love.

But not with her—that strange being with whom chance had brought me in such close companionship. For her, I had no love-yearnings. Even under the entwining of that beautiful arm, my sense was cold, as if I was held in the embrace of a statue. My thoughts were not there.

My captive comrades were uppermost in my mind. Her promise had given me hope that they might yet be rescued. How? and by whom? Whither were we going? and whose was the powerful hand from which help was to come?

I would have asked; but our rapid movement precluded all chance of conversation.

I could only form conjectures. These pointed to white men—to some rendezvous of trappers that might be near. I knew there were such. How else in such a place could *her* presence be accounted for? Even that would but ill explain an apparition so peculiar as that of this huntress maiden!

Other circumstances, however, contradicted the idea that white men were to be my allies. There could be no band of trappers strong enough to attack the dark host of Red-Hand—at least with the chance of destroying it. She knew the strength of the Arapahoes. I had told her their number, as I had myself estimated it—nearly two hundred warriors. It was rare that white hunters mustered above a dozen men!

Moreover, she had mentioned a name—twice mentioned it—'Wa-ka-ra.' No white was likely to bear such an appellation. The word was undoubtedly Indian—especially as the huntress had pronounced it.

I waited for an opportunity to question her. It offered at length—where the path ran circuitously among some loose rocks, and it was dangerous to go at a gallop.

I was about initiating a dialogue, when I was forestalled in my intention.

'You are an officer in the army?' said my companion, half-interrogatively.

'How should you have known that?' answered I in some surprise—perceiving that her speech was rather an assertion than a question.

'Oh! easily enough; your uniform tells me.'

'My uniform?'

'Yes. Have you not still a portion of it left?' inquired she, with a striking simplicity. 'I see a mark where lace has been. That denotes an officer. Does it not? The Arapahoes have stripped it off, I suppose?'

'There was lace—true—you have guessed correctly. I have been in the army.'

'And what was bringing you out here? On your way to the gold countries, I suppose?'

'No, indeed—not that.'

'What, then, may I ask?'

'Only a foolish freak. It was a mere tour without much purpose. I intended soon to return to the States.'

'Ah! you intend returning? But you say you were *following* the caravan—you and your three fellow-travellers. Why were you not *with* it? Would it not have been safer?'

I hesitated to make reply.

My interrogator continued:

'It is not usual for so small a party to pass over the prairies alone? There is always danger from the Indians. Sometimes from whites too! Ah me! there are white savages—worse savages than red!—far worse—far worse!'

These strange words, with the sigh that accompanied them, caused me to turn my head, and steal a glance at the countenance of my companion. It was tinged with melancholy, or rather deeply impressed with it. She, too, suffering from the past?

In this glance I again remarked what had already attracted my notice—a resemblance to Lilian Holt! It was of the slightest, and so vague, that I could not tell in what it lay. Certainly not in the features, which were signally unlike those of Lilian; and equally dissimilar was the complexion. Were I to place the resemblance, I should say that I saw it in the cast of the eye, and heard it in the voice. The similitude of tone was striking. Like Lilian's, it was a voice of that rich clarion sound with which beautiful women are gifted—those having the full round throat so proudly possessed by the damsels of Andalusia.

Of course, the likeness was accidental. There was no possibility of its being otherwise; and I had not a thought that it was so. I was simply reminded of looks and tones that needed not that to recall them; but the souvenirs thus excited hindered me from making an immediate reply.

'Your observations are somewhat singular?' I remarked at length. 'Surely you have not verified them by your own experience?'

'I have—yes, too sadly, ever to think them otherwise than just. I have had little reason to love those of my own colour—that is, if I am to consider myself a white.'

'But you are so, are you not?'

'Not altogether. I have Indian blood in my veins.'

'Not much, I should fancy?'

'Enough to give me Indian inclinings, and a dislike to those of my own complexion.'

'Indeed?'

'Perhaps less from instinct than experience. Ah! stranger! I have reason. Is it not enough that all have proved false—lover, father, husband?'

'Husband! You are married, then?'

'No.'

'You have been?'

'No.'

'Why did you say husband?'

'A husband only in name. I have been married, but never a wife; wedded, but never'——

The speaker paused. I could feel her arm quivering around my waist. She was under the influence of some terrible emotion!

'Yours must be a strange story?' I remarked, with a view of inducing her to reveal it. 'You have greatly excited my curiosity; but I know that I have no claim to your confidence.'

'You may yet win it.'

'Tell me how?'

'You say you intend returning to the States. I shall have a commission for you; and you may then

hear my story. It is not much. Only a simple maiden whose lover was faithless—her father untrue to his paternal trust—her husband a cheat, a perjured villain.'

'Your relationships have been singularly unfortunate; but your words only mystify me the more. I should give much to know who you are, and what strange chance has led you hither?'

'Not now—time presses. Your comrades, if still alive, are in peril; that is your affair; but mine is that the Red-Hand may not escape. If he do, there's one who will grieve at it—one to whom I owe life and protection.'

'Of whom do you speak?'

'Of the mortal enemy of Red-Hand and his Arapahoes—of Wa-ka-ra.'

'Wa-ka-ra?'

'Head chief of the Utahs—you shall see him presently. Put your horse to his speed! We are close to the camp. Yonder are the smokes rising above the cliff! On, stranger! on!'

As directed, I once more urged my Arab into a gallop.

It was not for long. After the horse had made about a hundred stretches, the cañon suddenly opened into a small but beautiful *vallon*—treeless, but turfed with grass. The white cones, appearing in serried rows near its upper end, were easily identified as an encampment of Indians.

'Behold!' exclaimed my companion, 'the tents of the Utahs!'

LUTHER'S VAGABONDS.

As the poor are never to cease out of the land, in spite of all that Social Science meetings may do for us, so it is probable that those who rob the poor will endure likewise. These consist not only of exacting landlords, who build a kennel, and call it a house, because human beings must needs inhabit it; nor of 'sweating' master-tailors, who calculate so nicely upon how few pence a day a man may live, and yet have strength to push a needle; nor of demagogues, who lift up their voices against these things only to extract the last drop from the already trodden grape for themselves. There will also remain those Professional Beggars, who, besides diverting the stream of charity from its proper destinations, bring shame upon the very fact of poverty, and thereby rob the poor not only of their slender dues, but of their good name. The material harm thus done to struggling Honesty by these wretches, who make a trade of Want, is great enough, but it is nothing compared with the distrust and incredulity which they sow, broadcast, in the hearts of the Benevolent. They have committed murder before now, for the hungry and naked have been not seldom suffered to die in our streets, unable to convince their fellow-creatures that they were really in need. They have given an excuse to the mean and niggardly for withholding their aid. They have afforded the arguments upon which men of little brain and less heart have cast a slur upon Benevolence itself, and attacked the divine command of Christian charity. And they have offered a ready means by which the thoughtless giver may flatter himself that he is doing good, at small trouble, when he is simply doing mischief.

'Princes, lords, counsellors of state, and everybody should be prudent and cautious in dealing with beggars, and learn that, whereas people will not give and help honest paupers and needy neighbours, as ordained by God, they give, by the persuasion of the devil, and contrary to God's judgment, ten times as much to vagabonds and desperate rogues; in like manner as we have hitherto done to monasteries, cloisters, churches, chapels, and Mendicant Friars, forsaking all the time the truly poor.' So writes no less a man than Martin Luther in his preface to the *Liber Vagatorum*,* or Book of Vagabonds, which he edited in 1528. That the great Reformer, at such a period of labours and difficulties, should have given his attention to a work of this kind, is a proof how very much evil the profession of begging was doing even in his time. The Mendicant Friars, it seems, were the great originals whom the professional beggars imitated, and to whose done-away-with occupation they succeeded. The beggars 'to whom it is proper to give, for such alms are well laid out,' we are expressly told, are *not* such as '*have either the signs of the saints about them, or other good qualities*, but such as come plainly and simply to people, and ask an alms for God's or the Holy Virgin's sake: perchance honest paupers with young children, who are known in the town or village wherein they beg, and who would, I doubt not, leave off begging if they could only thrive by their handicraft or other honest means, for there is many a godly man who begs unwillingly, and feels ashamed before those who knew him formerly when he was better off, and before he was compelled to beg.'

Martin Luther was neither cynic nor fool enough to insist, as some now-a-day philosophers do, that under no possible circumstances are beggars in the street to be relieved; but out of the twenty orders into which he divides his vagabonds, he only recommends the relief of one. Even of the Stabülers (Bread-gatherers), who are 'not all bad, but most part,' he asserts, 'they never leave off begging, nor do their children, from their infancy to the day of their death—for the beggar's staff keeps the fingers warm—and they neither will nor can work.'

Instead of modern beggars being the clever and ingenious fellows we take them for, it seems that they are, after all, the merest plagiarists, since scarcely among their very latest 'dodges' is there one to which we do not find the antitype in those of Luther's time, whose little volume may almost pass for a condensation in quaint language of Mr Horace Mayhew's chapter on this subject in *London Labour and the London Poor*. The trick of picking up a sovereign in the street under the eyes of some country bumpkin that he may 'go halves,' and give ten shillings of it, only to find it brass at last, is borrowed from the *Wiltnera*. 'These come into the villages having a little counterfeit (silver) "finger" which they have smeared all over with dirt, and say they have found it, and ask if somebody will buy it. Thus, a silly peasant's wife thinks it is silver, and knows it not, and gives them vi pennies or more for it, and therewith she is cheated.' The cardsharpers who infest our railway carriages are but the lineal descendants of the *Joners*, 'who practise cheating at cards, who *deal* falsely, and *cut* one for the other, and cheat also with the dice.' Those woe-begone gentry of the streets, who, upon the approach of the winter, are accustomed to discard most of their garments, and stand shivering in the public thoroughfares, would doubtless, but for the modest regulations of the new police, appear as their predecessors of old, the *Schwanfelders* did, entirely naked. 'These are beggars who, when they come to a town, leave their clothes at the hostelry, and sit down against the churches naked, and shiver terribly before the people, that they may think they are suffering from great cold. They prick themselves with nettle-seed and other things, whereby they are made to shake. Some say they have been robbed by wicked men; some, that they have lain ill, and for this reason were compelled to sell their clothes; some say they have been stolen from them: but all this is only that people should give them more clothes.'

The *Overösnzen-goers*, or beggars who say that they are of noble birth, but have suffered by war, captivity,

* *The Book of Vagabonds and Beggars.* Edited by Martin Luther. Now first translated into English. J. C. Hotten. Piccadilly. 1860.

or fire, and 'who clothe themselves prettily and with neatness, as though they were noble, although it is not so,' are the obvious originals of our 'distressed tradesmen,' who, with clean aprons and carefully brushed threadbare coats, stand meekly upon the curb-stones with a few sticks of sealing-wax in their hands: only, instead of the 'decayed-nobility' dodge, which would scarcely succeed now-a-days, they represent 'reduced respectability.' These persons, too, carried forged letters of recommendation, such as our begging-letter-writers now supply, and which seem to have originated in this country from a vagrant act of Henry VIII., whereby, to persons actually in want, liberty was given to beg within a certain district; 'and further,' says the act, 'there shall be delivered to every such person a letter containing the name of that person, witnessing that he is authorised to beg, and the limits within which he is appointed to beg, the same letter to be sealed with the seal of the hundred, rape, wapentake, city, or borough, and subscribed with the name of one of the said justices or officers aforesaid.' Even the verbal appeals for charity which are used to-day are almost identical with those of three hundred years ago, as in the case of the *Genseherer* (goose-shearers), for instance, who 'in good clothes accost any person in the street, be it woman or man, and say they have lain ill a long time, and are mechanics who have expended all their goods, and are *ashamed to beg*, and ask that thou mayest help them *to proceed on their journey*.'

The *Klenkners* (cripples) were the beggars 'who sit at church-doors with sores and broken legs: one has no foot, another no shank, a third no hand or arm; who tie a leg up, or besmear an arm with salves, or walk on crutches, and all the time as little ails them as other men;' some instances of which imposture are subjoined. '*Item*, another true example: at Schletstat, one was sitting at the church-door. This man had cut the leg of a thief from the gallows. He put on the dead leg, and tied his own leg up. He had a quarrel with another beggar. This latter one ran off, and told the town-serjeant. When he saw the serjeant coming, he fled and left the fore-leg behind him, and ran out of the town—a horse could hardly have overtaken him. Soon afterwards, he hung on the gallows at Achern, and the dry leg beside him, and they called him Peter of Kreuzenach.' To each of these little chapters there is a *conclusio*, a quaint piece of advice as to what is to be done in each particular case by the person whose charity is entreated. As to the *Klenkners*, we are counselled: 'Give them a kick on their hind-parts, if thou canst, for they are nought but cheats of the peasants and all other men.' From which we conclude that, then as now, it was the poor who were most widely imposed upon.

Some particular kinds of beggars are, however, mentioned in this interesting volume, which although not altogether without their parallels now-a-days, are curiously illustrative of the times in which they flourished. Instead of sailors frost-bitten in arctic seas, or omnibus conductors stricken blind by lightning, the public of the sixteenth century were invited to contribute to the *Losners* (liberated prisoners). 'These are knaves who say they have lain in ptison vi or vij years, and carry the chains with them wherein they lay as captives among the infidel for their Christian faith; *item*, on the sea in galleys or ships enchained in iron fetters; *item*, in a strong tower for innocence' sake; and they have forged letters, as from the princes and lords of foreign lands, and from the towns there, to bear witness to their truth, though all the time they are deceit and lies—for vagabonds may be found everywhere on the road who can make any seal they like—and they say they have vowed to Our Lady at Einsiedeln, or to some other saint (in the *Schöcherboss*, i. e., beer-house), according to what country they are in, a pound of wax, a silver crucifix, or a chasuble; and they say they have been made free through that vow, and, when they had vowed, the chains opened and broke, and they departed safe and without harm. *Item*, some carry iron fastenings, or coats of mail with them, *et sic de aliis*. *Nota:* They have perchance bought the chains; perchance they had them made; perchance stolen them from the church of St Lenhart.'

The *Grantners*, or knaves with the falling sickness, were those who say in the farmhouses: "'Oh, dear friend, look at me; I am afflicted with the falling sickness of St Valentine, or St Kurinus, or St Vitus, or St Antonius, and have offered myself to the Holy Saint with vj pounds of wax, with an altar-cloth, with a silver salver, and must bring these together from pious people's offerings and help; therefore, I beg you to contribute a heller, a spindleful of flax, a ribbon, or some linen-yarn for the altar, that God and the Holy Saint may protect you from misery and disease and the falling sickness." These fall down before the churches, or elsewhere, *with a piece of soap in their mouths*, whereby the foam rises as big as a fist; and they prick their nostrils with a straw, causing them to bleed'—exactly as is the modern practice. According to Martin Luther, these gentry are commonly twenty or thirty years collecting their vj pounds of wax, and the rest of it, and spend what they get quite otherwise than on the holy saints. The religious feelings of the credulous were worked upon certainly more scandalously than at present, as in the cases of the *Veranerins*, 'women who say they are baptized Jewesses, and have turned Christians, and can tell people whether their fathers or mothers are in hell or not, and beg gowns and dresses and other things, and have also false letters and seals.' Perhaps the *Schleppers*, or pretended priests, are not altogether without their collateral descendants now-a-days, who came a-begging for their churches, and assert that in the church to which they are consecrated, 'there is no altar-cloth, nor is there a missal, *et cetera*, and I cannot afford them without much help from all men; for mark, whosoever is commended for an offering in the angel's requiem, or for as many pennies as he gives, so many souls will be released amongst his deceased kindred.' A remnant of this practice certainly still lingers amongst us, although the reward that is promised to us, in case of our consent, is not quite so distinct and comfortable.

One young lady is spoken of in this volume belonging to the *Dützbetterins*, or lying-in women, who, we believe, fairly distances all modern pretenders in the like delicate situation. She declared that, 'a short time before, she had given birth to a child and a live toad; and that this very toad she had carried to Our Lady at Einsiedeln, where it was still alive, and that it must have a pound of meat every day, being kept at Einsiedeln as a miracle.'

The vows, too, of presenting St Valentine, or other saint, with so many pounds of candles, within a certain time, is now unknown to us, and is only paralleled by those ridiculous collectors of used postage-stamps—not beggars so much as lunatics—who are always entreating our help for the building of a church, or the marriage of an attached couple—which will be accomplished, they say, if only one million, or so, of Queen's Heads can be obtained in a fortnight.

We will conclude this paper by quoting two very curious kinds of vagabonds, quite peculiar to the epoch wherein the *Liber Vagatorum* first appeared—the *Dallingers*, or hangmen, and the *Stüntvegers*, or pretended murderers.

The former are 'they who stand before the churches, having been hangmen (although they have left it off i year or ii since), and chastise and whip themselves with rods, and will do penance and pilgrimage for their sin and wickednesses. These often beg with much success. When they have practised for a while, and cheated many people thereby, they become hangmen again, as before.'

The latter are 'strong fellows who go about the country with long knives, and say they have taken a man's life away, but that it was in self-defence, and then they name a sum of money which they must have, and unless they bring the money at the right time, they will have their heads cut off. *Item*, some are accompanied by a fellow on their begging-rounds who goes in iron chains and fetters fastened with rings, and who says he was bail for the other for a sum of money to the people, and if he gets not the money in time, both of them must perish.'

SNAKE-POISON.

SNAKES are somewhat paradoxically, but not the less properly, described as flesh-eating, cold-blooded reptiles, running without legs, swimming without fins, sleeping with unclosed eyes, and breathing with a single lung. They are a many-ribbed race, one species rejoicing in no fewer than two hundred and fifty pair. These ribs are movable, carrying forward the plates on the underside of the creature's body, and so propelling it along. The backbone is flexible, giving it a purchase against the water, and thereby it swims. Its eye is covered with a clear, hard, glassy, immovable film, which is renewed with every renewal of the skin. The venomous snakes differ from their less harmful brethren in the fact that the body just behind the head slightly diminishes in size so as to form a kind of neck. The jaws are less flexible; and the stroke of the fangs effectually preventing their prey's escape, they are not, like the non-poisonous species, provided with recurved teeth in the roof of the mouth, with which to hold their victims. Those deadly weapons, the fangs, are placed one on each side of the upper jaw, in front of the ordinary teeth, which they resemble in shape. They are perforated by a canal opening near their sharp points, through which the poison pressed into them from the poison-glands at the root of the fangs is conducted into the wound inflicted by the bite. Except in the less venomous serpents, feeding on mice and such small deer, the fangs lie, like the closed blade of a knife, in a fold of the gum, rising from their concealment when required for offence or defence. They are easily removed, and as easily replenished from a small bag behind them, filled with growing ones, in every stage of development, from a pair nearly equal in size to those in use, to some scarcely distinguishable to the unaided eye.

The proportion which the two branches of the numerous serpent family bear to each other, is uncertain, some naturalists placing it at one venomous to four unvenomous snakes; others, at one to ten; but we believe, even in the latter case, the number of poisonous species is greatly exaggerated. In no part of Europe are they numerous enough to be terrible. Fontana, after diligent inquiry, could only find one well-attested case of death from a serpent-bite occurring in this quarter of the globe. The only venomous creature existing in England is the common viper or adder, and it may be doubted if, with proper care, its bite ever proves fatal. It is to be found in open copses, dry heaths, sandy wastes, and newly cleared woodlands. When about to strike, it is more or less coiled, the head and neck elevated and drawn back; suddenly the head is thrown forward at the object of attack, the fangs plunged into it, and withdrawn almost too rapidly for the motion to be followed by the eye. It is a popular belief, that when the young vipers are alarmed or in danger, the mother swallows her brood; there is no actual physiological hinderance to such a proceeding, neither is the evidence in its favour sufficiently strong for it to be accepted as a fact, but it remains an open question, on which our native naturalists agree to differ. Islands seem to be unfavourable for the production of venomous animals. While the Australian continent is infested with black death-snakes and their congeners, New Zealand is perfectly free from them. Ireland—thanks, of course, to St Patrick—enjoys a similar immunity; although, if Maltese traditions are to be believed, the Hibernian miracle was a plagiarism of one of St Paul's, that apostle having, after his memorable shipwreck, banished vermin for ever from the favoured island of the Mediterranean.

It is in India, South Africa, Australia, and the Southern States of America, where the climate is tropical, the forests thick, the vegetation dense, and men few, that deadly serpents increase and multiply. The most dangerous known are the cobra de capello, the cerastes, the tic-polonga, the puff-adder, the death-snake, and the rattle-snake. The first named is common in India, Ceylon, and the warmer parts of Asia; it is a timid, sluggish, spiritless creature, very reluctant to make use of its venomed weapons, which are said to be powerless until the casting of its first skin, when fourteen days old. Unlike the rest of its tribe, the cobra, tempted probably by the delicacies of the poultry-yard, and the moisture of the wells and drains, prefers living near the habitations of man. In Ceylon, it is remarked that if one cobra be destroyed near a house, its companion is sure to be discovered almost immediately after. According to Captain Perceval, it sometimes attains a length of fifteen feet, but its average size is from two to four feet. The Singhalese distinguish the light and dark coloured ones as high and low caste snakes; looking upon them with veneration as creatures superior to man, who deign to pay a visit to the earth for inscrutable purposes. Under this idea, the natives never kill one, but get rid of it by setting it afloat in a bag. It takes naturally enough to the water, and has been met some distance out at sea. Strong believers in the generous disposition of the cobra, manifested in its repugnance to put forth its strength, the Singhalese occasionally make a pet of it, when it glides about the house, never attempting to injure any of the inmates, but effectually keeping thieves and unlawful intruders at bay. When enraged, and preparing for attack, the cobra raises its head and the upper part of its body, the remainder being coiled to accelerate the spring; at this moment, the membrane lying along the sides of the neck and part of the head is distended in the form of a hood, from which this species derives its name of 'the hooded snake.' It is believed in Ceylon that every discharge of its poison costs the cobra a joint of its tail, and makes the head become more toadlike in shape—an absurd error, springing probably from the existence of a species of 'false snake' strongly resembling the cobra in colour, but possessing a lizard-shaped head and truncated tail. The non-poisonous black snake is a bitter enemy of the cobra, and is usually victorious, contriving to squeeze the latter to death before he has time to inflict a wound; and another terrible foe of his is the tic-polonga, the deadliest serpent of Ceylon.

The cerastes, or horned adder, owes its second cognomen to a pair of spines or horns, the purpose of which is doubtful, springing from the middle of the eyebrow. Old authors say these horns serve to delude birds into the jaws of the snake, the feathered victims taking the tips as they appear above the sand, in which he lies hidden, for so many worms. It is to this subtilty of the cerastes, perhaps, that the sacred writer alludes when he says: 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.' It is by no means formidable in size, measuring only fourteen inches when full grown; but though of an extremely indolent nature, when roused to anger, the little aspic who helped the royal gipsy of Old Nile to balk her conqueror in his triumph, becomes a different creature, moving about in all directions with wonderful rapidity, and creeping nearer and nearer his enemy

with averted head, until within proper distance for striking; when once he has bitten, he retains his hold most tenaciously, and even when thrown on the ground, either remains doggedly on the spot, or if forced to retreat, does so slowly and reluctantly.

Among the venomous serpents of South Africa are the cobra de capello; the 'serpent of a kid,' so called from its uttering a cry at night exactly like the bleating of that animal; the puff-adder, a short, thick, flattish creature of most malignant aspect, fully justified by his dangerous nature; and the spitting serpent, believed to be able, when the wind is favourable, to eject its poisonous fluid to a considerable distance, aiming especially at the eyes of the intended recipient. From some such snake, Gordon Cumming received a visit one night, but with no worse effect than some hours' intense pain in the sensitive organ of sight. The great poisonous serpent of America is the rattle-snake, at once the slowest and deadliest of his race, which derives its name from a loose bony structure at the extremity of the tail, which it invariably rattles when alarmed or irritated. Waterton says a man may pass within a yard of one unmolested, if he but takes care to go quietly. The rattle-snake seldom exceeds seven feet in length, casts its skin once a year, is believed by many to possess the power of fascinating its prey, and to be of such a revengeful disposition, that if it fails to punish an offender, it will commit suicide by biting its own tail! The buck-deer is an inveterate exterminator of rattle-snakes; as soon as he catches sight of one, he describes rapid circles, gradually decreasing in circumference, round the snake. When near enough, he springs into the air, bringing all his feet together, and dropping upon his coiled-up foe, cuts his body through with his sharp hoofs, and then scatters it around him by a series of energetic kicks. The ants of Brazil are still more potent: any snake that is unfortunate enough to stop their way, is covered with these minute emigrants, against whom his fangs and coils are alike powerless; and in a very short time the army of ants proceeds on its way, leaving a white skeleton behind them, a warning to all whom it may concern. The cobra de capello finds his victor in the mangoose, who, cleverly eluding the blow of the serpent, catches its head in his mouth, biting through the skull with a bite that is usually mortal. Should it prove otherwise, the little hero attacks his opponent's tail, till he provokes him to rise again, when a second seizure by the caput terminates the struggle and the existence of the cobra. Other enemies of the snake are found in the pig, ichneumon, the peccary, the hawk tribe, and the common cat.

Snake-poison, somewhat mucilaginous when first emitted, becomes much more so upon exposure to the air; while its colour changes from a pale yellowish white to light yellow. When dry, it is resolved into a yellowish flaky resin, growing darker and less soluble with long keeping. Dr Mead thus describes its appearance under the microscope: 'At first, I could discover nothing but a parcel of small salts nimbly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time the appearance was changed, and these saline particles were now shot out, as it were, into crystals of an incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which they seemed to proceed, so that the whole texture did in a manner represent a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute; and yet, withal, so rigid were these pellucid spicula or darts, that they remained unalterable upon my glass for several months.' If two or three drops of venom be mixed with thirty or forty drops of blood, the latter becomes black, and incapable of coagulation. Taken inwardly, provided the skin of the tongue, gums, lips, and throat be unbroken, the poison is quite innocuous, and, according to Dr Russell, insipid in taste as pure water; but even after being kept for some length of time in a dried state, and then diluted with water, it is still active and deleterious, if injected into the blood.

Plants inoculated with snake-venom wither and die, looking as if they had been struck by lightning. In animals, death is preceded by stupor, lethargy, tremor, convulsions, paralysis of the limb wounded, inflation of the stomach, and sometimes coagulation of the blood. Of course, the smaller the animal bitten, the more rapidly death ensues, but the swiftness of the action of the poison is affected by other circumstances. Warm-blooded animals succumb much quicker than cold-blooded ones; and if the serpent has been practising abstinence, its bite is much less effective than when it has satisfied its hunger regularly. If the poison be instilled into a nerve, the whole system is deprived of sensibility, and death follows almost instantaneously; but if it is injected into a wounded muscle, the action is considerably retarded, and in very fatty matter, little harm is done. The pigs wandering about the South American woods are said to have an instinctive knowledge of this last fact, and attack snakes—for whose flesh they have a weakness—with great coolness and imperturbability. When a porker sees a rattle-snake prepare for striking, he goes down on his knees, and sidles up to him, receiving his fangs in the fatty flaps of the jaw; then turning his other cheek, he patiently takes a second blow from his uncalculating foe, whose supply of venom is thereby exhausted for the time. Up jumps piggy, presses his fore-foot on the helpless snake's tail, and strips the living flesh from the bones, as he grunts out his triumph and enjoyment. In Martinique, when passing through a wood, it is customary to drive a couple of pigs, with brass-protected snouts, on before, to clear the path of any serpents lying in the way.

The hundredth part of a grain of viper-poison suffices to kill a sparrow; a pigeon requires the sixteenth part; and it would take, it is supposed, at least three grains to kill a man.

In the course of some experiments tried in Ceylon, a cobra de capello was made to bite a hen, which died in eight hours; after a lapse of three days, a cock was bitten by the same snake, and sickened, but in twenty-four hours, had recovered his usual vigour; next day, two puppies were bitten by it without effect; and sixteen days afterwards, an attempt on another proved equally futile. A tic-polonga proved itself possessed of much more deadly power: it killed a fowl in two seconds; and another, half an hour after, in as many minutes. A rest of six days was allowed, when it killed a nearly full-grown dog in fifty-eight minutes; and after a lapse of thirty-four days, a rat died almost instantaneously from its bite; and yet, during the whole time—a period of twenty-one weeks—the reptile had tasted nothing, as, like most of its tribe, it refused all kinds of food offered to it while a captive. Dr Russell found that the most poisonous Indian snake could not kill a dog in less than twenty-seven minutes; a rattle-snake has killed two in five; following up the exploit by disposing of a chicken in three minutes, a large black snake in eight, and finishing by willy nilly, committing suicide, dying of its own bite in the short space of twelve minutes. A caged rattle-snake, tried immediately on his arrival in this country, proved a very different creature. After killing a rat in two minutes, it refused to take any notice of a second one introduced to its society, until being irritated, the rat was bitten, and at first shewed no symptoms of being hurt; however, in twenty minutes it was dead. A third rat was then placed in the cage, with which the rattle-snake did not interfere, and the two were left together for the night. Next morning, the snake was found dead, the rat having made his supper upon the flesh of its back.

The effects of fatal snake-bites upon man are very different. In some cases, death is preceded by pain,

tremor, thirst, asthma, and convulsions; in others, by coldness, stupor, and palpitations of the heart. The burning serpent of India makes the blood burn like fire in the veins, until it dissolves into a lymphatic liquor, which runs from eyes, ears, and nose. Some bites are productive of blindness; others chap the skin, make the hair fall off, and numb the limbs. The poison of the Arabian boeban—a small slender snake, whose bite is said to be instantaneously fatal—causes the body to swell in an extraordinary degree. Dr Buckland once dissected a rat that had been killed by a cobra, scratching the wounded spot with his nail as he did so. Having finished, he started for a walk with a friend, but had scarcely got a hundred yards before he felt as if some one had struck him on the head, while a sharp hot pain ran through his chest. Guessing that he was poisoned, he told his friend so, and cautioned him not to let him lie down, but in case he fell, to administer brandy and *eau de luce*. A few moments after, the doctor became oblivious, and rolled about like a drunken man, while his face turned of a greenish-yellow hue. After walking some time, his senses partly returned, and as soon as he reached a chemist's shop, he rushed in, seized a bottle of spirits of hartshorn, and drank off nearly a tumblerful, slightly tempered with water. In a few minutes, he repeated the dose, and walked home, feeling much better. He then drank four wine-glassfuls of brandy without any intoxicating effect; and feeling a sharp pain under his thumb-nail and up his arm, he sucked the spot, and found that the venom had got into a scratch made in cleaning his nails in the morning. It was a fortunate escape. An Englishman at Rouen, bitten by a rattle-snake, died in eight hours; Mr Curling of the Zoological Gardens died in an hour and a half after being bitten by a cobra with which he had trifled; and Haydon's son-in-law experienced a similar fate in two hours. A carpenter, in teasing a caged rattle-snake with his rule, let it fall into the cage, and in regaining it, was bitten by the angry animal. He was taken to a hospital, had the assistance of the best surgeons in London, and resisted the effects of the poison just long enough to raise hopes of his recovery; but the shock eventually proved too great for the system. Another man, who was bitten in the finger, had the presence of mind to suck the wound immediately; his under-lip and tongue swelled, he faltered in his speech, and partially lost his senses; a quantity of oil and warm water was administered as an emetic, and a live pigeon cut open and applied to the wound. Two hours afterwards, the flesh was cauterised, he recovered his speech and senses, and was soon out of all danger.

When we remember that Regulus and his army received an ovation for killing a boa-constrictor, we need not wonder at the ancients imagining that the worst evil that could befall a man was to be bitten by a serpent. Pliny names no end of antidotes to the poison; amongst them are gentian mixed with rue and pepper, centaury root in white wine, bugs, goat-suet and wax, goat's milk and grapes, and the application of a split mouse or viper's head to the wound. But as prevention is better than cure, one might be rendered as poison-proof as Mithridates himself, at least for twenty-four hours, by merely touching deer's rennet and vinegar, or taking internally the blood and brains of a wild boar, or the ashes of a woman's hair. Snakes were also to be kept at bay by sleeping on deer's skin; and if a serpent could be surrounded with a ring of betony, the deluded creature would infallibly lash itself to death with its tail. Modern antidotes are as various as remedies for the gout or cures for the toothache. Old herbalists recommend basil, adder's-tongue, fern, mint, and parsnip. Viper-catchers use warm olive-oil. In America, they put faith in whisky, Virginian snake-root (*Aristolochia serpentaria*), or a mixture of alcohol, hartshorn, and oil of amber, known as *eau de luce*. Loskiel says the most efficacious remedy for the rattle-snake's bite is the rattle-snake-root (*Polygala senega*), which grows plentifully in places infested by those reptiles. Spanish writers extol the Carthagena bean, cayenne-pepper, and rum. Cape Boors apply a cut fowl or frog to the wound till it dies; another and another succeeds, till one is found to survive the operation, when the venom is supposed to be all extracted, and the cure complete. In India, the natives believe in the Tanjore pill, which is based on arsenic. Taking a hint from the circumstance, Dr Ireland, when at St Lucia, administered Fowler's arsenical solution in two drachm doses with great success; but after all, the simplest, readiest, and most certain remedy seems to be, to open the wound with a knife, and suck the poison out of it.

There is one remedy, the merits of which are asserted and denied with equal confidence; this is the 'snake-stone,' which Mr Davy vows is made of charred bone or chalk, and quite incapable of producing any effect—a statement not exactly reconcilable with the following story, as told by Sir Emerson Tennent: Three English gentlemen, riding along a jungle, saw one of two Tamils, who were approaching them, suddenly dart into the forest, and return, holding a cobra de capello by the head and tail. He called to his companion to assist in placing it in their covered basket, but in doing this, he handled it so inexpertly, that it seized him by the finger. The blood flowed, and intense pain seemed to follow almost immediately; but with all expedition, the friend of the sufferer undid his waistcloth, and took from it two snake-stones, about the size of a small almond, intensely black, and highly polished. This he applied to the wounds, to which the stones adhered closely, absorbing the blood oozing from the fingers, for three minutes or so, when they dropped off. The sufferer twisted his fingers till the joints cracked, and went on his way rejoicing. The stones were afterwards forwarded by Sir E. Tennent to Mr Faraday, who, on analysing them, pronounced that they were composed of charred bone, 'which has been filled with blood, perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the size and shape of the stones, composed almost entirely of phosphate of lime. If ever employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for it in its present state.' In spite of the proved efficacy of the stone in the instance related, Mr Faraday's conclusions are in accordance with those of Mr Davy.

Ancient imaginations invested the serpent with wondrous powers. The deaf and the blind were to be restored to hearing and seeing, by allowing one to lick the defective organs. The Arabians and the Paracæ were said to be able to understand the languages, and read the thoughts of animals, solely from dieting themselves on the heart and liver of the serpent. Its flesh was eaten by the Romans, after being boiled in a mixture of oil, water, salt, and dill, as a curative agent in hydrophobia and other dangerous diseases. Commodus actually struck a medal to commemorate the personal benefit he had derived from a similar prescription. People of later days have not lacked faith in viper's flesh. Massinger attributes to it the youth-imparting power of Medea's cruel caldron:

> You have eat a snake,
> And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

But it seems to have been necessary to keep to the same food on pain of a relapse:

> He hath left off o' late to feed on snakes,
> His beard 's turned white again.

Our old divines are full of allusions to the virtues of

this reptile diet. In France, it was taken in the form of fowl-stuffing; and the beautiful Lady Digby was fed by careful Sir Kenelm upon capons fattened on viper's flesh. The Japanese soldiery even now eat serpents, to give them courage; the North American Indians esteem dried rattle-snake delicious when broiled, and snakes are not despised by the Chinese or Abyssinians. A religious sect exists in Algeria, who do not trouble themselves to remove the fangs before dining on a serpent, claiming immunity as a privilege inherited from their founder. The Arabs who exhibited themselves as snake-charmers at the Zoological Gardens, said they belonged to the tribe of Rufaiah, who had handed down the mysteries of the art from generation to generation, and over whom the venom has no power. In Egypt, this is supposed to be the case with certain families, and Bruce declares the natives of Sennaar are innocuous to the bite of venomous snakes or scorpions, playing with them without hesitation. He believed that chewing certain vegetables, and washing in an infusion of certain plants, would confer a similar power upon strangers; but although he possessed all the requisite materials, he had not the courage to try the experiment himself. Although it has been said that the snake-charmers perform with fangless serpents, the fact is by no means proved; indeed it is certainly not always the case. Hasselquist, Bruce, Davy, and Tennent, all bear witness to the contrary; the latter saw a charmer, urged on by the taunts of his audience, take some unfamiliar liberties with a cobra, which the snake resented so sharply that the man died the same evening. We are inclined to believe with Mr Davy that the charm consists of confidence and courage, accompanied by the knowledge that the cobra has a great aversion to using its weapons, and never strikes without much preliminary threatening. Indeed, we may observe in conclusion, that the venomous snakes, after all, are not so black as they have been painted. Sir E. Tennent has not been able to report the death of a single European from the fangs of a snake, and although, in five years, sixty-eight deaths have been registered by the coroners of Ceylon as attributable to serpents, the majority of the sufferers were women and children, and in almost every case, the assault took place at night; and as all who have studied the family agree, they only put forth their weapons against man under three circumstances—when put in bodily fear for themselves; when trodden upon; or, most irritating of all, when interrupted in their wooing.

ARCHIDAMIA.

'Pyrrhus next advanced against the city. It was resolved to send the women into Crete, but they remonstrated against it; and the queen, Archidamia, being appointed to speak for the rest, went into the council-hall with a sword in her hand, and said that they did their wives great wrong if they thought them so faint-hearted as to live after Sparta was destroyed.'

The chiefs were met in the council-hall;
Their words were sad and few;
They were ready to fight, and ready to fall,
As the sons of heroes do.

And, moored in the harbour of Gythium, lay
The last of the Spartan fleet,
That should bear the Spartan women away
To the sunny shores of Crete.

Their hearts went back to the days of old;
They thought of the world-wide shock,
When the Persian host like an ocean rolled
To the foot of the Grecian rock;

And they turned their faces, eager and pale,
To the rising roar in the street,
As if the clank of the Spartan mail
Were the tramp of the conqueror's feet.

It was Archidamia, Spartan queen,
Brave as her father's steel;
She stood, like the silence that comes between
The flash and the thunder-peal.

She looked in the eyes of the startled crowd;
Calmly she gazed around;
Her voice was neither low nor loud,
But it rang like her sword on the ground.

'Spartans!' she said—and her woman's face
Flushed out both pride and shame—
'I ask, by the memory of your race,
Are ye worthy of the name?

'Ye have bidden us seek new hearths and graves,
Beyond the reach of the foe;
And now, by the dash of the blue sea-waves,
We swear that we will not go!

'Is the name of Pyrrhus to blanch your cheeks?
Shall he burn, and kill, and destroy?
Are ye not sons of the deathless Greeks
Who fired the gates of Troy?

'What though his feet have scathless stood
In the rush of the Punic foam?
Though his sword be red to its hilt with the blood
That has beat at the heart of Rome?

'Brothers and sons! we have reared you men,
Our walls are the ocean swell;
Our winds blow keen down the rocky glen
Where the stanch Three Hundred fell.

'Our hearts are drenched in the wild sea-flow,
In the light of the hills and the sky;
And the Spartan women, if need be so,
Will teach the men to die.

'We are brave men's mothers, and brave men's wives;
We are ready to do and dare;
We are ready to man your walls with our lives,
And string your bows with our hair.

'Let the young and brave lie down to-night,
And dream of the brave old dead,
Their broad shields bright, for the morrow's fight,
Their swords beneath their head.

'Our breasts are better than bolts and bars;
We neither wail nor weep;
We will light our torches at the stars,
And work while our warriors sleep.

'We hold not the iron in our blood
Viler than strangers' gold;
The memory of our motherhood
Is not to be bought and sold.

'Shame to the traitor-heart that springs
To the faint soft arms of peace,
If the Roman eagle shook his wings
At the very gates of Greece!

'Ask not the mothers who gave you birth
To bid you turn and flee;
When Sparta is trampled from the earth,
Her women can die, and be free.'

P.

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CORACLES.

THE Cymry have one taste in common with a deceased clerical epicure, the Rev. Dr Badham—they are very fond of fish. In this they differ from their Irish cousins, the most western members of that great aboriginal Celtic race who first colonised Western Europe. The Irish are not ichthyophagists: the sport of listering or hooking a salmon is enough for them; and even the boatmen of Killarney, who prepare those delicious broils of lake-salmon on spits cut from the arbutus, prefer to make their own less romantic meal upon the sandwiches of the Sassenach. But Wales, blue, slaty, barren Wales, values the finny tribe according to their merits, and every bold Cambro-Briton is born under the sign of Pisces. Where, now that Dame Juliana Berners is forgotten, and the pleasant *Boke of St Albans* grown obsolete, will you find such wonderful receipts for fish-dinners as are treasured up in Welsh halls, Welsh farmhouses, old Welsh mountain-inns, in those quaint districts where there is yet a harper to twang forth the simple airs that Merlin is said to have composed? Fish were duly honoured in the good old times when those tales were fresh and new, whereof the Mabinogion is a patchwork. And did not Hoël Dda, the Great and Good, King of All Wales, and a sort of Celtic Alfred in his small way of business, estimate three fat salmon as the value of a white loaf, or a golden ring, or an *awmwrch* of ale? And though few, if any, Celtic scholars of our degenerate epoch can say what an awmwrch may have been, still we know that white wheaten bread was eaten but thrice a year at the table of a Welsh prince, and we can therefore guess that salmon were things of price in that bleak principality, touching which Henry Beauclerc wrote to the Emperor of Constantinople, that it bred little but heath and heroes. But if the Welsh fisheries are small of produce in comparison with those of Scotland, of Ireland, or even with the English fishings of some seventy years ago, the quality of the finny spoil is admirable. Severn salmon will always command the highest price in the London market, but next in delicacy and richness to Severn salmon is the salmon of the Dee. After Dee, comes Conway. The Severn is scarcely a Welsh river, despite its romantic birthplace on the spurs of Plinlimmon. True, after laving the walls of Saxon cities, and spreading fertility through Saxon plains, the reedy stream comes back, at the very death-gasp, to end its career within sight of Cambrian hills. But the best fish are caught in Worcestershire and the bordering shire of Gloucester; and Monmouth, itself now English by act of parliament, does but come in for the relics of the feast. Still, Wales has many a stream, and dark lake, and rock-cradled pool, where grand silvery fish lie awaiting the sportsman, or perhaps the poacher, for, alas! it is easier to handle a spear than to throw thirty yards of line with that intuitive delicacy which must be innate, for habit will hardly confer it. That very uncertainty of produce, that occasional scarcity, which makes the Bond Street fishmonger grumble when he expects a call from that sublime gastronomic correspondent of the *Times*, and cannot offer him Corwen salmon, is perhaps lucky for the sportsman. If fish are rare, so are stake-nets, and bag-nets, and cruives, and all the ugly snares which in the best of Scottish waters are certain to lie in wait for the life of the innocent fish, and which threaten the extinction of poor Salmo, in spite of all his somersaults and bounds. Poaching there is, and of a highly scientific quality; but the Welsh 'blackfisher' is a man of strong conservative tendencies, and he loves to use a spear of just the dimensions, barbs, points, stem, and all, which were fashionable when Owen Glyndwr was studying law in Fig Tree Court, so the Salmonidæ get a chance which prosaic nets do not afford them. There was the vale of Llangollen, for instance, a darling haunt of fish and fishers, before the big noisy ironworks, with their tall chimneys, resounding hammers, and volleying puffs of black smoke, combined to frighten away poets and Piscators alike. Never was a vale so desecrated as Llangollen: the ballad survives the reality, and Jenny Jones and Edward Morgan are 'hands' now, one being in the cotton, the other in the iron, interest.

In the old days, there were really pretty cottages, farmhouses where Jenny milked and span, doubtless, while her rhyming lover tended the surefooted flock on the mountain, and the most rustic of inns, with its porch clustered with roses and honeysuckle, where, at anyrate, the traveller was sure of broiled trout and dairy produce in perfection. Then, too, you might be sure of a salmon in every reach of the river, and the trout and parr were as plenty on the shallows as bleak at Richmond.

Probably the best salmon-fishing place on the river Dee, and certainly the most picturesque, is at the Falls of Yrbistoc, in Flintshire. There the swift Deva, rushing like a millrace, takes a sudden leap over a mighty weir of rocks and hewn masonry, and falls boiling and white into a huge black pool below. The very sight of the river, below the weir, would do a salmon-fisher good. In few streams is water so utterly pellucid, so entirely transparent, so black from its sheer depth, and so curiously commingled in brightness and darkness, as the water of the foamy Dee. Up this weir, at certain seasons, the great fish fling themselves, in

their hurry to reach the safe spawning-grounds upstream. It is a curious sight, then, to watch the 'droves' of salmon, as they are technically called, hustling up to the cataract, stemming the rapids with their broad muscular tails, and battling for precedence like a mob round the hustings. How they rise in a succession of mad leaps, falling back but to spring again, splashing, struggling, toiling, and churning the water into milk-white froth, as up, still up, they go, like a string of acrobats in glittering scaly armour, and the tightest pink-silk fleshings! Then, alas, does the poacher await them, with barbed spear and nervous arm, and makes as cruel havoc among the 'drove' as ever did Homeric hero among the Greek or Trojan privates at the siege of Troy. But it is not always that the salmon are migrating from the sea; the spear hangs often idle, and the rod is the only magic wand that can conjure salmon out of the limpid deep. Now, the Welsh miners are remarkably fond of salmon, not to sell, but to eat, when cooked according to certain approved receipts with which the bards were doubtless acquainted, and which have come down unchanged from the druidical days. So, when the miner has a spare afternoon, he goes off to the Falls of Yrbistoc with rod and line and mighty wooden pirn, and creel of plaited flags, and hat stuck full of flies of killing quality. One more requisite he has to provide himself with—his boat. Standing on the shore, a tourist is amazed to behold the approach of what appears to be the shell of some colossal oyster, circular, white, and shining in the sunbeams. Presently, a pair of legs become visible beneath the screen, and anon the owner of this strange vessel nears the bank, tottering under its weight, sets it down, inverts it, launches it without much ceremony, and proceeds very gingerly to embark. This latter feat is an exploit that requires remarkable judgment and discretion. There lies the coracle in shallow water, bobbing and dancing in the liveliest manner, as light as a feather, and as easily toppled over as an egg-shell. To get on board without a capsize and a ducking, the bold mariner must step precisely in the centre of the frail bark, throw his weight to a nicety upon one spot, avoid all lateral impetus, and neither jerk, nor push, nor bear unduly on his tiny vessel's sides, under penalty of a cold-water cure for rashness. Once on board, the fisher crouches down, grasps his paddles, and with dexterous hand pilots his course through shoal and shallow, between sharp rocks—one touch of whose edges is destruction—right up to the bay where the water rolls in thunder over the wave-worn parapet, and the foam-flakes drift along in fleecy masses to the deeply wooded banks. Here lie some seven or eight other coracles, wheeling about amid the strife of waters, and managed by their occupants with the consummate skill that practice alone bestows. They are archæological curiosities, these coracles. When the Grecian fleet of petty sail-boats was timidly creeping along the coast, and rounding the headlands towards Troy, the coracle was no doubt already floating, just as we see it now, on British meres and streams. Triremes and quinquiremes have grown and died out, naval architecture has flourished in a hundred forms, the caravel of Columbus has been succeeded by the *Great Eastern;* but still the coracle survives, the contemporary of one and all. Cæsar saw them, and wondered at them; and we can do no more. In Cæsar's time, however, coracles were chiefly constructed of wicker-work and of hides, though the bee-hive shape is identical. Now a days, they are invariably of canvas or white linen, smeared over with some varnish in most cases, and stretched, not on a wicker, but an ashen or willow framework. This sounds like an innovation, but I doubt if it be so wholly. The 'white coracle,' the 'boat like the swan's breast,' are expressions attributed to Taliessin, and in the *Triads* the simple barks of the country are mentioned as the 'hide-boats' and 'boats of woof' indiscriminately; and we know that linen was plentiful in Wales, when our Saxon ancestors were wearing under-garments of wool.

There, where the bold arch of the cascade touches the frothy whiteness below—where the bubbles rise to the surface of the waves, and gleam prismatic in the sunlight—where the billows spout through crevices of rock, and fret and chafe against the reef, and boil and bound like a living creature in its agony—there, in that hell of waters, the Welsh salmon-fisher plies his fearless trade. How gallantly they face that rush, and roar, and eddying whirl, keeping their frail cockleshells poised on the edge of a rolling hillock of water, calm and skilful, plying the paddle with the left hand, so as to leave the right free for the heavy salmon-rod! And how dexterously, how lightly do they manipulate that ponderous rod, throwing the line here, there, everywhere, so that the fly drops, as if alive, among the wheeling foam-bells! Ah, it is easy, perhaps, after a trifling practice of two seasons, or thereabouts, to cast a fly when one's feet are firmly planted on the substantial green-sward! but in a coracle, in an eggshell-boat of linen and twigs, to fish scientifically while stemming the force of a furious river, life or death depending on every quiet sweep of the paddle, is quite another affair. Yet these descendants of Cadwallader seem comfortable enough in their minds, and sing the while, in their many-consonanted tongue, and their voices harmonise well with the deep murmur of the Falls, as the endless current goes by. Their choice of songs is not a large one, varying between some old ditty that Merlin's nurse may have used to hush him to sleep, and a Methodist hymn, which sounds pretty in Welsh, however. The strange, wild words would impart a grandeur even to Sternhold and Hopkins; and the tune is sure to be faultless, for the Welsh take to music as the song-birds do, and sing airs nearly as ancient.

It is a pretty sight, too, when a big fish is hooked and fighting valiantly for his life, to watch the cool courage of the fisher, towed as he is, in his nautilus-shell, round and round, up and down, between jagged rocks, over beds of tangled weed, into the jaws of danger everywhere. But he paddles and steers, plays the fish, and struggles with the river, all at the same time. Much skill and patience generally produce their effect, and bring the big fish panting up to the side. Then the fisherman, catching the rod in his teeth, snatches up the gaff-hook with the disengaged hand, and, while still paddling, ends the contest by a neat stroke of the glistening steel. Meanwhile, the occupants of the other coracles, each crouched in his almost transparent boat, where he can feel the chill of the gurgling water, look on breathlessly at the great action of Man *v.* Fish; and the peasant-girls, in the hideous black hats, and pretty blue jackets, and showy golden ear-drops, who are passing to the bleachfields, set up a good-natured crow of guttural congratulation. As the great gasping monster is hauled out, flapping idly with his broad tail, the reapers from the croft above, and the spectral figure who is carrying home a great many hundred yards of real Welsh flannel from the bleaching-grounds, artistically swathed about his body and limbs like mummy-wrappings, and the red-whiskered tourists with the crumpled hats and awkward knapsacks, all come crowding up to get a nearer view of the interesting stranger. And when the fish is fairly landed, other fishermen gather to 'heft' the prize, and calculate his weight, and remark on his condition. Perhaps that fish will next day repose on a marble slab in front of Grove's Bond Street Emporium, while streams of icy water, that once congealed in an American lake, play over the slain hero. Meanwhile, another tourist is standing waist-deep in the rapid river, casting his line with a heavy two-handed rod, Aldred or Chevalier's best twenty-foot salmon-rod, as per advertisement, wearing India-rubber boots as high as those

sported by the lamented Ducrow, and trying very much to look as though he liked it. This little harmless hypocrisy is necessary, because four men of his college are looking at him from above the Fall, and representing Public Opinion. It is no agreeable work, that wading and plashing up to one's watch-guard in water, struggling not to be carried off one's feet, and treading on a rough surface of slate and pebbles; but if the coracle seems more tempting, it is a great deal more treacherous. No man not entitled to wear the leek on St David's Day, to write Ap after his name, and to pronounce words of thirteen consonants and no particular vowels, without incurring dental dislocation, *has* any business in a coracle.

The Anglo-Saxon thinks he can do everything. Let him get into a coracle, and try to navigate it, and when he finds himself as helpless as a bear in a washing-tub, he will probably acknowledge his mistake; and whatever he may think of the cry, 'Wales for the Welsh,' will own that 'Coracles for the Welsh' is a most reasonable reservation. Then, too, a coracle will not, without extreme risk, carry two persons; yet Oxford and Cambridge men, on what they are pleased to call a 'reading' excursion, *will* bribe the boatmen, *will* embark in the egg-shell, and *will* 'go in' for a ducking. The consequence is, that every year occur several deaths from drowning, every death representing a terrible sum-total of blighted hopes, affections nipped by cruel frost, the pride of some fond family, the first-love of some innocent girl's heart, perhaps, snatched away.

'But we can swim,' young men say, 'and what does a ducking matter?' Misguided tourist! you will never get the use of your strong young limbs in case of a capsize, but will be drowned, hopelessly helplessly drowned, like a mouse in a patent trap, before you can swim a stroke. Nine times in ten, the coracle turns over upon its late occupants, pinning them down beneath the water, blinding, and smothering, and drowning them, without a chance of escape. Very rarely is any one saved in these accidents, unless prompt help be found; and strength and activity go for little or nothing. Isis outriggers, bark canoes, and Turkish kirlangists are dangerous enough, but they are safety itself when compared with our picturesque friend, the coracle.

THE MODEL FOR AN ARMY.

THERE is no greater proof of the present force of public opinion, and of its imperative demand for improvement and reform in all branches of the state, than the revolution which has taken place of late years in the minds of military men. It was an often quoted saying of the Great Captain of the Age, that a soldier was none the worse for being able and willing to read his Bible; and this, though assented to pretty generally, was thought to be a great admission, and something against which a good deal might nevertheless be urged. A later and lesser Captain ventured to be the advocate of education among all ranks in the army, including the officers, and carried his system into practice, though not, of course, without encountering excessive opposition. A third great Soldier, superior even to the first in many things, of well-tried courage and conduct, of a spirit generous beyond what we read of even in the days of Chivalry, and admitted by all to be a wise and worthy master of men, has just bequeathed to his adopted country—for he has unfortunately been compelled by failing health to return from India—a sketch of what an army, in his judgment, may be made to be, which fulfils the most ardent wishes of the believer in progress.

Sir James Outram is no visionary theorist; he is as well and practically acquainted with the great subject of Military Organisation as any man in India; and yet, seeing how much was lacking, and how much was wrong, he does not despair of supplying its deficiencies and correcting its faults, in future. Modestly as his great scheme is presented to the consideration of the government—with a courteous suggestiveness, and confessed liability to correction, which are characteristic of the man—it is impossible to fail to see how earnestly and firmly he believes in the practicability of all he proposes. His aims, it is true, are high; but if even the result falls short of them, how far, far superior, yet, would be an army formed after the mere shadow of his plan, to that British one, of which, beholding its noble intrepidity in the field, we are too prone to boast as perfect.

'I desire to replenish,' says he, 'the local force (that is, the Indian army) with a higher class of men than those who form the present average of our British armies—to entice into our ranks the steady, sober, and moral peasants and artificers of Britain—and steady, sober, moral, and intelligent men of a still higher parentage and education, but of humble means and uninfluential connections. Such men I would seek—in the interests of the state, and for the honour and moral influence of our nation in this country—to attract to our colours, by opening to every private of high moral character, and superior zeal and ability, the opportunity of working his way up to the highest of our staff-appointments, and to the highest of our military ranks and commands. I propose to make such a feat difficult of accomplishment—too difficult of accomplishment to awaken any reasonable jealousy of those who enter the army as commissioned officers; but still sufficiently practicable to the worthy, the able, the resolute, the industrious, to offer a strong inducement to such to enter the service. And I propose to allow steady, sober, intelligent, and industrious privates to attain the dignity of a commission on still lower terms. I propose to allow *any* private who, by professional excellence and good-conduct, has raised himself to the position of a non-commissioned officer, and who, having for a certain length of time served with honour in that position, has possessed himself of the accomplishments (general and professional) required of an ensign aspiring to a lieutenant's commission, to earn for himself, as of right, by honourable service as a non-commissioned officer, an ensign's commission, with subsequent promotion according to certain defined rules.'

Sir James Outram is not unaware of the violence of those class prejudices which must needs be arrayed against him or any man proposing a measure of this too equitable sort. Reluctantly, it is true, and not concealing his reluctance, he so far gives way to them as to 'abstain from recommending' the conversion of deserving non-commissioned officers into *Regimental* commissioned officers. He only advises that they may be furnished with *unattached* commissions, and proposes that they should be employed—with the position and all the social consideration attaching to commissioned officers—in the various departments now held by 'clerks,' 'deputy' and 'assistant commissioners,' and 'conductors,' whose monthly salaries are equal to, and above that of regimental ensigns, lieutenants, and captains. 'How many hundreds of men there are,' writes he, 'of fair education—men conscious of great but undeveloped capabilities—who pine under the galling conviction that they are pottering away valuable existence in pursuits unworthy of their powers, or who, chafing under the conviction, are driven to irregular courses, or seek to amend their lot in a foreign land, or devote themselves to political agitation—who would rush to our recruiting dépôts were they assured that by hard work, and zealous conduct and steadiness, they could secure honourable employment under the Indian government, and possibly raise themselves to the rank of officers and the position of gentlemen. Under such a system, respectable parents would no longer mourn

over a son who had taken to the ranks, as degraded if not lost, as a sorrow and a reproach to his family. On the contrary, the ranks of the local Indian service would be, to those below the middle classes, just what the Company's commissioned service was wont to be to the middle classes, and the good repute of the local service would be reflected on the royal army. And what would not be the advantage to India of the presence of such a body of men as our European local corps would become under the moral influence of the class of men I speak of, and under the influence of that fine spirit of emulation in steadiness and mental accomplishments which the adoption of my scheme would induce!'

The whole body of troops—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—are to be subjected to a course of school instruction, according to their several requirements, ranging upwards from simple reading, writing, and arithmetic, to such higher branches of education as it may from time to time be found practicable to afford instruction in; while to each regimental school a Senior department is to be added, that non-commissioned officers and privates may avail themselves of further advantages, if they wish. Such students as, after four years in the senior department, are reported to have acquired a creditable acquaintance with all the subjects of study, and shall produce from commanding officers certificates of being good and efficient soldiers, and steady, sober, and well-conducted men, to be placed on a general Roll of 'Qualified Candidates for minor staff-posts,' and to be eligible for various clerkships and sub-employments.

'Non-commissioned officers who have creditably passed through the senior department—who have done regimental duty for not less than three years as non-commissioned officers—who have acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of their commanding officers—and who aspire to the attainment of commissions—to be permitted to attend the instructions of the station-instructors, at the head-quarters of their division, for a period of eighteen months. During this period, to be attached to those arms of the service to which they do not themselves belong; and, on its expiry, should they, during the whole of that period, have conducted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the commanding officers under whom they have been placed, to be permitted to present themselves at the examination of ensigns aspiring to be lieutenants.'

The appointment of commissioned officers is to rest, as at present, with the Secretary of State for India, and the candidates to be subject to the present 'pass' examination, in addition to having to give evidence of being expert swimmers, accomplished and bold riders, fair fencers, and rapid and accurate sketchers. No ensign to be promoted to be lieutenant, no lieutenant to be made captain, and no captain to be major or lieutentant-colonel, without passing in respect to each grade, (1) a general examination, (2) a professional examination, proving his fitness for the grade to which he aspires. Notwithstanding all this advocacy of education, Sir James Outram confidently appeals to all who know him to witness that he is the very last man to wish to make bookworms out of either officers or men. For that large class who do not care for intellectual pleasures, he would provide every sort of recreative establishment—gymnasia, bowling-alleys, racket-courts, and shooting-galleries, *under cover*, so that 'our soldiers shall be without excuse for, on the one hand, lounging all day in their drill barrack-rooms, dozing, gambling, grumbling, or wasting their time, or, on the other hand, for wandering forth in the noonday heat; and that those of them who take no interest in books or industrial occupations, as well as those who, after devoting themselves for some time to such pursuits, seek vent for their superfluous energies, shall at all times have at hand the means of engaging in a variety of manly and interesting exercises, without exposing themselves to the sun. I care not how plain or shabby be the structures which I solicit on their behalf, provided they afford perfect shelter, and are adequately ventilated.'

He would erect near every European barrack a covered swimming-bath; and especially, he would improve the character of the Canteen, and the condition of the dwellings of the private soldier. Upon this matter, addressing the viceroy of India and his own colleagues in the commission appointed to consider the question of military organisation, he says: 'I know that, were I addressing the public, instead of the honoured nobleman and colleagues whom I do address, I should, by expressing such an opinion, lay myself open to ridicule and censure. By some, I should be laughed at as a *doctrinaire*, who aimed at dressing our troops in purple and fine linen, and bringing them on parade like theatrical brigands in pumps and silk stockings; as one who believed that if revolutions were not to be "extinguished with rose-water," discipline, at all events, might be maintained by Eau-de-Cologne. By others, I should be seriously taken to task for seeking to "pamper" our soldiers, to awaken in them tastes unsuitable to their position and prospects in life, and to unfit them, while in cantonments, for the rough business of the field. His excellency the viceroy and my honourable colleagues know that, be my views right or wrong, I am neither a *doctrinaire* nor a pamperer of soldiers. But I confess myself one of those who believe that external circumstances very powerfully influence the inner man, and that there is a very intimate connection between material and moral refinement. Every argument in favour of substituting neatness for squalor in the dwellings of the humble classes in civil life, appears to me as logically establishing the propriety of elevating mere neatness into elegance. And every argument in behalf of uncostly and modest elegance, which is valid in respect of the civil population, I conceive to be, *à fortiori*, applicable to their military brethren. Let any one inquire, in any barrack-square, for the quarters of any of the best and most efficient soldiers who happen to be married to decent wives—I will answer for it he will find the man's room furnished, as far as means allow, with all attainable conveniences and little luxuries, such as he would find in a comfortable cottage at home; and he will learn that, in exact proportion as this is the case, the man is a steady good soldier, on whom his officers can depend. If the men's wives find that these decencies and conveniences are powerful aids to the other attractions of home, and help to keep their husbands steady and contented, without in any way taking from their professional qualifications, why should we doubt that similar results would follow in the case of those who have no home but the public rooms of the barrack?'

Not only in cantonments, but on board all transport-ships, he recommends that every means of recreation for the soldiers may be provided. 'Bull boards, chess, draft, and backgammon boards, and such like recreative appliances, should be regarded by those who are intrusted with the fitting out of transports as scarcely less necessary than lime-juice and preserved meats. Many a man devoid of any taste for reading has, I believe, been saved from plunging into the coarser enjoyments of Indian barrack-life by having learned and acquired a passion for chess during his voyage out to this country.' Especially he insists that the European private should be taught on board ship something of the place he is coming to, and of the manner of life that will be most conducive to his health there. He suggests that lectures upon this subject might be delivered, and divert the tedium of the voyage; 'and no one who has seen much of the European soldier on his first arrival in India, can doubt that the lessons thus given would

prove to him very useful, smoothing away many of his early difficulties, and saving him from many an imposition, and many a fracas with natives.'

It is impossible, in the scanty space here permitted to us, that we can touch upon one-tenth of the hopeful suggestions given to us by Sir James Outram in his long and laborious Report. He seems to have literally omitted nothing. He rarely proposes any measure without resolutely meeting and disposing of the probable objections to it, or recommends any expenditure without shewing how the investment is to be repaid. We will conclude with some deeply interesting remarks of his upon a matter which, from his anxious reiteration, it is plain has been but too little adverted to—namely, the behaviour of officers to their men. If the natives of India had been less kicked about, and less habitually denominated 'black fellows,' it is possible we might have been spared the late revolt. It is certain that, in the case of Europeans, any friendly kindness from superior to inferior is greatly estimated by the recipient—more greatly perhaps from its comparative rarity—and should be far more widely practised than it is. Sir James Outram is not alone in deeming that discipline far from suffers from the familiar intercourse of officers and men. Sir Henry Lawrence, 'the wisest, the truest, and the most practical soldiers' friend that England has produced,' was quite of his opinion in this matter. 'His theories,' says Sir James, 'were all reduced to practice. At Lahore, at Aboo, at Lucknow, he was wont to give effect to them by many a soldiers' picnic; his sad but noble countenance brightening with benevolent joy as dish after dish of good things vanished down the comprehensive throats of his humble guests; his fine musical voice leading with unaffected gusto the "hip, hip, hurrah" with which the honest fellows, as they quaffed their beer, cheered their "Queen," their "Colonel," their "Colours," and their "Chaplain," winding up with "Our wives and babies," and "Our noble selves;" and his feeble but active frame quivering with delight as, by the addition of some portion of his own (invariably shabby) dress, he strove to enhance the grotesqueness of a mummer's costume, or encored a comic song, or successfully pleaded with the commanding officer for "one more donkey-race," or, after a rummage among the hampers, shouted out the glorious discovery that there was still "another box of squibs and crackers."'

It was at entertainments of this kind, too, though the spectators knew it not, that the keen eye of Lawrence was upon every officer, noting those who really sympathised, and those who merely affected to sympathise, with the merry *abandon* of the men; those who possessed, and those who did not possess, the faculty of winning their regard and respect; those who fraternised with the roughest private without loss of dignity, and those with whom familiarity tended to beget contempt. And it was mainly, we are told, from what he observed on one of these occasions, that he fixed upon Colonel Inglis as the man best fitted to succeed himself in the chief-ship of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow.

In this wonderful Report of Sir James Outram's, so practical and so particular in its details, there is yet no touch of red tapeism. It has all the advantages of one of the Blue-book skeletons, with flesh and blood and the breath of life superadded; nor does he scorn to use the lightest anecdote, so long as it can be depended upon for truth, and helps his argument. Here is a lesson, such as no man can read without pleasure as well as profit, concerning the duty of officers towards the wives and children of their men. 'It is not enough that officers should invariably be kind to the women and children of their men—few are otherwise—but they should be *methodically* so. The women should feel, and their husbands and husbands' comrades should see, that the most trifling matters affecting their comfort and happiness engaged their officers' constant and solicitous attention. The should be addressed as if it were assumed that every woman was, in feelings, a lady, and in moral tone all that her best friends could wish. One little incident that occurred under my own command, serves well to illustrate the appreciation which soldiers have of respectful conduct on the part of officers to their female relatives. An officer who, like the rest of his comrades, had to leave all his property behind on the evacuation of Lucknow, was, on his arrival at the Alumbagh, accosted by a sergeant and two privates of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who brought him several silver articles which he had left in his room on the occasion of his starting for the Dilkoosha in charge of ladies and children of the garrison, twenty-four hours before the troops finally moved out of the intrenchment. "It was a small thing, sir," said the honest sergeant, in reply to the earnest thanks of my astonished friend, "to do for you and your good lady, who made us tea with her own hands, yes, and brought it to us every day we were on duty near your quarters; and this, sir," he added, pointing to one of the men, "is an old friend, sir; he knew you at Warley. Here, Jack, speak up for yourself to the gentleman." And Jack promptly answered the summons. "Yes, sir," he said, "there 's much come and gone since then, but I knowed you the moment I seed you, and I told them all about you, sir. It 's not every officer, sir, as brings presents to our babies, and lifts his hat to our wives, and calls them ma'am. She 's gone, sir, she 's gone," added the honest fellow, brushing a tear from his manly eyes; "but she minded you to the last; and the time the colonel and you stopped your carriage to give her a lift, poor lass, from the railway on that wet afternoon." We may depend upon it that kindly presents given to soldiers' babies are crumbs thrown on the water, that after many days will return with interest, if not to the donors, at least to the service; but more valuable still is that respectful deference shewn to soldiers' wives, symbolised in the act of "calling them ma'am."'

With this simple but touching illustration of the advantages of the law of love—forming Sir James's 109th suggestion, and raising its head among the arid statistics of the subject like a flower in a brick-field—so chivalrous, so tender, so wise, we may fitly close our notice of the official Report of the Bayard of India.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXII.—WA-KA-RA.

The lodges were aligned in double row, with a wide avenue between them. At its head stood one of superior dimensions—the wigwam of the chief. They were all of conical shape—a circle of poles converging at their tops, and covered with skins of the buffalo, grained and bleached to the whiteness of wash-leather. A split in the front of each formed the entrance, closed by a list of the hide that hung loosely over it; and near the top of each appeared a triangular piece of skin, projecting outward from the slope of the side, and braced, so as to resemble an inverted sail, of the kind known as *lateen*. It was a wind-guard to aid the smoke in its ascent.

On the outer surface of each tent was exhibited the biography of its owner—expressed in picture-writing. More especially were his deeds of prowess thus recorded—encounters with the cougar and grizzly bear—with Crows, Cheyennes, Pawnees, and Arapahoes—each under its suitable symbol.

The great tent of the chief was particularly distinguished with this kind of emblematical emblazonment—being literally covered with signs and figures, like the patterns upon a carpet. No doubt, one skilled in the interpretation of these savage hieroglyphs, might have read from that copious cipher many a tale of terrible incident.

In front of each tent stood tall spears, with shields of *parfleché* leaning against them; also long bows of *bois d'arc* (*maclura aurantica*), and shorter ones of horn—the horns of the mountain-ram. Skin-quivers, filled with arrows, hung suspended from the shafts; and I observed that in almost every grouping of these weapons there was a gun—a rifle.

This did not astonish me. I knew that, to the Utah, the medicine weapon is no longer a mystery.

Here and there, hides freshly flayed were pegged out upon the grass, with squaws kneeling around them, engaged in the operation of graining. Girls, with water-tight baskets poised upon the crown of the head, were coming from or going towards the stream; men stood in groups, idly chatting, or squatted upon the turf, played at games of chance. Boys were busy at their bow-practice; and still younger children rolled their naked bodies over the grass, hugging half-grown puppies—the companions of their infant play. Troops of dogs trotted among the tents; while a mixed herd of horses, mules, sheep, goats, and donkeys browsed the plain at a little distance from the camp.

Such was the *coup d'œil* that presented itself to my gaze as we rode up to the Utah encampment.

As might be expected, our arrival caused a change in the occupation of everybody. The dicers leaped to their feet—the squaws discontinued their work and flung down their scrapers upon the skins. '*Ti-ya!*' was the exclamation of astonishment that burst from hundreds of lips. Children screamed, and ran hiding behind their dusky mothers; dogs growled and barked; horses neighed; mules hinnied; while the sheep and goats joined their bleating to the universal chorus.

'On to the chief's tent!' said my companion, gliding to the ground, and preceding me on foot, 'yonder! the chief himself—Wa-ka-ra!'

An Indian of medium size, and perfect form, in leggings of scarlet cloth, tunic of embroidered buck-skin, head-dress of coloured plumes, with crest that swept backward and drooped down to his heels; a gaily striped *serapé*, suspended scarf-like over the left shoulder, with a sash of red China crape wound loosely around the waist, completed a costume more picturesque than savage.

A face of noble type, with an eye strongly glancing, like that of an eagle; an expression of features in no way fierce, but, like his dress, more gentle than savage; a countenance in repose, mild—almost to meekness.

Had I known the man who stood before me, I might have remarked how little this latter expression corrresponded with his real character; not that he was cruel, but only famed for warlike prowess. I was face to face with the most noted war-chief of America: whose name, though new to me, was at that moment dreaded from Oregon to Arispe, from the banks of the Rio Bravo to the sierras of Alta California. It was *Walker*—the war-chief of the Utahs—the friend of the celebrated trapper, whose name he had adopted; and which, by the modification of Utah orthoepy had become *Wa-ka-ra*.

An odd individual—a very odd one—was standing beside the chief as I rode up. This appeared to be a Mexican, to judge by his costume and the colour of his skin. The former consisted of *jaqueta* and *calsoneros* of dark-coloured velveteen, surmounted by a broad-brimmed *sombrero* of black glaze; while the complexion, although swarth, was several shades lighter than that of an Indian. He was a man of diminutive stature, and with a countenance of a serio-comical cast. An expression of this kind pervaded his whole person—features and figure included—and was heightened by the presence of a singular accoutrement, that hung suspended from his leathern waist-belt. It was a piece of timber some eighteen inches in length, and looking like the section of a boot-tree, or the half of a wooden milk-yoke. At the thick end was a concavity or socket, with straps, by which it was attached to the belt; and this odd apparatus hanging down over his thigh, added to the grotesque appearance of its owner.

The little Mexican had all the cut of a 'character;' and he was one, as I afterwards learned. He was no other than the famous Pedro Archilete, or 'Peg-leg,' as his comrades called him—a trapper of Taos, and one of the most expert and fearless of that fearless fraternity.

The odd accoutrement which had puzzled me was nothing more than an artificial leg, which, however, he only used upon occasions; whenever the natural one—the ankle of which had been damaged by an Indian bullet—gave out through the fatigue of a march. At other times, he carried the wooden leg, as I first saw it, suspended from his belt!

His presence in the Indian encampment was easily accounted for. He was in alliance with their chief, for the Utahs were at that time *en pas* with the settlements of the Taos Valley; and the Spanish trappers and traders went freely among them.

Peg-leg had been on a trapping expedition to the Parks; and by accident, or otherwise, had become the guest of Wa-ka-ra.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

PEG-LEG.

'The white huntress has returned soon?' said the chief, as the girl glided up to him. 'She brings strange game!' added he with a smile. 'Who is the young warrior with the white circle upon his breast? He is a pale-face? It is not the custom of our white brothers to adorn themselves in such fashion?'

'The painting is not his,' replied the girl. 'It has been done by the hands of his enemies—by red men. The white circle was designed for a mark, at which many bullets have been fired. The red streaks you see are blood, that has streamed from wounds inflicted on the stranger's body. When Wa-ka-ra shall know who caused that blood to flow, he will hasten to avenge it.'

'If it be the wish of the white huntress, Wa-ka-ra will avenge the blood—even though his own people may have spilled it. Speak, Ma-ra-nee! You say that red men have done this—were they Utahs?'

'No—but the enemies of the Utahs.'

'The Utahs have many enemies—on the north, south, east, and west they have foes—whence comes the white stranger? and who has been spilling his blood?'

'From the east—from the *Arapahoes*.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the chief with a start, his countenance suddenly becoming clouded with an angry expression. 'Arapahoes? Where has the pale-face encountered the Arapahoes?'

'On the Huerfano.'

'Good—the white huntress brings news that will gladden the hearts of the Utah warriors! Arapahoes on the Huerfano! who saw them there?'

The huntress replied by pointing to me.

'He has been their captive,' she added, 'and has just escaped from them. He can guide Wa-ka-ra to their camp, where the Utah chief will find his deadliest enemy—Red-Hand.'

At the mention of this name, the cloud that was gathering upon the brow of the Utah chief became darker by several shades, and the mild expression was no longer observable. In its place was a look of fierce resolve, blended with glances that spoke a savage joy. Some old and terrible resentment was rekindled by the name, with a hope no doubt of its being gratified.

The chief now commenced a series of interrogatories. He spoke English—thanks to his trapper associations. It was in this language he had been conversing with

the huntress. His inquiries were directed to such particulars, as might put him in possession of the necessary knowledge for an attack upon the Arapahoes; and, as rapidly as possible, I made known their position and numbers—with other circumstances calculated to aid in the design.

The account seemed to satisfy him; and as soon as it was given, he declared his intention to proceed to the valley of the Huerfano. To me it was joyful news: my comrades might yet be rescued from their cruel fate!

'Ma-ra-nee!' said he, addressing himself to the huntress, 'take the stranger to your tent! Give him food. And you, *Cojo!*' he continued, turning to the little Mexican, 'you are skilled in medicine—look to his wounds! He can repose, while we are preparing. Ho! sound the signal of *assembly!* Summon our braves to the war-dance!'

The last words were addressed to an Indian who stood in the rear of the tent. Quickly succeeding them, the notes of a bugle burst upon the air—strange sounds in an Indian camp! But the white man's music was not the only sign of civilised life to be observed among the tents of the Utahs. The guns and pistols—the spurs, lances, and saddles—the shakos and helmets—all spoke of spoiled *presidios* on the Mexican frontier—while fair-skinned *doncellas* of Spanish race were seen mingling with the copper-coloured squaws—aiding them in their domestic duties—captives apparently contented with their captivity!

None of this was new to me. I had witnessed similar scenes in the land of the Comanche. They are of daily occurrence along the whole frontier of Spanish America—where the red man constantly encroaches—reclaiming the country of his ancestors, wrested from him three centuries ago by the cupidity of the *Conquistadores*. Upon his side now lies the strength—if not in numbers—at least in courage and war-prowess. The horse he once dreaded is now his dearest friend; and he can manage him with a skill scarcely equalled by his pale-faced adversary. The lance and fire-weapon are in his hands; the spirit-thunder no longer appals him: he knows its origin and nature; and uses it in the accomplishment of a terrible retaliation. On the northern continent, Utah and Yaqui, Kioway and Comanche, Apache and Navajo, have all proved their superiority over the degenerated descendants of Cortez; as in the south have Chuncho and Cashibo, Goajiro and Auracanian, over those of the ruthless Pizarro.

The red man no longer goes to war as a mere savage. He has disciplined his strength into a perfect strategy; and possesses a military system as complete as that of most civilised nations. The Comanche cavalry charges in line; and can perform evolutions to the call of the bugle!

So can the Utah, as I had evidence at that moment. Before the trumpet-notes had ceased to reverberate from the rocks, five hundred warriors had secured their horses, and stood armed and ready to mount. A regiment of regular dragoons could not have responded to 'Boots and saddles' with greater expedition!

Peg-leg took possession of me.

'Señor Pintado!' said he, speaking in Spanish, and after having examined my wounds, 'the best medicine for you will be your breakfast; and while your *conpaisana* is preparing it, you can come with me, and have a little water thrown over you. This painting does not improve your looks; besides, if it get into your wounds, they will be all the more difficult to make a cure of. Come on!'

The huntress had retired to a tent that stood near that of the chief, and a little to the rear of it. I followed the Mexican, who, in a hobbling gait, proceeded towards the stream.

The cold bath, assisted by some Taos brandy from the gourd bottle of the trapper, soon restored my strength; and the hideous pigment, lathered with the bruised roots of the *palmilla*—the soap-plant of the New Mexicans—soon disappeared from my skin. A few slices of the *oregano* cactus applied to my wounds, put them in a condition to heal with a rapidity almost miraculous—for such is the curative power of this plant. My Mexican *medico* was yet more generous, and furnished me with a handsome Navajo blanket that served as a complete covering for my shoulders.

'*Carrambo!*' said he, as he tendered the garment, 'take it, *Americano!* You may be able to repay me when you have recovered your possible-sack from the Arapahoes. *Mira!*' he added, pointing towards the tents—'your breakfast is ready: yonder the *señorita* is calling you. Take heed, *hombre!* or her eyes may cause you a more dangerous wound than any you have had from the bullets of the Arapahoes. *Vaya!*'

I resisted my inclination to make inquiries, though the hint of the Taos trapper half furnished me with an excuse. My 'country-woman,' he had called her. No doubt he knew more of her history; but I questioned him not. Remembering her promise, I had hopes that I might learn it from her own lips.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS.

'Aha, stranger!' said she, as I approached the tent, 'he has altered your appearance wonderfully. Oh! you are not so frightful now. Come in! Here is *piñole*, and a little broiled goat's flesh. I am sorry I did not bring some of the wild sheep. It is most excellent; but in my haste I did not think of it. Bread I cannot give you: we never have it here.'

'I have been accustomed to ruder fare than this,' said I, accepting the proffered viands, and without further ceremony, seating myself to discuss them.

There was an interval of silence, during which I continued eating. Once or twice, my hostess went out, returning again to see if anything was wanted. The warlike preparations going on outside appeared greatly to interest her; and I thought she regarded them with impatience, or as if anxious about the event.

Who or what was the object of this solicitude? Wa-ka-ra?

In what relationship stood she to the chief? A captive she could scarcely be: else would she not have been permitted to stray so far from the encampment? His wife? The separate tent, as also the style used by the Utah in addressing her, negatived the idea. What, then? I longed to hear the history of the wild huntress, but the opportunity had not yet arrived.

'Ah!' said she, returning once more within the tent, 'I fear they will be too late. The red post is only just now erected; and the war-dance may last for an hour. It is a useless ceremony—only a superstition. The chief himself does not believe in it, but his braves will not go to battle without performing it. Hark! they are commencing the chant!'

I caught the low monotone of many voices, gradually rising and swelling into a prolonged chorus. At intervals, one was heard speaking in solo: as if proclaiming some distinguished deed, to incite the warriors to emulation. Then followed a clangour of yells, and loud whoops, breathing menace and revenge.

'It is the war-song that accompanies their dance,' added she. 'You may rest till it is finished. Then you must be ready: they will ride off as soon as the ceremony is over.'

She flung herself on one of the buffalo-robes that covered the floor of the tent; and half seated, half reclining, appeared to reflect. The attitude displayed a womanly form of magnificent outlines; and with a face dazzlingly beautiful, this singular woman presented a picture something more than attractive.

'Wa-ka-ra must love her!' thought I.

As I made this reflection, I again observed the melancholy shade upon her countenance; and once more the resemblance to her of whom I was thinking!

My interest in the beautiful huntress was every moment augmenting. I felt an indescribable yearning to hear the story of her misfortunes—for in no other light could I regard the situation in which I had found her.

'You have promised to tell me of yourself,' said I, reminding her of what she had said.

'I shall keep my promise upon the condition, of which I have forewarned you.'

'Name it then—if not impossible, I am ready to accept it.'

'It is not impossible—though it may tax your generosity more than you expect. You have said that you intend returning to the States. Will you take me with you?'

A start must have betrayed my astonishment at the unexpected request.

'Willingly,' I replied; 'but now—I fear—it is impossible.'

'Your journey is not ended? Is that what you mean?'

'Alas! I know not when or where it may end.'

'That is strange! but you intend to go back sometime! Till then, let me be your travelling companion?'

The proposal left me for the moment without a word to say.

'Oh, do not refuse me!' continued she, in an appealing tone; 'I will wait upon you; I will hunt for you—anything, but longer I cannot stay here. With all their kindness—and they have been kind, in their own rude fashion—I cannot remain. I long for the society of civilised beings. O stranger, I cannot tell you how I long to see one!'—— She hesitated.

'Whom?' I asked in hopes of hearing a name.

'A sister—a sweet gentle sister, who loved me as her own life—whom I loved more than my life. Oh, not till we were parted knew I the strength of that love.'

'How long since you have seen her?'

'Six months ago, I left her—deceived by a villain, I left her—six years it has seemed! Oh! I cannot endure this savage life. They honour me—they give me all the hospitality in their power—but I am not happy. Stranger, say you will relieve me from this terrible existence? Say you will take me with you!'

'I freely promise it, if it be your desire. But what of these? Will they—will *he* consent?'

'Who?'

'Wa-ka-ra.'

'Yes—yes! He has said I may go whenever an opportunity should offer. Brave chief! he has nobly kept his word to him who is now no more.'

'To whom?'

'To him who saved my life—to him who saved me —— Ah! see, the chief approaches! the war-song is ended. At another time, I shall tell you all; but not now. We must haste, or the warriors will be gone.'

'Surely *you* do not intend to accompany us?'

'The women follow at a distance, to take care of the wounded. I go with them.'

The voice of Wa-ka-ra calling to me to join him and his warriors put an end to a dialogue that had done but little to illustrate the story of the strange personage by my side.

If possible, I was more mystified than ever; but it was not a time to be tempted by the lure of an idle curiosity, however interesting the theme. The perilous situation of my old comrades came once more vividly before my mind, recalling me to my duty; and, hurrying from the presence of that beautiful being—that I hoped soon to behold again—I leaped upon the back of my horse, and joined the Utah warriors, as they swept in full gallop from out the lines of their encampment.

CHAPTER LXXV.

EFFECTING THE SURROUND.

The ride was rough and rapid. Notwithstanding the superiority of my steed, it was as much as I could do to keep pace with my new allies, whose horses, used to all sorts of ground, went gliding along the uneven paths, as if they had been graded roads. Through tangled bushes they scrambled without stay, over sharp and slippery rocks, their unshod hoofs rendering them sure-footed as mountain sheep.

Down the gorge lay our route; and paths, over which I had almost feared to walk my horse, were now passed in a quick continuous gallop.

We soon reached the scene of my encounter with the huntress. The dog still kept sentry over the game. Couchant by the body of the bighorn, he only growled as the cavalcade swept past. No one stopped to relieve him of his charge. On a war-expedition the chase is universally neglected. Even its spoils are spurned. Hunger is supposed to beget prowess, as it sharpens the wits; and the savage fights best upon an empty stomach.

The hurried movements of the Indians—the eagerness each one exhibited to press forward—proved how earnest they were on this expedition. It was not my affair that was stimulating them to such speed. A tribal hostility of long standing—older than the warriors themselves—existed between Utah and Arapaho. Between the bands of Wa-ka-ra and Red-Hand the hostile inheritance had increased until it had reached the maximum of the most deadly *vendetta*.

This will account for the hot haste with which we hurried on—for the universal excitement that prevailed in the ranks of my Utah allies. They knew that they outnumbered their enemies. They already exulted in the anticipation of a grand *coup*.

For all that, they were not rushing recklessly into battle. The Utah chieftain was too skilled a soldier. I perceived that he was acting upon a preconceived plan; and his strategy was now made known to me.

It was that of the 'surround.' The band was to break up into four divisions of nearly equal numerical strength. The first, under Wa-ka-ra himself, was to go round by the bluffs; and, having worked its way into the lower cañon, would enter the plain from that direction. Should the Arapahoes attempt to retreat towards the Arkansas, this party would intercept them.

A second division—also keeping above the bluffs—would make to a point nearly opposite the butte; where, by a ravine known to the Indians, a descent could be made into the valley of the Huerfano.

A third was to seek its station upon the opposite side—where a similar defile led down to the plain; while the remaining warriors were to move forward by the upper cañon, and halt at its mouth, until the other three parties were known to have reached their respective places.

At a signal agreed upon, all four divisions were to move forward at a rapid gallop, and close in upon the enemy. The first party were to give the cue, as it had furthest to go; and, by the time it could reach its destination, the others would be ready. A smoke was to be the signal for charging forward.

The plan was well conceived; and if it should prove that the Arapahoes were still by the butte, a fight *à l'outrance* might be looked for as the certain result. They would have no alternative but fight.

The execution of the movement was soon entered upon. Near the place where I had passed the last hours of the night, a side ravine—which, in the darkness I had not observed—sloped up out of the gorge. By cañons and deep defiles the whole face of the country was cut up in this *bipinnate* fashion—every

pass of it being well known to the Utahs. Hence their confidence in being able to effect the surround of the Arapahoes—less familiar with this region; and who must have been tempted thither by the passage of the train.

Up the lateral ravine went Wa-ka-ra with his dusky warriors; while the second division, intended to take station on the bluff, defiled by the same track, but more slowly.

The others kept on down the gorge.

On reaching the main cañon, the party destined for the opposite bluff separated from the other; and proceeded circuitously by a branch ravine that opened above.

The fourth and last division rode direct down the bank of the river, upon the path by which I had been pursued. This division was in charge of the second chief; and to it was I myself assigned, with Peg-leg, who was also a volunteer, as my immediate companion. The trapper had himself some old scores to settle with the Arapahoes; and appeared as eager for the fight as any Utah in the tribe.

Apprehensive of falling in with some straggling pursuers of the preceding night, we moved forward with caution. The sub-chief was an old warrior, whose scars and grizzled hair betokened experience of many a hostile encounter, and no doubt many a cunning stratagem. Scouts were sent in advance; and these, returning from time to time, signalled that the path was clear.

Advancing in this fashion, we at length reached the embouchure of the cañon, and halted within its gloomy shadow.

As yet not an Arapaho had been seen; but, on climbing to a ledge of rocks, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the enemy was still by the butte. I saw not them, but their horses—the *cavallada* being almost in the position in which I had left it!

From this it was evident that they had returned from the pursuit—had abandoned it altogether, and given their steeds to the grass. A few only of the men were in sight—moving about among the fires, that still burned upon the plain; but the strength of the *cavallada* told that the others were there—no doubt, concealed from view by the interposed mass of the mound.

I saw the wagon by its base—the white tilt conspicuous against the dark-green foliage of the cedars—but my eyes dwelt not upon this. In rapid glance, they were carried to the summit.

The crucifix was still there. I could trace its timbers—its upright and horizontal beams—though not distinctly.

I knew what was rendering their outlines indistinct. There was a body upon the cross—the body of a man. It was that which interrupted the regularity of the lines.

The timbers were between me and the body—for I viewed it from behind—and at such a distance, I could not have told who was the crucified man, even had he been facing me. Wingrove or Sure-shot—one or the other? Of that much I was certain.

I could make out that the man was naked, just as I had been myself: I saw the white skin glistening along each side of the upright post.

While gazing upon it, I heard the report of a musket. Nearly at the same instant, a little white cloud was seen ascending into the air. It rose from behind the butte; and was easily recognisable as smoke produced by the discharge of a gun. The savages had returned to their cruel sport. Too clearly did I comprehend the signs of that fiendish exhibition.

After regarding the crucifix for awhile, I noted a circumstance that enabled me to decide which of my comrades was undergoing the terrible ordeal. To a certainty, Sure-shot was the sufferer.

The Red-Hand had fulfilled his threat; and my brave preserver was now promoted to my place.

The circumstance that guided me to this knowledge was sufficiently definite. I could tell it was Sure-shot by his height. I remembered that my own crown scarcely reached the top of the upright post. That of him now enduring the torture rose above it, by the head. Under the bright sunbeam, there was a sheen of yellow hair. That of Wingrove would have appeared black. Beyond doubt, Sure-shot was the martyr now mounted upon that dread cross!

I viewed the spectacle with feelings not to be envied. My soul chafed at the restraint, as it burned with bitter indignation against these demons in human form. I should have rushed forward to stay the sacrifice, or, if too late, to satisfy the vengeance it called forth; but I was restrained by reflecting on the impotency of the act. The prudent chief who commanded the Indians would not move, till the smoke-signal should be seen; and videttes had climbed far up on the cliff, to watch for and announce it.

It was not anticipated that we should have long to wait. Our party had moved slowly forward; and the time consumed in our advance was considerable—almost enough to have enabled the others to get to their respective stations.

This thought—along with my experience of the ball-practice of the Arapahoes—in some measure reconciled me to the delay. If he upon the cross was still living, his chances of escape were scarcely problematical. Another shot or two from such marksmen would be neither here nor there.

If the man were already dead, then was the delay of *less* consequence: we should still be in time to avenge him.

But he was *not* dead. The proof that he was living was before my eyes; though, in the confusion of the moment, I had not sooner perceived it. Above the top of the post appeared the head held stiffly upright. This proved that the body still lived. Had it been otherwise, the head would have been drooping.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUNTRESS.

I had just made this observation as the Mexican clambered up the rock, and took stand by my side.

'*Hijo de Dios!*' exclaimed he, as his eyes fell upon the cross, '*la crucifixion!* What a conception for savages! See!' he continued, as another white cloud puffed out from behind the sloping side of the mound, and the report came thundering up the valley, '*Santissima!* they are firing at the unfortunate!'

'Yes,' said I; 'they are playing with one of my comrades, as they did yesterday with myself.'

'Ah, *mio amigo!* that is an old game of the Arapahoes. They used to practise it with their arrows, and for mere sport. Now that they have taken to guns, I suppose they combine instruction with amusement, as the books say. *Carrambo!* what cruel brutes they are! They have no more humanity than grizzly bears. God help the poor wretch that falls into their clutches! Their captive women they treat with a barbarity unknown among other tribes. Even beauty that would soften a savage of any other sort, is not regarded by these brutal Arapahoes. Only think of it! They were about to treat in this very fashion the beautiful *Americana*—the only difference being that they had strapped her to a tree instead of a crucifix. *Carrambo!*'

'The beautiful Americana?'

'Yes—she who brought you to the camp.'

'What! She in the hands of the Arapahoes?'

'*Sin duda:* it was from them she was taken.'

'When, and where? How, and by whom?'

'*Hola! hombre*—four questions in one! *Muy bien!* I can answer them, if you give me time. To the first, I should say about six months ago; to the second, near the Big Timbers, on the Arkansas. My reply

to the third will take more words; and before giving it, I shall answer the fourth by saying that the girl was taken from the Rapahoes by Don José.'

'Don José—who is Don José?'

'Oh! perhaps you would know him by his American name? Oaquer?'

'Walker, the celebrated trapper? Joe Walker?'

'The same, *amigo*. Oaquara, the Utahs pronounce it: as you perceive, their young chief is named so, and after him. The trapper and he were sworn friends—brothers—or more like father and son: since Don José was much the older.'

'*Were* friends. Are they not so still?'

'*Valga me dios!* No. That is no longer possible. Don José has gone under—was rubbed out more than three months ago, and by these very Rapahoes! That is why your fair *compaisana* is now with the Utahs. The old trapper left her to his namesake, Oaquara; under whose protection she has been ever since.'

'He has been true to his trust? He *has* protected her?'

Under the influence of singular emotions, did these questions escape me.

'*Seguramente, amigo!*' replied the Mexican, with an ingenuousness calculated to allay my unpleasant fancies, 'the Utah chief is a noble fellow—*un hombre de bien*—besides, he would have done anything for his old friend, whose death greatly grieved him. That is just why you see him here in such haste. It was not to avenge your wrongs that they danced their war-measure—but the death of Don José. All the same to you: since your *compañeros* are likely to have the advantage of it.'

'As for the Americana,' continued he, before I had time to make rejoinder, '*Virgen santissima!* such a maiden was never seen in these parts. Such a shot! Not a marksman in the mountains could match with her, except Don José himself, who taught her; and as for hunting—*la linda cazadora!* she can steal upon the game like a cougar. Ah! she can protect herself. She *has* done so. But for her spirit and rifle, the Red-Hand would have ruined her.'

'But how? you have not told me'——

'True, cavallero! I have yet to answer number three. Bueno! As I said, it was near the Big Timbers, where she got into the hands of the Arapahoes. There was only a small band of the robbers, with Red-Hand at their head. He wanted to play the brute with her. She kept him off with her rifle, and a big dog you have seen. Red-Hand became angry, and had her strapped to a tree—where the monsters threatened to shoot their arrows into her body. Whether they intended to kill her, or only to terrify the poor girl, is not known; but if the former was their design, they were hindered from putting it into execution. Just at that moment, Don José came upon the ground with a party of trappers from the rendezvous on Cuerno Verde. They were strong enough to beat off the red-skinned ravishers, and save the Americana. That is how she was taken from the Rapahoes.'

'A brave deed! But how did she chance to be there? Since Bent's Fort was abandoned, there is no white settlement near the Big Timbers.'

'Ah! señor! that is the strangest part of the whole story. It was told me by Don José himself, while we were *compañeros* on a trapping expedition, just after he had saved the girl. *Carrambo!*—a strange tale!'

'Have you any objection to tell it to me? I feel a singular interest in this young girl.'

'*Sin duda!* Of many a mountain-man, the same might be said, and many an Indian too. Hum! *cavallero!* you would not be flesh and blood, if you didn't.'

'Not *that*, I assure you. My interest in her springs from a different source. I have other reasons for inquiring into her history.'

'You shall have it then, *cavallero*—at least so much as I know of it myself: for it is reasonable to suppose that Don José did not tell me all he knew. This much: the *niña* was with a caravan that had come from one of your western states. It was a caravan of Mormons. You have heard of the Mormons, I suppose—those *hereticos* who have made settlements here beyond?'

'I have.'

'Well—one of these Mormons was the husband of the girl, or rather *ought* to have been—since they were married just at starting. It appears that the young woman was against the marriage—for she loved some one more to her choice—but her father had forced her to it; and some quarrel happening just at the time with the favourite lover, she had consented—from pique, *sin duda*—to accept the Mormon.'

'She did accept him?'

'Yes—but now comes the strange part of the story. All I have told you is but a common tale, and the like occurs every day in the year.'

'Go on!'

'When she married the Mormon, she did not know he *was* a Mormon; and it appears that these *hereticos* have a name among your people worse than the very *Judios*. It was only after the caravan had got out into the plains, that the girl made this discovery. Another circumstance equally unpleasant soon came to her knowledge; and that was: that the man who pretended to be her husband was after all no husband—that he did not act to her as a husband should do—in short, that the marriage had been a sham—the ceremony having been performed by some Mormon brother, in the disguise of a padre!'

'Was the girl's father aware of this deception?'

'Don José could not tell. He may have known that the man was a Mormon: but Don José was of opinion that the father himself was betrayed by the false marriage—though he was present at it, and actually bestowed the bride!'

'Strange!'

'Perhaps, cavallero! the strangest is yet to come. For what purpose, do you suppose, was this deception practised upon the poor girl?'

'I cannot guess—go on!'

'*Carrai!* it was a hellish purpose; but you shall hear it. These Mormons have at their head a great chief priest—*una propheta*, as they call him. He is a polygamist—a perfect Turco, and keeps a harem of beautiful *niñas*, who pass under the name of "spiritual wives." It was only after the young Americana had got far out upon the plains—indeed, to the Big Timbers, where she escaped from him—that she found out the terrible fate for which her false husband had designed her. She learned it from the other women who accompanied the caravan; and who, base wretches that they were, rather envied her the *honour* by which she was to be distinguished! *Por Dios!* a terrible fate for a young creature pure and virtuous like her!'

'Her fate? Quick—tell me! for what had the villain destined her?'

'*Virgen Santa!* for the harem of the Mormon prophet!'

'*Mira!*' exclaimed the Mexican, almost in the same breath—'*Mira!* the signal-smoke of Wa-ka-ra! To horse! to horse! *mueran los Arapahoes!*'

It was not the signal that called from my lips a convulsive exclamation—it was wrung from my agony, ere the smoke had been descried. It was drowned amid the shouts of the savage warriors, as they crowded forward through the chasm.

Leaping down from the ledge, and flinging myself on the back of my horse, I mingled in the mêlée.

As we swept forth from the gorge, I cast a glance behind. Female voices had caused me to look back. The Utah women, mounted on mules and horses,

were coming down the cañon, with the white huntress at their head!

I wished a word with *her;* but it was too late. I dared not go back. My Utah allies would have branded me as a coward—a traitor to my own cause.

I did not hesitate a moment; but, joining in the 'Ugh-aloo,' I dashed into the midst of the dusky host, and galloped onward to the charge.

WORSE THAN WE SEEM.

Besides the obvious disadvantage attaching to every one who is the subject of a criminal trial in this our country—namely, the risk of arriving at the jail or the gallows at the end of it—there is a great inconvenience too apt to escape the notice of the unreflective, but which it behoves all to consider who contemplate the commission of any serious offence, and especially of a capital crime: we allude to the incidental exposures, which are certain to take place during the investigation, of the domestic affairs of the criminal, and all who belong to him; to that sudden withdrawal, by the rude hand of cross-examination, of that curtain which hangs decently between the family affairs of every man and the public, and which few of us—what are called 'the best families' being by no means excepted—can afford to have rent asunder without warning. It is almost enough to make a man of modest disposition shun all acquaintances, female as well as male, for fear that some one of them should one day commit an indiscretion placing her or him in the prisoner's dock, and cause himself to appear for the defence, or worse, involuntarily and by subpœna, for the prosecution, in the witness-box; or even if he should not be compelled to take a part so prominent, lest his own habits, his own weaknesses, his own indiscretions, should be evoked through his connection with the accused, and the commonplace-book of his private life spread open for the contemplation of the vulgar. Those disciples of the law—Keyhole, Q.C., Serjeant Cranny, and the rest of them—take a malignant pleasure in setting wide that cupboard in their fellow-creatures' homes wherein the skeleton is said to stand, and in pointing out each grisly and misshapen limb; while the public, to judge by its 'laughter,' and 'roars of laughter,' and 'sensation,' with which it receives the comments of these legal anatomists, find no less delight in the exhibition.

What a happy comfortable home did A.'s always seem to us, until his wife ran away with the serious footman, and the windows of it were all set open by the inquisitors of the Divorce Court! We know now from whom she learned to consider the opera as immoral, and why A.'s box there was so seldom graced by her ascetic presence.

How virtuous, to all appearance, was B.'s household, until the burglars broke into it that night, and discovered it to be quite an Agapemone! They might have taken the electrotype spoons and forks, and welcome; but to exhibit poor B. himself, that much-respected and prim churchwarden, as only a plated article, with scarcely any genuine metal in his composition at all—that was a cruel turn indeed.

The least evil connected with young C.'s forgery was his own transportation beyond seas. The family would have been visited and condoled with by half the county, as far as *he* was concerned; but then the things which 'transpired' about the surly brutality of Mr C. with his horsewhip, and the preternatural craving of Mrs C. for Eau-de-Cologne. Well, we will not repeat such things, but we cannot now be ignorant how *she* got that very red nose! You may ask in vain what had the young man's crime to do with his father's brutality or his mother's love of drink; the judge was the proper person to have stopped the cross-examination, if it was not pertinent; but perhaps he enjoyed it as much as the public, and not the less that there was brandy waiting for him in the robing-room at that moment, under the modest guise of pale sherry. The facts, at all events, were what is delicately termed 'elicited'—that is, proclaimed more effectually than by means of public crier in every town and village of the kingdom—and the Cs are cut as they deserve to be.

Only, if it should come to *our* turn! Ours—with such a very large acquaintance as we have, and even a more than convenient list of relatives! For anything we can tell, we are on intimate terms with some of those magnificent hypocrites who are living so gorgeously on funds placed for security in their hands, and regarding whom we may one day have to tell all we know as a witness. But worse than this, there is really no knowing what is wrong in one's own household until some member of it appears before a court of justice, when we are furnished with the fullest information and all the particulars, in common with the rest of our fellow-countrymen. Without adopting too exactly the conclusion of a great living satirist, who cannot observe a bouquet presented without a suspicion that there is a wicked love-letter inside it, the disclosures of our law-courts are certainly significant and alarming. We should not be prone to blame the novelist for his too startling 'situations,' his too 'thrilling' incidents, when such scenes are exhibited in the drama of real life wherever the curtain is pulled up by the law, without the prompter's bell.

In the three mysterious murders that have of late occurred in Great Britain almost coincidently, and all which (up to the date of our writing this paper) still remain undiscovered, not the least striking part of them is the state of society which they incidentally disclose. This is the more discouraging, since the crimes themselves have taken place in three different classes, so that we cannot comfort ourselves with the notion that the evils thus brought to light are exceptional and peculiar only to a certain low rank in life. The evils, indeed, are various in each case, but they are all grave.

In one, we read of a young girl—indeed, a mere child—exhibiting a depravity which, for one of her years, is appalling; of her running away from what there is no evidence to prove is an unhappy home, to seek the company of soldiers; of her being seen by numerous persons in such company—not with one soldier, be it observed, but with several—in a place of much resort; of her being beaten with a cane by one at least of these companions, in order to get himself quit of her, and—whether he beat her 'in fun' or not—of her being in tears; finally, of her foul and brutal murder, somewhere about midnight, in the place she had haunted for so many hours. But for the crowning wickedness, we should probably have heard nothing of this sad story. We should have disbelieved that any child would have acted in such a manner; that any soldier would have beaten such a child so as to make her cry; that one man or woman out of every half-dozen, at least (and the poor creature must have been noticed by half a hundred), would have been Samaritan enough to inquire what one of her tender years did there, in such a place, at such a time, and in such company, or, at all events, what made the bairn greet so—for it is in the capital town of Scotland that this happens.

> Alas for the rarity of Christian charity
> Under the sun!
> Ah, it was pitiful, near a whole city full,
> *Friend* she had none!

The very murder itself is scarcely less calculated to excite dismay than the depravity of the child, the brutality of the soldiers, and the apathy exhibited by the passers-by that night under Holyrood Palace wall. How many such children are there whom (let

us hope) we shall never read of, how many such soldiers, how many such passers-by!

In the case of the Stepney murder, the crime itself is certainly by no means the most striking or hideous part of the affair, but rather the number of singular persons whom the subsequent inquiry has exhibited to us. What a whirlwind of dust and rubbish has been here evoked by the winnowing-machine of the law! Consider the principal character of the piece—the victim of the tragedy! An old woman with thousands of pounds a year, which she herself personally screws out of the very poor of the metropolis who inhabit her miserable courts and alleys. A hard landlord, suspicious of the goodness and justice of mankind, she is reported to despise banks and other places of security, and to hoard vast sums of money in her own dwelling, where she lives wretchedly without friend or servant—but not without suitors. One of these, it seems, is a clergyman, who proposes to her after the most singular fashion: 'Let the will of the Lord be done,' he urges with reference to these proposed nuptials; and that is all which even cross-examination can get out of him. This miserable woman is presently found murdered—having lain so for many hours, during which it appears her house was again visited by the murderer. The perpetrator of this crime is as yet unknown for certain; but one man has been accused of it by his acquaintance, and released from custody, while the informer himself has taken his place in the prisoner's dock. What an unsatisfactory set of people, playing their parts upon this little Stepney stage, have been thus revealed to us by the sudden hand of Legal Inquiry! But for the accident of the murder—which the victim may be almost said to have courted by her habits—we should have caught no glimpse of this unlovable woman scraping up her sixpences, and laying them in store as mice do beech-nuts, nor of the sententious divine who proposed to her, nor of the perjurer who sought the blood of an innocent fellow-creature. We cannot flatter ourselves that these should be the only examples of their species. It is only too probable that there are scores of similar people, although, fortunately for themselves, the law has not happened to introduce them to us.

Lastly, there is the Road murder, the mystery of which has naturally enough engrossed the public mind more than any crime since the two terrible butcheries by Williams in the Ratcliffe Highway. It is in this case (or appears so at this present writing) almost certain that some member of a respectable household—such as yours, Reader, or ours—which goes to church with regularity, has family-prayers, and whose bills are punctually settled, has murdered an unoffending child. At present, nothing, absolutely nothing, has been elicited; and the very blankness of the result of the investigations seems, if possible, to heighten the horrors of the crime we know to have been committed, as a whited wall might make more conspicuous letters of blood, though unintelligible as those which shook Belshazzar. We do not know who the criminal is, we do not pretend to guess who it is, but when it is discovered—and we look upon that discovery as sooner or later certain—it will afford another example, it must do so let the crime lie where it will, of the incidental exposures of which we speak. It is scarcely possible that such a murder can be the act of a novice in crime.

Under what roof, then, can it be certified that no crying wickednesses are being committed daily and nightly! What Paterfamilias is so secure of his household that the consideration of such a case as this affects him with no terror? Instead of the assurance of the dramatist, that we are 'Not so bad as we seem,' having much comfort in it, it really appears that we are considerably worse than we seem. It has now become very difficult to procure witnesses, even in the simplest cases, not so much on account of the trouble and expense—in the latter of which no witness ought ever to be involved at all—as of the licence permitted in cross-examination, and the terror of being 'turned inside out' by the man in the wig.

Only yesterday, one of our own female servants came in breathless with the intelligence that she had just seen a policeman 'lying by hisself in the public road, a bleeding from the mouth and ears, most dreadful!'

'And you procured assistance—you got somebody to help him at once,' said I, 'of course?'

'Not I, ma'am,' returned Betty, cunningly. 'Bless ye, I run away as fust as I could lay foot to ground, for fear they should put me in the box'—meaning the witness-box. Poor Betty not relishing the notion of her autobiography being published without permission, any more than the rest of us.

VAN SLINGELANDT'S WOOING.

Peter van Slingelandt set up his art-tent in the place of his birth, the quaint old city of Leyden, a sort of dull, dirty, Dutch Venice, minced up by incessant canals into fifty dank islets, all tied loosely together by some hundred and forty odd bridges. Peter was a calm, quiet, contented man, with no locomotive longings, no very fervid aspirations. He was not the bird that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage, in agonising efforts for liberty; he preferred to make his cage as cozy as he could, and to adapt himself to its limitations. Besides, it was a voluntary confinement; he needed not to have had the Leyden ramparts for ever bounding his horizon and framing his life. Others had wandered away to the sheeny south, and looked on with eyes of love and amazement, yet with a feeling of immense removal from the glories of Italian art; some had crossed to England, and found welcome, and patronage, and wealth; but Peter held on to his quiet studio in the old gable-topped house just turning out of the handsome high street of the city. He was not rich—a steady, industrious, enthusiastic worker, but one who loved his work, and loved to linger over it; a conscientious, scrupulous, indefatigable, microscopic man, how could he produce rapidly? True, facile slovenliness would have brought the gold more quickly in; but Peter respected his art, respected himself—he could not condescend to let 'scamp-work' go out of his studio. I doubt even if it ever occurred to the dear, good, plodding, sober soul to do such a thing; he had no notion of art apart from solid, highly wrought, intensely finished pictures.

So he sat one day in his small quiet studio before a panel on the easel. Not a flaunting, flaring studio of more recent date, remember, but a Dutch painter's studio of the year 1660, or so. No garish draperies, no glittering weapons, no polished fragments of armour, no dusty torsos blocking up the corners, no casts of muscular limbs, no nose-broken antiques—a neatly furnished, nicely garnished, well-kept room, with polished floor, polished table, chairs, and even polished easel. All windows firmly closed, all doors tightly fitting; for Peter has proclaimed unremitting war with the dust; he will suffer it under no pretence; he will do all man can to exclude and suppress dust. He changes his shoes outside his studio door; he puts on another well-brushed dusky green doublet, with ivory buttons; he hangs up his cloak; he enters the room cautiously, as a cat looking for a mouse; he regards with jealous eyes the sunbeam that will somehow slant in at the upper half of the window, and angrily the little motes that will somehow dance and float about in that shaft of golden light. There is no invitation, no provocation to the dust at all. The colour-box is polished, and its lid closes with an extreme exactness; the pencil-handles

are polished, and there is a silk veil protecting the face of the panel. The 'properties' of the painting-room are not remarkable: a mirror, framed by five-and-twenty smaller mirrors, reflecting altogether six-and-twenty miniature portraits of the studio, with the broad back of Peter van Slingelandt well visible, a prominent object as he bends over his panel; a brown uncouth-looking jug, which has often sat for its picture, and to which good Peter sometimes applies his lips; glasses long in the stem, with much cutting and engraving about them; drinking-horns, flasks, cups, pipes. For the rest, there is little in the room beyond the ordinary fittings of a burgher's house of that day, and not a very rich burgher either.

Peter sits at his work, a portly, good-looking fellow, with long, blond, dry hair, and still more blond and dry eyebrows, eyelashes, moustaches, and peaked beard. His plump cheeks are closely shaven, and he has very calm, steady, light-blue eyes. To him, sitting contemplatively, enters his good friend, Max Keppen, a student of Leyden university; very like Peter, only younger and thinner—not a bit more demonstrative. He lifts up the brown jug, and regales himself with its contents. He understands the usages of Peter's studio: he moves about slowly, cautiously; he has shaken himself well outside—he brings in no dust.

Few words of salutation pass between them—they are too intimate, they understand each other too well for that. Peter removes the silk shroud from the panel; they both pore over it speechless for about half an hour

'It grows,' says Max at last, in a low whisper.

Peter nods his head; he points with the small keen pencil in his hand. 'I have been bringing *that* out since Wednesday. Do you mark, Max, that little finger-nail? I could not sleep for thinking of it. Say, is it right, my Max? That far corner, where the tinge of purple subsides into blush-red; then the light, catching it, breaks into a fine line of warm pearl-white. Light is always warm, Max. How men cheat themselves! Many would have there struck in cold dead colour. Shame!'

'It is very good, Peter.'

'Don't stamp, my Max. In places, there is still wet paint. Think of the dust, good friend. Ah! if any should alight.' And he let fall the silk shroud.

Max looked penitent, concerned. The movement of his foot had been involuntary; he had been stirred thereto by his sober, settled enthusiasm for Peter's genius. He was the painter's chief intimate, his warmest friend and admirer—the unavoidable appendage of the studio. Every painting-room is haunted by such men—faithful, laudatory, attached, devoted, they would do anything to aid the artist; ignorant of much art themselves, they worship and marvel the more on that account, and they become the confidants of the painter; he can open his heart to the humble follower and friend who is not, who can never be, a rival.

'It has been two years about,' quoth Peter. He saw poor Max's pain and sorrow, and hastened to raise the silk curtain again. 'Two years to-day.'

'And it will be finished?' asked Max.

Peter shook his head mournfully. It seemed quite hopeless to name any date. He took up a microscope and scrutinised the picture severely.

It was the portrait of a lady, very fair in complexion, very flaxen as to ringlets—a close crowd of them falling in delicate vine-tendrils over her exquisite forehead and neck—rather full in figure, large round blue eyes, pretty red mouth and round plump chin, with just a hint of another little chin beyond, as a rainbow is dogged by a reflection. She wore a full spreading Dutch lace-collar, which, at the shoulder, met her puffed sleeves, also decked with ample lace-falls. Her black velvet dress opened in front over a petticoat of superb maize-coloured satin, upon which the light fell, and flickered and sparkled wonderfully. Upon her round white arms were pearl bracelets, and in one hand she held a fan of peacock feathers. A bright-eyed lapdog, curled up compactly, sat on a green velvet cushion at her feet, with a red ribbon round his neck, and every hair of his coat accurately accounted for in the picture. Russet hangings formed the background, relieved on the right hand by a crimson curtain falling over a half-open door, through which in a dusky twilight other figures were dimly seen, though traceable much more distinctly the more you examined the work.

'It grows,' Max said again. It was the only form of consolation for Peter that he could think of. 'It grows—rapidly.'

It was bold to say that.

One who had seen the work a year back, would have thought it then, perhaps, as far advanced as it seemed now. Its growth could hardly be called rapid, anyhow. But rapid painting was hardly known in Holland. Men worked steadily, but very slowly. They studied intensely; meditating upon each touch as a poet might over a verse, pausing on it, weighing it, counting it. Goedaert of Middleburg spent thirty years studying the economy of the insects he painted. Wilhelm Kalf sat for whole days before an orange, a melon, and an agate-handled knife, contemplating their wondrous assemblage and variety of colour, before he even commenced to paint them. Gerard Dow spent five days in close painting of a hand, and three in representing a broom-handle. Jean Vander Heyden worked with such delicate minuteness, that in one picture an open Bible is seen, no larger than a man's palm, in which every line is legible through a magnifying-glass. In another performance, Peter himself had occupied a whole month on the frill and ruffles of a gentleman whose portrait he was painting. They were marvellously microscopic, these Dutch painters. No wonder that many of them had so teased and worried their eyes, that they were reduced to wearing spectacles at thirty.

Peter was not consoled: he would not accept Max's flattery; he shook his head mournfully, and sighed. Max looked rather crest-fallen; but he plucked up heart, and tried again.

'She is very beautiful, my Peter.' But Peter only sighed the more. Max was at his wits' end. He was nearly stamping on the floor again, but he contrived to stop himself in time.

'You love, then, still, my Peter?' he asked in a low, awful tone.

'With all my soul!' answered Peter simply; and he seemed relieved, and plied the microscope again.

They knew every line, every tint, every touch of that picture. Even Max's uneducated eye could follow it all, and know it all. They had watched and seen it advance under their gaze, as a mother sees her child's growth; as the poor girl in the garret pores over the tiny geranium under the cracked tumbler in the one flower-pot, and sees its dim green leaves one by one unfold. They could quite appreciate the never-tiring labour bestowed upon the picture. Peter took up the brown jug, refreshed himself, and passed it on to Max.

'And she?' Max held up the jug; he could not drink until he had heard the answer.

'I know not, my Max.' Max sorrowfully drained the jug.

'Sometimes, I think—I almost think; but it is my vanity, my Max; it is that, doubtless.' Max denied it stoutly by violent shaking of his head.

'She dropped her kerchief yesterday, and let me restore it to her.' Peter went on, blushing. 'And, O Max, how bright came the light into her eyes! Kindly too, Max; and she smiled. Ah! her smile is heaven, Max. Is the jug empty? Never mind.'

'She loves, brother—it is that,' whispered Max artfully.

'I know not, my Max. Ah! it must end. And she gave me her hand, Max; her dear, soft, scented hand—white satin, with a pink lining—I took it in mine, Max; I raised it, but—bah!—I dared not kiss it.'

Max abstractedly proffered the empty jug. Peter tried to drink from it, found it empty, and simply put it on one side.

'Oh, if I might only hope; but, my Max, it is folly—it is madness: a poor artist wed the rich burgomaster's widow! Why, all Leyden would cry out! They would hoot me in the streets. It is a dream, my brother, a dream. The picture must end—I could paint on it for ever and ever. Is *that* the blue of her eye? Is *that* the carnation that floats on her cheek, now above, now below the surface? Is *that* the crimson of her dear moist lip, my Max? Bah! no. But, two years—two years; the end must come. She grows impatient—she will go, my Max—the picture will go, my Max; and then—then—what will become of me? Say.'

And he rose from his chair, and fell sobbing upon the neck of Max. That worthy follower was cut to the heart.

'It is not so, my Peter. Look up,' he said; 'she loves you; I say so—I, Max; believe me. You will be happy, my Peter; you shall be happy. Hush! she is coming now; I hear her on the stairs. Hush! take courage. Tell her you love her, with all your soul, my Peter; tell her as you would tell me—think it is I to whom you speak. I go.'

'This way—the back-staircase. Gently, my Max—think of the dust. Do not bang the door. Farewell, my Max. Ah! she is here.'

Then entered the room the lady, tall, large, calm. Peter had been successful—the portrait was very like. She came in slowly and stately, and soon occupied her well-known seat and accustomed position. Peter, bowing and blushing, went on with his work. Hardly a word was spoken. The portrait had been in hand for two years, and all ordinary topics of conversation between painter and sitter had been long ago exhausted. On the other hand, habit had completely mastered all the irksomeness of the business. The lady seemed hardly less tired of sitting than Peter of painting. She knew to a nicety when she was correctly *posed*—detected, to half an inch, when her fingers strayed from their position in the picture—perceived directly when any of the amber tendril ringlets became stragglers from the main body; and then the large blue eyes, how well aware they were of the exact knot in the oak wainscot upon which, two years ago, they had been first directed to fix themselves. True, they wandered now and then—took circling flights like birds, alighting at one time upon the blond head of Peter—now upon the mirror with the twenty-five satellite mirrors—now upon Peter's pipe—now upon the leather-covered knob of Peter's mahl-stick—now upon the tiny little sable pencils with which Peter seemed to be working on the panel as though with needles upon copper—and now, with a twinkling smile dancing about the corners of the rosy lips, upon Peter's empty brown jug in the corner; but they always turned back again, and settled finally on the knob in the wainscot, as though that were their proper nest and home, and all other alighting-places mere temporary caravanseras, useful enough, but not to be mistaken for a moment for permanent residences.

At last the lady had refreshed her eyes by two or three of these visual voyages, and found that there was nothing more to be done—no more entertainment to be derived in that way—and ever so little a sigh started up and escaped from her heart, through the half-open casement of her lips. Peter was not slow to hear it; he blushed—his hand trembled a little; he was nearly making a mistake, going just the thousandth part of an inch or so out of his course.

'I tire you, madam.'

'No,' said the lady, and her eyes settled on his moustache; she had a sweet low languid sort of voice. 'But will it soon be done?'

It seemed as though some words were about to issue from under the moustache, but Peter checked himself, bowed his head, and gave a touch or two to the delicate gray, half-tints on the lady's forehead. Then came another little sigh. Peter stopped as though he had been wounded; quite a change came over him. Ah, he loved the fair widow! In his microscopic, Dutch-painter way he had gone on loving her for two years; it had begun in a miniature sort of fashion, had gone niggling on, but it was now a complete and finished business. You might look at it in all lights, examine it how you would, pore into it with a magnifying-glass, you could find no flaw in it: it was very whole, web and woof, a highly wrought, exquisite, delicate, perfect piece of passion. Peter was wounded by the sighs. He rose up.

'I tire you, madam,' he said again, so boldly that the widow seemed alarmed. She deprecated his anger; would have given the world to have had the sighs back again safe and sound, tight prisoners in her bosom.

'I will paint no more then. Let us say that the portrait is finished. It has been two years about, and it would take two years more; ay, and more than that'—— The lady shrunk back a little at this. Peter went on in a low voice, glancing alternately at the lady and the picture.

'No, it would take a life, and then it would not be completed.'

The lady quite clasped her hands in her distress at this. A whole life sitting for one's portrait! Was Peter mad? He understood her astonishment, and gave his explanation slowly and rather confusedly, and with his cheeks decidedly red.

'There are some graces that cannot be portrayed, some traits that cannot be imitated, some charms it is wholly impossible to render. I might try all my life; I might spend all my days before that panel, and still the portrait could never be completed to my thinking. Madam, it could never be *you;* it could never be more than the feeblest shadow of you.'

The lady was decidedly pleased, yet amazed, perhaps frightened; you see the late burgomaster had not made love thus.

'Then I may send for the picture?' she said at last softly.

Poor Peter bowed his head, sadly affirmative.

'And the price?' It was cruel of the widow; but she did it simply without malice—at least, I think so—or it might be intentionally—to be firm, and end the thing, as people strike hard blows to get the sooner to the termination of a fight.

There were quite tears in Peter's eyes.

'No money can repay me, madam'—— But the poor fellow stopped short; there was something in his throat that would not let the words pass out.

'For your labour—I know it has been great, incessant, but'——

'Not that;' and Peter's pride conquered his sobs. 'Nothing can compensate me for the loss of the picture; it has been my whole sole thought and occupation for two years; it has been the ceaseless joy and light of my studio. *That* gone, and this room is a dark dungeon; my life as a blind man's who can never hope to see the sun again. I love it, I love it! Pray, don't take it from me; it is priceless, priceless!' and he sank on his knees before the panel. It was a delicate way of making love to the widow; a little complicated perhaps, but still very effective. She could not possibly be offended by it, and it might touch her very nearly—and it did. It was really a very artful plan of that simple Peter's.

The widow came quite close to him, and she was trembling and fluttering a good deal, and quite a

tempest of emotion was surging in her white neck. She bent over Peter, hiding his face now in his hands, till her gold ringlets mingled with Peter's blond locks.

'Will nothing repay you?' and her soft, warm breath stirred the dry, blond locks as a breeze a cornfield.

'Nothing — nothing — nothing!' moaned Peter piteously.

'Not even *this*?'

And her little plump hand—white satin lined with pink, as Peter had described it to Max—stole down and crept into his. To give money? A ring, perhaps? No; it was empty! Dull Peter!—he was a humble, plodding, miniature-minded man—did not quite understand even yet. How pretty the widow looked, blushing and confused!

'*Will you take the original as payment for the copy?*' What a silvery, bird's whisper was that explanation!

Peter comprehended then. How he kissed the little plump hand; you would have thought the creature was going to eat it! What a delightful little laugh the widow gave as she stooped down her head! Really, Peter was, after all, a dull fellow; but he did make it out at last, and gave her lips a kiss that made them even more rosy than ever. I think, certainly, that it was the widow who made love to Peter, and not Peter to the widow.

'O how I love you! How happy I am! I never hoped for this. Bertha, dear Bertha, may I call you Bertha?'

'Of course, you may.'

The door leading on to the back-staircase opened very slowly and quietly, and the face of Max Keppen appeared there. The dog had been listening! He was very pale, with very bright eyes, plentifully decorated with tears. He was beset by two emotions: he rejoiced at Peter's happiness, and he sorrowed because he began to fear that Peter's whole love would now be given to Bertha—that none would be left for Max. He saw Peter's wife stepping in, and severing him from Peter. It was very hard, for he did so love Peter! But he was an unselfish good fellow. He had a great heart; there was room in it for all, he thought. 'I will love them both; then they will both love me.' So he gave himself up unreservedly to sympathy with Peter's happiness, and triumphed in his triumph. Discreetly he closed the door without disturbing the lovers, and disappeared, immensely comfortable.

Such was the manner of Van Slingelandt's wooing.

OCEAN-TRAVEL WITHOUT DANGER.

THERE is little doubt that landsmen as well as landswomen, at sea, have a wholesome terror of being drowned, and a conviction that that accident is never unlikely to happen to them. The rapidity and delight with which all persons leap out of a boat, the instant that it touches the beach, after what is called a pleasure excursion, are not otherwise to be satisfactorily explained. They may reiterate, and do so many times—a fact which is in itself suspicious—how charming a voyage, how enjoyable a day they have had, but it is without any of the melancholy which pervades those who tell of a past pleasure. They are privately very well satisfied that the thing is over, and they alive to talk about it. The existence of sea-sickness is in this respect not an unmitigated evil, since we can always refuse offers of nautical excursions upon that plea; whereas our real reason for refusal is, that we do not feel personally secure upon that Main which Britannia is said by a somewhat exaggerative trope to rule. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? The ocean is everywhere pretty deep (or deep enough for all practical purposes, so far as we are concerned), generally rather rough, and when an accident does happen upon it, there is commonly nothing left for us but swimming—and then, if we cannot swim! We landsmen are absolutely helpless in a case of shipwreck. In a carriage, if an incompetent driver suffers the horses to run away, we can seize the reins, and drive ourselves; in a railway train, one can at least leap out when we perceive a collision imminent; in a balloon, we can turn the gas off, and come down; but in a ship, we are utterly ignorant, powerless, and in the hands of others. This universal apprehension is indeed by no means without reason. The actual facts of the case are alarming beyond even what one would suppose without inquiry into them. Within the last few years there have been no less than fourteen first-class British and American ocean mail-steamers totally lost, with 2572 lives, and two millions and a quarter of property in ships and cargo. Six of these vessels foundered no man knows where, for none survive to point out the place of their destruction. Conceive, then, what this list must swell to, together with the similar disasters among other nations, in half a century, when commerce shall have vastly increased, and it will be at once conceded that the subject is one which should interest us all in any endeavour to prevent the continuance of such a state of things.

Mr George Catlin, author of the famous *Notes of Travel among the North American Indians*, and known to most of us in connection with the Ojibbeway nation, has been led, through much personal experience of the peril of the sea, to devise a means for the safety of human life thereon.*

'I am not,' says he, 'a naval architect, and therefore am bound by no rule or custom which may have made it a necessity, from the days of Noah, to commence a vessel by "laying the keel;" but I am free to make an innovation upon the ordinary mode, which I would propose to do, by commencing and building up the hull of an ocean-steamer without a keel, and also without a crooked timber in it. We read of our travelling friends, at the last and awful moment, when those boasted "floating palaces" of iron have carried them into the field of danger, and can no longer afford them protection, leaping into life-boats, which are swamped, and then, as the last—not *hope*, but *instinct*—clinging to a raft, a floating-spar, or a hen-coop, by which humble crafts their lives are saved. If passengers can ride out a gale in safety upon a raft of spars and cordage, without a biscuit to eat, after the "noble vessel" has gone to the bottom of the ocean, why not *start* upon a raft, supplied with the necessaries and comforts of life, and, with steam, compel it to navigate the ocean?'

The two great objects of the machine in question are speed and safety, which, indeed, are in some sort identical in ocean-travel, since the quicker the transit, the less the liability to disease within and storm without. Mr Catlin, therefore, ignores all idea of cargo, 'which can be insured, and may, and probably must continue to be dragged *in shells, through* the sea,' and confines his attention to passenger-ships only, travelling *upon* and *above* the surface.

'I would propose to form the solid hull of an ocean passenger-steamer, say 250 feet in length, with 50 feet beam, of squared and seasoned white pine or cottonwood timbers; building it up by transverse, horizontal, compact layers of such timbers, of equal size, crossing each other and the hull *diagonally*, in the manner represented in the plate [which accompanies the pamphlet]; squared with a steam-saw, so as to

* *The Steam-raft. Suggested as a Means of Security to Human Life upon the Ocean.* By G. Catlin. Falkner, Manchester. 1860.

form the most perfect solidity of timber, put together with iron and wooden bolts, obliquely driven, and laid in heated tar or pitch, or cement; planking the sides and bottom, and covering the whole with sheathing iron: thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire. The hull that I contemplate, constructed on this *diagonal* system, presenting the stiffest and strongest resistance to the accidents of the sea which human skill can devise, would be built in comparatively a short time, and being launched into its element, becomes a *raft*, upon which her upper works, her cabins, saloons, &c., being completed, she would present externally much the appearance of an ordinary steamer, though the hull, even when freighted, would be, to and above the water-line, a solid mass of timber. I thus present the anomaly of the hull of a steamer which no ocean-tempest can break—that no collision or iceberg can materially injure—that sunken rocks cannot rip open in the bottom—that cannot spring a leak—that cannot burn or carry bilge-water—and that cannot sink, unless it be charged with more than its tonnage, which would always be decided at its starting-point; for what it can start with, it can carry with safety to the remotest bounds of the ocean, if it be conducted there.'

Seasoned white pine or cotton-wood log, when afloat, sinks only to or near its centre; therefore, if sawed lengthways into two equal parts, one half in the water is able to carry the other half, or nearly so, high and dry. The hull of a steamer constructed as above, will carry, then, seasoned timber nearly equal to its own bulk and weight without bringing its deck below the water-line; and if so, reasons Mr Catlin, it is able to carry, with its engine and fuel, a thousand passengers in spacious and splendid saloons (lined with zinc or copper to guard against fire, which, however, rarely originates *there*), and standing upon its solid and unconsumable deck. As for the material, there are cotton-wood timbers now growing upon the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and without knot or limb, which may be had for years to come, by those who will take the pains to cut them down and roll them into the river. These having been perfectly squared by the steam-saw, could be bored lengthways by a steam-auger, passing through the centre, taking out the heart, and greatly lessening the weight of the timber without diminishing its strength, as it is thus converted into a cylinder; then being blocked up and hermetically sealed at the ends—so that being laid in the hull they may be perfectly air and water tight—they will be ready for shipping to any part of the world. 'The hull I have proposed, constructed in this manner, perfectly shaped into the intended form, and as yet a solid mass of straight timbers, without siding, ribs, or casing of any kind, to be efficiently calked, covered with several coats of heated tar or pitch, hermetically sealing the pores of the timbers, and the joints between them, and double planked, as before mentioned; the *first* a vertical layer of planks or ribs, extending above the deck, and of sufficient height and strength to aid in the formation of the superstructure and bulwarks; and the *second*, a longitudinal layer of less thickness, and covered as aforesaid, if advisable, with sheathing iron, thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire.'

As for the water-tight compartments of the present boasted 'floating palaces,' Mr Catlin believes not in them, but considers them good for nothing except as advertisements. What think we of them, he inquires grimly, when they become 'sinking palaces?' For, if one of the said compartments be filled with water, the vessel is thrown out of trim, and, in a heavy sea, must needs go to pieces, as in the case of the ill-fated *Lyonnais*. Again, in the ordinary steam-boats, during a storm, one paddle-wheel is often deeply immersed, while the other is acting upon the surface of the water; or the screw, alternately elevated and depressed, is deranged in its action by the force of the waves passing across the stem of the vessel. But for Mr Catlin's steam-raft a *sub-motive* propeller is suggested. 'I propose an endless chain, with floats or buckets, to be delivered by a drum of large diameter upon the deck, through the hull, near its middle, into the groove, which it follows to the stern; the floats or buckets acting upon the solid and unbroken water under the centre of the vessel, and entirely below the water-line.' It is difficult, without the aid of the plates which accompany this pamphlet, to afford any very accurate idea of this propeller; or of the method by which the ballast is obtained, by breadth of beam and shallowness of draught, as well as by the groove under the centre of the hull. We can certify that it all *looks* at least exceedingly promising and scientific, and demands attention if only for its ingenious simplicity. While impressing upon us the fatal dangers to which all are exposed who go down to the sea in ships of the present construction, he does not neglect to remind us of their less inconveniences, such as 'that dismal and dreaded malady' of ocean-travel which is called (inadequately) sea-sickness. 'Sea-sickness is, I believe, but *keel*-sickness. There is nothing sickening in the simple motion of the sea; its mountain wave is the most delightful "swing" that was ever erected between the heavens and the earth. Man swims upon the highest wave, or rides it on a log or on a raft, with perfect pleasure, and free from sickness. Like the boy in a swing, if we check or otherwise derange his descending motion by a line attached to his toe, causing his head to descend faster than his feet, he is instantly "sea-sick," and glad to get his feet to the ground again. It is this complication of motion which produces sea-sickness, for which a vessel with a flat bottom and no keel [such as that Mr Catlin proposes], would be the most probable remedy.' The invention of any machine whereby we might be carried across the ocean without danger, would indeed be a revolution in ship-building; but that of one which would do so without making us sick, would be an era in civilisation. The two great, and indeed only objections to ocean-travel would thus be removed. Of the practicability of Mr Catlin's ingenious scheme, we are not qualified to speak; but we may mention that, some short time back, a solid hull, or ship-raft, built somewhat after the above fashion, but unassisted by steam, did come safely over from America to this country, where it was immediately broken up and sold as timber, in accordance with the intention of the owners.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

Above the teeming city hangs the moon;
The patient stars their dumb night-watches keep,
As maidens who do their sweet souls attune
To love, o'erleaning their sick lovers' sleep.
Doth not this silence, like a sudden shame,
Strike red the brows yet throbbing from the bowl!
Make calm the eyes that were but now aflame!
Pierce through its earthy film, and touch the soul!
For us no more the Wine-cup and the Curse,
No more the parched Lips, the lessening Gold,
The Love that grows and dwindles with the Purse;
No more, from this, by Heaven, the fools of old!
So swear we all—meanwhile, the Starry time
More full of Pity grows, and we of Crime.

EMERITUS.

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LIVEABLE PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY who has ever been under a master or engaged by an employer, everybody who has ever been a member of a household or a family, must have a ready conception of the quality—liveableness. It may be said to express the whole range of those peculiarities of heart and of manners which are required to make association tolerable. Many men and women are of irreproachable character in all the great essentials, yet are not liveable people. Many are doubtful, or more than doubtful, in these respects, and yet are eminently liveable people. Perhaps, it may even be said that extreme 'correctness' is somewhat inconsistent with liveableness; while, on the other hand, failings and faults, within a certain limit, are necessary for it. We mean to say that 'the faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw,' would necessarily be an eminently unlivcable person; because—this, at least, is how we suppose it is—when a person has succeeded in trampling out all the fires of error in his own constitution, he becomes unsympathising with, and intolerant of, the weaknesses of others. Equally, if he has succeeded in subjecting all his intellectual operations to the strict rule of logic, does he become unable to endure with patience the vague misreasonings of his fellow-creatures, and so grows disagreeable to them. It would appear as if he must not go beyond a fair medium in these respects, in order to be liveable.

All that makes servitude endurable to the servant—all that makes the position of a wife, or a child, or any other domesticated relative happy—all that makes a commercial partner, or an associate in any public matter, at ease in the common concerns, is bound up in this one word—liveable! How great, therefore, is the responsibility we are all under towards our neighbours in this respect! How unimportant that we should be infallibly right to a shade in our speculations, or even beyond reproach in our general habit of life, as compared with the duty we are under to make our personal contact and communings with our fellow-creatures a matter to them not of terror and pain, but of soft and happy feeling! The great practical questions about a man, after all, are, Has he been a gentle master? Has he been a kind husband and father? Has he been agreeable with others in their connected affairs? Has he, in short, diffused a pleasant atmosphere about him in his parlour-life, in the counting-room, in the workshop? For, with ninety-nine of every hundred of us, it is almost solely in these things that we have any influence for good or for evil. Tell us not, then, of such a man, that he is skilled in affairs, or acute in debate; of another, that he can be safely trusted with the interests of great companies; of a third, that he has never yet made any decided mistake, or incurred any great obloquy in society. Tell us rather of them whether their employés shrink aside at their approach, whether their children are better pleased to be out of their presence or in it, whether the people they come in contact with in business feel constrained or at ease with them; for there lies their true importance.

We all, or most of us, wish to be progressive in some good way, to increase in intelligence, and to advance in worth; but we are extremely apt, in doing so, to neglect the duty of making ourselves more and more tolerable to our immediate connections; nay, we are liable, in our best efforts at progress, to go back in this respect. It somehow does not naturally occur to a man that, while rising in external respectability, he may be declining in some other capacity; but it is so. At the very time that large communities are ringing with the glories he has been achieving, some may be having occasion to say, Alas! but he is a cooling friend—he is a more rigorous parent—he is becoming a more exacting employer—as a husband, there is now no pleasing him. While he is a laurelled commander or poet in the eyes of the public, it may be that relatives, once made happy in his smiles, are pining under his coldness, or withering from the effects of his bad temper. In such circumstances, need we ask if his own true happiness is advanced? Will a world's acclaim ever make up for the averted looks of one, once fondly loved, however humble that one may be? Alas, no.

And this brings us round to the fact, that to be liveable is as important for ourselves as for others. Unless we make ourselves so, it is vain to expect that others will be liveable to us. There are people, not generally meaning ill—on the contrary, perhaps, rather estimable people in many respects—but who, not seeing this duty of being liveable, and taking no pains with it, become what is called unpopular —'peculiar'—in short, disagreeable; and who, finding themselves so without the consciousness of having done anything to deserve condemnation, are soured at society, and so go on, becoming more and more disagreeable. Now, such persons are very unhappy, and, when their substantial worth is considered, one cannot but be sorry for them. It is well worth

while to point out to them the real source of their misfortunes. Let them make liveableness a study and a practice, and they will soon find how much their own comfort depends upon it.

OLD INVENTIONS OR NEW DISCOVERIES?

MANY books have been written to prove that the various discoveries and inventions on which we specially pride ourselves as creations of our own times, are due to the ancients, to whom their admirers have not even scrupled to attribute the merit of having invented three of the most powerful agents in human progress and civilisation—printing, gunpowder, and steam. It must be remembered, however, that although the ancients were undoubtedly acquainted with many of our great inventions, they did not always understand how to apply them, using them often merely as philosophical toys, which had no higher purport than that of amusing or terrifying the vulgar. Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, does indeed advance the opinion, that the Romans abstained *designedly* from putting their knowledge of printing into practice, from a fear that the invention, by diffusing amongst all classes independent notions of science and liberty, might exert a pernicious influence on the aristocratic monopoly of ideas, which they desired to maintain in respect to all things. But if such were their object in this one particular, they seem, at all events, to have failed in appreciating the uses of gunpowder and steam. The former never rose in their hands to be anything more than a powerful agent in producing pyrotechnical displays; while the latter, even in the estimation of philosophers, was only adapted for purposes of legerdemain. Hero of Alexandria amused his contemporaries, two thousand years ago, by letting them see how he could make light balls dance in the midst of a jet of steam; among many other ingenious toys, he invented an apparatus, consisting of a small sphere, which was moved on pivots by the action of steam generated in a heated boiler; and this primitive locomotive has, even in our own day, been judged so nearly capable of being applied to useful purposes, that some French mechanicians lately secured to themselves by patent the exclusive right of its application!

The history of the dawning of great inventions shews us, that nearly all our most important discoveries have been subject to repeated revivals and extinctions before they attained a character of permanence. Indeed, one author, M. Fournier, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information, asserts, in his recently published work, *Le Vieux-neuf*, that no industrial or scientific discovery can escape that common law of alternate decadence and revival which clings to all human invention, and frequently interposes many centuries of neglect between its birth and its fully developed vitality. We need not wonder, then, to meet in remote antiquity with the use and practice of many things whose origin we commonly refer to modern times; for, notwithstanding the presumed superiority of the present over previous ages, we may still exclaim, as Solomon did three thousand years ago: 'There is nothing new under the sun, for the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done, that which shall be done.'

Thus, for instance, the Chinese, who seem to have hovered on the confines of innumerable discoveries, from the earliest period of their history, were familiar, even in ante-christian ages, with modes of treatment and remedial agents which have only found their way into European practice within the last thirty years. Acupuncture, which was not known in Europe till towards the close of the last century, is described in the ancient medical works of China as an established mode of treatment among them; while in India and Japan, it has long ranked as one of the ordinary surgical applications, and is effected by means of very slender and sharply pointed gold or silver needles, specially adapted for the purpose. The word *moxa*, which is now sufficiently familiar to British surgeons as a species of actual cautery, is the Chinese name of the plant whose dried leaves were originally employed by them in this process. It would appear, however, from Herodotus, that a similar mode of treatment was also practised among the nomadic tribes of ancient Libya, who had the habit of applying greasy wool to the heads or temples of their young children, and burning holes into the flesh, under the idea that the process was specially well adapted to prevent colds in the head, and to induce general vigour of body.

In regard to anæsthetics, the ancients knew far more than was known to modern nations till within the last quarter of a century, for the Egyptians and Greeks were acquainted with several substances which had the property of inducing insensibility to pain, by plunging those who partook of them into a lethargic sleep.

The *mandragora*, which is now banished from the *materia medica*, was used by the old Greek and Roman physicians; and Galen, Aretæus, Celsus, and others, ascribe to it strong soporific properties; while other writers, as Dioscorides and Pliny, state that those drinking a sufficient dose of it are rendered insensible to the pain of the surgeon's knife and the cautery. The Crusaders brought back from the east a knowledge of the hachisch; and in the middle ages, an infusion of mandragora was given to patients who were to undergo painful operations, in the same manner as it had been administered by the ancients, the effect being to produce a deep sleep, which rendered the patient wholly insensible to pain. Boccaccio, who wrote in the middle of the fourteenth century, relates that a celebrated surgeon of the faculty of Salerno, named Mazet, employed a soporific, obtained by distillation, to deaden the pain of operations; while the confraternity of thieves and highwaymen of that age were said to be acquainted with a secret means of rendering themselves insensible to the tortures of the rack; according to the account given of it in Le Brun's *Civil and Criminal Processes*, published in 1647, soap was the agent employed, this substance having, as was asserted, the property of 'stupifying the nerves.'

If we pass to other presumed novelties in medicine, whose beneficial effects, unlike those of anæsthetics, are mere matters of individual opinion, we still find older claimants to the title of inventors than those to whom we commonly ascribe the merit. Thus, for instance, we are assured by M. B. de Xivrey, that Paracelsus forestalled Hahnemann's system, by teaching that 'like should be treated by like, since like attracts like.' Avicenna, too, was in advance of the German doctor in another fundamental principle of homœopathy, for he treated diseases by administering infinitesimal doses of the deadliest poisons. According to some authorities, the great Descartes killed himself from too rigid an adherence to the homœopathic doctrine, that a disease should be treated by those agents which will produce analogous symptoms, for when he was attacked by a raging fever, he insisted upon taking large and repeated doses of alcohol—a mode of treatment which brought on violent hiccoughing, and speedily terminated in death.

The kindred system of hydropathy must necessarily, in its simpler forms, have been coeval, if not antecedent, to all other modes of treating disease; but even in the more complex modifications of it, which Preisnitz has brought into such vogue in our own day, it may claim an ante-christian antiquity. Musa Antonius, the freedman and physician of Augustus, had the distinguished merit of curing his imperial master of a dangerous disease by prescribing the use of the cold bath. He was munificently rewarded for

the cure he had wrought, and honoured with a brazen statue, which, by order of the Roman senate, was to be placed near that of Æsculapius. The grateful emperor, moreover, exempted him from all taxes, and, as we may presume, vaunted his skill, and recommended him to his imperial household as the only physician to be trusted; at anyrate, he was called upon to treat the emperor's nephew and son-in-law, Marcellus, who had been publicly proclaimed his successor. Here, unfortunately for the patient and the system, hydropathy killed, and did not cure; the poor youth, who was only eighteen, died, chilled to death by the cold-water douches administered to him by Musa; and with him died the system, which M. Fournier remarks it has taken twenty centuries to revive and restore to its former prestige. The cold-water cure had, however, a short-lived notoriety in Nero's time, when the Marseille physician Charmis douched and drenched his patients most successfully with cold water, and in other respects prescribed medicines and modes of treatment not in use among his contemporaries.

If some of our most noted modes of treatment have thus had their periodic extinctions and revivals, so also have some assumed modern forms of disease. Thus, in the time of Louis XIV., Paris was ravaged by a disease presenting the same symptoms and the same fatal termination, in the majority of its cases, as our cholera of 1832 and 1849. The malady was known, too, under the same name, for at that period every disease which was supposed to be of a contagious nature was characterised as a *cholera morbus*, —the word cholera indicating the eastern origin of the epidemics which then devastated Central Europe, for it is a compound of the Hebrew words *choli*, malady, and *ra*, malevolent or destructive. The influenza, too, under its French name of *La Grippe*, is an ancient form of illness, which, at longer or shorter intervals of time, has repeatedly visited most countries of Europe. In 1776, it prevailed in a very severe form in France, and was commemorated by a vaudeville played at Paris in the June of that year, and entitled *La Grippe*.

Even our most recent innovations in the province of spiritual manifestations can claim an antiquity as remote as any records which we possess of the existence of human life. Table-turning was known to the Egyptian priesthood, probably from the earliest periods of their sway; and from them the practice passed, in the course of ages, to the Romans, who, when the fashion of gyrating sieves had died away, actually took to *tripod-turning*, or, as we should now call it, *table-turning!* This practice they pursued with such faith in the interpretations which they attached to the varied movements of the rotating sieves or tables employed in the process, that it evoked the bitter invectives of Tertullian, who thundered forth his anathemas against all persons who, 'putting their faith in angels or demons, made goats and even "*tables*" prophesy to them.' The ancients, however, did not employ table-turning as an amusement to while away an idle hour, but hedged it in with religious ceremonials, and made it a grave and awe-inspiring element of their demoniacal worship. We find the ceremonies attending its use fully described in a report that has come down to us, of the confession extorted from certain conspirators who, in the time of Valens, had consulted a prophetic triped preparatory to their attempt on the life of the emperor. 'We have constructed this accursed little table, most sublime judges,' they said, 'in the semblance of the Delphic tripod, and we have fashioned it with solemn incantations from the branches of a consecrated laurel. In accordance with ancient customs, we have surrounded it with divers ornaments, and consecrated it by means of imprecations, charms, and mystic verses; and this being done, we *moved* it.' After a further account of their proceedings, they go on to describe the mode in which they purified the apartment and house in which the table was to be turned, and the formation of the round metallic basin in which it stood, round the edge of which were engraved, at equal distances from one another, the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Much depended on these letters, for it was by their means that the turning-table gave forth its answers to the questions that were put to it by the officiating priest, who, clothed in white, and bearing a sprig of vervain in his hand, noted down the individual letters which were successively struck by the rings suspended from the table, as they followed the direction of the motion imparted to it. The hands of women and children were esteemed most efficacious in communicating the motion required to give the first rotating impulse to the turning sieves or tables. In the case of Valens's conspirators, however, men alone officiated at the table-turning ceremony; and on this occasion the rings having struck the double Greek letter *Th* and the letter *E*, in reply to the inquiry who was to succeed to the empire, no further demand was made, since all present looked upon the answer as a verification of the common expectation, that Theodorus was destined to be the future emperor. It happened, however, that Valens, who, for different reasons, as we may well conceive, was equally anxious to be informed on this subject, had recourse soon afterwards to another form of divination, known as *alectryomancy*. Here a cock was the divining medium, and the process consisted in placing the bird within a circle of all the letters of the alphabet, well covered with grain, from which he was suffered to peck at his pleasure; the assistants carefully removing each letter from which the food had been eaten, and framing them into words. Valens's cock having laid bare the letters *Th*, *E*, *O*, *D*, there could be no doubt, it was thought, that Theodorus must be the name indicated, as the emperor knew its owner bore him a grudge; and he therefore settled the matter to his own satisfaction by having the obnoxious Theodorus put to death. It happened, however, that Theodosius, whom no one had thought of, succeeded to the empire, and thus supplied a triumphant proof of the efficacy of table-turning and cock-pecking auguries.

Travellers relate that they have found in Cochin-China, not merely table-turners, but men who, by the effort of their will alone, could propel heavy barges along the shore; and the Jesuit missionaries who have penetrated into the interior of Tibet, assure us that the lamas possess the secret of making tables not only turn, but actually fly through space. A Russian traveller, who recently witnessed this marvellous feat, says that it is generally performed with a view of aiding the lama in specifying the perpetrator of a theft or murder, regarding whom he has been appealed to by those most interested in the detection of the culprit. On the appointed day, the lama seats himself on the ground before a small square table, on which he lays his hand, while he reads in a low monotonous tone from a Tibetian book. At the end of half an hour, he rises, and lifting his hand from the table, extends his arm across it, and keeps his hand in the same position in which it had rested on the table, which in a few minutes is seen to rise, following the motion of the hand as he gradually raises it, till it has reached the level of his eyes. The lama then begins to move, on which the table is observed to commence a rotatory motion, the speed of which is increased until it appears difficult for him to follow it, even at a running pace. The table in the meanwhile, after having followed various directions, begins to oscillate, and soon falls. According to the testimony of the people of the district, the table generally inclines towards one direction more than any other, and thus indicates the point of the compass towards which the search must be conducted. The Russian

to whom we are indebted for this account, says that he was four times a witness of this extraordinary exhibition, which was pronounced a failure on the three first occasions by the lama, who declared that the stolen property, concerning which he had been consulted, could not be recovered. On the last trial, however, the table, after making a rapid series of gyrations through the air, fell at a spot where the most careful search failed to bring to light the lost property. On the following day, suspicion was excited by the fact that a man, living in the direction indicated, had killed himself, and on searching his hut, the stolen things were found. The most careful examination of the table employed failed to shew any connecting medium in the way of a concealed wire or string between it and the officiating lama. It ought to be observed that Father Kirchner, in speaking—two hundred years ago—of the magnetic force inherent in man, pretends that if a person were to place himself in a state of perfect equilibrium, in a light bark on the open sea, he would, like some new compass, be naturally disposed to turn his face towards the north pole. Our recent table-turners have asserted that this tendency to move towards the north has been observed to predominate when once the turning-tables had been put into motion.

Spirit-rapping, although less ancient than table-turning, as far as we know, can at all events lay claim to an antiquity of several centuries in Europe; for we have the testimony of a certain French captain, the Sieur Aubigné, that one night during the siege of Montaigu, in 1580, while he was stretched on his pallet, snatching a short rest before the resumption of his ordinary duty to go on guard, he received three sharp raps from an invisible hand, which were given with such vigour, that his companions, who were assembled round the watch-fire, hastened towards him, to see who was buffeting him so lustily. Having disregarded this first attack, the rappings were repeated with a noise and force that compelled him to rise; and as no hand could be seen, all present felt uneasy, and assured him that this must be a spiritual warning of some coming evil. The good sieur adds, 'that not liking to have it said that he had received communications from any evil spirit, he kept the thing secret until the news that his younger brother had been killed that same night, made him feel that the affair could no longer be concealed.'

Animal magnetism, as is well known, was practised by the priesthood of Egypt and Greece from the remotest antiquity; and where the patients, who sought alleviation from some bodily ailment, or who desired to receive directions from the divinity whom they invoked, were found to resist the means employed to throw them into a lethargic sleep, certain of the priests, known as *oneiropoletæ*, or sellers of dreams, *slept for them* within the precincts of the temple, and communicated to them the instructions they had received in their dreams from the divinity. The magnetic sleep was induced, we are told, by frictions, the imposition of hands, or by making the patients look fixedly at some object suspended from a height or on a mirror floating on the surface of a fountain.

St Augustine describes a priest of his own church and time who had the faculty of depriving himself entirely of sensibility, appearing as if he were dead, and feeling neither blows, pricks, nor burns, as long as he continued in this lethargic state. According to the testimony of the bishop, this Christian priest was in the habit of inducing these phenomena in his own person whenever he was urged to exhibit his extraordinary powers; acting in this respect precisely as the *oneiropoletæ* of the ancients had done before him, and as our own mesmerised subjects do at the present day. He answered the questions put to him, and fell into a state of ecstatic somnambulism, of which he remembered nothing when he recovered his ordinary sensibility to outward impressions. Several ancient writers record instances of what we should now consider as cases of clairvoyance; and there can be no doubt, from the reports that have come down to us of the oracle at Delphos, that the Pythiæ spoke under the influence of magnetic agency. St Justin, in speaking of the sibyls, says: 'These women often gave utterance to grand and noble truths; but when the instinct which had guided them grew dormant, they no longer retained any recollection of the words they had spoken.'

When we descend from the domain of spiritualism to the simple matters of everyday-life, we find that the ancients were in the enjoyment of numerous luxuries and comforts which we commonly regard as the recent fruits of our own advanced civilisation. Thus, for instance, macadamised roads, in all save the name, were known in the Roman dominions 200 years before the Christian era, and were not merely limited to the vicinity of the capital, but were laid down in every province that succumbed to the valour of the republican arms. At an equally early age, the Roman senate, among various other decrees relating to the order and discipline to be observed in the city, enacted that men should give place to women in the streets, and leave them the unmolested use of the smooth line of pavement which every house-owner had to maintain in good condition in front of his own residence. Colossal sign-boards announced to the passers-by the business followed in the houses; while in the time of Plautus, notices of lost and found objects were displayed on placards written in letters a cubit long; and gladiatorial games, races, shows, and theatrical exhibitions were made public by huge boards displaying coloured representations of some of the most striking scenes or sights to be exhibited. The walls, doors, and palings were covered with these rude advertisements, which seem generally to have been drawn in some bright colour on a black or red ground. Although the Romans, like other ancient nations, were ignorant of printing as applied to the multiplication of books, they were familiar with the use of printing type, which their potters used for stamping names on their vases; and we are told that the Emperor Justinian, when he wished to append his signature to a public document, had recourse to a small wooden tablet, on which the letters of his name were cut, which he traced on the paper by following with the point of his style or pen the various contours of the carving.

But perhaps the strangest indication of the fact, that most of our assumed discoveries and innovations are mere *réhabilitations*, to use a French word, of pre-existing things, is supplied by the suggestion which is ascribed to Plato for 'the establishment of agencies for marriage, by means of which the qualities of each candidate for matrimony might be made known, and men thus have a better chance of procuring wives suited to their various characters.' This idea seems to have been lost for ages, but not wholly, for it revived in great force about a century ago, when some ingenious German, either from the depths of his own consciousness, or from a careful study of Plato's writings, established at Hamburg an office for the transaction of matrimonial affairs, in which advertisements for husbands and wives were always to be seen. There was not the slightest mystery or reserve assumed; and there is great frankness displayed both by the ladies and gentlemen who took part in these negotiations, for we are informed by one advertiser that 'she is fifty-nine years of age, and having buried her fourth husband within the previous three weeks, is anxious to meet with a good-looking healthy young man of twenty-six, as successor to her lamented partners. He need be under no trouble or care about money-matters, as she has plenty for both, and will leave him her universal legatee.' Another announces that he is possessed of independent means, having

upwards of 10,000 rix-dollars, and would not object to marry a widow who could bring about 60,000 marks as her portion, provided she had no encumbrances, and was not very old. He begs it to be understood, however, that no one need apply who is not able to superintend all household matters, or who cannot sew well enough to dispense with the services of a work-woman in her house. We do not know what success attended the establishment; but it is certain that several similar institutions flourished under the Directory at Paris, their success being perhaps in a great measure due to the anomalous condition of society at the time, when persons of low birth rapidly thrust themselves into prominent places, and belonging to no special circle or sphere of society, had no means of forming suitable connections for themselves or their children by the ordinary routine of social intercourse.

We are apt to imagine that our own is *par excellence* the age of humbug and advertisement, but even in these respects we must hide our diminished heads, and admit that we are only following in the steps of past generations. The Chinese practise—as their forefathers did ages before them—the puffing system in all its modifications. The doctors in China apply the art with great pertinacity, and the suffering invalid is invited to enter the dwelling of one of the medical fraternity by seeing suspended above the door a white or black sign-board, engraved with golden or brightly coloured letters, and setting forth that within this Temple of Repose, or Garden of Delight, or some such title, dwells 'the curer of all maladies, as may be proved by an inspection of the *bjan*, or memorial slate,' on which are inscribed the names of the patients, and the diseases which the wonderful man has cured. These bjans are transmitted as heir-looms from father to son; and where no honour of this kind exists in a family, it is said that they are occasionally bought, or fabricated to suit special cases. The presentation of a bjan is made as public as possible, the giver and the recipient being equally anxious, it would appear, to proclaim the fact. Placards posted at the corners of the neighbouring streets announce its expected arrival, which is ushered in with music and dancing; the bjan being carried on these occasions in a sedan-chair, attended by the giver and his special friends and retainers. The same system of puffing seems to be carried through every profession and trade in China. We need not, however, look so far for prototypes or rivals in the art of advertising our stock in trade, whether in the way of talents or more transferable goods, for the practice had its adepts in France long before it became common among ourselves. The Parisian tradesman of two hundred years ago presented his customers, before they left his shop, with an embossed card, or engraved metallic plate, on which were inscribed his name and address, with the names of his principal titled patrons on the one side, while the reverse generally displayed a pictorial representation of some of the articles in which he trafficked. A century nearer our own time, the 'Warrens' and 'Moses' of those days employed the highest talents of the day to celebrate the excellences of their goods, for the philosopher Diderot declares that he was far better paid for the panegyrics which he had been engaged to compose on a special kind of pomatum, than for his most elaborate articles in the *Encyclopédie*.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—THE SURPRISE.

The white cloud—a puff of powder-smoke—had scarcely scattered in the air, when a dark mass appeared upon the plain, emerging from the sulphurous vapour. It was a troop of horsemen—the warriors of Wa-ka-ra. On giving the signal, they had issued forth from the lower cañon, and were coming on at a gallop.

They were too distant for us to hear their charging cheer; but from right and left came a double shout—a war-cry answering to our own—and the moment after a stream of dusky forms was seen pouring down each bluff, through the sloping gorges that led to the plain.

We could hear the shout that announced the astonishment of the Arapahoes. It betokened more than astonishment: there was terror in its wild intonations.

It was evident that they had been taken altogether by surprise; having no suspicion that an enemy was near—least of all the dreaded foe who was now rushing forward to surround them.

The red men are never betrayed into a panic. Accustomed from earliest youth to war with all its wiles, they are ever prepared for a *stampede*. It is the system they themselves follow, and are ever expecting to be practised against them. They accept the chances of attack—no matter how sudden or unforeseen—with all the coolness of a contest premeditated and prearranged. Even terror does not create confusion in their ranks—for there are no ranks—and in conflicts with their own race, combinations that result from drill and discipline are of little consequence. It is usually a fight hand to hand, and man to man—where individual prowess prevails, and where superior personal strength and dexterity conduct to conquest. It is for this reason that the scalp-trophy is so highly prized: it is proof that he who has taken it must have fought to obtain it. When 'hair is raised' in a night-attack—by the chance of an arrow or a bullet—it is less esteemed.

By the laws of Indian warfare, the stratagem of assassination is permissible, and practised without stint; but a *coup* of this kind is far less glorious, than to slay an enemy in the open field, and under the broad glare of the sunlight. In conflicts by day, strategy is of slight advantage, and superior numbers are alone dreaded.

It was the superior numbers of their Utah enemies that caused terror in the ranks of the Arapahoes. Otherwise, they would not have regarded the mode of attack—whether their assailants advanced upon them in a single body, or in four divisions, as they were doing.

Indeed it was merely with a view of cutting off their retreat, that the Utah chieftain had adopted the plan. Had he not taken the precaution to approach from all sides at once, it would have been necessary for him to have waited for the night, before any attack could have been made. In daylight, it would have been impossible to get even within shot-range of the enemy. The Arapahoes were as well mounted as the Utahs; and perceiving their inferiority in numbers, they would have refused the fight, and ridden off, perhaps, without losing a man.

The strategic manœuvre of the Utah was meant to force the Red-Hand to a conflict. This was its purpose, and no other.

It was likely to be successful. For the Arapahoes, there seemed no alternative but fight.

The attack, coming from four points at one and the same time, and by superior numbers, must have caused them fear. How could it be otherwise?

It failed, however, to create any remarkable confusion. We could see them hurrying around the butte, in the direction of their *cavallada;* and, in an incredibly short space of time, most of the warriors had leaped to horse, and with their long spears towering high over their heads, had thrown themselves into an irregular formation.

The plain, at this moment, presented an animated spectacle. He upon the summit of the butte, if still alive, must have viewed it with singular emotions. The painted Arapahoes clustered around their chief, and for the moment appearing in a close crowd, silent and immobile: from north, south, east, and

west, the four bands of the Utahs approaching in rapid gallop, each led by its war-chief; while the 'Ugh! aloo!' pealing from five hundred throats, reverberated from cliff to cliff, filling the valley with its vengeful echoes! The charge resembled a chapter from the antique—an onslaught of Scythians!

Would the Arapahoes await the shock of all four divisions at once? All were about equally distant, and closing in at equal speed. Surely the Red-Hand would not stay to be thus attacked?

'*Carrambo!* I wonder they're not off before this!' shouted Archilete, who was galloping by my side.

'Ha, yonder!' added he, 'a party on foot making from the *alamos*. They are waiting for them to come up—that's what's been detaining them. *Mira!*'

As the Mexican spoke, he pointed to a small tope of cotton-woods, which grew isolated about three or four hundred yards from the mound. Out of this was seen issuing some fifteen or twenty Arapahoes. They were on foot; except three or four, that appeared to be carried by the others.

'Their wounded!' continued the trapper. 'They've had them under the bushes, to keep the sun off them, I suppose. *Mira!* they are meeting them with horses! They mean flight.'

A party with led-horses were seen galloping out from the base of the butte, evidently to take up the men on foot—who were still hurrying towards their mounted comrades as fast as the nature of their duty would permit them.

There were several little knots of the Indians on foot—each, no doubt, in charge of a disabled comrade.

One crowd appeared to encircle a man who was not borne upon their shoulders, but was moving forward on his own feet. The violent gesticulations of those who surrounded him caught our attention. The man was evidently being menaced and urged forward—as if he went against his will.

'*Carrai!*' exclaimed the Mexican, '*he* is not one of their wounded. A captive! One of your *camarados*, is he not?'

'No doubt of it,' I replied, at that moment equally guided to the conjecture.

'Wagh!' exclaimed the trapper, 'the poor fellow's scalp's in danger just now. I wonder they take all that trouble to get him away alive!—that puzzles me, *amigo!* I think it high time they looked to their own lives, without being so dainty about that of their prisoner. *Santissima Virgen!* As I live, there's a woman among them!'

'Yes—I see her—I know her. Her presence explains why they are taking him alive.'

'You know her!'

'And him too. Poor fellow! I hope she will befriend him; but'——

I was hindered from continuing the explanation. Just at that moment, the led-horses were rushed up; and those in charge of the wounded were seen to spring to their backs. Here and there, a double mount proclaimed that the disabled men were still capable of making a last effort for their lives.

All had got upon their horses, and in a straggling crowd were making to join the main band, when just then one of the horses that carried two men was seen to swerve suddenly from the line, and, heading up the valley, come galloping in our direction. The horse appeared to have taken fright, and run away from the others; while the men upon his back were wriggling and writhing about, as if trying to restrain him!

At the same instant, half-a-dozen mounted Arapahoes shot forth from the crowd, and with loud yells started in pursuit of the runaway!

The double-loaded steed—a powerful animal—kept on his course; and not until he had approached within three or four hundred paces of our own front, could I account for this strange manœuvre. Then was I enabled to comprehend the mysterious escapade. The rider upon the croup was Frank Wingrove!

He upon the withers was a red Arapaho, and the bodies of the two men appeared to be lashed together by a raw hide-rope; but, in front of the Indian, I could perceive the muscular arms of the young backwoodsman tightly embracing the body of the savage, while with the reins in his fingers he was guiding the gallop of the horse!

With a shout of joy, I hailed the escape of my comrade—now no longer problematical. In a score of seconds more, we should meet. The pursuers, satisfied that his recapture was hopeless, without risking their own scalps, turned with a despairing shout, and galloped back.

Wingrove was near enough to hear the cry of encouragement that passed from my lips; and, soon recognising me, despite the disguise of the serape, headed his horse directly towards me.

'Hooraw, capt'n!' cried he, as he came up. 'Hev you e'er a knive to cut me clar o' this Indyen? Durn the niggur! I've got *him* in a leetle o' the tightest fix he's been in for a while, I reck'n. Dog-gone ye! keep still, ye skunk, or I'll smash every rib in yur body! Quiet now!'

During all this time, the Indian was making the most strenuous efforts to free himself from the grasp of his powerful adversary—now endeavouring to throw himself down from the horse, anon trying to turn the animal in an opposite direction. But the thongs intended to secure his captive—and which had no doubt been wound around both by a third hand—had become bonds for himself. Wingrove, who had by some means wrenched his wrists free from their fastenings, had turned the tables upon his captor, by transforming him into a captive!

I chanced to have no knife; but the Mexican was supplied with the necessary article; and, drawing it from its sheath, shot past me to use it. I thought he intended to cut the thongs that bound the two men together; and so did he; but not till after he had performed another operation, which consisted in plunging his blade between the ribs of the Arapaho! At the stab, the Indian gave utterance to his wild death-shout. At the same instant his head coggled over upon his shoulder, his body relaxed its muscular tension, and hung limp over the raw hide-rope!

A snig of the red blade severed the thong; and the Indian's body sliding down from the shoulder of the horse, fell with a dull dead sound upon the turf!

'Here, *Americano!*' cried the trapper, holding out the ensanguined knife to Wingrove; 'take this weapon for want of a better. Let us on! See, the *picaros* are making off. *Vamos, nos vamonos!*'

The little incident had delayed us but for a very short while—perhaps not half a minute; but as we returned to the charging gallop, most of our party had passed us; and the foremost were already within rifle-range, and opening fire upon the Arapahoes.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE CHARGE.

The horsemen that had forged ahead, for awhile hindered me from seeing the enemy. The Utahs had halted, and were discharging their guns. The smoke, from their shots, shrouded both allies and enemy; but from the fact of a halt being made, I fancied the Arapahoes were making stand by the butte.

It was not so. After the first round of shots, the firing ceased; and the Utahs again went charging onward. The Arapahoes had given way, and were fleeing down the valley. There they must meet Wa-ka-ra!

And this, or something like it, was their intention. With the four divisions closing upon them from all sides at once, they saw there was no chance of saving themselves, except by making a desperate charge on

some one singly, in the hope of causing it to yield, and thus open for them a way of escape. They had no difficulty in making choice. The band of Wa-ka-ra was between them and their own country. It was the direction in which they must ultimately retreat; and this had decided them to take down the valley.

A slight swell in the plain, which we were at that moment crossing, gave me a view of the retreating Arapahoes. In the distance, I could see the band of Wa-ka-ra coming on at full speed. In a few seconds would meet in shivering charge these mortal foes.

The Utahs on our side were again urging their horses to utmost speed. Well mounted as were myself and companions, we were unable to overtake them.

Those that came from right and left had suddenly swerved from their course; and in two converging lines were sweeping down the valley to the assistance of their chief.

We passed close under the edge of the butte. In the excitement of the chase, I had almost forgotten to look up, when a shrill shout recalled to my memory the captive on the cross. The cry came from the summit, from Sure-shot himself. Thank Heaven! he lived!

'Hooza! hoozay!' shouted the voice. 'Heaving speed yees, whos'ever ye be! Hooza! hoozay! Arter the verming, an' gie 'em goss! Sculp every mother's son o' 'em. Hooza! hoozay!'

There was no time to make reply to these cries of encouragement. Enough to know that it was our old comrade who gave utterance to them. It proved he was still safe; and, echoing his exulting shout, we galloped onward.

It was a fearful sight to behold the two dark bands as they dashed forward upon one another—like opposing waves of the angry ocean. Through the horsemen in front of me, I could see the meeting, and hear the shock. It was accompanied by wild yells—by voices heard in loud taunting tones—by the rattling of shields, the crashing collision of spear-shafts, and the sharp detonations of rifles.

The band of Wa-ka-ra recoiled for a moment. It was by far the weakest; and had it been left to itself, would have sustained defeat in this terrible encounter; but the Utahs were armed both with rifles and pistols; and the latter playing upon the ranks of the Arapahoes, were fast thinning them. Dusky warriors were seen dropping from their horses; while the terrified animals went galloping over the field—their wild neighs adding to the uproar of the fight.

There was but one charge—a short but terrible conflict, and then the fight was over. It became transformed, changed almost in an instant, to a disorderly flight—the remnant of the prairie horsemen heading down the valley, followed by the four bands of the Utahs—who, having now closed together, pressed onward in the pursuit, still yelling their wild *Ugh! aloo!* and firing shots at intervals as they rode within reach of their flying foemen.

Neither Wingrove nor I had an opportunity of taking part in the affray. It was over before we could ride up; and indeed had it been otherwise, neither of us could have been of much service to our allies. Painted as both were, and in full war-costume—in other words, naked to the breech-clout—we could not have distinguished friends from foes; and it was this that occasioned us to halt.

We drew up on the ground where the collision had occurred with the band of Wa-ka-ra. We looked upon a spectacle that might at any other time have horrified us. A hundred bodies lay over the sward all dead. There were Utahs, as well as Arapahoes; but, though we could not distinguish the warriors of the two tribes in the confusion of the fight, there was no difficulty in identifying their dead. There was a signal difference in the aspect of the slain Indians. Around the skulls of the Utahs, the thick black tresses were still clustering, while upon the heads of the Arapahoes there was neither hair nor skin: every one of them had been already scalped!

Wounded men were sitting up, or propped against dead bodies—each with two or three comrades bending over him. Horses were galloping around, their lazos trailing at will; and weapons of every kind—spears, shields, bows, quivers, and arrows—were strewed over the sward. A group of about a dozen men appeared at some distance, clustered around a particular object. It was the dead body of a man—a chief, no doubt? Not without feelings of apprehension did I approach the spot. It might be the noble Wa-ka-ra?

I rode up, and looked over the shoulders of those who encircled the corpse. A glance was sufficient to put an end to my apprehensions. The body was covered with blood, and pierced with many wounds. It was frightfully mutilated; but I was able to identify the features as those of Red-Hand, the chief of the Arapahoes! Scarred and gashed though it was, I could still trace those sinister lines that in life had rendered that face so terrible to behold. It was even more hideous in death; but the Utahs who stood around no longer regarded it with fear. The terror their dread foeman had oft inspired within them, was now being retaliated in the mockery of his mutilated remains!

The Mexican had learned that Wa-ka-ra was still safe, and heading the pursuit. Having myself no further interest in the scene, I turned away from it; and, with Wingrove by my side, hurried back towards the butte.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

TRAGIC AND COMIC.

Some words passed between us as we rode back. For my companion, I had news that would make him supremely happy. Our conversation turned not on that. Soon enough, thought I, when they should come together. Let both hearts be blessed at the same time.

Ah! how my own was bleeding! Little suspected the Spanish hunter how his tale had tortured me!

Wingrove, in brief detail, gave me the particulars of his escape. Like myself, he had been captured, without receiving any serious wound. They would have killed him afterwards, but for the interference of the Chicasaw—who by some means had gained an ascendency over the Red-Hand.

In the breast of this desperate woman burned alternately the passions of love and revenge. The former had been for the time in the ascendant; but she had saved the captive's life, only in the hope of making him *her* captive. She had carried him to the copse, where he had passed the night in her company—one moment caressed and entreated—in the next reviled and menaced with the most cruel death!

In vain had he looked for an opportunity to get away from her. Like a tigress had she watched him throughout the live-long night; and it was only in the confusion, created by our sudden approach, that he had found a chance of escape from the double guardianship in which he had been held. All this was made known in a few hurried phrases.

Sure-shot! we were within speaking distance; but who could have identified the Yankee in such a guise? The tri-colored escutcheon I had myself so lately borne—the black face, shoulders, and arms—the white circle on the breast—the red spot—all just as they had painted me!

'Jeehosophet an' pigeon-pie!' cried he, as he saw us approach; 'air it yeou, capting? an' Wingrove teoo!'

'Yes—brave comrade! Your shot has saved us all. Patience! we shall soon set you free!'

Leaping down from our horses, we hurried up the sloping path. I was still anxious about Sure-shot's safety, but in another moment my anxiety was at an end. He was yet unscathed.

Like myself, he had received some scratches, but no wound of a dangerous character. Like myself, he had died a hundred deaths, and yet lived!

His gleesome spirit had sustained him throughout the dread ordeal. He had even joked with his cruel tormentors!

Now that the dark hour was past, his *jeux d'esprit* were poured forth with a continuous volubility. No —not continuous. At intervals, a shadow crossed his spirit, as it did that of all of us. We could not fail to lament the fate of the unfortunate Hibernian.

'Poor Petrick!' said Sure-shot, as we descended the slope, 'he weer the joyfulest kimrade I ever hed, an' we must gi' him the berril o' a Christyan. I wonder neow what on airth them verming hes done wi' him? Wheer kin they hev hid the body?'

'True—where is it? It was out yonder on the plain? I saw it there—they had scalped him.'

'Yees—they sculped him at the time we weer all captered. He weer lying jest out theer last night at sundown. He ain't theer now; nor hain't a been this mornin', or I'd a seed him. Whet do ees think they 've done wi' him anyhow?'

The disappearance of the body was singular enough. It was certainly removed from the spot where it had lain; and was now nowhere to be seen!

It was scarcely probable that the wolves had taken it—for the Indians had been all night upon the ground; and their camp-fires were near. True, the *coyotes* would have cared little for that; but surely the brutes could not have carried the body clear off? The bones at least would have remained? There were none—not a trace either of body or bones!

We passed around the butte, and made search on the other side. There was no dead body there—no remains of one!

Ha, the river! It swept past within fifty yards of the mound. It would account for the disappearance of the corpse. Had the Indians thrown it into the stream?

We walked towards the water, half mechanically. We had little expectation of finding the remains of the unfortunate man. The current rushed rapidly on: the body would have been carried along with it.

'Maybe it mout hev lodged somewheres?' suggested Sure-shot. 'Ef we shed find it, capting, I'd like to put a sod over him, for old times' sake. Shell we try down the stream?'

We followed the bank downward. A little below grew willows—forming a selvidge to the river's edge. Their culms curved over till the long quivering leaves dipped into the water. Here and there were thickets of them extending back into the plain. Only by passing through these could the bank of the river be reached.

We entered among the willows, Wingrove going in the advance. I saw him stoop suddenly, as if to examine the ground. An exclamation escaped him, and the words:

'Someb'dy 's crawled through hyar, or been dragged through—one.

'No!' continued he after a moment; 'he 's not been dragged; he 's been creepin' on his hands an' knees. Look thar! the track o' a knee, as clar as daylight; an', by the 'tarnal! it 's been covered with broad-cloth. No Indyen ked a made that sign!'

We all bent over to examine the sign. Sure enough, it was the track of a man's knee; and the plastic mud exhibited on its surface a print of fretted lines which must have been made by coarse threadbare cloth!

'By Gosh!' exclaimed Sure-shot, 'that eer 's the infantry overall—the giverment cloth to a sartingty. Petrick's been abeout heer. Lordy, tain't possyble he 's still livin'?'

'Shure-shat! Shure-shat! Mother ov Moses! is it yersef I hear?'

The voice reached us in a hoarse whisper. It appeared to rise out of the earth!

For some moments, we all stood as if petrified by surprise.

'Shure-shat!' continued the voice, 'wont yes help me out? I 'm too wake to get up the bank.'

'Petrick, as I 'm a livin' sinner! Good Lordy, Petrick! wheer air ye? Tain't possyble yeer alive?'

'Och, an' shure I 'm aloive, that same; but I 'm mere than half ded, for all that, an' nearly drownded to boot. Arrah, boys! rache me a hand, an' pull me out—for one ov my legs is broke.'

All together we rushed down to the water—whence the voice appeared to come. Under the drooping willows, where the current had undermined the bank, an object was seen in motion—a fearful object to look upon. It was the encrimsoned skull of our scalped comrade!

His body was submerged below the surface; his head was alone visible—a horrid sight!

The three of us leaped at once into the stream; and, raising the poor fellow in our arms, lifted him out on the bank. It was as he had alleged. One of his legs was broken below the knee; and other frightful wounds appeared in different parts of his body. No wonder the Indians had believed him dead, when they stripped off that terrible trophy!

Notwithstanding the ill usage he had received, there was still hope. His wounds, though ugly to look upon, were none of them mortal. With care, he might recover; and, taking him up as tenderly as we could, we conveyed him back to the butte.

The Arapahoes had left their *impedimenta* behind them—blankets and robes at discretion. With these, a soft couch was prepared under the shadow of the wagon; and the wounded man placed upon it. Such rude dressing as we were able to give, was at once administered to his wounds; and we found new joy in the anticipation of his recovery.

His disappearance, from the spot where he had been left for dead, was explained. He had 'played 'possum,' as he himself expressed it. Though roughly handled, and actually senseless for a time, he had still clung to life. He knew that the Indians believed him dead, else why should they have scalped him?

With a faint hope of being left upon the field, he had lain still, without stirring hand or foot; and the savages, otherwise occupied, had not noticed him after taking his scalp. By some accident, his hands had got over his face; and perceiving that these screened his countenance from observation, he had permitted them to remain so. With half-opened eyes, he could see between his fingers; and note many of the movements that were passing upon the plain in front of him—all this without the Indians having the slightest suspicion that he lived!

It was a terrible time for him—an ordeal equal to that endured by Sure-shot and myself—for every now and then some half-drunken savage would come staggering past; and he knew not how soon some of them might stick a spear into him, out of mere wantonness!

On the arrival of night, his hopes had revived; and the cool air had also the effect of partially restoring his strength. The savages, carousing around their fires, took no notice of him; and, as soon as darkness was fairly down, he commenced crawling off in the direction of the river.

He had a double object in going thither. He was suffering from horrid thirst; and he hoped there to find relief as well as a better hiding-place. After crawling for more than an hour, he had succeeded in reaching the bank; and, taking to the water, he had waded down, and concealed himself under the willows in the place where we had found him.

Such was the adventure of the *ci-devant* soldier, Patrick O'Tigg—an escape almost miraculous!

As if fulfilling the laws of dramatic justice—that the farce should succeed the tragedy—our attention was at this moment called to a ludicrous incident.

The Mexican trapper had ridden up, and halted beside the wagon, when all at once his eyes became fixed upon an object that lay near at hand upon the grass. It was the black silk hat of the ex-rifleman, already mentioned in our narrative.

After gazing at it for a moment, the Mexican slid down from his horse, and hobbling towards the tile, took it up. Then uttering a fierce *Carajo*, he dashed the hat back to the ground, and commenced stamping upon it, as if it had been some venomous serpent he desired to annihilate.

'Hilloo! theer, *hombre!*' shouted Sure-shot. 'What the ole scratch air ye about? Why, ye yeller-bellied fool, thet's my *hat* yeer stompin' on.'

'*Your* hat!' echoed the trapper in a contemptuous tone. '*Carrambo, señor!* you should be ashamed of yourself; any man to wear a silk hat! Wagh!'

'An' why ain't a silk hat as good 's any other?'

'*Maldita sea!*' continued the trapper, taking the wooden leg from his waist, and hammering the hat with it against a stone—'*maldito sombrero!* but for that accursed invention, we poor trappers wouldn't be as we are now. *Carrambo!* it 's fetched beaver down to a plew a plug; while only ten years ago, we could get six *pesos* the skin! Only think of that! *Carai-i-i!*'

Pronouncing this last exclamation with fierce aspirate, the incensed trapper gave the unfortunate hat one more blow with his timber leg, and then, spurning the battered tile from his toe, hobbled back to his horse!

Sure-shot was disposed to be angry, but a word set all right. I perfectly comprehended the nature of the trapper's antipathy against silk hats, and explained it to my comrade. In their eyes, the absurd headgear is more hideous than even to those who are condemned to wear it—for the trappers well know that the introduction of the silk hat has been the ruin of their peculiar calling.

'Twan't much o' a hat, atter all,' said Sure-shot, reconciled by the explanation. 'It b'longed to the sutler at the Fort, an' yee see, capting, as we left theer in a leetle bit o' a hurry, I couldn't lay my claws on my own ole forage-cap; so I took the hat in its place: thet's how I kim by the thing. But heer's a hat: preehaps, mister, this heer'll pleeze ye, will it?'

As Sure-shot put the question, he took up the plumed bonnet of an Arapaho warrior—which had been left lying among the rocks—and, adjusting the gaudy circlet upon his head, strode backward and forward over the ground with all the swelling majesty of an Indian dandy!

The odd-looking individual and his actions caused the laughter of the by-standers to break forth in loud peals. The Mexican fairly screamed, interlarding his cachinnations with loud 'santissimas,' and other Spanish exclamations; while even the wounded man under the wagon was unable to restrain himself at the mirth-provoking spectacle.

NORFOLK BROADS AND THEIR WATER-FOWL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

GIVEN a map of the eastern coast—if you are travelling, the railway map at the beginning of Bradshaw will answer your purpose very well—and draw thereon an imaginary triangle, having for its angles Norwich, Lowestoft, and Happisburgh—always pronounced, and frequently written Hasborough—and you have the district of the Broads. Next, what are 'the broads?' and where have you met with this word, which is strictly local, before? If you are a reader of Southey, you may remember it from the following note in his *History of Brazil*: 'This is a provincial term,' he says, 'used in Norfolk and Suffolk, to designate those parts of a river where the stream expands to a great width on either side. Broads, therefore, I have used in this sense, as distinguished from lakes—which are greater receptacles of water formed by one or more streams, but having the outlet generally much larger than the inlet—and from lagoons, by which I am to understand lakes lying near a river, and formed by it.' I have extracted this note, as being a clear description of our broads, which appear under these three forms, though Southey only allows them the first. Their most common form is the lagoon. They vary in dimension from the small pool called a 'pulk,' to the wide shallow lake, such as Hickling Broad, which has an area of more than four hundred acres of water, although it is, except in a very few spots, not more than four feet and a half deep. The principal are, Hickling Broad, Horsey Mere, and Heigham Sounds, Lake Lothing, Oulton Water, Barton, Rollesby, and Filby Broads, Fritton, South Walsham, Rantworth, and Hoveton Broads, and lastly, Breydon Water, formed at the back of Yarmouth, by the confluence of the Waveney, the Bure, and the Yare.

The face of the country is vastly changed since Sir Thomas Browne made his excursions from Norwich to see otters asleep by Surlingham Broad, and, like later philosophers, experimentise unsuccessfully in spontaneous generation.* In his day, with the exception of a few spots here and there, the whole triangle was one continuous range of marshes, through which three sluggish rivers flowed to the sea, by no means in any hurry to get there, and spreading themselves out into broads in every direction; low isolated hills sloped down to the margin of the marsh, where high sedges made a shelter for the wild-fowl; further on, lay a broad, whose approach grew more and more of a quagmire, till it would have been a puzzle to say where the land finished and the water began. Such a region, lying, too, towards the most eastern seaboard of the kingdom, must be a stronghold for the water-fowl. These birds do not haunt an endless swamp, nor very deep waters; they love the furze-clad hill, the marsh, with perhaps thickets of dwarf trees at the edge of the broad, where they find abundance of fish among its tangled water-weed, and sedgy islets dotted on its surface for their nesting-places. What a haven for the storm-beaten pilgrims coming from the ocean! No wonder they should fold their weary wings, and set up their rest in it—that they should people these solitudes, and make them vocal with rushing wings, with clangour of cry and call. I think if good Sir Thomas were to rise, he would hardly recognise his familiar haunts. Bogs have been drained, rivers banked up, large tracts of country have been reclaimed and fertilised, and over what was in his time a pathless swamp, the train now snorts and rattles to the sea-side, past market-towns and villages. Still, where at all left to itself, our district obstinately keeps up its old character. You pass at once from rich uplands into an immense morass, inaccessible in most parts, except to the hardy marshmen, and those quite as hardy naturalists or botanists who think little of wading in mud to their knees, with a fair chance of a settlement up to the neck. No wood, except low thickets, and carrs,† with dwarf alders and willow, in the distance, and just a birch or two scattered here and there over the swamp. Low plashy reaches, varied with bog, and interspersed with 'pulks,' seem to stretch miles away, while under the low sky-line a broad glitters in the sun. The plover whistles overhead, a merry moorhen whisks past you, while flocks of water-fowl stand in solemn confabulation together, and then stream off in long lazy flight from pool to

* In plashes or standing-water, we have met with *vermes setacei*, or hard worms, but could never convert horse-hairs into them by laying them into those same waters.

† Local name for a small wood.

pool. Not a pretty country, I agree with you—no charms here for the lover of fine scenery, but rich in interest, if you are botanist, zoologist, or, above all, ornithologist.

In our triangle, we may fairly reckon the winged people as the aborigines of the soil, and they suffer the common fate of aborigines: they are persecuted without mercy, their nesting-places broken up, their eggs destroyed, and their young taken. The rustics have their guns, and value every bird and egg at just the price that they will bring; the railway is close at hand to carry off the victims to the London market. With enemies on all sides, and no protection, of course, many species which formerly bred here are now only visitors, while others once common have become a mere tradition. Sir T. Browne, in his *Account of Norfolk Birds*, written about 1665, describes several, as the osprey, the fen-eagle, the crane, &c., which we have entirely lost. The bustard, which was, he says, 'not unfrequent in the champain and fieldy part of the country,' lingered till within the last twenty years, and is now extinct; the last survivors of the tribe were seven or eight solitary females. Within my own memory, the decrease or complete extinction of species has gone on at a rapid rate. Many which were comparatively plentiful at the beginning of the century, are waning fast; some have entirely disappeared; and before its close, I fear, some of the greatest ornaments to our fauna—the grebe and ruff, for instance—will vanish;* for when once the numbers of a species are very much thinned, it is soon lost entirely; and this depopulation is carried on at a rapidly increasing rate in every region of the globe. Increase and multiply, was God's command when he made all the fowls of the air to enrich and beautify his creation; kill and destroy, is man's cruel fiat against the most innocent and lovable, as the most ornamental of all his fellow-creatures. Now-a-days, any rare visitor must bear a charmed life if he is to penetrate into the interior, for the boatmen keep a sharp look-out, and a gun-shot is his welcome to our inhospitable shores. I grieve to say that naturalists, while they deplore the loss of varieties in British birds, occasion the gaps themselves. Many of them seem to think that a rare or beautiful bird is made for the express purpose of being displayed under a glass-case, with his mate and their brood, all stark and stiff, like knight, dame, and children on an old monument. Yet, after all, are these stuffed specimens any more the real creature, than a mummy is what it was as a living, breathing human being? Where are the marvels of instinct, the quick eye, the exquisite grace of bird-action and bird-motion, quaint gestures, fluttering happiness—all the hundred things that go to make up a bird, beside his skin and feathers? Ah! if the bird-collector had learned anything of all this, he would know that a living sparrow is better than his stuffed eagle. But I shall dismiss this question, knowing I should grow ill-natured upon it, and, what is worse, become tedious into the bargain.

The generic term water-fowl includes all the families of the order *Natatores*, or *Palmipedes*, as they are often designated, from their webbed feet. Nearly one-third of our British birds rank in this order, and almost all of these belong to the little district of the broads. By way of beginning, I intend to give a good word to an injured palmipede, on whom every writer has bestowed bad ones without just cause. He certainly owns a huge appetite, and bolts his food; but so, I believe, did Dr Johnson; and this is an amiable fowl, without any prejudices, which is more than even Boswell could say for the lexicographer. Nothing but the fine roll in his name brought upon him that great piece of poetical injustice by which Milton made him cousin-german to the serpent in that fine passage where we see the malignant spirit as he

> On the middle tree, and highest there that grew,
> Sat like a cormorant.

Now, there is nothing akin to evil in this bird's disposition; he is very gentle, and easily domesticated, though I should not advise my friends to make the experiment. I kept one myself for a month, and, at the end of that time, was extremely happy to bestow him on a zoological society: not that he ever made any vicious use of his formidable beak; but as a moderate-minded cormorant expects full six pounds of raw steak or fish per diem, and can dispose of more if it comes in his way, you can suppose him precisely the sort of visitor more pleasant to keep for a week than a fortnight. My guest was always peering about the kitchen, to see what he could lay his beak upon, and the bare perspective of a fin was to him what the sight of the brandy bottle is to the drunkard: more than once, he carried off the fish destined for the parlour dinner; and his final escapade was to walk up boldly into the drawing-room, and fish all my wife's gold and silver favourites out of the aquarium. No, I don't recommend a cormorant for a pet; but as an outdoor acquaintance with whose commissariat you are unconcerned, you will find him interesting enough. If you ever visit Yarmouth, you will find it worth your while to lounge near Breydon Water when the tide is on the turn, and watch these birds fly in one by one from the woods, perhaps miles off, where they have been resting. Some unerring instinct teaches them when the returning tide brings their food, just as, if you have patience to wait till it ebbs, and the cormorant leaves the shore, you may see his place taken by other birds, who feed on the bare sands. The cormorants sit, like the gravest philosophers, on a rail, post, or any convenient perch at hand, each intently watching the water before him. Woe be to the fish that shews itself, be it ever so dimly: down pounces the enemy, and it is impaled to a certainty on the horny beak of his upper mandible! An eel is his favourite *bonne bouche*, and he goes through a little ceremony when he has had the satisfaction of taking one. He doesn't swallow it at once: holding his wriggling prey in that merciless beak, he dashes it against his post of observation three or four times, perhaps that it may not wriggle inconveniently in his interior; perhaps for the same cause as your cook beats her beef-steak; he then tosses it into the air, catches it dexterously by the head, and the eel goes down that baggy throat at a single gulp. The cormorant is a handsome bird in his summer plumage; black and shining from crest to tail, the only relief to his sombre costume being one white patch on the thigh. He visits us in the spring, from the south of Europe; inhabits India and China, where John Chinaman catches him, and teaches him to fish for a master as well as for himself. The shag is a smaller variety, in a deep-green suit, with nearly the same habits as its larger kinsman. The cormorants and the gannet are the only members of the Pelecanidæ which count as British birds, though we were very near an addition, on Sir T. Browne's authority, in the shape of a pelican shot on Horsey Mere, 1663. However, after describing this 'fowl, which none could remember on our coast,' with his usual quaint felicity, Sir Thomas adds naïvely: 'About the same time, I heard that one of the king's pelicans had been lost from St James's; perhaps this might be the same.'

At one time, Norfolk boasted eight varieties of gull; from that magnificent larus, the great akus, half vulture and half gull—that still repays the protection afforded it in the Scotch islands, by waging war with the eagles, which have too decided a penchant for

* Fifty years back, that splendid bird, the glossy ibis, was familiar to our marshmen, under the name of the black curlew. It is now never seen out of a museum. The stork appears at long intervals; a very fine one was shot at Wretham in 1838.

lamb to be approved by the farmer—to that fairy among water-fowl, the little gull. Besides the common gull, we now only possess the black-head (*Larus ridendibus*). Almost in the heart of Norfolk, twenty-five miles from the sea, and without any river communication with it, lies Scoulton Mere, a large solitary broad, said to be a fragment of the ancient estuary which once divided the county. There is a boggy island in the midst of the mere, a few willows scattered about it, and bristling with reeds all over; this island has been from time immemorial the chosen nesting-place of the black-heads. For once at least in a lifetime, it is, I assure you, quite worth while to face the bitter wind of a March morning by Scoulton Mere, to watch the gulls come, flight after flight, from their southern winter-homes, sweeping in the dawn, so gray and bleak, over brown fields and hedgerows, with a ghostly rushing, and a shrill cackling cry. They first appear at Scoulton towards the end of February, and the whole body is there by the middle of March. They spread themselves widely over the country in quest of food, and follow the plough in companies. The farmers look kindly on these gulls as great devourers of grubs and worms, although their bill of fare is by no means limited to this class of the Articulata; cockchafers, beetles, and most small deer of that sort, either flying or creeping, are hunted down by the black-heads. Though they bear this name, the summer hue of their head and neck is in reality dark brown, the rest of their plumage white and gray. When they first come to Scoulton, their heads are white, and begin to darken towards the end of March; in less than a week, every head is dark brown, and this not through moulting, but real change of colour. The birds at Scoulton have a keeper, and they increase in number, notwithstanding the large quantity of eggs—more than thirty thousand in an average season—taken from this island alone. By the end of July, the gulls are all gone, both young and old, to disperse themselves over the sea-board, or that of Sicily and Southern France. Sir T. Browne says, that 'in hard winters, elks, a kind of wild swan, are seen in no small number;' and he was the first to observe 'that strange recurvation of the windpipe through the sternum,' which is so ably exhibited and described in Yarrell's *British Birds*. This 'elk' is the Hooper swan (*Cygnus ferus*); it visits the Scotch lakes every winter, and even makes its large nest of coarse herbage of rush, and brings up its young in the Orkneys; but to our coast it only comes in very severe weather, generally flying along the sea-board in flocks of from twenty to thirty. Its note, of which it seems very chary—I have only heard it once—is a loud whistling hoop, hoop, hoop, from which it takes its name. Far more impressive than the cry of this bird is the unearthly sound they make with their wings in flight. I can never forget the time when I first heard it. I was walking alone on a solitary shore one wintry afternoon, just as the day was closing in. The morning had been bright, but towards noon, clouds, heavy and dark, as if laden with the tears of human grief, had come creeping, creeping up over the sea, which now lay under a leaden sky, as leaden as the sky itself, and in that death-hush which precedes a storm. The deep sorrow of the new-made grave weighed down my spirits at that time, and, buried in sad thoughts, I was not conscious of the coming of the wild-swans till they were close at hand. Their proportions shewed gigantic, the snowy plumage dazzling against that sombre sky, as they sailed with outstretched wings and necks straight over my head in a compact wedge-like body,* with a grand sonorous clangour like that of a mighty wind rushing through harp-strings. The stillness, the intense solitude, and the mood on which the apparition broke, all served to heighten the thrill of wondering awe with which I watched the wild swans hurrying on to their resting-place before the storm.

As far as we know, the wild swan never bred so far south as Norfolk; but before drainage had broken up its nesting-places, the gray-lag goose (*Anser ferus*) made its home of sedge on the margin of a broad, laid its smooth, yellowish, ivory eggs, and brought up a family of eight or ten young ones, well content to stay with us all the year round. At present, it is only a chance-visitor; some winters, it will be plentiful enough, then for two or three seasons together, perhaps not a gray-lag is to be seen. Indeed, all migrant water-fowl are very capricious visitors. A sharp winter, with frequent occurrence of heavy gales from the east and north-east, is sure to bring them. After a few hours of these gales, the waters will be dotted with wild-fowl from the north, when hardly a single individual was to be seen the day before—a fact observed repeatedly through many years, and which confirms my belief that these birds are sensible of an approaching change in the weather, and begin their long journey before it takes place. The gray-lag sets up a claim to be the veritable goose which saved the Capitol; however this may be, it is enough for an Englishman to recognise in it the undoubted progenitor of our noble national institution, the Michaelmas-goose. Long may it flourish! Let revolvers and rifles laugh the gray-goose-shaft to scorn—let the porcupine present his quill, steel-pen on end, in lieu of the old gray-goose quill—but never shall any creature, were it even the bird of paradise, presume to displace the savoury fowl of good Queen Bess! The gray-lag has a wide geographical range: it summers as far north as Iceland, is abundant in the central parts of Europe, in Italy and Corfu, and counts in the fauna of Northern Asia, China, and Japan.

Far more rare than the gray-lag in Europe, and, indeed, so rare everywhere, except in the extreme north of Asia and Siberia, that its habits and nesting-places are almost unknown, is the red-breasted goose (*Anser ruficolis*), so called from the splendid chestnut red of its neck and upper part of the breast. I have a specimen of this rare bird, and I cannot resist the temptation of letting the world know how I came by it. One very cold day in February, some years ago, I was riding across the country to pay a visit, and overtook on my road a lean hungry-looking woman and a boy, dangling a string of wild-geese between them. I was in a hurry that morning; but somehow the sight of beak and wings is irresistible to me, even if it comes in the shape of a sparrow, so I reined in my horse to take a look at the wild-fowl. Brents all of them, dark and dingy. Another look. No, by Jove! What head was that with the white patch between the beak and eye? Did that gleam, like ruddy fire-light, ever shine from the plumage of any brent? If, my reader, you are not a naturalist, at least you may be a book-collector; if so, recall the tremulous delight which fairly took away your breath that never-to-be-forgotten day when, among the sermons, dirty novels, Cockers, whole-duty-of-mans, on the most unpromising of book-stalls, you came plump upon that very scarcest black-letter, destined to be the glory of your library, the envy, as its history is the bore, of all your friends. Are you neither naturalist nor book-collector? I despair of 'insensing you,' as Paddy says, into the wonder, the enchantment, the eager flurry with which I fished from the brents a superb *ruficolis*, laid him across my saddle, turned my horse's head at once, and carried him triumphantly to be set up at Norwich. I was urged to this prompt disposal of my prize by the memory of a dire misfortune suffered by a Norfolk naturalist some winters before. Like myself, *he* had the luck to light upon a red-breast in Norwich market; *he* also made the prize his own, with a couple of brent-geese, chuckling vastly, no doubt, as he laid down the

* The hooper flies in a flock gathered into a wedge-shape form like wild-geese. Bewick's swan flies in long strings.

common price of wild-fowl for the three. But *he* carried them home, and through some fatal mistake, one of the brents was sent to the bird-preserver—the *rara avis* actually plucked and cooked. I have no words to paint the horrors of the bereaved naturalist, when, after a capital dinner, he found out his cook's blunder. Thyestes alone could have fully sympathised with him; let us hope the recording angel was able in some slight degree.

The brent (*Anser torquatus*) in whose company I found my treasure, though dull of plumage, and the smallest of its tribe, has the recommendation of being a very good bird for the larder. Wild-geese, in general, feed on grain, young plants, and clover shoots; but the brent fattens itself on sea-weed, and has the taste of a gourmand for laver. We rarely see it on our inland marshes; it loves the muddy flats and sand-banks of our shore. As soon as the ebbing tide leaves these bare, you may see the brents flying in skeins from the sea to their feeding-places, with a noise exactly like that of a pack of hounds in full cry. They stay on our coast till late in February, when they begin to migrate in successive flights, the young or more tender birds staying almost into April. I have watched the flock about to depart collect on some muddy flat, darkening it with their numbers, then rise slowly in circles, as if describing a vast spiral staircase, till they hung high in the air, and slowly moved off over the ocean northwards, to summer in the polar seas.

OUR SUMMER MONTH AT LIMPETER.

So familiar is the aspect of the ocean, and the manner of life at the sea-side, to almost the poorest of us, and the most inland—thanks to railways and cheap trips—that we can hardly understand that it was quite otherwise with our forefathers of the last century, who, in addition to the difficulties of transit, were deterred from marine excursions by a foolish notion that the air of the sea-coast was unhealthy. One wonders what the pent-up city people did in those days, to get themselves well quit of the dust and din of town. They were not, it is true, quite so crowded as at present, nor, perhaps, worked so hardly, and could certainly reach the country with greater ease, which now lays so many lares of streets away from many of them; but they must have pined for that thorough change, too, without which it seems to us middle classes that we must perish. How jaded, and worn, and dull we get after our eleven months' pursuit of the 'almighty dollar,' in mart and counting-house, in courts and in chambers, at the desk and in the pulpit! and how fresh and rejuvenescent we all return from what the pert law-clerk designates our 'sniff of the Briny,' and the more eloquent divine, our 'contemplation of the great work of creation in its sublimest aspect.'

This departure coastwards has become as much a habit with us as migration with the swallows; and we imagine that it was always so; that Methuselah could never have set the early annuity-offices at defiance but for sea-bathing, and three or four weeks in autumn at some Asiatic Brighton. As for ourselves, our earliest recollections are connected with the delights of the sea-side, where it has ever been holiday, and wherein our sojourn has always seemed too brief. The pleasantest playtime of our lives, perhaps, was spent upon those sparkling sands, which, spade in hand, we built up into ramparts against the flowing tide. That practice would now afford us little amusement, and no hope, albeit we do things quite as delusive yet, and less amusing; such as ignoring Christmas-tide till the bills come in a great flood, or endeavouring to keep them out with a twenty-pound note, when we ought to have laid by a hundred. All ports and recognised 'watering-places' are hateful to us, because one is there obliged to 'dress' and behave as Society takes it into her doting old head we should do, whereas the chief benefit of our exodus consists in the getting as much as possible out of artificial life, and returning to that of the noble savage. No hats—those unmistakable badges of the slaves of fashion, detested and yet worn by all, because all are cowards—but any head-coverings we please that are comfortable and cool, and can be folded up pillow-fashion, to shield the skull from the hard shingle, or be thrust into one's pocket without injury, when we prefer to let the sea-breezes lift our hair. No 'evening things,' and bother of changing garments daily, unless one gets wet through, as is probable, among the Wonders of the Sea-shore at low-water. No delicate boots, no attenuated umbrellas, no flimsy objections to be seen smoking the pipe of tranquillity in the street—which is not, however, a street, but only a broken and irregular line of summer residences, each peering anxiously over the other's shoulder, in order to obtain that indispensable advantage, 'a view of the sea.' We are familiar with a score of such marine paradises, from the Bristol Channel to the Firth of Forth, and would gladly visit any of them again save one—wherein the shadow of Death once fell to linger for ever, and where for us the blue waves would break upon the shore with a too mournful monotone.

This last autumn we went to Limpeter, which, as everybody knows, is not to be reached by railways, and where there is not very good landing even for packet-passengers. A chain of hills, of various steepness, lies between it and one considerable town, while a broad arm of ocean separates it from another. Harris and Roberts, fellow-labourers in the Stamp and Wafer Office with the present writer, were my companions this year. I always take my pleasure trips with two others, because, of three persons, two are perfectly certain to disagree, and to be extra civil, in consequence, to the third, whose position, being of a conciliating nature, I generally manage to occupy. Roberts is the most polished, and not the least supercilious of officials, while Harris is rather nervous and fussy, so that I knew, if a difference should arise in our little party, between whom it would occur. We drove over the hills to Limpeter in a carriage and pair, procured from the post-town, and the horses went at a considerable pace.

'Don't you think that the man is going too fast?' observed Harris, apprehensively, as we came down the first of the chain of hills with rather a lateral swing.

'Perhaps,' said I; and, indeed, I was quite of Harris's opinion.

'I suppose,' remarked Roberts coolly, 'that the driver knows his own business as well as any of us the stamp-and-wafer trade; and he has, at least, been as much accustomed to the horses.'

Harris was silent for a time, but by no means comforted. Presently, we got such a bump in the hollow of the road, as sent two of us up an inch and a half from our seats, and Harris, who is very light, a couple of inches.

'Gracious goodness!' cried he, 'this is terrible! Hi, driver, hi!—go slower, will you? Why, the man is deaf!'

Our nervous friend, who was sitting on the back seat, arose therefrom, and, steadying himself with difficulty, seized hold of the driver's arm, and shrieked out: 'Not so *fast!* You'll upset us, you idiot!—slower, *slower!*'

Imagine, therefore, Mr Harris's discomposure when the man smiled good-naturedly, touched his tongue with his finger-tip, and administered a tremendous cut with his whip to the near-horse, which seemed only rather less inclined to run away than the other.

'Good heavens!' ejaculated Harris, staggering back, 'this driver is deaf and dumb!'

'It is very lucky for him,' returned Roberts

philosophically, 'or you would have broken his tympanum. But we certainly are going a good pace.'

The objects by the roadside were indeed flying past us with a great velocity, and it was evident that the man was quite unaware of our wish to slacken speed. We were just upon the brow of another hill, too, and I perceived Harris measuring with his eye the distance between his seat and the ground.

'You had better not jump out, my dear fellow,' said I. 'Can't either of you talk with your fingers to him?'

'I used to be able to,' replied Harris doubtfully. 'I know a, e, i, o, u.'

'Try him with them, by all means,' exclaimed Roberts sardonically. 'What do the consonants signify?'

'Look here, driver,' cried Harris at the top of his voice—though if our voices had been piled together they would not have reached the poor man's sense of hearing—'look here—but keep your eye upon those horses at the same time—I'm going to talk to you;' and he pinched his arm to draw his attention. 'G, do you see that? (It *is* G, isn't it, Roberts?) Yes. He sees it. What intelligent beggars these deaf and dumb folks are! There, that will do for Gently, without the rest of it, I'm sure. G!' And our friend pointed to the impetuous steeds in explanation that it was to them that he referred.

The driver, who was all good-nature, gesticulated and smiled in token of apprehension; then turned round upon his seat, and applied his whip double-thonged, and with what is popularly termed 'a vengeance,' to each of the astonished animals. We descended the hill at the speed of a centrifugal railway carriage, while Harris held on to the seat with his fingers talonwise, and even Roberts took one of his hands out of his pockets—a thing which he is never seen to do unless in the greatest extremities. The driver was, after all, a very excellent one, and could not be expected to know that G stood for *gently* only; it seemed to him, on the contrary, that Mr Harris was dissatisfied with the pace, and had requested him to *gallop*. We reached Limpeter quite safely, and certainly in a surprisingly short time.

It was there that Harris first openly ventured to express regret that he was not married, and not, it must be owned, without some excuse for that humiliating confession. The very air of Limpeter was musical with the laughter of children, while the domestic picnic-parties upon the cliffs were very tantalising, and so numerous that—in that favourite *restaurant*, the east Bay in particular—you could scarcely keep your feet out of pigeon-pie. Moreover, in every household, one or more young ladies seemed to be staying, who lavished upon Paterfamilias endearments that aroused the most envious feelings of the beholder, and which, taking into consideration the existence of his own charming consort, we held to be superfluous in a very high degree. They sang to him in that beautiful beech avenue where the trees meet overhead like a cathedral roof, and the light falls green and golden, as through a painted chancel-window. They played to him too—for late into the still summer-nights we heard their brisk duets and their bewitching solos flow through the half-opened casements, at which there sat the shadow of Materfamilias knitting. They accompanied him, if it was not wet, in the early mornings, 'to see him off' by the steamer which took him across the water to his business in the opposite town, and came down, in company with his wife, to meet that Bashaw on his return by the afternoon boat. What wavings of handkerchiefs, what kissings of hands—their own hands of course, but still the thing was aggravating—to welcome or to bid adieu to an elderly gentleman who wore spectacles, and carried a great bulging umbrella! And how, as a matter of course—like the pope, I suppose, when people kiss his toe—did he receive these charming attentions! A condescending nod of his bald head, three fingers held out to be shaken, and an 'I shall be back at five, my dear (*his* dear, indeed!), and tell my wife I will bring a brace of birds.' These creatures were thinking of their dinners, while the very loveliest lips in the world were bidding adieu to them.

A pretty sight was that long line of everyday passengers, winding over the rocks and sands to meet the boat, which took them to the steamer at low tide, when the little pier was not accessible; and the partings (not such as have any pain in them, but 'good-byes' for a few hours) were pretty too—at least, upon one side. It was charming to see the fair ones standing upon some picturesque rock draped in sea-weed, and bewailing their deserted condition, like so many Ariadnes in Naxos. All day long, they and the wife, their chaperone, paraded the beach, and played with the children on the sands, or in Limpeter Street—in which public thoroughfare we have seen as good a game at battledoor or le gras as in any room—or went down to the Ladies' Bay to bathe. Machines are unknown at Limpeter, so certain bathing-places are set apart for each sex, and kept as far as possible sacred. Such a regulation is excellent, if one is only made aware of its existence; but the unfortunate Harris having strayed along the west margin of the sea on one occasion, where the cliffs are quite precipitous, found himself 'lady-bound'—cut off from communication with Limpeter by three or four dozen ladies, some in the water, and some of them out of it, but all of them in less than demi-toilet. It is a horrible thing to lose one's dinner, which he knew at once must happen to him, but more dreadful still is it to be at the foot of an inaccessible crag, below high-water line, when the spring-tide is coming up, which was his unhappy condition likewise. Rather than have outraged propriety, Mr Harris would have perished, and indeed we are well assured that it would have killed him in the subsequent reminiscence, could he even have strung up his mind to the pitch of running with his eyes shut through the Ladies' Bay. There was, however, one alternative, and disagreeable as it was, he accepted it without hesitation. He waded, waist deep, to a rock whose summit he had observed to be not entirely covered by the waves on the preceding day, and there remained for hours, with his eyes modestly fixed out to sea, until a boat put out to his relief, and rescued him from that unpleasant situation. Mr Harris obtained an enormous reputation in Limpeter by this act of self-sacrifice, as well as establishing the character of us, his friends, who were supposed (and with justice) to be capable of deeds equally heroic. More than one Paterfamilias patronised us, and through them, more than one young lady began to smile upon our desolation. We endeavoured to beguile their tedium during the absence of the head of their house, and have some reason to think that we succeeded. We lent our voices to the chants in the avenue choir; we carved the chickens at the family picnics, carried provision-baskets as though we were light-porters, and children over slippery places, as though we had had the charge of a nursery for years. Roberts preferred the houses where 'the dear children' were, because when we were asked into luncheon after the morning's ramble, we found better things to eat—it being the young people's early dinner—than at childless homes. It was the kind attention which Miss Lucy Canonberry paid to the little ones with whose parents she was staying—cutting up their food into minute portions, while her own mutton-chops grew cold—which first attracted Mr Harris's heart towards that young lady. The good sense and strength of mind which she exhibited on a certain trying occasion on Limpeter beach completed his capture.

It was on a Saturday, when excursionists by steamer swarm in peaceful Limpeter like locusts,

and throng the inns with drunken merriment, and the streets with brass bands—frequenting, in short, such places as are open to them at home, and neglecting the sea-beach, which one would have thought they came out to enjoy. Or perhaps we are writing unjustly of them, because they disturbed our selfish quiet once a week, and ate and drank (especially) all the provisions in the place. The sands were at all events quite deserted upon that Saturday—although two steam-boats full of people were in the village—when we three men and Miss Lucy, and a little child who 'did propriety' for her, when Materfamilias was engaged indoors, were strolling upon them, watching the sunset. Harris was repeating some verses of somebody or other in commendation of that event in a tone as though he was about to cry—Miss Lucy's head being so close to his own that there was no need to raise his voice—and they were both so rapt, that they paid no attention to Roberts's remark, that it was an abominable shame that the people of Limpeter would not catch one shrimps for breakfast.

'Hush!' whispered I, gripping hold of his arm upon a sudden, 'what is that on the beach yonder? You have better eyes than mine, but it looks to me like a dead body.'

'Good heavens!' cried he, startled out of his accustomed serenity, 'it *is* a dead body; it is a drowned man cast up by the waves. Get the girl and the child away.' And off he strode to look at the thing.

With as little abruptness as possible, I gave Harris to understand that there was something lying under the cliff that his companions were not to see; and off they went at a tolerable pace towards home.

Then I turned back to contemplate the unhappy mariner, whom the sea had cast up on our beautiful shores. The supposed corpse—attired in what Mr Burns calls 'a cutty sark' of pink flannel—was at that moment approaching me by means of a series of wild leaps; and Mr Roberts, of the Stamp and Wafer Office, dressed in the height of fashion, was retreating very slowly, and with his face to the foe. It was a living allegory of Civilisation giving way before Barbarism. The corpse, who was dishevelled and dirty to an extraordinary degree (and had certainly *not* been in the sea or other great water for some period), was giving utterance to the most frantic yells, from which I could gather but two intelligible statements. The one was, that his name was Macgregor; and the other, that he was desirous of shedding Mr Roberts's heart's blood. It was an appalling sight, this dancing savage, possessed by the demon of liquor, and yet ludicrous in a high degree, when compared with the calm demeanour with which Mr Roberts endeavoured, as it seemed, to exorcise it with a little wooden spade that he had been carrying for the child—for my friend is of the most kindly disposition.

'Blood, blood!' ejaculated the attacking force, elongating that awful monosyllable in really a very ingenious manner; 'blood, I say. Ha, ha! me name is Macgregor!'

'Do let me persuade you to put on your trousers,' replied the retreating column. 'You have no idea how cold it is for your legs.'

It was, after all, only a poor intoxicated excursionist, who had come down to the beach to bathe, and having taken off his clothes, fallen instead into a lethargic slumber, from which Mr Roberts had awakened him with the flat of the spade. The one policeman who pervades the county, and is marched into Limpeter upon excursion-days, at this moment hove in sight; and the effect of his blue coat upon the behaviour of the Short-shirted was miraculous. He was gradually persuaded into all his garments except his boots, in which he preferred to insert his hands, under the mistaken impression that they were his feet; and so, on all-fours—for he clung to the idea with the usual pertinacity, and illustrated his view by practical example—he made his way to the pier, where his friends were waiting for him.

But what struck all of us as being the best part of the business, was the sight of Miss Lucy Canonberry with Materfamilias bringing down brandy and restoratives, and followed by the landlady with blankets, for the resuscitation of the supposed castaway. It was so much the more sensible thing to do, than to have fainted away, and required sal-volatile for herself, as some young ladies would have done.

As for Harris, as we said before, his chain was riveted from that moment; and whereas Roberts and myself brought nothing back from Limpeter save some sea-anemones for my sister's vivarium, our friend picked up a wife there upon the sea-beach, and is no longer a hermit-crab, living, bachelor-fashion, in other people's houses, but has an establishment of his own, presided over by the late Miss Lucy Canonberry.

HOW WE GET MAUVE AND TYRIAN PURPLE.

Of all knowledge, scientific knowledge, doubtless, holds the foremost place; and each science is so intimately connected with chemistry, that I think it may be fairly stated, that chemical science is the most important and most practical of all. A popular chemist has indeed asserted, that the civilisation and intellectual progress of a country might almost be measured by the quantity of sulphuric acid consumed in that country.

One of the finest and most extensive fields of chemical research and application, is met with in the art of dyeing—an art which has been practised from the most remote periods of antiquity. It is, in fact, impossible to fix either the date of its origin or the place of its birth; all we know on this head is, that dyeing was practised with some skill by the ancient peoples of India, Persia, Syria, and Egypt. We have no clue to the processes they employed, for the Greeks and Romans, who learned and practised them likewise, have neglected to describe them. Among the moderns, we find this beautiful art flourishing first in Italy, as a consequence of the commercial relations established between the Venetians, the Genoese, and the eastern nations. The almost sudden development of the physical sciences at the latter part of the eighteenth century, exercised an immense influence upon the dyeing art, which, up to that time, had consisted of a collection of mysterious receipts and empirical practices, but which is now submitted to rational and scientific principles.

Discoveries of new colouring matters, and their application to dyeing, are being made every day. Some are, indeed, destined only to an ephemeral existence; others, on the contrary, will survive for ages, and be mentioned by future historians as marks of immense industrial progress. To the latter category belong the aniline dye, extracted from coal, and the murexide dye, extracted from guano. The idea of extracting colouring matter from coal might appear preposterous even to the professional scientific man himself, were not other transformations, equally marvellous, of almost everyday occurrence in that most wonderful of all workshops, the chemical laboratory. Let us take a rapid glance at the operations to which coal must be submitted in order to obtain from it *aniline*, the substance which, in certain circumstances, gives birth to those brilliant violet and red colours (mauve, fuchsine, &c.), which are now making such a revolution in the tinctorial world.

When coal is submitted to dry distillation in large closed retorts, many products are immediately obtained. First, and among the most important, the carburetted hydrogen gas which lights our streets,

and which is distributed into the towns from the gasometers by iron pipes. Second, coke, which remains behind in the retort, and is used for a variety of purposes; and which burned hard, serves for the construction of the electrical apparatus called Bunsen's Battery. Third, water containing a certain amount of ammoniacal salts, which is consequently employed in agriculture, and to produce sulphate of ammonia, a most valuable salt. Fourth, the substance called *gas-tar*, which distils off out of the retorts. This is a semi-liquid product, of a very complex nature. It was so little known a few years since, that, in France, it was actually burned under the retorts to economise the other combustibles! Now, this gas-tar furnishes colouring matters of great value. To quote two French authors, who have written on this subject since the lucky discovery of Mr Perkin, of which I shall speak presently: 'Coal has not yet been transformed into diamonds, but we can extract from it a violet colour equal in value to gold itself!'

Aniline, one of the most remarkable of organic compounds, is found in gas-tar. It is a colourless oily substance, which is obtained likewise by the action of potash upon indigo, and by various other methods practised only in the laboratory. It comports itself with chemical reagents as an alkaloid, such as quinine and strychnine, and resembles much by its chemical nature the substance called nicotine, a poisonous alkaloid extracted from tobacco. This interesting product was formerly studied by Professor Runge, Dr Hoffman, Gerhardt, and many other chemists. It has been quite recently found in the vegetable world by Dr Phipson, who has discovered it in some species of fungi (*boletus*), which become blue when they are cut open with a knife.

It would be too tiresome an operation to extract aniline directly from gas-tar, which only contains small quantities of it, and where it is mixed with a great variety of substances, such as ammonia, benzin, tolnin, phenic acid, leucolin, naphthalin, and some others less known. The tar is therefore submitted to distillation, and the result is a carbonaceous matter which remains in the retorts, and some volatile oils, known as coal-oils, which pass over into the recipient. These oils are of a very complex nature, and contain compounds which distil at different temperatures, so that, by a kind of fractional distillation, two varieties of them are obtained—namely, the 'heavy oils' and the 'light oils.' The former are principally employed for preserving railway-sleepers and similar wooden constructions, on account of their powerfully antiseptic properties. They have also been found in the French hospitals to act beneficially in the treatment of ulcerated wounds; for this purpose, these black matters are mixed with gypsum, or chalk. The light oils, known commonly as coal-tar naphtha, consist of a mixture of benzin, tolnin, phenic acid, &c. They are distilled to obtain benzin, a liquid extensively used to dissolve gutta-percha, to manufacture varnish, for dissolving greasy matters, and so cleansing tissues, clothes, and gloves; besides which it is sometimes employed as a combustible for lamps.

Now, when nitric acid is added carefully to benzin, and the mixture distilled with proper precautions, a reddish liquid passes over. This is called nitro-benzin, and when purified, appears as a yellowish liquid with a delightfully fragrant odour, like that of essence of bitter almonds, for which it is most economically substituted in perfumery, in the manufacture of scented soaps, and in confectionary. When nitro-benzin is acted upon by nascent hydrogen —which is effected when it is mixed with zinc filings and weak sulphuric acid—it is transformed into aniline, the colourless oily substance I described above; and when this aniline is oxidised by chromate of potash, or any similar oxidising agent, it is transformed into one of the beautiful dyes which form the subject of this paper. A French chemist has stated that the relative value of this dye (mauve), and that of the coal whence it derives its origin, 'may be readily appreciated when we assert that whilst the coal employed to obtain it would hardly sell at one farthing per pound, a similar weight of aniline dye is said to be worth sixty pounds to eighty pounds sterling!'

We are indebted to an English chemist, Mr Perkin, for the discovery of the manipulations by which aniline is transformed into this precious dye. For this purpose, it is not necessary to take aniline in its pure state, and then oxidate it. Mr Perkin took impure sulphate of aniline, such as is found in commerce, and mixed it with a certain quantity of bichromate of potash. The mixture was allowed to repose for some ten or twelve hours, when a blackish-looking powder was deposited. This was collected upon a filter, and washed with water. The powder thus obtained was dried at boiling-water heat, and then digested with coal-tar naphtha, this liquid having the property of dissolving out of the powder a peculiar brown resinous substance which constantly accompanies it. The coal-tar naphtha 'dissolves out' the brown substance without attacking the colouring matter. The latter is then dissolved in wood-spirit, which solution, when evaporated in a water-bath, yields the new colouring matter in its pure state.

To dye stuffs of a purple or lilac colour (mauve), a strong dissolution of the colouring matter—and, in preference, an alcoholic solution—is added to a weak boiling solution of tartaric or oxalic acid, and the silk or cotton stuffs are plunged into this bath when cold. To dye woollen, it is more advantageous to boil it in the above-named liquid, with a little sulphate of iron, to wash it out, first with water, afterwards with soap.

The great merit of the aniline or mauve dye reposes in the beauty and permanency of the tints it imparts. Moreover, its power of coloration is so great, that very slight quantities suffice to dye a considerable amount of material—in other terms, to give colour to a large number of vats.

Let us now turn to murexide, or the guano dye (majenta), which appears to be the identical colour known in history as the famous Tyrian purple. The ancients prepared it from certain species of shell-fish (mollusca), but their process has not come down to us. Murexide, which has recently been again introduced as a dye, stands a fair chance of never more disappearing. The substance called murexide was formerly discovered by an English chemist, Dr Prout, and described by him under the name of *purpurate of ammonia*. It was called 'murexide' by Liebig and Woehler in their magnificent memoirs on the products derived from the decomposition of uric acid. But, strange to say, the progress of science has turned in favour of Dr Prout's views, and we are told by modern chemists that purpurate of ammonia is its proper name.

To obtain murexide, or purpurate of ammonia, we must first procure uric acid. Now, the substances from which this acid is extracted in the laboratories are the excrements of serpents or of birds, especially guano, which is known to be rich in urate of ammonia. It is from guano alone that nearly all the uric acid furnished by commerce is obtained. To this end, the guano is first digested with diluted hydrochloric acid; the insoluble matters are allowed to deposit, and the clear liquid decanted off. The acid dissolves carbonate and oxalate of ammonia, phosphates of lime and magnesia, &c., forming a liquid which is valuable as a manure, or which may serve for preparing ammoniacal salts, phosphates, or oxalates. As this liquid is so valuable, the same quantity of acid is applied to several lots of guano, until the acid is nearly saturated, and will 'dissolve out' no more salts. The insoluble residue, which contains all the uric acid, is washed with fresh quantities of warm hydrochloric acid and

water, after which it is dried. This residue, then, contains uric acid mixed with a certain proportion of sand or clay. It may, however, be immediately employed to produce murexide.

When uric acid is acted upon by nitric acid, it gives birth to a host of very interesting compounds, which have been investigated by Prout, Liebig, and Woehler; and when uric acid is dissolved in nitric acid, and ammonia is added to the dissolution, a peculiarly striking purple body is deposited; this is the purpurate of ammonia (murexide) of Prout. It would be impossible here to describe all the numerous compounds derived from the little white crystals of uric acid when they are submitted to the oxidising influence of nitric acid; the most important of them, however, is murexide. In practice, the latter is obtained by dissolving out the uric acid of the guano residue with nitric acid, and adding a certain amount of ammonia to the liquid, in small quantities at a time, to avoid any sudden rise of temperature. The whole is then slightly warmed, and, on cooling, deposits murexide in the crystalline state. It is, in this condition, a most remarkable substance, and when once seen, is never forgotten. It may be described as consisting of small quadrangular crystalline plates, which reflect light of a green metallic lustre, like the wing-cases of a golden beetle. Two of the prismatic sides of a single crystal of murexide reflect this green metallic light, whilst the two others reflect only a dull brown light. When seen by transmitted light—in other terms, when looked through—these little crystals appear like so many garnets of the finest claret tint; when pulverised, they furnish a red powder, which, under the burnisher, becomes of a brilliant metallic green. Murexide is very slightly soluble in water, but gives to that liquid a beautiful and most intense purple colour. In potash, it dissolves with a splendid blue colour; so that, by its optical properties alone, murexide may be looked upon as one of the most wonderful substances ever discovered.

In the dyer's hands, murexide has furnished brilliant carmine, purple, orange, and yellow tints, according to the mordant, or metallic salt, employed in conjunction with it. The best results have hitherto been obtained with salts of mercury for carmine or purple tints, and with salts of zinc for orange or yellow dyes.

For instance, to dye silk of a purple hue, a solution of murexide and corrosive sublimate is mixed, the silk-stuffs are plunged into it, and stirred constantly. They slowly absorb the colour, and are dyed of a lighter or darker tint, according to the strength of the bath, and the time they have remained immersed. With woollen, some difficulties have been experienced, on account of the reducing action the latter possesses with regard to murexide; to dye it purple, corrosive sublimate and oxalic acid are employed with the murexide, or sulphate of mercury and tartrate of potash and mercury. But with these mordants it is necessary to use some oxidising agent, such as chlorine-water or bleaching-powder. After the woollen has passed through these salts, it is dyed in a solution of murexide either pure, or to which some oxalate of soda has been added. Another method of dyeing with murexide, consists in plunging the tissues into a colourless dissolution of uric acid in nitric acid. They acquire a purple colour, when they are afterwards exposed to heat, and the colour is fixed by passing the stuffs through a bath of mercury or of zinc.

Murexide, it appears, is also capable of forming lakes, which are nearly insoluble in water, and which possess very vivid tints.

Such, then, is a slight history of two of the most remarkable substances ever introduced into the chemical world, whether we consider them as purely scientific curiosities, or as useful and important elements of industry. The latter was termed 'murexide' by Liebig, from the name of the shell-fish murex, this mollusca being one of those supposed to have been employed in the production of the ancient Tyrian purple.

SHADOW THOUGHTS.

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will? *Hamlet.*

The better part of life is Sleep,
Sleep unwakeful, dreamless-deep,
(For Dreams, false mirrors of our life,
Are faithful in their shares of strife)
Our fullest joy—our only bliss
Unmixed with pain—Forgetfulness!

That we are born at all, to most
A gain that we had rather lost;
That we are now, a gift, this day
That most of us would cast away;
That we shall die, a thing to hear
With smiles, but for the Nameless Fear.

Thou toil'st this weary day, my brother,
That, haply, thou mayst toil another,
And 'twixt the two falls easeful Sleep.
Scant harvest from such seed to reap!
No golden meed, that one should gain
Forgetfulness of each day's pain!

Ah, how is this, that I and Thou,
(Frown as thou wilt) who hear'st me now,
Would break for aye this lengthening chain—
Would cut the Silver Cord in twain—
And cancel Hope, the ever-strong,
With such a Fear, as *must* be wrong,
And give back those far lights that quiver
Yet through the storm-clouds to their Giver,
For utter dark, and such blank peace
As falls to the calm things that cease!

The scanty stores of Prayer and Praise
Accepted in our youthful days,
The now and then repentant tears
That sparkle through our later years,
And those few deeds we love to tell of,
And think at heart so overwell of—
How gladly would we barter them.
(Each rare and burnished little gem
That with complacent smile we 've set
In Memory's roomy cabinet)
For half the ill we 've done and thought,
In others praised, to others taught;
For well we know, howe'er it *seem*,
Which side, when weighed, will kick the beam.

In truth, my brother—if we think—
The balance, every day, must sink
More earthward, and the Shapeless Fear
Distincter grow, each day more near.

Ah, blessed Faith, what purest saint
Doth more than make yon shadow faint!
Ah, cursed Fear, wer 't not for thee,
What man might bear his misery!

EMERITUS.

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ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

We have all need to cry *Peccavi*. We all owe a handsome apology to Italy and the Italians, for many years of involuntary disparagement. If there were one deeply rooted opinion in the British mind, it was, that the Italian was a lymphatic, timorous creature, capable of painting and singing, but entirely destitute of the combative propensity. Even those who have lived among them, and consorted with them, and learned to love them, have doubted whether the soft children of Ausonia could, under any provocation, exhibit the true mettle of warriors resolved to free their country from the stranger's yoke. But Garibaldi stamped on the ground, and up sprang, responsive, a gallant harvest of armed men. Battles won by raw recruits, intrenchments carried at the bayonet's point, kingdoms conquered, and tyrannies broken, shew that the old Roman spirit slumbered, but not in the sleep of death: as the French say of a duellist, Italy 'has given her proofs.' Henceforth, let no man say that Italians are cowards: even the bitterest foes of light and liberty, the Legitimists of France, the Camarillas of Russia, Spain, Austria, must feel a glow of shame suffuse their brazen foreheads, as they utter the old, stale calumny: 'Bah! the Italians cannot fight; it all depends on *ça*—all!' Now, *ça*, of course, means Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. But Italians *can* fight: those gentle, kindly beings, that we liked so much of old, and yet considered as hereditary bondsmen, quite incapable of striking a blow, have flung off king and kaiser, pope and jailer, have borne hunger and wounds, and toil and peril, till the half-incredulous sneer of Europe has changed into an unfeigned cry of sympathy from every free land. Let us consider, in the present breathing-time between the conquest of the South and the emancipation of Venetia, if such is to be the actual resources of Italy, and the basis on which stand the hopes of every friend to freedom. The campaign which shivered the fetters of Lombardy, and doubled the number of Victor Emmanuel's subjects was, of course, chiefly decided by the arms of France. The late victories in the Two Sicilies and the Papal States are purely Italian triumphs; and the chivalric enterprises of Garibaldi have derived an additional lustre and interest from the fact, that the companions of the hero's desperate fortunes were not disciplined and seasoned troops, but volunteers, lacking all things but valour. Volunteers! Italian volunteers! Three years ago, if I had mentioned such a chimera as an Italian volunteer force to the oldest British residents in Florence or Naples, I should have been laughed to scorn as a crazy crotchet-monger. Indeed, nobody is so thoroughly surprised at this resuscitation of the antique patriotism and daring as the old residents—the 'thirty years in the country, sir, and know the Italians, sir, as well as I know my glove, sir,' gentry. Some of them, as Mrs Browning, for instance, are so full of joy at this grand jail-delivery of a most patient, accomplished, and lovable people, that they can find no time to recant old errors, while singing pæans of victory. Some, less ingenuous, discover that they always knew the Ausonians were of true metal, and remember all at once that Napoleon's very best foreign soldiers were drawn from Italy, and his very worst from Belgium; which latter proposition few who know King Leopold's realm will be disposed to call in question. But most Anglo-Italians honestly own that they have been all wrong in their estimate of the latent powers of the genial and pleasant race they have spent so many happy years among, and begin, for the first time, to respect the people they were wont to look upon with somewhat too much of patronising affection. As for Lamoricière, that dreadful paladin of the Church has seen good cause to change *his* opinion of the maligned Italians, and may say with Sir Andrew, that 'an he had known they had been so cunning of fence, he would have seen them (excommunicated) before he would have fought with them.' But what are the hopes and sinews of Italy, on which she is to rely for the struggle that is surely coming, for that great game where Venice and Milan are the stakes of the antagonists; that game which every one, except the editor of the *Moniteur*, who never knows anything until it is 'communicated,' is anxiously awaiting?

First of all, there is the excellent army of Piedmont, which, allowing for non-effectives and garrisons, may be computed at 100,000 to 120,000. Then the Florentine levies, perhaps 30,000; besides which, there are the National Guards of Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations; the trained troops of Naples, of whom many, even of those now blindly battling for the Bourbon, will doubtless be available for the national cause before the spring shall usher in the crowning strife; and lastly, the volunteers. The latter are the romantic element in that great epic of *Italia Liberata*, now in course of composition, under the joint-authorship of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. They are the men who won Sicily against fabulous odds, who helped to free Lombardy, who drove young Nero from the city where, in his brief lease of power, he had contrived to equal if not surpass the barbarities of old Domitian of the Borbonidæ, that unteachable race. But whence come these volunteers—these gallant patriots, whose red shirts have become historical; before whose tattered and shoeless cohorts the

well-clad, well-drilled, well-fed mercenaries of the Bourbon have fled like hares before the hunter?—From the towns. Whence come those youthful nobles, giving up the voluptuous indolence of their class, leaving palace, and banquet, and ball, all that enervates and lulls to sleep the spirit of man, to face death on the battle-field and death on the scaffold, the loathsome dungeon, the weary march, the dreadful night after the lost combat, when the wounded cry for water and aid, and there are none to succour them?—From the towns. Whence, lastly, come artists and students, men of letters and men of science, the young workman, the stripling, the schoolboy; all, all eager to strike one blow for Italy—one blow, though it should be the first and the last, and the fair bright life just opening before them should be ended amid the carnage of some obscure skirmish, some nameless deed of arms: whence come they?—From the towns. They come from the towns where Rome, in the day of her wisdom, planted those firm municipal institutions which have kept the germ of liberty alive, which have kept man from becoming a machine or a serf, and which have resisted the violence of the Austrian, the slow tooth of Time, and the slower but surer influence of Superstition, until at last the hour of deliverance has struck. This burden has fallen so entirely on the towns, because the country is asleep, because rural Italy has drunk of the drugged wine, and lain down to rest under the great upas-tree; and it will take the lapse of a generation to break that unhealthy repose, and to awake the slumberers from the heavy sloth of ages. Long ago, rural Italy was slow to learn, when all the rest of the peninsula—every town, from Naples with her crown of flowers, to Alp-shadowed Milan—had the new lessons of a dawning Christianity by heart. But the villagers, the rustics, went on in the old path, and burned incense on heathen altars, and slew white bulls in Jove's honour, as their sires had done, and earned the name of pagans—which meant but country-folk at first—for all the worshippers of graven images, then and for ever. They are on their knees to idols still, the poor simple millions of Italy—although not to those of the Olympian hierarchy. They worship Power—that is to say, not intelligent creative power, but Brute Force; the force that has its spies and myrmidons, and its loathly jails, where men rot and mildew in the dark, and its knotted scourges, racks, and chains, and deadly weapons. They worship the iron heel that grinds the weak to powder, the Power that can sentence Beppo to the galleys, and Giacomo to be shot to death by a platoon of stolid-faced, apathetic German grenadiers, and Madilena to undergo the torture of the lash in the nearest barrack-square for wearing a ribbon of the forbidden tricolor—the green, white, and red of United Italy. Poor peasants! they have suffered much, and it is hard to blame them if they fall prostrate before the shadow of Beadledom, and kneel before an official cocked-hat.

Their other idol is simply Superstition. For this, also, it is hard to find fault with them. Their credulous meekness has for centuries been a gold-mine to their spiritual pastors and masters. While the towns of Italy have been curbing papal usurpations, driving popes into exile, and struggling against diplomatic cardinals and mitred warriors, the hamlets have been utterly submissive to the first authoritative voice that bade them to obey. In Florence, Venice, or Milan, you observe the ecclesiastic in his most polished condition; demure Dom Basilio glides past you like a black shadow, with his pious eyes bent ever on his little breviary, his lips murmuring prayers, his soul on heavenly thoughts intent. The gentle abbé gives you more than your fair share of the footpath, steps courteously out of your way; and if you speak to him, you will find him as inoffensive a conversationist as Sterne's Franciscan, not at all disposed to breathe anathemas or hold controversies, but mildly sighing over the blindness of the insular heretic—nothing more. In a city, the barefooted, bareheaded, long-bearded Capuchin in his brown frock, he whose glory it is to be dressed after the exact fashion of the earliest Christians, is a saint that goes through busy mart, and past gorgeous palaces, with noiseless step, wrapped in beatified contemplation. Change the scene to the country, to some straggling village among the slopes of Apennine—where the broad shadow of the chestnut-trees sets off the glint of the golden maize—where the purple grapes hang in a thousand heavy clusters from the tendrils of the vines—where the giant crucifix towers aloft by the roadside, and the fruit-trees and flowers form a jungle around the white cottages and the gray farmhouses: there you see the priest again, but how changed! Can that portly *cura*, with the twinkling eyes and sensual mouth, with pantomimic hat and *soutane* of shabby black, be our old friend Dom Basilio? His breviary is on the shelf now; his eyes, once so demurely riveted on that meagre volume, now rove about freely enough, and, as he meets your gaze, he returns it boldly, and perhaps with defiance; for is not Basilio on his own territory now, in his cure of souls, among unlettered gulls, who are willing to swallow a new dogma a day, if the Vatican will but coin one, and who cower before Basilio as a negro before the fetichman? The holy man is infallible here, at least—a pontiff who can do no wrong; and although he shares his sovereignty with some shabby and greedy official in a cocked-hat, yet he contrives to live on the fat of the land, and really is what Goldsmith's parson was said to be—rich, nay, passing rich, on forty pounds a year. The Capuchin, too, is in his own element now; he moves with a lordly stride as he passes from door to door with his heavy wallet, and collects his maintenance: oily and sleek, with roguish eye, and the jovial bearing of Friar Tuck himself, you can scarcely recognise in that lazy, barefooted giant, consuming what he never toiled to raise, the picturesque saint of the city. Even his serge garb and rope-girdle are jauntily worn now, and you marvel to see the reverence with which the peasants greet so irreverent a pillar of the church. But so it is; corn, and wine, and oil, the childlike obedience of young and old, the often fearfully abused influence of the confessional, the first-fruits and the best, are at the disposal of every ignorant and luxurious cura or friar, whose dog-Latin is listened to as the wisdom of a prophet—and all the more humbly because it is unintelligible. Under such a yoke as this, how could rural Italy improve, how learn the lessons of a higher morality or a newer civilisation in the midst of such abasement and thick darkness?

There is never a book to be seen in the remote villages except the *Lives of the Saints;* the chief works of art with which a peasant is acquainted are little leaden images of our Lady of Loretto, St Anthonies carved in bone, rosaries of wood or coral, and other ecclesiastical ornaments. The dealers in these articles, when in partnership with the cura, can drive a lucrative trade among the villagers, especially about Easter. Then the mule-loads of leaden effigies, of gaudy prints coloured in blue and red, with glaring golden haloes around each saintly head—the beads of every colour and material, from mosaic gold that the pope has blessed, to dried berries strung on a packthread—the pamphlets, and the crosses, are consigned to the most secluded of villages, with a certainty of fiftyfold profit. Indeed, so wonderful is the reverence of the Italian rustics, that they not only obey and adore the violet-mantled Monsignor on his well-groomed mule, the umbrella-hatted parochial priest, with his rusty black suit, and the brown Capuchins and dusky Dominicans, but they are willing to treat as a superior being any smug Tartuffe who comes among them to trade in gum-saints and miracle-pictures. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely

surprising that the country-people should have left Garibaldi and the townsfolk of Italy to fight the battles of the community at large. It is true that many mountaineers of Sicily, and a great number of the hardy hillmen of Calabria, poured forth to swell the Liberator's cohorts; but it was soon discovered that they had only girded on the sword to strike a blow for their own district; when Venice was pointed out to the Calabrians as the goal of their efforts, to the disgust of Garibaldi they refused to volunteer. What was Venice to them, to men who cared for nothing beyond their own mountains, who had risen to shake off the tyranny of the judge and the gendarme, whom they knew, not to battle with the Austrian, whom they did not know? Accordingly, until the rule of Victor Emmanuel shall extend definitely from one end of the peninsula to the other, and a conscription call forth as soldiers those sturdy hinds who decline to become volunteers, the whole brunt of the combat must be sustained by the citizens as heretofore. Unfortunately, the loss of life, without which national freedom cannot be attained, has hitherto fallen most severely on those very classes that Italy can spare the least—the very pioneers of her nascent regeneration. The cities contain the brains, the heart, the nerves of the nation; all the education, the thoughtfulness, the knowledge of that fair but unhappy land, are collected there, and too many of those who would have been invaluable to their country in time of peace, are now carrying a musket in the ranks.

To do the Italians justice, one ought to remember what a town was, under the old despotism, and to marvel that any trace of conscience or of liberty was kept from obliteration, considering the pains taken to crush thought and thinkers. The grass-grown streets of an Italian city seldom rang to the sounds of a very bustling traffic; commerce was distasteful to the rulers of the land, for it was deemed easier to bridle an impoverished people than a wealthy one. There were theatres large and well filled, but the censor's scissors were busy in pruning down every obnoxious sentiment in the dramas. *William Tell* and *Masaniello* must talk loyally, or be dumb; and so wonderful were the sentiments interpolated into the best known pieces, that it would have taken a wise author to recognise his own productions. Literature fared no better. The wretched little newspapers which the government permitted to appear, were snipped and docked as to news, tamed and diluted as to sentiments. Books were all but proscribed; in the Roman States, there was the black-list, the *Index Expurgatorius*, which condemned nineteen-twentieths of our modern volumes, and which waged especial war against history and science. Where the Austrian or Bourbon influence extended, a police prefect had his own catalogue of forbidden books, and carried his theories into practice with a rigour worthy of old Omar himself. In many small towns, no bookseller dared offer publicly anything but the *Lives of the Saints*, the works bearing the *imprimatur* of the Vatican, and the translated lucubrations of 'safe' Frenchmen of genius, such as Châteaubriand. Yet the smuggler did what the open trader could not do; and in Rome, Naples, or Ancona any book in the French or English tongue might be had for the asking of a *bond-fide* Gaul or Briton. With a stunted literature, a gagged theatre, and a leaden weight of repression pressing on everything, even the Italians of the towns had a hard struggle to keep their position as sentient, thoughtful beings. There was no parliamentary life for them, no public career, no military ambition, no honours to be won by literary merit. Demosthenes himself would not have sought to cure his stammering, when the first outbreak of oratory would have been the Open Sesame to the sullen gates of those great prisons which closed on their victims like those of a tomb. As for literature, it cannot flourish under sacerdotal ban and martial law. Poor Manzoni's novels, dull as they are, comprise nearly all that the countrymen of Boccaccio, Dante, and Ariosto have produced since the century began. As for a military career, to wear the white coat of the Austrian oppressor was no great distinction, and the Italian officer had much to endure from the undisguised scorn of his Teutonic comrades, and the endless suspicion, the sneers, the disparagement which were the lot of most Italians in the imperial service. Then, as a young native of Italy could with difficulty obtain a sufficient education, as it was only by breach of law that he could expand his mind by the perusal of ungarbled history and accurate information, as almost every walk in life was sealed to him, so he found it almost impossible to travel.

At anyrate, if we, subjects of Queen Victoria, are obliged to provide ourselves with a Foreign Office passport before we start on a continental trip, we are not obliged to explain categorically, and to the satisfaction of some captious Jack-in-office, *why* we want it. But such was the fate of the Italian who wished to travel in the lax West of Europe. He had to undergo a cross-examination that a *nisi prius* barrister might have envied. The places he wished to visit, and his reasons for wishing to visit them, were demanded; his allegations were pooh-poohed, and his assertions rudely contradicted. A sort of memoir of his life was required of him, with a slight account of his family connections and the doings and sayings of his relatives. Testimonials of good-conduct, sureties bound under heavy penalties for his return, and bail for his debts, were also necessary. Even then, his petition—like one to the House of Commons at election-time—was in danger of being rejected as 'frivolous and vexatious;' while, if he got his passport, he was sure to be under an indirect surveillance during his whole journey, his movements noted in Paris by spy Number One, his intimacies in London cavilled at by spy Number Two, and his conversation at Frankfort taken down in writing by spy Number Three, for the information of Il Signor Prefetto in his native town. The Italian is not very domestic; he loves the coffee-house, with its lamps and little marble tables, its noise and gossip, the white awning before the door in sultry summer, and the stove in winter attracting its circle of talkers; but in the coffee-house, too, was to be found that omnipresent thumb which Italian governments were used to keep in every man's pie.

The Italian *caffè*, with two *f*s, seems but a dingy affair beside the French *café*, with a single *f*, but there is much more good-natured intercourse and simple-hearted mirth in the former than in the latter. Plate-glass and gilded cornices, and mirrors and marqueterie, cannot compensate for the genial kindness so peculiar to gentle Italy; and the stranger is welcomed by the inmates of the 'Minerva' or 'Europa,' when he would meet but a stare or a sneer at the 'Maison Dorée' of Paris. But here steps in the government, represented by a slinking person buttoned up in unobtrusive black. As he comes in—the man buttoned up in black—there is a hush and a painful silence; a silence among those eager politicians who have been slapping the newspapers with their open palms as they gesticulated with eyebrows, hands, shoulders, and feet, while discussing the state of Europe—a silence, too, among those young men who were flavouring their lemonade with a little of that peculiar good-humoured stingless scandal which none but Italians can produce—a silence among those pale high-browed men, who were discussing geology, or history, or medicine, with a gusto only known to those who can speak but seldom of what they think much upon. Yes, for this mean man in black is Signor Anguilli, the great spy, who has brought scores to the scourge and the life-long monotony of the prison—he who has added betrayal to betrayal, denunciation to denunciation, until he has become

too notorious for further secret espials, a snake that sounds his rattle as he goes. As Anguilli settles himself at a table, and calls for coffee, but does not drink it, lest there be poison in the cup, every brow is dark, every hand is clenched, with hate that scarcely shews itself before it subsides, like a ripple in water. Then the conversation begins anew, but the zest is gone, every word is weighed and studied, lest treason lurk in it, and there is plenty of talk, but no more pleasure.

While such was the ordeal of the men, the feminine part of the community had pitfalls of their own. Their confessors were their chief perils, ever keeping their minds on the rack, turning the confessional into a witness-box, and using the terrors of the church to extract some hint respecting their husbands, brothers, or parents, which soon served to enlighten the Austrian commandant or the royal prefect. Then came the police arrest, the hurrying off of the suspected man, under cloud of night, to a jail that hid him from the world, and which might disgorge him old and gray; or a moping idiot, or a corpse, according to the caprice of an irresponsible official. It is a wonder that under such a system there is any true manhood, any real knowledge of right and wrong, left in misused Italy. As it is, all the heroism, the passionate devotion, the high intelligence, the admirable forbearance, seem to belong to the towns alone. No doubt, universal suffrage will always give an overwhelming majority to every fresh vote for Italian unity, for the 'great and strong kingdom' that Cavour has pledged himself to consolidate; but that is because, before such a vote can be taken, the Piedmontese bayonets hold the country; because the priests are frightened, and the landholders eager partisans of the dawning freedom. The landholders of Italy very rarely inhabit the country; you do not see the Squire's mansion neighboured by the humbler roofs of his tenants; such châteaux as exist belong to the principal nobles, and are only inhabited for a short part of the year. But there are in Italy an immense number of proprietors, such as in Ireland would be called Squireens, and who own as much land as maintains them in idleness, if not in luxury. These small proprietors usually live in some provincial town within hail of their patrimony, and maintain a little shooting-box, or, more properly, a lodge, which they call their 'Campagna,' to which they can resort for a day or two during vintage, or when quails are plenty, or when rents are due. The farms are usually let to peasant-farmers on the *métairie* system, so prevalent in Italy, and still existing in France, but which is utterly opposed to modern notions of agriculture. The proprietor not only supplies the land, but tools to work it; in some cases, cattle, and always seed-corn, and grain for the support of the tenant, his family, and labourers. The *métayer* furnishes nothing in this quaint partnership but his industry and skill. Extra labour, improvements, fencing, draining, are the landlord's affair. Nor is any certain rent paid in money or in kind. When the harvest is over, and the vintage done, and the olives have passed through the oil-press—when the flax has been carded—when the wheat and yellow maize, the purple wine, the figs and apples, the rice and the chestnuts, and walnuts and peaches, all the miscellaneous products of an Italian farm, are garnered away, the Signor Patron is invited to come and claim his share. Signor Patron comes over from the town, jingling in his rickety carriage, drawn by the raw-boned horses, with clamorous bells and flaunting tassels of worsted. Often it happens that Signor Patron is a young man, a little addicted to dissipation, very fond of dominoes, cigars, and card-playing, and a patron of the Opera, but a very poor authority on matters bucolic. The tenant, grumbling about bad seasons, exhausted land, insects, blight, and such topics, shews his lord the barns and stores filled with the raw material of comfort, the swine grunting under the beech-trees, the folded sheep, the colts, poultry, pigeons, buffaloes, and bids him take his moiety of living and inanimate matter. Well, at the best, it would be no agreeable task to make the distribution equally and fairly, to cart off to the town loads of every kind of produce, to house it, and sell it. Besides, the Patron must rely on his tenant's good faith. What can he know of porkers sold last week; of kine lent to a convenient neighbour; of buried grain or flax concealed, or good wine changed for bad?—however good the crop, the landlord's portion is uncertain. Sometimes, Signor Patron goes through the division, wrangling over every item, if he be an avaricious patron; wheedled out of his due, if he be a careless one. More often he calls in a middleman, who buys the landlord's share, not at too high a rate; or he begs the farmer to sell all, and give him his moiety in dollars; and the farmer grumbles a little, but will do anything to oblige Signor Patron, though markets are bad and coin scarce. In fact, the lazy proprietor does not get the lion's share in such an arrangement; but he *does* get a certain amount of cash, rattles off in his carriage with heavy pocket and light heart, and returns to his cheap amusements in town. It seems hard, but I am afraid the farmer grudges the landowner's profits terribly. Go where you will, in Italy, you find the same feeling, hear the same murmur against the idle Signor Patron, who spins not nor sows, but who comes over, cigar in mouth, once or twice a year, and returns with his purse stocked as fully as he can manage without much trouble. If there is any cause for which the peasant would really take up arms with a will, it would be for a rude illogical communism—a communism that should leave the bronzed farmer his goats and wine-vats, but should annihilate the Dragon Rent, and confiscate at once and for ever the revenues of the *maladetti signori*. Now, Signor Patron, though a rake and a lounger, is at anyrate a patriot, and a man of some mind and courage: he has volunteered and fought bravely under Garibaldi or the king; he has given his money, his time, and his influence to the great work; he, and the *cura* together, will bring up the peasantry in dutiful swarms to vote for annexation and the *Rè Galantuomo*. But there is one thing that Signor Patron cannot do, and that is, to convert the indifferent and debased tillers of the earth into a corps of Italian Volunteers.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXX.—SPIRITUAL WIVES.

I JOINED not in the merriment of my companions; I took no share in their mirth. The trapper's story had intensified the anguish of my thoughts; and now that I found time to dwell upon it, my reflections were bitter beyond expression.

I could have no doubt as to who was the heroine of that strange history. She who had been so shamefully deceived—she who had so nobly risked her life to save her honour—she the wild huntress, by the Utahs called *Ma-ra-nee*—could be no other than that *Marian*, of whom I had heard so much—Marian Holt!

The circumstances detailed by the trapper were all conformable to this belief—all concurred in establishing it. The time—the place—the route taken—the Mormon train—all agreed with what we had ascertained regarding Stebbins's first expedition across the prairies. The Mexican had mentioned no names. It was likely he knew them not; or if so, it was scarcely probable he could have pronounced them.

It needed not names to confirm me in the belief that Josh Stebbins was the sham-husband, and that she whom he would have betrayed—this huntress-maiden, was the lost love of my comrade Wingrove—the sister of my own Lilian.

This would account for the resemblance that had struck me. It no longer seemed vague: in my memory, I could trace it palpably and clearly.

And this was the grand beauty upon which the young backwoodsman had so enthusiastically descanted. Often had he described it to my incredulous ear. I had attributed his praises to the partiality of a lover's eye—having not the slightest suspicion that their object was possessed of such merits. No more should I question the justice of his admiration, nor wonder at its warmth. The rude hyperboles that had occasionally escaped him, when speaking of the 'girl'—as he called her—no longer appeared extravagant.

In truth, the charms of this magnificent maiden were worthy of metaphoric phrase. Perhaps, had I seen her first—before looking upon Lilian—that is, had I not seen Lilian at all—my own heart might have yielded to this half-Indian damsel? Not so now. The gaudy tulip may attract the eye, but the incense of the perfumed violet is sweeter to the soul. Even had both been presented together, I could not have hesitated in my choice. All the same should I have chosen the gold and the rose; and my heart's preference was now fixed, fondly and for ever.

My love for Lilian Holt was a passion too profound to be otherwise than perpetual. It was in my bosom—in its innermost recesses, all-pervading—all-absorbing. There would it cling till death.

Even in those dread hours when death seemed hovering above my head, the thought of her was uppermost—even then did my mind dwell upon the perils that encompassed her path.

And now that I was myself delivered from danger, had I reason to regard the future of my beloved with apprehension less acute? No. The horrid scheme which the trapper's story had disclosed in regard to her sister—might not she, too, be the victim of a similar procuration? O Heaven! it was too painfully probable; and the more I dwelt upon it, the more probable appeared this appalling thought.

I have already spoken of my experience of Mormon life, and the insight I had incidentally obtained of its hideous characteristics. I have said that the *spiritual-wife* doctrine was long since exploded—repudiated even by the apostles themselves; and in its place the *many-wife* system had been adopted. There was no change in reality—only in profession. The practice of the Mormon leaders had been the same from the beginning; only that then polygamy had been carried on *sub rosa*. Publicity being no longer dreaded, it was now practised 'openly and above board.'

We term it polygamy—adopting an oriental phrase. It is nothing of the kind. Polygamy presupposes some species of marriage according to the laws of the land; but for Mormon matrimony—at least that indulged in by the dignitaries of the church—there were no statutes except such as they had chosen to set up for themselves. The ceremony is simply a farce, and consists in the sprinkling of a little water by some brother apostle, with a few mock-mesmeric passes—jocosely termed the 'laying on of hands!' The cheat is usually a secret performance; having no other object than to overcome those natural scruples—not very strong among women of Mormon training—but which sometimes, in the case of young girls of Christian education, had opposed themselves to the designs of these infamous impostors.

Something resembling matrimony may be the condition of a Mormon wife—that is, the wife of an ordinary 'Saint,' whose means will not allow him to indulge in the gross joys of polygamy. But it is different with the score or two of well-to-do gentlemen who finger the finances of the church—the tenths and other tributes which they contrive to extract from the common herd. Among these, the so-called 'wife' is regarded in no other light than that of *une femme entretenue*.

I knew that one of the duties specially enjoined upon those emissaries termed 'apostles,' was to gather young girls from all parts of the world. The purpose was proclaimed with all the affectation of sanctified phraseology: that they should become 'mothers in the church,' and by this means lead to the more rapid increase of the followers of the true faith!

This was the public declaration, intended for the common ear. But the leaders are actuated by motives still more infamous. Their emissaries have instructions to select the fairer forms of creation; and it is well known that to making converts of this class are their energies more specially directed.

It was this species of proselytising—alas! too often successful—that more than aught else had roused the indignation of the backwoodsmen of Missouri and Illinois, and caused the expulsion of the Saints from their grand temple city of Nauvoo.

In the ranks of their assailants were many outraged men—fathers who looked for a lost child—angry brothers seeking revenge for a sister lured from her home—lovers who lamented a sweetheart beguiled by that fatal faith; and no doubt the blood of the pseudo-Saints, there and then shed, was balm to many a chafed and sorrowing spirit.

In the category of this uxorious infamy, no name was more distinguished than that of him, on whose shoulders the mantle of the prophet had descended—the chief who now held ascendancy among these self-styled saints; and who, with an iron hand, controlled the destinies of their church.

A man cunning and unscrupulous—a thorough plebeian in thought; but possessed of a certain pretentious polish, well suited to deceive the stupid herd that surrounds him, and sufficient for the character he is called upon to play—a debauchee boldly declared, and scarcely caring for the hypocrisy of concealment—above all, a thorough despot, whose will is law to all around him; and when needing enforcement, can at any hour pretend to the sanction of authority from Heaven—such is the head of the Mormon Church!

With both the temporal and spiritual power in his hands—legislative, executive, and judicial united—the fiscal too, for the prophet is sole treasurer of the *tenths*—this monster of imposition wields a power equalled only by the barbaric chiefs of Africa, or the rajahs of Ind. It might truly be said, that both the souls and bodies of his subjects are his, and not their own. The former he can control, and shape to his designs at will. As for the latter, though he may not take life openly, it is well known that his sacred edict issued to the 'destroying angels,' is equally efficacious to kill. Woe betide the Latter-day Saint, who dares to dream of dissent or apostasy! Woe to him who expresses disaffection, or even discontent! Too surely may he dread a mysterious punishment—too certainly expect the midnight visitation of the *Danites!*

Exercising such influence over Mormon men, it is almost superfluous to add that his control over Mormon women is still more complete. Virtue, assailed under the mask of a spiritual hypocrisy, is apt to give way—alas! too easily—in all parts of the world; but in a state of society where such slips are rather a fashion than a disgrace, it is needless to say that they are of continual occurrence. The practice of the pseudo-prophet in wife-taking has very little limit, beyond that fixed by his own desires. It is true he may not outrage certain formalities, by openly appropriating the wives of his followers; but should he fancy to become the *husband* of their daughters, not only is there no opposition offered on their part, but the base proposal is regarded in the light of an honour! So esteemed it the women from whom Marian Holt had run away—preferring the perils of starvation and savage life to such gentle companionship!

Thus contemplating the character of that vulgar Alcibiades, for whose harem she had been designed—

in full knowledge of the circumstances which now surrounded her sister—how could I deem the situation of Lilian otherwise than similar—her destiny the same?

With such a tyrant to betray, such a father to protect, no wonder that I trembled for her fate! No wonder that the drops of sweat—forced from me by my soul's agony—broke out like beads upon my brow!

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE DEATH-SONG.

Prostrated in spirit, I had sunk down among the rocks, covering my face with my hands. So occupied was I with wild imaginings, that I saw not the Utah women as they passed down the valley. They had not come up to the butte, nor made halt near, but had hurried directly onward to the scene of the conflict. I had for the moment forgotten them; and was only reminded of their proximity on hearing the death-wail, as it came pealing up the valley. It soon swelled into a prolonged and plaintive chorus, interrupted only by an occasional shriek, that denoted the discovery of some relative among the slain—father, brother, husband, or, perhaps, still nearer and dearer, some worshipped lover—who had fallen before the spears of the Arapahoes.

Was Maranee among them?

The thought roused me from my reverie of wretchedness. A gleam of joy had shot suddenly across my mind. It was the wild huntress that had given origin to it—on her a hope rested.

She must be seen! No time should be lost in communicating with her. Had she accompanied the women of the tribe? Was she upon the ground?

I rose to my feet, and was going towards my horse. I saw Wingrove advancing towards me. The old shadow had returned to his brow. I might exult in the knowledge of being able to dispel it—once and for ever! Fortunate fellow! little dreamed he at that moment how I held his happiness in my hand—how, with one word, I could raise from off his breast the load that for six long months had weighed heavily upon it!

Yes—a pleasant task was before me. Though my own heart bled, I could stop the bleeding of his—of hers, both in a breath. Now, or not yet?

I hesitated. I can scarcely tell why. Perhaps it was that I might enjoy a double delight—by making the disclosure to both of them at once? I had a sweet surprise for both—to both, no doubt, it would be a revelation that would yield the most rapturous joy.

Should I bring them face to face, and leave them to mutual explanations? This was the question that had offered itself, and caused me to hesitate and reflect.

But no. I could not thus sport with hearts that loved. I could not procrastinate that exquisite happiness, now so near. At once let them enter upon its enjoyment!

But both could not be made happy exactly at the same instant? One or other must be first told the glad truth that was in store for them? Apart they must be told it; and to which was I to give the preference?

I resolved to follow that rule of polite society which extends priority to the softer sex. Wingrove must wait!

It was only with an effort I could restrain myself from giving him a hint of his proximate bliss. I was sustained in the effort, however, by observing the manner in which he approached me. Evidently he had some communication to make that concerned our future movements? Up to that moment, there had been no time—even to think of the future.

'I 've got somethin' to say to you, capt'n,' said he, drawing near, and speaking in a serious tone; 'it 's better, maybe, ye shed know it afore we go furrer. The girl 's been givin' me some particklers o' the carryvan that I hain't told you.'

'What girl?'

'The Chicasaw—Su-wa-nee.'

'Oh—true. What says she? Some pleasant news I may anticipate, since she has been the bearer of them?'

It was not any lightness of heart that caused me to give an ironical form to the interrogative. Far from that.

'Well, capt'n,' replied my comrade, 'it is raythor ugly news the red-skinned devil 's told me; but I don know how much truth thar 's in it; for I 've foun' her out in more 'n one lie about this bizness. She 's been wi' the carryvan, however, an' shed know all about it.'

'About what?' I asked.

'Well—Su-wa-nee says that the carryvan 's broke up into two.'

'Ha!'

'One helf o' it, wi' the dragoons, hes turned south, torst Santa Fe; the other, which air all Mormons, hev struck off northardly, by a different pass, an' on a trail thet makes for thar new settlements on Salt Lake.'

'There 's not much news in that. We had anticipated something of the kind?'

'But thar 's worse, capt'n.'

'Worse!—what is it, Wingrove?'

I put the question with a feeling of renewed anxiety.

'Holt 's gone wi' the Mormons.'

'That too I had expected. It does not surprise me in the least.'

'Ah! capt'n,' continued the backwoodsman with a sigh, while an expression of profound sadness pervaded his features, 'thar 's uglier news still.'

'Ha!' I involuntarily exclaimed, as an evil suspicion crossed my mind. 'News of *her*? Quick! tell me! has aught happened to *her*?'

'The worst that kud happen, I reck'n—*she 's dead!*'

I started as if a shot had passed through my heart. Its convulsive throbbing stifled my speech; I could not get breath to utter a word; but stood gazing at my companion in silent agony.

'Arter all,' continued he, in a tone of bitter resignation, 'I don know if it *air* the worst. I sayed afore, an' I say so still, thet I 'd ruther she war dead than in the arms o' thet ere stinkin' Mormon. Poor Marian! She 's hed but a short life o' 't, an' not a very merry one eyether.'

'What! Marian? Is it of her you are speaking?'

'Why, sartin, capt'n. Who else shed it be?'

'Marian dead?'

'Yes—poor girl, she never lived to see that Salt Lake city—whar the cussed varmint war takin' her. She died on the way out, an' war berryed som'rs on the parairey. I wish I knew whar—I 'd go to see the grave.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Whose story is this?'

My companion looked at me in amazement. The laugh, at such a time, must have sounded strange to his ears.

'The Indyen heerd it from Lil,' replied Wingrove, still puzzled at my behaviour. 'Stebbins had told it to Holt, an' to her likeways. Poor young creetur! I reck'n he 'll be a wantin' her too, now thet he 's lost the other. Poor little Lil!'

'Cheer, comrade, cheer! Either Su-wa-nee or Stebbins has lied—belike both of them, for both had a purpose to serve—the Mormon to deceive the girl's father—the Indian to do the same with you. The story is false. Marian Holt is *not* dead.'

'Marian ain't dead?'

'No, she lives—she has been true to you. *Listen!*'

I could no longer keep from him the sweet secret.

The reaction—consequent on the bitter pang I had just experienced, while under the momentary belief that it was Lilian who was dead—had stirred my spirit, filling it with a wild joy. I longed to impart the same emotions to my suffering companion; and in rapid detail I ran over the events that had occurred since our parting.

To the revelations which the Mexican had made, Wingrove listened with frantic delight—only interrupting me with frenzied exclamations that bespoke his soul-felt joy.

When I had finished, he cried out:

'She war *forced* to go! I thort so! I knew it! Whar is she, capt'n? Oh, take me to her. I'll fall on my knees. I'll axe her a thousand times to pardon me. 'Twar the Indyen's fault. I'll swar it war the Chicasaw. She 's been the cuss o' us both. Oh! whar is Marian? I love her more than iver! Whar is she?'

'Patience!' I said; 'you shall see her presently. She must be down the valley, among the women. Mount your horse, and follow me!'

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MARANEE.

We had ridden around the butte, and come in sight of the crowd of wailing women, when some one on horseback was seen emerging from their midst, and turning head towards us.

The habiliments of the rider told that she was a woman. I recognised the Navajo scarf, and plumed circlet, as those worn by the wild huntress. It was she who had separated from the crowd!

Had I needed other evidence to identify her, I had it in the large wolf-like animal that was bounding after her, keeping pace with the gallop of her horse.

'Behold!' I said. 'Yonder is Marian—your own Marian!'

'It air, as I'm a livin' man! I mightn't a know'd her in that strange dress, but yon's her dog. It's Wolf. I kud tell him anywhar.'

'On second thoughts,' suggested I, 'perhaps, I had better see her first, and prepare her for meeting you? What say you?'

'Jest as you like, capt'n. P'raps it mout be the better way.'

'Ride behind the wagon, then! Stay there till I give you a signal to come forth.'

Obedient to the injunction, my companion trotted back, and disappeared behind the white tilt.

I saw that the huntress was coming towards the mound; and, instead of going forth to meet her, I remained upon the spot where we had halted.

A few minutes sufficed to bring her near; and I was impressed more than ever with the grand beauty of this singular maiden.

She was mounted in the Indian fashion, with a white goat-skin for a saddle, and a simple thong for a stirrup; while the bold style in which she handled her horse, told that, whatever had been her early training, she of late must have had sufficient practice in equestrian manœuvres. The steed she bestrode was a large chestnut-coloured mustang; and as the fiery creature reared and bounded over the turf, the magnificent form of its rider was displayed to advantage. She still carried her rifle; and was equipped just as I had seen her in the morning, but now sharing the spirit of her steed, and further animated by the exciting incidents—still in the act of occurrence—her countenance exhibited a style of beauty, not the less charming from the wildness and *braverie* that characterised it.

Truly had she merited the hyperbole of praise which the young backwoodsman had oft lavished upon her. To all that he had said, the most critical connoisseur would have given his accord. No wonder that Wingrove had been able to resist the fascinations of the simpering syrens of Swampville—no wonder that Su-wa-nee had solicited in vain! Truly was this wild huntress an attractive object—in charms far excelling the goddess of the Ephesians. Never was there such mate for a hunter! Well might Wingrove rejoice at the prospect before him!

Her voice roused me from my reverie of admiration.

'Ho, stranger!' said she, reining up by my side, 'you are safe, I see! All has gone well?'

'I was in no danger: I had no opportunity of entering into the fight.'

'So much the better—there were enough of them without you. But your fellow-travellers? Do they still survive? I have come to inquire about them.'

'Thanks to you and good-fortune, they are still alive—even he who was scalped, and we had believed to be dead.'

'Ah! is the scalped man living?'

'Yes; he has been badly wounded, and otherwise ill used; but we have hopes of his recovery.'

'Take me to him! I have learned a little surgery from my Indian friends. Let me see him! Perhaps I may be of some service to your comrade?'

'We have already dressed his wounds, and I believe nothing more can be done for him except by time. But I have another comrade who suffers from wounds of a different nature, *which you alone can cure.*'

'Wounds of a different nature!' repeated she, evidently puzzled by my ambiguous speech; 'of what nature, may I ask?'

I paused before making reply. Whether she had any suspicion of a latent meaning to my words, I could not tell. If so, it was not openly evinced, but most artfully concealed by the speech that followed.

'During my stay among the Utahs,' said she, 'I have had an opportunity of seeing wounds of many kinds, and have learned their mode of treating them. Perhaps I may know how to do something for those of your comrade? But you say that I *alone* can cure them?'

'You, and you only.'

'How is that, stranger? I do not understand you!'

'The wounds I speak of are not in the body.'

'Where, then?'

'In the heart.'

'Oh! stranger, you are speaking in riddles. If your comrade is wounded in the heart, either by a bullet or an arrow'——

'It is an arrow.'

'Then he must die: it will be impossible for any one to save him.'

'Not impossible for you. You can extract the arrow—you can save him!'

Mystified by the metaphor, for some moments she remained gazing at me in silence—her large antelope eyes interrogating me in the midst of her astonishment. So lovely were those eyes, that had their irides been blue instead of brown, I might have fancied they were Lilian's! In all but colour, they looked exactly like hers, as I had once seen them.

Spell-bound by the resemblance, I gazed back into them without speaking—so earnestly and so long that she might easily have mistaken my meaning. Perhaps she did so, for her glance fell; and the circle of crimson suffusion upon her cheeks seemed slightly to extend its circumference, at the same time that it turned deeper in hue.

'Pardon me!' said I, 'for what may appear unmannerly. I was gazing at a resemblance.'

'A resemblance?'

'Yes! one that recalls the sweetest hour of my life.'

'I remind you of some one, then?'

'Ay—truly.'

'Some one who has been dear to you?'

'Has been, and *is*.'

'Ah! and who, sir, may I have the fortune to resemble?'

'One dear also to you—*your sister!*'
'My sister!'
'Lilian.'

NORFOLK BROADS AND THEIR WATER-FOWL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

How many kinds of duck are there? 'Two,' boldly answers the non-sporting and non-ornithological reader: 'the tame, found in company with green pease; and the wild, served with lemon and cayenne.' Nay, simple gastronomist, we count no less than twenty-two varieties in our marshes, many of them differing widely in habits and plumage. The shieldrake (*Tadorna Vulpanser*)—so called, say some etymologists, because it is an old favourite with the heralds—still breeds in the rabbit-burrows of our sand-hills. There you may hear the male whistling shrilly to his mate, and if you are fortunate, get a glimpse at the nest. It is a curiosity. They pitch on some convenient hole in the warren, line it with dry vegetable matter, and finish it off comfortably with an inner lining of fine down plucked from their own breasts. The shieldrake knows his duty as paterfamilias better than most wild-drakes, which leave the female as soon as she begins to sit, going off to take their own pleasure *en garçon*, until such time as she joins them with her young. The shieldrake, on the contrary, keeps watch and ward near the nest throughout the thirty days that madam sits upon her ten, twelve, or even more shining white eggs, ready to take his turn, morning and evening, while she goes in quest of food. And who so proud as he when the young ones are hatched, and he escorts mamma and her family down to the sea! Where the passage is difficult, I have seen the parent-birds carrying their young in their bills to the water's edge, where they soon learn to find their own food, and take upon themselves all the cares and responsibilities of duck-existence. Approach the shieldrake's nest while he is on duty as sentinel, he will feign lameness, and waddle off with one wing trailing on the sand, till he thinks he has decoyed you to a safe distance, when he flies away without further ceremony. How touching, by the way, all these poor bird-stratagems are! For my own part, I can never see a partridge 'sham dead,' or a bird betray her cunningly hidden nest by the very arts through which she hopes to divert the enemy's attention from her young to herself, without intense pity for my feathered fellow-creatures. Pitiful, indeed, to see the poor birds play off against our deadly weapons, and fatal knowledge of their habits, the same shallow tricks which might have served their purpose when the enemy was a dull-eyed Saxon churl, with his long-bow.

The shoveller, mallard, gadwell, teal, widgeon, garganey, 'and the sea-pheasant holding some resemblance unto that bird in some feathers of the tail,'* are all birds of our marshes, where the wild-duck and teal breed plentifully. I have once come upon the now very rare nest of the shoveller (*Anas Clypeata*). This nest, curiously woven out of fine grass, was hidden in tufts of herbage, on a dry spot at some distance from the broad. There were seven eggs, of a yellowish-white tinged with green. I saw the eggs after the duck had begun to sit, and found she had covered them with her own down. I was anxious for the duck while she was sitting, for I fully expected she would be frightened off by some prowler, and her eggs taken; but the shoveller was fortunate—nobody beside myself found out her secret; and I had the satisfaction of seeing her, one summer's day, swimming about the broad, with as fine a young family round her as the heart of any duck could desire. The ducks I have just named frequent fresh water, feed in ditches, and about the margins of the broads, on water-weed, insects, worms, and small fish; they take their food near the surface, spend a good deal of their time on land, walk and fly well, and only dive to escape an enemy. The oceanic ducks, on the contrary, haunt the sea or the deepest part of our broads; they fly and walk with clumsy difficulty, are seldom seen on land, and take their prey at different depths below the surface, feeding on marine insects, crustacea, shelled mollusca, and fish like the divers. Almost all the species of this highly interesting genus have been found in our district; but want of space only permits me to name Steller's Western Duck (*Somateria dispar*). The single specimen which gives this beautiful bird a place among British ducks, was shot at Caistor, near Yarmouth, and is the pride of the Norwich Museum.

I have great respect for my next neighbour at Waterwold. She was brought up a London fine lady, and when she settled in our village, some twelve months back, had the London idea of a chicken—gizzard under one wing, liver under the other. But when Mrs A. found herself in the country, instead of declaring it dull, mopy, and stupid, as most fine ladies do, she studied *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and forthwith undertook the charge of a poultry-yard with zeal and energy, which no amount of ill success seems likely to damp. My wife and I consider Mrs A. a true heroine; we know she is mortally afraid of the gobble-cock, and only less uncomfortable within sight of the gander, yet she faces these monsters, and trots about the yard on the cook's pattens, peeping into nests, throwing down barley to her pretty clients, and nursing sick chickens, in a way which does one's heart good to see. All Mrs A.'s troubles, and they are many, with her 'feathered cattle' are poured into our sympathising ears; and accordingly, after a six weeks' absence from the middle of last May, she burst upon us with news of a disaster.

'Oh, Mr B., would you believe it—while I've been away, some wicked creature has stolen my *beautiful* drake, and left an ugly brown duck instead!'

'Very sad, indeed. But, Mrs A., are you *quite* sure it isn't the drake?'

'Of course I am. Markham wanted to make me believe that it was, but I *do* know better than *that*,' said my visitor with an indignant flirt of her sunshade.

'Come and see what has happened to mine,' I replied. But not till all had passed muster, both among the tame villatic fowl and the different kinds domesticated on a piece of water in the garden, would Mrs A. believe the miracle that every drake, partly through moulting, and partly by change of colour in the feathers, lays aside the beauty of his plumage with the spring, to wear all through the summer the sober livery of his mate. Even then she was only half convinced; I detected a lurking suspicion that the 'wicked creature' who had changed her drake might have played me the same trick, and my neighbour's mind won't be set at rest on the subject till October re-clothes her favourite in the green and purple she so much admires. Strange freak of nature, is it not, that the drake and drakes alone, just at the season, too, when most males put on a brighter summer plumage, should suffer this eclipse without any known cause or purpose? It belongs to those problems we find at every page of her book—those 'sacred riddles' over which men stumble and guess, and perhaps, after all, are never to light upon 'the fortunate word by which the riddle is read.'

What a splendid fellow the Great Northern Diver (*Colymbus glacialis*) is! I must try to describe his beautifully fantastic plumage, for the benefit of those readers to whose eye he may not be so familiar as to mine. This king of the divers looks as if he might have been originally an enormous white fowl with black head and tail; and that nature, not quite satisfied

* Pintail Duck.—Sir T. Browne.

with his appearance, had, in her most ornamental mood, streaked his neck with black; bound a velvet collar round, to match the head; and had finally drawn over back and wings a net-work of the glossiest black. And here I may observe, that although British birds, with but few exceptions, as the golden oriole, cannot vie with those of the tropics in gorgeous hues and metallic lustre of plumage, yet, in the exquisite distribution of colours, they certainly bear the palm. How lovely are the mosaics of their soft browns, grays, black and white—how tenderly the shades are blended—with what wonderful symmetry spot, band, stripe, and bar are arranged! Closely examine the plumage of many a bird which shews dusky enough on the wing, and it may well remind you of a piece of music which the change of a single note must mar, of a noble sonnet which will not brook the alteration of one word. No handiwork of man approaches such perfection; it finds a parallel only in the creations of his intellect. The great northern diver formerly bred in our salt-marshes; it is now a rare visitor, though not so rare as the Black-throated Diver. I once had a fine young male in his first winter brought me alive, and I kept him a few weeks; but he was so hopelessly unhappy, uttering a low plaint all day long, that, though I was anxious to keep him, his captivity became quite a weight on my conscience. I gave him his liberty, and felt like the Mariner when 'down slid the albatross,' the whole day after my diver was restored to his broad. All the divers provide for themselves by following shoals of herrings and other small fish; they sink into the water with a peculiarly graceful action; they remain some time submerged, and even make submarine flights of more than a quarter of a mile.

One of the most beautiful members of the Colymbidæ (Divers), now, alas! fast fading from the district, was abundant only a few years back—the Great-crested Grebe or Loon (*Podiceps cristatus*), especially named by Sir T. Browne as 'a handsome and specious fowl, cristated, and with divided feet placed very backward.' This peculiarity in the feet, by causing it to hobble awkwardly on land, gives the grebe its local name, Loon—no doubt a form of the Finnish designation, Lumme or Lom (Anglicè, lame), given in Scandinavia to several of the divers, and from the same reason. Not only is this lovely bird persecuted, because the marshmen grudge the fish on which it preys, but it is now, much more than formerly, shot down for the sake of its plumage, so that, as far as our fauna is concerned, the loon bids fair to become as extinct as the dodo. One pair—or two at the most—is all we see now upon our largest broads; but thirty years back, I have counted eighteen or twenty of these birds together, some diving, others swimming with the stately grace of the swan; others, again, would just come up from their long dive, cast a sharp glance of inspection all round, rise to throw off the water, the silvery satin of their necks and under-surface of the body glistening in the sunshine, and then dive down again. Or I have come upon their nest, built in an exposed situation, and before the young reed shoots are high enough to hide it, but always with a covering of decayed weed plastered over the eggs, so that the whole affair looks simply like a lump of half-rotten water-plant. When the grebe is disturbed on her nest, she is far too wary to rise within gun-shot of the intruder—though she can, and does fly well when it suits her purpose, in spite of all some writers say to the contrary—you hear a dull plunge, see a slight vibration among the reeds; the bird has dived, and will keep under water as long as you are in her neighbourhood, or rise at a respectful distance. If she has young ones, she tucks one under each wing, and carries them down with her. Young loons are the funniest, most engaging little creatures. When I have moored my boat for fishing on a broad, they would come round fearlessly, swim about the float, watch all my motions with a sort of infantine curiosity, apparently discussing every operation together with a multitude of quaint gestures, and well pleased with an offering of small fish made them from time to time. I wonder these birds are not commonly domesticated on ornamental pieces of water; they are easily tamed, live in harmony with other water-fowl; and more beautiful objects on a lake can hardly be imagined. The loons come to us early in spring, but they move off towards the arms of the sea as winter approaches, never remaining till our shallow waters are frozen. The different species of grebe, with some other divers, appear to limit their northern range to the birch; they are not found further north than the latitude at which this tree grows.

We have seen how the loon builds her nest: she fashions her little floating ark of rush and water-weed; both eggs and nest are always wet as it rises and falls with the waters of the broad. Far other notions of comfort has the coot (*Fulica Atra*): she builds her nest compact and strong, of the driest rush she can pick; loves to make it among reeds, using those which lie prostrate as a framework for her house; or she will lay its foundations at the bottom of the water, elevating it from six to twelve inches above the surface; and if the waters rise, she will add layer after layer, so that her stone-coloured eggs, spotted with brown, shall be always snug and dry. The coot is our commonest marsh-bird, and contrives to keep up its numbers in spite of the plunder of its nest, and the very large quantity shot. This bird is mostly shot for sport, as there are few charms for the lover of stuffed birds in its sooty feathers, tinged with gray, and still less for the epicure in its tough, fishy flesh. During the summer, coots are universal throughout our triangle, found on every marshy margin and every sedgy pool; but in autumn they collect in flocks on the large waters. I have often seen on Hickling Broad, Horsey Mere, &c., the curious spectacle of an army of these creatures, not huddled together like other wild-fowl, but swimming soberly at regular distance from each other, and covering from one to two acres of the water. But let a couple of their dreaded enemies, the moor-buzzard, appear, and the scene changes as if by magic. With clanging cry, and fluttering pinion, the coots hurry together, forming a dense body, and splashing up the water with feet and wings as a defence. Now is the time for the sportsman. I have known from five-and-twenty to thirty killed at a single shot when thus driven together by a pair of buzzards.

I look up from my closely filled paper to glance round the collection with which my study is lined, and grieve that I must pass over so many of my favourites without a word. No room for the merganser, that 'saw-billed diver' of Sir T. Browne, 'bigger and longer than a duck, distinguished from other dive-birds by a notable saw-bill to retain its slippery prey.' No room for my especial pets, the red-shanks, sand-pipers, and pigmy curlews, dressed almost like members of one family in different shades of spotted dark brown, gray, and white. Not a word for my queer avocet, his dainty person balanced on lengthy legs, with as lengthy a bill, curved upwards, as if in careless contempt of his neighbour, the oyster-catcher, thick-set, and short-necked, with the air of a pursy old gentleman who dearly loveth the bivalve; nor for auk and puffin, sitting stiff and bolt upright on the very end of their tails, and, like Paddy's parrot, with 'a power of bake.' Only one word for the barnacle-goose, and that to say that it does *not* grow on the goose-tree in these degenerate days, though we all know that it did when honest old Gerard saw with his own eyes the tree, and shells on it, and found in some 'liuing things without form or shape; in others that were nearer come to ripenesse, liuing things that were verie naked, in shape like a birde;

in others, the birdes couered with soft downe, the shell half open, and the birde readie to fall out, which no doubt were the foules called barnakles.' Not even a line for the airy terns, the mew, the—— But I will not keep my readers too late among the marshes, only to inflict a catalogue upon them.

And, indeed, it is time that we leave Marshland: the sun is going down with the royal pomp of crimson and gold which attends the sunsets of the fen. Silent, without flow or ripple, lie the waters—as silent as the heaven above them, all ablaze with its glories, and both so blent at the horizon that the eye can hardly draw the line between the clouds and their image. For a few minutes, Colour makes of this sombre region her own fantastic kingdom; she lavishes upon it her riches; she pours over it all the life, the fervour, the passion of her enchantments. The distances deepen into purple; objects hardly seen by day start out distinct against that flaming sky; long shadows, black and quivering, seem a ghostly presence. Ah! here are contrasts of bright and dark, before which Rembrandt might well despair; the brown mosses glow, the dead colours wake, every tuft of weed or sedgy-grass is instinct with a luminous life. See, the marsh insects gleam like fireflies; and the water-fowl! their 'wings are covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold.' No pen or pencil can paint the scene; such power is only given to imagination herself, through the gorgeous dream of the opium-eater; and, like that dream, it changes—fading, fading still the unearthly lustre, till every hue is blurred out, and the landscape lies again level, drear, dead before us. This half-submerged region, with its oozy vegetation, its pools, morass, and wide solitary expanses, strikes us with a strange awe in the uncertain light. Surely it belongs to some older world than this nineteenth century of ours, with its crowded cities and busy peoples. Such an aspect, we can fancy, their hardly recovered earth wore to the patriarchs of the Flood, and with such awful pomp the sun went down into the yet lingering waters. Another hour, and the moon shews her broad disc, blood-red through those whispering alders; white mists wreath up from every plash and pool; and Will-o'-the-wisp dances merrily over the marsh. No wonder that we keep up a few superstitions here—that the marshman and his family gather close round their fire to tell of the marvels that may be seen at night: of corpse-candles burning blue through the mist—of headless horsemen galloping by—of the white lady who wanders from pool to pool, wringing her hands—and of Hob-i'-th'-marsh, a mischievous sprite, who makes it his business to lure benighted travellers astray by the display of a shadowy bag of money.

THE ENGLISH PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

It may occasionally have occurred to the reader, as a question not unworthy of consideration, why our good neighbours the French are so strangely ignorant of the qualities and usages of John Bull? Of the fact itself there can be little doubt, when we look at their newspaper articles, and the pervading character of their books, concerning ourselves. It is a theorem whereof the truth is only too manifest, that one-half of the quarrels which disturb the world, arise from the insufficiency of our knowledge of each other. Most especially is this true in relation to the inhabitants of different countries. They wrangle and dispute, they challenge and fight, they conquer and slaughter—quite as much because they do not, as because they do, understand each other. Each nation uses spectacles which do not suit the ocular weaknesses of others; the concave does not agree with the off-sight of the one, nor the convex with the near-sight of the other. Small faults are viewed with too high a magnifying power, and honest but half-hidden qualities are overlooked altogether; while each country has a tendency to view its own excellences with a multiplying-glass, and its defects through ground glass.

In illustration of this, we have now spread out before us a French work, large, costly, and evidently intended to circulate among an influential portion of the French nation; the names of its writers are given; and there is a good deal of learning and research displayed in some of the articles. All that is said in such a work becomes important in the degree that the work itself is authoritative. This work is called the *Encyclopédie Catholique: Répertoire Universel et Raisonné des Sciences, des Lettres, des Arts, et des Métiers.* It is edited by M. L'Abbé Glaire, Dean of the Faculty of Theology at Paris, and M. Le Vicomte Walch, aided by a 'Committee of Orthodoxy.' It is a quarto work, in about twenty large volumes, and the publication of it was finished at Paris a few years ago.

Now, it is in the various articles 'Angleterre' in this work, that we find some of the evidence which has suggested the present comment, concerning the strange notions entertained of our country and countrymen, by Frenchmen even of education. The geography of 'Angleterre' is written by M. Cornille. It is not remarkable for much except that pertinacity with which Frenchmen misspell English names. Roxburgh, Morecambe, Cardigan, Severn, Plymouth, Shropshire, Worcester, Salop, Berkshire, are converted into Rasbourg, Marecombe, Cardignan, Saverne, Plimouth, Storpshire, Woscester, Shorp, Barck; indeed, the names of eighteen of our counties are erroneously rendered; and, moreover, M. Cornille makes a present of the Welland to the Severn, as a tributary. But although his geography of 'Angleterre' consists of only one quarto page, he finds room for the following sketch of our national character: 'The character of the inhabitants is strongly marked. The English distinguish themselves especially by the audacity of their enterprises, by a perseverance which approaches to obstinacy, but at the same time by a selfishness so intense as scarcely to bend before the interests of the country, unless those interests are connected with mercantile calculations.' This we have been told before, by various foreigners; but there is worse to follow: 'Their presumption is without bound; their pride without limit; their surliness has become almost proverbial—one speaks of "British surliness" as one would of "Attic salt." Their intolerance is quite beyond all expression. Devoted body and soul to material interests, the English have always a calculus, a sum, a numeral, behind every inspiration, however noble or grand it may be in appearance. For them, the entire world is nothing but a vast prey to be seized, nothing but a vast bazaar, of which they alone shall be the merchants. *Aura sacra fames* is the device which this people ought to inscribe over the gates of their cities and upon the thresholds of their dwellings.'

This is pretty well, truly, for a picture drawn in the middle of the nineteenth century. (The *Encyclopædia* was commenced while Louis Philippe was king.) But M. Cornille has not done with us yet; he has a bone to pick both with high and low, on other matters: 'The people of the lower classes are distinguished in England by a brutishness of which we can form no idea. Abandoned from their infancy to all the excesses of drunkenness, they carry into their whole conduct a spirit of rudeness, coarseness, and quarrelsomeness, which brings about those pugilistic encounters of which we hear so much. Almost every one has acquired a fatal skill in this bloody exercise; rarely does a holiday meeting pass without a fatal encounter. The great nobles themselves (for the English, in their worship of the golden calf, have retained their great nobles, the source of all their riches), and even members of parliament, take part sometimes in these street-fights.' O ye sprightly

young lords, and baronets, and right honourables, who in bygone-days sought amusement in knocker-wrenching and Charley-boxing! your foolish deeds did not end when you yourselves became sobered by age; they live in the effects produced on foreigners, who have imperfect means of knowing us as we are, but who catch at such extravagances, as if they were characteristic of the whole nation. And remember, that it is not merely penny-a-line newspaper writing from which we are quoting, but from a work extensive, expensive, grave, and pretentious.

M. Cornille then hands us over to M. Balssas, who has written that part of the general article which relates to the industry and commerce of England. After giving us a meed of praise for our energy in these matters, M. Balssas tells us plainly what we are to expect as our future doom: 'Nevertheless, all her foresight will not save England from a decline. There is working among all nations a movement which acts in a direction contrary to English interests. The queen of industry has given profitable lessons. We have no need to set forth the industrial progress of the continent, nor the general perfectioning of its marine; these things are notorious. By this single circumstance alone, England will, year by year, see her exportations diminish. Among nations, France excites her jealousy: France, whose coasts face America, Africa which she inhabits, and the east; whose frontiers are in contact with the active populations of Germany; whose soil offers, by its nature, its position, its latitude, the elements of inexhaustible riches. Already does England begin to entertain doubts concerning her future. Her attention is directed with inquietude towards the eastern part of the Mediterranean. What a frightful spectacle for her! On the one side, the colossal Russia descends little by little towards Constantinople, as by a gravitating force; on the other side, Egypt, enervated, is menaced with an approaching dissolution; and to crown the misfortune, the French possess there a very marked influence. By and by, England will recognise the possibility of the interdiction of the Mediterranean to her fleets, by the preponderance of the two nations, to whom seems to belong the partition of that sea.' M. Balssas has as much right as any other Frenchman to prophesy the triumph of France over the ruins of England; but the singularity consists in the insertion of this sort of newspaper writing in a large Encyclopædia, intended as a permanent record of things, persons, places, and nations.

The historical portion, by M. Prat, estimates English history from a point of view at which we have no reason to complain, intended as it is to belong to a 'Catholic' work; but even here the downfall of England is curiously brought in. After speaking of the immense external power of England, M. Prat says: 'But she is troubled with an internal malady which will sooner or later destroy this outrageous power. Political passions are fermenting, pauperism is becoming an insupportable burden, the national debt increases from day to day, faith has become enfeebled, and all is becoming materialised; these are the signs of her imminent danger.'

It is worthy of remark how these Encyclopædists seize hold of facts observable at the time they wrote, and as if those marked the general order of things in England. In the notice of English literature by M. Prat, the author exclaims: 'Well! will it be believed! this Shakspeare, so popular in name, scarcely finds an English theatre where he can be played. *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, carefully placed in the libraries, are banished from the stage. France at least knows how to maintain a temple for her poetic divinities: Racine, Corneille, and Molière find interpreters.' We are not aware of the exact state of the London stage at the time M. Prat wrote, but it may have been that Shakspeare was not much played in the metropolis at that time, and that the Frenchman, reading of this in some newspaper, jumped from a particular instance to a general conclusion.

When M. Prat has done with us, M. Tresvaux takes us up, in his portion of the article relating to the fine arts of 'Angleterre.' He makes sad havoc with the names of our artists—Fusely, Leake, Morbland, Grainsborough, Lindseer: we may know these by the exercise of a little ingenuity; but there are others of whose identity we are by no means certain. One thing is sure, however, that, according to M. Tresvaux, we are a people utterly unfitted to have anything to do with music: 'People do not *sing* in England: they *croak*. The only celebrated musician of whom the English are proud is Handel; and even his origin is German; and yet, notwithstanding this musical infirmity, the "lords" and the "ladys" are amateurs almost to an insane degree.'

There follows, after these various aspects of 'Angleterre,' a curious article under the title of 'Anglomanie.' We believe, from the initials, that this article was written by the late Count Joseph de Maistre; but it is at anyrate singular that such an article should have been necessary. It does not seem that the love for England among the French is or was so general as to require this antidote; but here the antidote certainly is. 'Anglomanie' is defined (just as if it were a scientific term) as 'an immoderate and exclusive admiration for the English, their usages, their manners, and their costumes: whether due to a real sentiment, or to mere caprice, to a desire for singularity, or to unreasoning fancy.' The author says that it is reasonable that Frenchmen should regard Molière as the prince of all comic poets, ancient or modern; 'but that a Frenchman should place Racine below Shakspeare, because the second is English and the first French, is a thing which we cannot conceive; it is more than an infatuation, for it shews a determination to find all good or all bad from mere etiquette alone.' How many Englishmen rank Addison and Sheridan as the first of all comic poets; or how many Frenchmen place Racine below Shakspeare, simply because the former was French and the latter English, we are not told. It peeps out presently that the objection is built chiefly on the antagonism between parliamentary and despotic principles. 'The Anglomanie,' we are told, 'was brought among us by that legion of French gentlemen who, under the flag of the Marquis de Lafayette, went to America to aid in founding a republic at enmity with all thrones. On their return, they introduced among us a love for English customs.' The advent of Louis Philippe is adverted to in the statement, that 'the introduction in France of the representative system has contributed not a little to enroot this habit among us. Thus we have adopted an infinity of names which the English give to the institutions we borrowed from them.' The author goes on to say that the Anglomania does not limit its sway to serious subjects; it extends to all: 'it seizes on our taste and on more futile matters. There are people who flatter themselves that in proportion as constitutional and parliamentary usages become formed and consolidated, this Anglomania will become less sensible; but it is impossible to avoid seeing that the two things spring out of the same cause.'

There are grounds for something like congratulation in these concluding words—that a 'mania,' or at least a liking for England, will naturally spring up among a people who adopt constitutional and parliamentary institutions; but we must take the words, we suppose, in the sense meant by the author, and claim nothing good in our capacity as Englishmen.

A dislike for our institutions is pardonable; but the real ignorance of ourselves is sad in so near a neighbour. What there is true in the French estimate of Englishmen, ought to impel us to reform and put our house in order; what there is *untrue*, produces all the more mischief according as the work which

contains it is of an authoritative and pretentious character. It may be quite right that we should, once now and then, respond to the wish of Robert Burns, and see ourselves as others see us; but it is pregnant with evil that others should see us through the medium of their own national atmosphere, and thus really not know us at all. O for some kind little sprite who could entice folks into an honest study of their neighbours, on the bright side as well as the tarnished!

HOW CUSHION-LACE WAS INVENTED.

It was the winter of the year 1564, and the mines of Saxony, being no longer considered productive, were closed. Hundreds of men were, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and amongst them one Christopher Uttman. He had a wife and two infant children, and his heart was filled with despair on their account. Of himself, he never thought; he knew that he was capable of stubborn and ponderous endurance—the pits had been more than once before closed even in his lifetime—but endurance was not the quality most required now; the voice from his hearth-stone was a trumpet-peal to action, yet what could he do? he was powerless from inevitable necessity—the necessity of ignorance. He had been reared in the pit; he was unacquainted with every kind of manual labour except that exercised in his fearful calling. With a heavy heart, he returned to the lowly cottage, the interior of which the care and tastefulness of his wife had rendered comfortable, nay, even beautiful, and placing in her hand his last week's wages, he exclaimed bitterly: 'Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more. They will all be closed next week, and will *never* be re-opened!'

Barbara had heard before her husband had returned home that the pits were about to be closed for an indefinite period, she was therefore in some degree prepared for the tidings, and replied cheerfully: 'We shall no doubt do very well. We shall seek God's guidance; He will direct us. We are young, and strong, and healthy, and need not despair of being able to provide for our little ones, because the mines of Saxony are shut up.'

Fortunately for the miner, his wife was not only good and gentle, but prompt and clear-minded. She comprehended at once all the perplexities of their condition—all that must be endured at the present—all that might naturally be dreaded in the future. After awhile she stole away to the inner closet of her little cottage, and having first sought wisdom from on high, set about considering what it was best to do. It was no dreamy and fantastic speculation which exercised her mind in that little retreat, but calm and accurate was the scheme she then shadowed forth—though it was never quite realised.

Barbara had been in the habit of assisting in the maintenance of her little household, by embroidering muslin veils. At first, she worked only for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but so imaginative and delicate was her skill and taste in this art, that her fame had lately reached more than one of the German courts, and many a noble dame had availed herself of the graceful productions of Barbara's needle, and added to her heavy brocaded dresses the elaborately embroidered, yet light and beautiful muslin train and ruffles. The care of her infant twins, however, together with many other domestic duties, had hitherto afforded her but little time for the exercise of her art; but now, though these cares and duties were rather increased than lessened, she determined, without neglecting or omitting one of them, that by the labour of her hands should her family be supplied with bread. 'My husband toiled for us,' she mentally exclaimed, 'and now I will work hard for him.'

The next day after the closing of the mines, Barbara arose with the dawn, and having put her house in order, and prepared the morning-meal, she commenced her work. Steadily she wrought on hour after hour, never moving from her low seat near the window, except when obliged to do so for the fulfilment of some household duty. A little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, was sent for to look after the children; and Christopher contrived to find useful employment in the little garden which separated his cottage from the road, and which heretofore had been Barbara's care. In the evening, he assisted in preparing the supper, and thus the first day passed away hopefully and happily. Three months thus rolled by, and Barbara looked with justifiable pride on the production of her artistic skill—a veil, which far excelled anything she had ever before attempted, in its singular beauty of design and elaborateness of embroidery. With a happy smile, eloquent of joy and hope, she left her home the next morning, carrying the veil in a curious basket covered with richly embroidered cloth. We may here remark, that certain arts of embroidery, as known at that period, are now forgotten; and though many specimens are still preserved amongst the precious relics of continental churches, and not a few of them have been subjected to the closest examination, even to having portions picked out stitch by stitch, yet is the mystery still undiscovered.

It was a bright summer morning: never did the flowers look more lovely, the fruits more luxuriant. Barbara looked back more than once at her pretty cottage, now covered by a profusion of roses and creeping-plants, and blessed those beloved ones who still slept on, unconscious of her absence. Arrived at a certain castle at some leagues' distance about noon, she was at once admitted to the presence of its fair mistress, with whom Barbara was a favourite. Having replied to kind inquiries for her husband and children, she looked consciously at her little basket. Her heart beat almost audibly, and her cheek flushed to a deeper glow than even the unusually long walk would have caused, as she raised the lid, and shaking out the delicate veil, threw it over her extended arm. Never before had she displayed such a specimen of her skill, and never before did so much depend on its being duly appreciated: both her purse and her little store were exhausted. The joyful hope, however, with which she had left her home and entered the lady's presence was fast leaving her heart, as the sudden exclamation of delight and approval which she had expected fell not on her anxious ear; and a strange, deep dread was finding its way in, and rolling heavily in the room of the departed guest. 'It is very beautiful,' said the dame at last, still without reaching her hand to touch it—'very beautiful, truly; but could your skill only accomplish something like this, Barbara, I would purchase it at any price, it is so lovely, and so uncommon.'

She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed the sorrow-stricken Barbara a border of rich Brussels point-lace. Barbara let the veil fall into the basket, and struggling hard to subdue her emotions, took the border into her hands. She had never before seen Brussels point; and she now eagerly and anxiously examined the beautiful fabric. 'It is very lovely,' she said, in a low sad voice; 'my work cannot indeed compare with that.' For a minute, she continued her careful examination, and then returning it with a low obeisance, took up her basket, and departed.

How changed to her eyes now appeared the bright world she had looked upon with such delight but one short half-hour before! The deep sorrow in her own heart had banished its beauty from the landscape. She turned her steps homewards—it was too late then to seek another purchaser—and traversed slowly the same shady alleys which she had so lately trodden with an elastic step. After awhile, she suddenly

stopped, and sinking on the soft greensward, exclaimed: 'Let me think.' She placed her little basket beside her, and covering her face with her hands, once again muttered: 'Let me think.'

Mute and motionless—as we learn from Barbara's own narrative—she continued to think and to pray; and more than an hour elapsed before she lifted her head, and once more started on her homeward path. It was late in the evening when she returned; her children were at rest in their little cot, and her husband was standing at the door watching for her return with a look of heedful and anxious love. She raised her eyes to his; her face was glowing with youthful though matronly beauty, and seemed illuminated by some powerful new-born hope.

'Husband,' she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, 'I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker or longer than your middle-finger; and I shall want you to give them to me as soon as possible.'

'With pleasure, you shall have them, dear wife,' he replied; and accordingly, as soon as they had partaken of a frugal supper, he set to work. Meanwhile, Barbara was occupied in making a small, hard, round cushion. The covering was of green stuff—we are told—and it was filled with hay. By midnight, the task of each was completed.

Next day, Barbara shut herself up in the little inner room of her cottage. She had the sticks and the cushion with her, and she only entered the outer room when her presence was absolutely necessary. The second day she again absented herself, and likewise for the three following; her husband, with rare tact and delicacy, neither asking her questions, nor suffering any officious neighbour to intrude on her. It was well for all parties that his trusting affection had taught him to pursue this wise course, for Barbara's mind was struggling after a dimly revealed object, and the least interruption in the pursuit, though kindly meant, might only serve to throw an additional shadow on the path. On the evening of the fifth day, she rushed from the closet, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, exclaimed: 'Christopher, beloved, thank God with me! See what He has enabled me to accomplish;' and she shewed him a piece of lace which she had made on the cushion, and which resembled what we now know under the name of 'quilling.' This she afterwards richly embroidered; and as she looked on her beautiful handiwork, she believed that she had, unaided by human intervention, discovered the method by which point-lace was manufactured. In reality, however, she had done much more: she had invented a new article of equal beauty and greater utility—the lace at present so well known as 'cushion' or 'bone lace.'

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age. Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants from every quarter of the globe; and in order to supply the demand, she employed all the poor girls in her neighbourhood. In a very short time, she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden, and for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mental improvement. How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact, that Christopher became a wholesale importer of the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved. As for Barbara, her 'children called her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.' Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age, and on the evening of her death, there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

The simple principle on which Barbara's lace is made, is thus described by Dodd: 'The lace-maker sits on a stool or chair, and places a hard cushion on her lap. The desired pattern is sketched on a piece of parchment, which is then laid on the cushion, and she inserts a number of pins through the parchment into the cushion, in places determined by the pattern. She is also provided with a small number of bobbins, on which threads are wound; fine thread being used for making the meshes, or net, and a coarser kind, called gimp, for working the device. The work is begun on the upper part of the cushion, by tying together the threads in pairs, and each pair is attached to one of the pins thrust into the cushion. The threads are then twisted one round another in various ways, according to the pattern, the bobbins serving for handles, as well as for store of material, and the pins serving as knots or fixed points, or centres, round which the threads may be twisted. The pins inserted in the cushion at the commencement, are merely to hold the threads; but as each little mesh is made in progress of the working, other pins are inserted to prevent the threads untwisting, and the device on the parchment shews where these insertions are to occur.'

The 'point-lace' which Barbara Uttman at first believed she had discovered the secret of manufacturing, was made without either cushion or frame. The worker provided herself only with a variety of thread and variously sized needles, and then placing a rich design, drawn on paper, either on her knee or on a convenient table, she imitated it with exactness, progressing at the rate of a few square inches each week, until at length, after years of patient labour, she would complete one of these beautiful, complicated, and delicate pieces of lace, which now excite so much admiration and surprise in those fortunate enough to be allowed to examine the furniture of old cathedrals either at home or on the continent. It is supposed that, for many hundreds of years, point-lace was wrought only by noble dames, and even by them, only to offer it to favourite churches. As an article of dress, it was first worn at Venice; soon afterwards, gorgeous specimens of it were displayed by the merchants of Genoa; and next it was found in Brussels, but so immensely surpassing in quality and quantity all that had ever before been heard of, that it at once received, by universal consent, the name of Brussels point. Early in the seventeenth century, it was introduced into France, some say by Mary de Medici, and others by a poor but industrious woman, named Du Mont.

ON THE DECAY OF A CERTAIN EXCELLENT SCIENCE.

As the universe is said to be divided into Christian and Heathen, as Europe into Catholic and Protestant, as England into Whig and Tory, so two great parties are waging war with one another to the knife in this our city of Trumpington, N. B. It *is* a city, as we old Trumpingtonians will always have it, and by no means a mere provincial town, as some insist—strangers from the south, for the most part, and such of the younger portion of our own population as can be induced to consent to the disparagement of their native place. Nothing annoys me more than to see these misguided young fellows endeavouring to forget the fine old customs of their fathers, upon the ground of their being obsolete and out of date, and introducing in place of them their new-fangled English customs. Such be they who turn up their noses at sheep's head—a most savoury dish, with a great deal of promiscuous feeding to be got upon it—or haggis, the beloved of Burns, an exceedingly satisfying delicacy, although not perhaps meretriciously attractive in its external features. Such be they who use extract of chamomiles, or bitter beer, as they prefer to call it, instead of the good sweet ale of Scotland; and despise

the delicate wine of their native land, with all its engaging attributes of kettle and toddy-ladles. It is they, too, who must needs smoke cigars, forsooth, and even (as I have seen them with these eyes) make up, with their twiddling fingers, the cigarettes which are only fit for Spanish women, neglecting the cutty-pipe of their fathers, and the snuff that should ever be grateful to the Caledonian nostril. 'Faugh,' say I; 'out upon you, thoughtless innovators! "We want no change," as the Peruvians remarked to Pizarro in a play that has gone out along with many other good dramas, to be supplanted by *Cox and Box*, or some such rubbish—"We want no change, and least of all, such change as *you* can give us."' There is no limit to the hardihood of these reformers. Reformers, indeed! Will it be credited that it is in the contemplation of some of these profligates to introduce into Trumpington, N. B., the Hansom cab! All I can say is, that it will be better for Nephew Alec and Nephew Georgie that I never see *them* disgracing themselves by appearing in any such vehicle. A Casino will be the next addition to our improvements, I suppose, or a lease of our public gardens taken up by the proprietors of Cremorne.

However, all this will fall far short of the evil that has already actually befallen us, the change for the worse (for the worst) that has gradually crept in amongst us—as luxury did, to the ruin of the Roman empire—and is obtaining converts nightly. The great and important question which is now convulsing society at Trumpington, N. B., is this: Are we to give in to the substitution of Short Whist for Long, or are we not? My own family are quite aware of the sentiments which I myself entertain upon this subject, and have been guided accordingly, so that this complaint is perfectly patriotic and disinterested. If any man should venture to propose in *my* house that five should make the game at whist instead of ten, he would certainly never be invited to spend an evening within its doors again. If my dearest friend should go over to that heresy, he would be thenceforward as a stranger to me. If son of mine—— But, no; I need not harrow my own feelings by considering what it would be my painful duty to do in such an extremity. I speak of the evil not as under my own roof—for if, I repeat, my footman should play whist with the maid-servants in my kitchen, and induce them to score less than ten for the game, that man, however useful to me, should go—but as I see it at the houses of my acquaintances. There, I am ashamed to say, it is becoming a rare thing to see the grand old game which has been sufficient for the world for so many centuries. When I say 'the game,' I don't mean *one* game, which, with reference to its decent length, these scoffers contend, is almost sufficient to last for a century. They affirm, that however consistent with reason Long Whist may have been at the period it was fashionable (namely, before the Flood), when persons lived to be many hundred years of age, it is altogether out of proportion with modern existence, when the days of man are but threescore years and ten—from which, of course, the years of infancy (although Long Whist can scarcely be learned too early) must be excluded. They pretend that among the arrow-heads and other relics of the work of man recently discovered in the drift, which seem to point to the pre-Adamite existence of our race, there were found exactly twenty bone whist-counters—evidently for the purpose of marking the Long points with, at a period when our subtle ingenuity had not made less to serve by means of that particular allocation which is itself a science and a study. It is even hinted that, but for Long Whist, Noah and his three sons could never have survived the tediousness of the Ark during the Flood-time, and thereby (eventually) secured the perpetuation of our species. We possess good-nature enough to be able to laugh at these ridiculous stories—which, it is surely needless to say, are mere inventions. Banter and ridicule are, it seems to me, the only weapons which the advocates of Short Whist have to trust to, though it must be confessed they use them with some skill. Young Hector MacTornish—and it was enough to make old Sandy, his father, turn in his grave, who was every night for his one rubber at Longs, for three, or it might be four hours, according as the cards went—young Hector, I say, had the impudence to decline to join in a game the other night, upon the score of his having a wife and children. 'The most, my good friends, that we can possibly win in an hour at your game,' said he, 'even under the most advantageous circumstances, is ninepence; and ninepence an hour is not a remunerative wage for a skilled labourer.'

'We are no for dissipation and vice, and a' sic things as ye lose money by,' returned the host, who was one of the good old sort, although maybe a little close-fisted: 'this is no a gambling-house, my young friend.'

'No,' rejoined Hector, 'I am glad to say it is not; and very creditable, too, it is to you, considering you are little better than a stock-broker.'

And, indeed, it must be confessed that it did not lie well in our friend's mouth, who was risking thousands and thousands of other people's money daily, if not his own as well, to object to the Short game at sixpenny points upon the ground of morality.

I cannot say that I have that objection to urge against it myself, although I have equally strong ones. I say that it spoils the play. I say that before you have time to explain to your partner why you finessed with the eight, having the king in your hand, the game is lost. The odd trick is made against you just as you are about to come in with your court cards. There is too much dash, and too little deliberation in the matter. One's sober habits of thought are dissipated, and one's intelligence too actively called into play, on account of the emergency of the case. One is always at a crisis, and either engaged in all the horrors of taking by assault, or in defending one's own hearth and home for the bare life. With four by honours against us, we may just as well hang out the white flag at once, and cry, 'We surrender.' Formerly, we were wont to regard such a circumstance with the greatest equanimity. *We* might hold them the next time, and then they, and then we again, and yet the game be far from ended. The linked sweetness was then drawn out to a respectable length.

There was a less deadly heresy which started up before this of the Short game—just as the U. P.s preceded the Free Church in departing from the Establishment—whereby the Long-whist rubber was abolished, and the game substituted in its place; thereby ignobly admitting that the grand old science in its integrity was rather a tedious and protracted business. But, for me, I nail my colours to the mast. My motto is, *Ars longa*, notwithstanding that *vita* is *brevis*. I see my companions-in-arms (and hands) on every side dropping off, for they are not young, or (worse) going over to the enemy. I know we shall enlist no more recruits. I foresee the time when there will be but four followers of the legitimate science left in Trumpington. But we will pursue it still. When one of these will depart, we will play 'dumby;' when a second, 'double dumby;' when a third—if I am spared to be the last—I will either emigrate to Shetland (among whose unsophisticated and innocent inhabitants I am told Short Whist is still unknown), or practise the game single-handed. In the meantime, let us—'the Pagans of a creed outworn,' as they denominate us—at least be true to one another. There is but one joint in our armour of proof which, in my judgment, is assailable. I refer to the system of 'calling' honours when we are at eight. I shuddered when I heard young MacTornish taking exception to us upon that ground the other night, for there is weakness there. It is certainly quite inconsistent

with the scientific character of the Long game, although MacTornish spoke of it in a manner at once disrespectful and indecent.

'What is this boasting of what you have in your hands!' cried he. 'It is a mere admission that your game is too long, and you are sick of it. It is an inadvertent confession of the truth, such as one often finds in other equally criminal cases. It is dealing for nothing, and sheer waste of time. It is the meanest advantage that brute force can possibly employ. It is vulgar bombast. *It is like the game of Brag!*'

At this point, I left the room, because I was unable to defend the practice, even against these abominable remarks; but I shall be surprised—and not gratified—if young Mr Hector MacTornish comes eventually to 'good.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE periodical acceleration of the great metropolitan mill by the troops of men learned in law, science, and physic, who come back from their holidays to renew their laborious round, has once more taken place. The Royal Society, while looking forward hopefully to the time, some three or four months hence, when their much-respected president shall enjoy restoration of eyesight, and reappear among them, are occupying themselves with papers on the Physiological Anatomy of the Lungs; with further examples of Mr Cayley's mastery over mathematics; with fresh results obtained by Joule of Manchester, in his able researches on the condensation of steam, and other important though abstruse subjects.—The Astronomical Society are to have a grand night over the large batch of papers they have received concerning the eclipse of last July, and after that we are to have a digest of the whole mass of information, which, as we may confidently anticipate, will be very interesting. Meanwhile, astronomers on the continent have begun to dispute about the results of the observations: M. Le Verrier declaring that the commonly received theory as to the physical constitution of the sun will have to be abandoned, and M. Faye arguing the contrary, on the ground that the phenomena on which the other bases his conclusions, are optical only, and not real. The Architectural Museum is resuming the lectures and re-exhibiting the art-specimens which in former seasons have animated and instructed many a student. The Geological and Geographical Society give promise of fruitful papers, and the Society of Arts have published a paper recommending working-people to use cocoa in preference to tea and coffee, and giving abundant reasons for their recommendation.

The Pneumatic Dispatch Company are to lay their first pipe from St Martin's le Grand to Bloomsbury, by way of trying experiments in Post-office business; when, should the result agree with their present statements, the blast will carry their dispatches at the rate of forty miles an hour. And while these things are flying underground, we are to have quick travelling above, for London is about to imitate Birkenhead, and lay down tram-ways in the streets. Birkenhead has taken a great step in another direction, by the opening of a dock which comprises 110 acres of water, and four miles of wharfage.—The Salmon Commissioners—Sir W. Jardine, and two other gentlemen—having commenced their inquiry on the Severn and Wye, are now questioning the experts of the northern fisheries. The witnesses examined are unanimous in recommending that salmon-fishing should commence March 1, and end September 1; that young fry should be taken between those dates on no pretence whatever, except by the rod, after July 1; that the salmon-net should alone be used for catching, and a tax laid on all other appliances and implements employed for that purpose; that public conservators should be appointed to watch the fisheries, and prevent fishing between 6 P.M. on Saturdays and 6 A.M. on Mondays. If these regulations could be enforced, a large increase in the number of salmon that frequent our rivers would hardly fail to ensue.

Professor Ogden Rood, of Troy University, state of New York, has repeated and extended the experiments on light described in our last Month, and shews that the results produced are subjective, and not real. One of his tests was to look at the rotating disk through coloured glass, which, supposing the disk to transmit red light, as appeared to the eye, would exhibit the usual effects on that colour in its passage; but after applying the test in various ways, the conclusion arrived at is, that the appearances of colour on the rotating disks are an optical deception, and that in all cases white light alone is transmitted. In Professor Rood's words, 'these experiments seem to point out that after momentary exposure to white light, subjective colours are induced in the eye, whose tint and duration are dependent on the strength of the impression received, as well as upon the length of time allowed for rest; these sensations of colour apparently having a relation to the colours observed after looking at the sun, similar to that which a temporary disorder bears to a chronic affection.'

The fourteenth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Newport, Rhode Island—the Isle of Wight of America, as some call it—when, perhaps by way of rendering the occasion the more instructive, the town authorities gave to each member a copy of Professor Hitchcock's geological map of the Island. We hear, however, that the general result was unsatisfactory, there having been too little of real science, and too much of 'weak speculation.' Among the papers presented, we notice one by Professor Loomis on 'The Great Auroral Display of August and September, 1859;' 'On Atmospherical Electricity,' by Professor Joseph Henry; 'On Methods in Zoology,' by Agassiz, besides a considerable number on chemical, geological, and natural history subjects. Among practical matters, the paper 'On the Combustion of Wet Fuel,' read by Professor B. Silliman, appears sufficiently important to merit wider publicity, and well worth the attention of manufacturers. A countryman of his, Mr Moses Thompson, wished to construct a furnace to burn the *begasse*—that is, the waste cane of a sugar-plantation—and persevering with this object in view, at last succeeded. He was led to conclude that the great quantities of steam, smoke, and other products which are thrown off when wet fuel first begins to burn, would, as he describes, 'consume each other,' if sent into a chamber heated to a sufficiently high temperature, and from which the external air should be excluded. The furnace is built with three or four compartments, all of brick: one of these compartments, used as the 'mixing-chamber,' must be built of the most refractory firebrick. The fire is first lighted with dry fuel, and kept up till the brickwork is heated: the doors are then shut, and the wet fuel, crushed cane, tan, or dye-stuff, is fed in from an opening at the top, and after awhile the steam, smoke, and gases evolved, pass onwards into the mixing-chamber, and are there entirely consumed. The heat developed is so intense, that the chamber appears of a white heat, and the damper must be made of fire-clay, as iron is speedily melted. The compartments may be side by side, or one over the other; in the latter case, the wet fuel is supplied to the upper one. Mr Thompson says that the results obtained by his process with wet fuel, far exceed any that can be obtained with dry fuel; and to exhibit what can be accomplished, it is shewn that peat containing so much as 75 per cent. of water can be

advantageously burned, and, if the fireman understands his duty, without any smoke or vapour being perceptible at the top of the chimney. Hence it appears that this form of furnace presents important economical advantages for the heating of steam-boilers; the heat which, under ordinary circumstances, is locked up and wasted, is in this instance, as Professor Silliman explains, released and turned to profit by 'causing the wet fuel to supply its own supporter of combustion drawn from the decomposition of the vapour of water at a high temperature, by its reaction with free carbon and the oxide of carbon.' Mr Thompson deserves praise for his invention, and has proved himself one of those entitled to claim the prize fund bequeathed for improvements in the application of light and heat, by Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford.

Professor Boettger makes known to chemists that gun-cotton, properly prepared, is a much better filter at the ordinary temperature for any kind of corrosive fluid, than the substances commonly used for filtering purposes. Push a small piece of the cotton loosely into the throat of a funnel, and it will separate chloride of silver from nitric acid, and filter aqua-regia, and concentrated alkalines and powerful acids, and liquids which would be liable to decomposition in other kinds of filters.—Professor Bunsen finds that the brightest artificial light hitherto tried is magnesium wire burned in the flame of a common spirit-lamp: its brilliance is only 525 times less than that of the sun, and its photo-chemical power only 36 times less. Here, then, is a light which will enable photographers to carry on their observations at all hours of the night as well as by day. A wire fine enough to be wound on a cotton-reel, will give as much light as 74 stearine candles of 5 to the pound. No galvanic battery is required, all that is needful being to contrive that the wire shall unwind steadily from the reel, and pass into the flame of the spirit-lamp. The cost is, however, considerable, and will remain so till some way shall be discovered of producing magnesium cheaply, the price of one gramme of the wire (15½ grains) being nine shillings; but with photographers, whose consumption would only be by a few seconds at a time, this would hardly be an objection.

The recently published report concerning the exploring expedition sent by the Canadian government to make surveys in the Saskatchewan district, at the same time that the Palliser expedition was discovering an overland route to British Columbia, is an interesting document. The district in question extends from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains: the Canadians had often urged the British government to initiate measures for the settlement of that important region, which was then regarded as part of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, but nothing was done till the discovery of gold on the Fraser River brought the far north-western country prominently into notice. Messrs Gladman, Dawson, Hind, and Napier were the explorers employed by the Canadian authorities; the region they had to survey was described more than fifty years ago by Lord Selkirk as capable of giving bread to 30,000,000 of people, while later explorations shew it as enjoying a sufficiency of rain, and abounding in grass, wood, and water. Some enthusiastic individuals believe that when a proper road is made across the Rocky Mountains, all our trade with India, China, and Japan will pass through the Saskatchewan country. The present advantages are, however, the matters for consideration. The explorers have ascertained the practicable land and river routes to various parts of the country, and laid down on their maps the regions of prairie, wood, and swamp, and the spots where the Indians grow maize, melons, and potatoes, and where 'vines, hops, and vetches grow naturally in abundance.' One of the party during a four-days' stay on a small island in Lake Manitobah, noticed that a low range of limestone cliffs, when struck by the waves, 'emitted sounds very similar to chimes from a number of church-bells ringing at a distance.'

We shall probably hear, in good time, that the settlers on Red River are sending pioneers into the new region, where there is room enough and to spare. The best routes thither lie in the United States territory; and we are told that the people of St Paul, in Minnesota, had started an expedition to make further explorations about the head-waters and upper valleys of the Saskatchewan and Columbia rivers, accompanied by Dr Goodrich as physician, and Dr Anderson on the part of the Smithsonian Institution, to make scientific observations and collections. The Board of Trade, in the same town, offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the first voyage of a steamer on the Red River; and a vessel carrying 150 tons of cargo, besides passengers, is now plying on the stream. A Canadian company, moreover, are about to put steam-boats on the same river, and on Rainy Lake and Winnipeg. It will surprise many readers to hear of this advance of civilisation into regions concerning which we knew nothing a few years ago, except from the writings of Mackenzie, Hearne, and other arctic travellers.

A new museum is forming at Vienna, which is to be named the Novara, after the ship sent out by the Austrian government on an exploring voyage round the globe. We mentioned the return of this vessel in the course of last year. The collections of specimens of natural history, botany, geology, and so forth, are all to be classified and illustrated: among them are numerous bones of that extinct gigantic bird, the Moa, which Professor Hochstetter discovered in three before unvisited caves during his sojourn in New Zealand. He found more than one species; and in all cases the largest bones were the lowest of the stratum. The narrative of the voyage, comprising full scientific dissertations and details, is to be published at the cost of the imperial government; and when we say that Dr Scherzer is to write the first volume—the story of the voyage—we imply that the result will be of undoubted excellence.

THE RIVER.

BENEATH this fair unclouded sky,
How sweetly glides the tranquil river!
Each scene of beauty passing by,
To ocean's breast it flows for ever.
Now in the sunshine sparkling bright,
Hid now awhile in deepest shade;
Through calm, through storm, by day, by night,
Alike its onward course is made.
Here with the willow-bough it plays,
There gently sports with weed or flower,
Yet nought its onward course delays,
Nought stays the progress of each hour.
When all the world is hushed in sleep,
Unchecked, it holds its constant way,
What time the stilly hours creep
From lonesome night to busy day.
As tends this river to the sea,
So every thought and word should tend
Unto that blest eternity
Wherein mortality shall end.
Men mourn not if for life's brief years
Barren hath been the path we've trod,
If it avail, 'mid joy and tears,
To bring us nearer to our God.

W. B. R.

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A PRIVATE HAND.

MANY of us are old enough to remember the importance, the excitement, the dash of mystery belonging to a foreign letter in years gone by, in the pre-penny-post period of epistolary communication. The foreign letter was not embellished with a stamp; indeed, stamps were as yet dormant in the inventive brain of Sir Rowland Hill, and letters were still besmeared with red-ink cabalistic characters, like the signatures of Fausts to weird contracts; the paper was thin; and the handwriting was crossed, and in some instances recrossed. The cause of this thinness of paper and economy of space was, of course, the excessive dearness of postage. A letter from France to England cost elevenpence; a letter from England to France cost from threepence to sixpence more, as if that route were an uphill one. As for Italy, Germany, and Russia, not to mention the Levant, an unfortunate epistle had to pay a ransom equalling many times its own weight in silver, ere it reached its destination. Then came a grand bloodless revolution. Napoleon Hill introduced a new set of tactics, different in principle from the old-world theory of making the transit of letters as costly as possible, and the antique system was abolished.

Of course, Theodore Hook, the great satirist of the day, when people's taste in satirical novels was not the most discriminating, wrote against cheap postage, as he did against railways and other noxious novelties. Of course, the expected avalanche of documents was destined to overturn the constitution, ruin the roads, demoralise the people, and fire the Thames. Yet it was tried, and it has answered fairly, and done infinite good. Foreign nations took to it, one by one, and the original red or azure portrait of her Britannic Majesty was imitated abroad: blue kings, and black grand dukes, and green sovereign princes, and yellow emperors, began to decorate with their bearded or moustached likenesses the humble correspondence of their subjects. Then free-trade principles were adopted, postage was gradually lowered, and it was found that mankind, and womankind especially, preferred writing ten penny letters rather than one sixpenny one, and the tide of pen-and-ink communication rose like a black (and white) sea. But, cheapen postage as kings and kaisers might, there was one thing beyond their power: they might increase correspondence, but they could not get rid of the smuggler. Now, the smuggler of letters was quite a peculiar scion of the great Contraband family, and his origin was naturally deduced from the ancient law which demanded a toll of one franc on a letter bound from Paris to London; one franc and six sous on a letter voyaging in a contrary direction. This unreasonable tariff produced the smuggler, just as Lord Barleycorn's pheasant-crowded preserves exert a magnetic influence over poachers. Even when the tariff was lowered gradually, and French and Belgian postages dropped to fourpence, it was found that habit was stronger than reason, and the letter-smuggler a weed of tenacious root.

So it is at present. The oddest, the most unlikely people smuggle across the frontiers the epistles of their friends, of the friends of their friends, and of the acquaintances of these latter, even to the remotest ramifications. Let us take Boulogne-sur-Mer for an example, though, indeed, almost any other port would do as well, and contemplate the extent of what may be called literary contrabandism that goes on, at the arrival and departure of every packet-boat. Yonder, in Boulogne harbour, lies the good steamer *Empress Eugénie*, her cabins crammed to suffocation point, and her decks swarming with homeward-bound Britons of both sexes, and all ages. There they are, the bachelor-tourists, elaborately got up with checked suits, and couriers' money-bags, and shapeless felt hats; with *Alpenstocks* in their hands, and French varnish on their boots; and there is honest Paterfamilias, dusty and crumpled of garb, and a little ruffled of temper, and lean as to purse, perhaps, but looking hale and healthy after his trip; and Materfamilias, worthy creature, still true to her Paisley shawl, and fathomless reticule, and sensible walking-boots, although her daughters are as radiant and flimsy of attire as Paris could make them. Yet what a strange thing is it to reflect, that scarcely one of this motley group is absolutely guiltless on the score of letter-smuggling, at the request of some acquaintance left behind in one of the many towns where British exiles are trying to make a guinea do the work of two. Yonder youth, in a black and white suit, like a magpie, with the leathern money-bag, the mandarin hat, crushed out of all shape by long travelling in sleep-provoking *Eilwagens* and diligences, he who caresses so lovingly the moustache of six weeks' growth that adorns his upper lip, and which, I fear, he will have to cut off before returning to his desk in detested Lothbury—*he* is a smuggler. I don't allude to the pound of cheap cigars, so cleverly stowed away at the bottom of his bulging carpet-bag; nor to the four pair of kid-gloves in his hat-box; nor even to the embroidered shirts, which he is convinced he has concealed in a manner inscrutable to human ken beneath the coats and old guide-books, and last month's *Illustrations*, at the bottom of his portmanteau—these are bagatelles of which it would

require a very bilious and cross-grained custom-house officer to unravel the mysteries; but what right had the foolish young man to deposit nineteen letters, neatly addressed, sealed, and stamped, in that absurd electro-plated dressing-case of his? And, as I live, he has six more in the inner breast-pocket of his coat, and two or three in the lining of his mandarin hat, the which fall to the deck, and cover him with confusion, as he makes a polite bow to his acquaintances, the Misses Screwington, who wave him an adieu from the pier-head. There are other delinquents on the deck of that homeward-bound craft. One of them is a Quaker—not an old-world Quaker, that could be recognised at a glance, but a modernised Friend, in trim drab of a nineteenth-century cut, and whose hat-brim is not much wider than those which worldlings affect. How sad to think that in the pockets of Friend Ephraim's glossy drab garments, in the innermost nooks of Friend Ephraim's shining leather valise, lurk certain epistles, each of which means to defraud the majesties of Britain and of France out of a fraction of fourpence! Only a fraction, after all, for each of these letters is duly adorned with a penny Queen's head, and will, on being deposited in a British letter-box, suddenly become a reputable letter, and pay its way henceforth throughout the Queen's dominions. Moreover, when it is considered that every stamp bought abroad, in any town or city you please to name, costs the purchaser three-halfpence for the stationer's emolument, it will be seen that the actual saving on a legal postage-rate of fourpence is but a twopenny-halfpenny profit after all. Yet folks *will* persevere in the old custom. Ephraim and young Mr Augustus Jinks are not the only sinners on board. Will Watch the smuggler is a Proteus that can take all manner of forms. Behold that quiet motherly old lady, so comfortable in her gray mantle and Shetland veil, and that old cozy muff. Ah! but what if I tell you that in that muff is the contraband correspondence of a whole colony of widows, spinsters, out-at-elbows colonels, and dubious captains, resident in some many-gabled town of Flanders or Normandy—what would be your opinion of poor old Mrs Graymantle then? Yet it is scarcely fair for the strictest moralist to censure her, poor soul! for she has not the faintest idea that she is a wrong-doer, and this is probably the only transgression of law that she has indulged in through her sixty years of rational existence; and, moreover, public opinion, in her town, decidedly called on Mrs Graymantle to load herself with this illicit rustling cargo of hers.

In such towns, the English are poor and pennywise to a degree scarcely credible; and when a pilgrim sets off for the chalky cliffs of Albion, the news flies far and wide, and all the dowagers, and elderly maidens, and broken-down dandies, and descendants of Brian Boru, betake themselves to pen and paper, and intrust the fruits of their toil to Mrs Graymantle. And Mrs Graymantle must be a very hard-hearted ogress, indeed, to refuse. Let her pass scot-free; there are bigger fish in the net than she. Behold, a monster smuggler—Will Watch on a wholesale footing. That tall bold-eyed man who has just come on board, with the cloak, and the black moustache and whiskers, so well grown, well trimmed, oiled, waxed, and lustrous, that poor Jinks sighs as he enviously eyes them, is the individual alluded to. He is well, but foppishly dressed—a little too theatrically, perhaps, but you see by his braided coat and cap that he is an official person. That is Colonel Thistledown, the Queen's messenger, fresh from Paris, or Vienna, or Constantinople very probably, and whose whole life is spent in locomotion. He is hurrying up to the Foreign Office; and see, there are the bags, the sacred bags, which must never be lost sight of, and which have served the colonel for a pillow after many a day's hard galloping in the railwayless East. The passengers cluster round, and admire the cloak, and the furred boots, and the laced cap, and their fearless wearer, and the monstrous bags, with the awful official seals, like great red pancakes, that guard the treasures within. Ah! but what *is* within, under the protection of those emblazoned lions and unicorns, seals that for his very life no custom-house Paul Pry dare meddle with? What do the bags contain? State-papers, of course, ominous protocols, grisly ultimatums, frank Imperial letters, eloquent diplomatic circulars, destined to soothe or to galvanise Europe. These, no doubt, but something else besides; for if the solid Spanish leather were suddenly transformed into glass, we should see Mrs Jones's letters to her cousin, in Portman Square, and old Lady Lillicrap's shaky communication to the lawyer who conducts that undying Chancery suit against her two sisters and seven nephews and nieces, jostling the regular Downing Street documents. That blotted scrawl, addressed to a sporting attorney, and manifestly in the handwriting of my twice-ruined acquaintance Lord Fred. Spatterdash, can scarcely be a legitimate official communication. And see the directions of the rest—to Mrs Buckram, to Lady Susan Spinnet, to Miss Crump of Bath! What, in the name of mystery and man-traps, can the British ambassador possibly have to impart officially to Mrs Buckram, Lady Susan Spinnet, and Miss Crump of Bath? Alas! there are many families of British residents abroad who look to the ambassadorial dispatch-bag as to a birthright of their own, and who would feel themselves robbed and injured if they were not allowed to send and receive letters, lace, silk, and specially contraband little luxuries, under cover of the inviolable V. R., and the guardian lion and unicorn. One would scarcely scold the *attachés* for writing home to their mammas in this frugal manner; but, really, this does push privilege a *leetle* too far. But, call the next case.

Yon dingy man with the flashy necktie, the fine waistcoat, the considerable display of jewellery, real or mock, and the half-military, half-sporting *tournure*, is a smuggler too. That you are scarcely surprised to hear. It is the lightest of Captain Crusher's peccadilloes. The captain is redolent of cheap tobacco and cheap brandy; his moustache bespeaks the officer, perhaps; but you read courts-martial, horse-whippings, debts, drink, capiases, all sorts of shame and degradation in that hang-dog, scowling eye of his. He is probably an outlaw, and only ventures over to England, on some bad errand most likely, because his creditors know he is not worth arresting. Yet the captain, who comes from the same town as respectable Mrs Graymantle, though they are only nodding acquaintances, has been intrusted with a dozen letters, which he is as likely to lose, or carry back again, as not.

But if we are not to wonder at the laxity of Captain Crusher's principles, where the postmaster-general *is* concerned, surely we *have* a right to marvel at this tall, thin, clerical gentleman, the Rev. Giles Flintworthy, chaplain presiding over that pretty little white chapel in the Rue Louveteau, at Paris. Mr Flintworthy is eminently respectable, which is more than can be said for *all* the Anglican divines abroad; he has no English living under sequestration, never having been beneficed at all; and we may be sure that his character is as spotless as the driven snow, or some of the lady part of his congregation would have certainly discovered the 'something against him' long ago. And indeed he is a good man, who gives away a good deal more out of his meagre pew-rents than many pleasanter-mannered folks, and preaches the most beautiful sermons, and is terribly severe upon all petty sins, omissions, commissions, social fictions, and white lies. How sad that such a man should have a packet of smuggled letters in his pocket, the inner breast-pocket of his tight black coat, sheltered by that insidious cambric handkerchief, the very handkerchief which he is apt

to exhibit in the pulpit, in rather an ostentatious manner, perhaps, when weeping over *our* misdeeds! Sad, is it not?

I know that young Squire Rattler has a brace of unlawful documents about him, but that is because he is such a good-natured fellow, and carries his heart on his sleeve, so to speak. I saw an Englishman of raffish aspect step up to Rattler on the quay, just as he was handing his *permis d'embarquement* to the sallow gendarme at the top of the steam-boat ladder, and beg him to take charge of two most valuable letters, and to post them personally. Rattler stuffed them into his pocket, and thought no more about it. He will find them again to-morrow or next day; and the precious epistles will bear the stamp of 'Melton Mowbray,' or 'Doncaster,' according to the season. This is not uncommon. Total strangers —and Rattler did not know the man from Adam— are constantly beset on Calais or Boulogne piers, or say the Digue of Ostend, by confiding unknowns, who beseech them, by the tie of a common nationality, to smuggle letters for them. Rattler is a careless, easy-going fellow; and if he were caught and fined, he has plenty of bank-paper in his pocket-book, which might as profitably go to replenish her Majesty's exchequer as be won by the amiable fraternity of black-legs on the double event.

But that venerable gentleman who nestles by the boiler, under the lee of the pile of luggage, has apparently more silver on his head than in his purse, to judge by his well-brushed, well-worn coat, his tenderly treated hat, and shabby gloves. He looks, with his fresh pinkish face, white hair, and clean stiff shirt-collar, just the man Crabbe sang about—

> A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

Alas! he, too, has smuggled letters in his possession: eight, ten, twelve, fifteen of them, I grieve to say. True, he does not get a farthing by his breach of law; but just imagine his state of mind if detected and amerced in the full penalty of L.50 per letter, or hard labour in default! And then what a pity to see a man of reverend age setting such an example to his juniors—a smuggler with one foot in the grave!

After the detection of this patriarch in his secret malpractices, we view the rest of the passengers with jaundiced eyes. Even infancy does not escape our suspicions; the little Miss Marys and little Master Gussies come in for darksome looks. Young and guileless creatures, playing hide-and-seek around your elders, or racing over a clear strip of deck, are you, too, breakers of the law? Is Miss Mary's tiny crinoline wadded with smuggled correspondence? and are there a score of non-paying documents in the pockets of Master Gussy's blue velvet knickerbockers? Then there are the steamer's crew and officers; but here we are approaching delicate ground. The captain would not smuggle, I grant you that, for his character and shrewd sense prevent it, and a packet-boat command is too snug a berth for an old naval lieutenant likely to risk it. The stokers don't smuggle, for who would intrust any epistles, even the most dubious, to their black paws? But the steward!—O dear me!—the steward is just the man that designing people *would* select as a transmarine Ganymede. It would be so charmingly simple for those rather numerous exiles who dwell within sight, in clear weather, of their native coasts, to arrange with the steward to carry letters both ways, for a small gratuity, or even a monthly salary, and so save an infinity of twopence-halfpennies! I am only hinting at what *might* occur; stewards have such facilities; and may not inland exiles run down to the pier, slip on board by special permission of the Argus-eyed gendarme at the ladder-head, and insinuate the missives into Brown or Thompson's den, among the clinking tumblers, and porter-bottles, and basins, and hard biscuits?

Do not any of these exemplary people, temporarily law-breakers, ever get found out? Is Justice purblind on both sides of the briny Channel? or is the net of Themis so large-meshed a structure, that such petty minnows as these inevitably slip through unharmed? You would not think it, to read the statutes in such case made and provided, especially among our Gallic neighbours. Go up to a French post-office, and read the colossal edicts there exhibited, all duly stamped with the eagle of empire, in the name of Napoleon III., regular as the laws of Darius. There you will peruse such threats against unlicensed carriers of letters as would make a mild man's hair stand on end; and though our own government is less awfully menacing than that of our illustrious ally, and only promises crank and hair-cropping to those who cannot pay a fine of L.50; yet its denunciations are sufficiently stern, one would think, to scare those strayed sheep—the economists of twopence-halfpenny—back into the legal path of fourpenny exactitude. It is a pity that the practice exists, and the good-humoured forbearance of the custom-house officers at Dover and Folkestone merits to be met in a more generous spirit. That L.50 fine will not be hastily enforced, we may be sure, except against some hardened and mercenary offender, some rogue who smuggles not for kindness, but for profit; and blind, indeed, have been the searchers to many and many an evasion of law. Even when letters are taken away, they are generally dropped into no more penal gulf than the nearest post-office affords, and a mild reproof is kindly substituted for the heavy mulct the letter of the law demands. But yet it is a pity, for so pitiful a saving, to break the laws of our country, and run a heavy risk of disgrace and punishment, lest a friend should pay twopence-halfpenny. Probably a light fine, promptly and rigorously enforced, would put an end to the offence without seriously harming the offenders; but that is the business of her Majesty's Attorney-general; and Sir Richard Bethell may act as he thinks fit in the matter; but if there is fairness, common sense, common honour and honesty in our countrymen and countrywomen abroad, surely they will learn to give up that paltry twopence-halfpenny, and smuggle letters no more.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—OLD MEMORIES AWAKENED.

THE rein dropped from her hands—the rifle fell upon the neck of her horse, and she sat gazing at me in speechless surprise. At length, in a low murmur, and as if mechanically, she repeated the words:

'My sister Lilian?'

'Yes, Marian Holt—your sister.'

'My name! how can you have known it? You know my sister?'

'Know her, and love her—I have given her my whole heart.'

'And she—has she returned your love?'

'Would that I could say surely yes! Alas! I am still in doubt.'

'This is strange. O sir, tell me who you are! I need not question what you have said. I perceive that you know my sister—and who I am. It is true: I am Marian Holt—and you? you are from Tennessee?'

'I have come direct from it.'

'From the Obion? perhaps from'——

'From your father's clearing on Mud Creek, Marian.'

'Oh! this is unexpected—what fortune to have met you, sir! You have seen my sister?'

'I have.'

'How long has it been since you saw her?'

'Scarcely a month.'

'So lately! And how looks she? She is well?'

'How looks she?—Beautiful, Marian, like yourself. She was well, too, when I last saw her.'

'Dear Lilian!—how glad I am to hear she is well; and beautiful I know she is—very, very beautiful. Ah! me—they said I was so too, but my good looks have been lost in the wilderness. A life like that I lead soon takes the softness from a girl's cheeks. But, Lilian! O sir! tell me of her! I long to hear of her—to see her. It is but six months, and yet I think it six years, since I saw her. Oh! how I long to fold my arms around her! to twine her beautiful golden hair around my fingers, to gaze into her blue innocent eyes!'

My heart echoed the longings.

'Sweet little Lilian! Ah—little—perhaps not, sir? She will be grown by this? A woman like myself?'

'Almost a woman.'

'Tell me, sir—did she speak of me? Oh, tell me—what said she of her sister Marian?'

The question was put in a tone that betrayed anxiety. I did not leave her to the torture of suspense; but hastily repeated the endearing expressions which Lilian had uttered in her favour.

'Good kind Lil! I know she loves me as I do her—we had no other companions—none I may say for years, only father himself. And father—is he well?'

There was a certain reservation in the tone of this interrogatory, that contrasted strangely with that used when speaking of her sister. I well knew why.

'Yes,' I replied, 'your father is also well.'

There was a pause that promised embarrassment—a short interval of silence. A question occurred to me that ended it.

'Is there no one else about whom you would desire to hear?'

I looked into her eyes as I put the question. The colour upon her cheeks went and came like the changing hues of the chameleon. Her bosom rose and fell in short convulsive breathings; and despite an evident effort to stifle it, an audible sigh escaped her.

The signs were sufficient. I needed no further confirmation of my belief. Within that breast was a souvenir, that in interest far exceeded the memories of either sister or father. The crimson flush upon her cheek, the quick heaving of the chest, the half-hindered sigh, were evidence, palpable and pronounced. Upon the heart of Marian Holt was the image of the handsome hunter—Frank Wingrove—graven there, deeply and never to be effaced.

'Why do you ask that question?' at length she inquired in a voice of assumed calmness. 'Know you anything of my history? You appear to know all. Has any one spoken of me?'

'Yes—often—one who thinks only of you.'

'And who, may I ask, sir, takes this single interest in a poor outcast maiden?'

'Ask your own heart, Marian! or do you wish me to name him?'

'Name him!'

'Frank Wingrove.'

She did not start. She must have expected that name, since there was no other to be mentioned. She did not start, though a sensible change was observable in the expression of her countenance. A slight darkling upon her brow, accompanied by a pallor and compression of the lips, indicated pain.

'Frank Wingrove,' I repeated, seeing that she remained silent.

'I know not why I should have challenged you to name him,' said she, still preserving the austere look. 'Now that you have done so, I regret it. I had hoped never to hear his name again. In truth, I had well-nigh forgotten it.'

I did not believe in the sincerity of the assertion. There was a slight tincture of bravado in the tone that belied it. It was the lips alone that were speaking, and not the heart.

It was fortunate that Wingrove was not within earshot. The speech would have slain him.

'Ah, Marian!' I said appealingly, 'he has not forgotten yours.'

'No—I suppose he mentions it with boasting?'

'Say rather with bewailing.'

'Bewailing? Indeed! That he did not succeed in betraying me?'

'Far otherwise—he has been true to you.'

'It is false, sir; you know not, perhaps, that I was myself witness of his base treachery? Saw him'——

'What you saw was a mere accidental circumstance, nor was it of his seeking. It was the fault of the Chicasaw, I can assure you.'

'Ha! ha! ha! An accidental circumstance,' rejoined she, with a contemptuous laugh; 'truly a rare accident! It was guilt, sir. I saw him with his arms around her—with my own eyes I saw it. What further proof needed I of his perfidy?'

'You saw that, I know; but'——

'More than saw it: I heard of his faithlessness. Did not she herself declare it—in Swampville—elsewhere?—boasted of it even to my own sister! More still: another was witness to his vile conduct—had often seen him in her company. Ha! little dreamed he, while dallying in the woods with his redskinned squaw, that the earth has ears and the trees have tongues. The deceiver did not dream of that!'

'Fair Marian, they are foul calumnies; and whoever has given utterance to them did so to deceive you. Who, may I ask, was that other witness who has so misled you?'

'Oh! it matters not now—another villain like himself—one who—— O God! I cannot tell you the horrid history—it is too fearfully black to be believed.'

'Nay, tell it me. I half know it already; but there are some points I wish explained—for your sake—for Wingrove's—for the sake of your sister'——

'My sister! how can it concern her? Surely it does not? Explain your meaning, sir?'

I endeavoured to avoid the look of earnest inquiry that was turned upon me. I was not yet prepared to enter upon the explanation.

'Presently,' I said, 'you shall know all that has transpired since your departure from home; but first tell me of yourself. You have promised me? I ask it not from motives of idle curiosity. I have freely confessed to you my love for your sister. It is that has brought me here—it is that which impels me to question you.'

'All this is mystery to me,' replied the huntress, with a look of extreme bewilderment. 'Indeed, sir, you appear to know all—more than I—but in regard to myself, I believe you are disinterested, and I shall willingly answer any question you may put to me. Go on! I shall conceal nothing.'

'Thanks!' said I. 'I think I can promise you that you will have no reason to regret your confidence.'

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

PLAYING CONFESSOR.

I was not without suspicion as to the motive of her *complaisance;* in fact, I understood it. Despite the declamatory denial she had given to its truth, my defence of Wingrove, I saw, had made an impression upon her. It had no doubt produced pleasant reflections; and rendered myself indirectly an object of gratitude. It was natural that such kindness should be reciprocated.

My own intent in 'confessing' the girl was twofold. First, on Wingrove's account—for notwithstanding all that had been said and done, her love for him *might have passed.* If so, instead of that happy reunion of two loving hearts, which I had anticipated bringing about, I should be the witness of a most painful interview.

Who could read the secrets of a woman's heart? Who trace it through all its eccentric inclinings? A heart, too, like hers—proud and impassible to the ordinary emotions of our nature. It had been rudely chafed. How knew I but that the blow which her love had received had dethroned it for ever?

I could not think so; but I was desirous of being certain; and the certainty would be easily obtained.

This, however, was but a secondary object. Of more importance was my other purpose—since it bore directly upon the fate of Lilian—the probable peril in which she was placed. It was the strange story of the trapper that was embittering my thoughts. Was the account true? Marian alone could contradict or confirm it.

Without further delay, I entered upon the theme. Alas! it was true to the letter!

'And did your father force you to this marriage?'

The answer was given hesitatingly.

'He did.'

'For what reason, do you know?'

'I could never tell—the man had some power over him, but how or in what way, I knew not then, nor do I now. My father told me it was a debt—a large sum which he owed him, and could not pay. I know not whether it was that. *I hope it was.*'

'You think, then, that Stebbins used some such means to force your father's consent?'

'I am sure of it. My father told me as much. He said that by marrying Stebbins, I could save him from disgrace; and entreated, rather than forced me to it. You know, sir, I could not ask why: he was my father. I do think that it was not his wish that I should have that man; but something threatened him.'

'Did your father know it was a false marriage?'

'No, no; I can never think that. I am sure the villain deceived him, as he did me. Oh! father could never have done so! People, I believe, thought him wicked, because he was short with them, and used rough language; but he was not wicked. Something had crossed him; and he drank. He was at times unhappy, and perhaps ill-tempered with the world; but never with us. He was always kind to sister and myself—never scolded us. Ah! no, sir; I can never think he knew that.'

'He knew that Stebbins was a Mormon—did he not?'

'I have tried to believe that he did not, though Stebbins afterwards told me so.'

I well knew that he did, but said nothing.

'His saying so,' continued she, 'proves nothing. If father did know of it, I am sure he was ignorant of the wickedness of these people. There were stories about them; but there were others who contradicted these stories, and said they were all scandal—so little does the world know what is true from what is false. I learned afterwards that the very worst that was said was even less than the truth.'

'Of course, *you* knew nothing of his being a Mormon?'

'O sir, how could I? There was nothing said of that. He pretended he was emigrating to Oregon, where a good many had gone. Had I known the truth, I should have drowned myself rather than have gone with him!'

'After all, you would not have obeyed your father's will in the matter, had not something else arisen. At his solicitation, you gave your consent; but were you not influenced by the incident that had occurred in the forest glade?'

'I have said I would conceal nothing! On discovering the falsehood of him who had told me he loved me, I was more than mad—I was revengeful. I will not deny that I felt spite. I scarcely cared what became of me—else how could I have consented to marry a man, for whom I had neither love nor liking? On the contrary, I might almost say I loathed him.'

'And you *loved* the other? Speak the truth, Marian! you have promised to do so—you loved Frank Wingrove?'

'I did.'

A deep-drawn sigh followed the confession.

'Once more speak the truth—you *love him still?*'

'Oh! if he had been true—if he had been true!'

'If true, you could love him still?'

'Yes, yes!' replied she, with an earnestness not to be mistaken.

Happy Marian! From what perils you have escaped! You have crossed the stormy sea, and know not how near is your haven of perfect bliss. Would that Lilian was alike delivered from danger!

Shall I disclose to her the terrible situation of her sister? Not yet, not yet! Before that cloud comes, let her enjoy one gleam of sunshine.

'Love him, then, Marian! love him still! Frank Wingrove is true!'

I detailed the proofs of his loyalty from beginning to end. I had learned every circumstance from Wingrove himself, and was able to set them forth with all the circumstantiality of truth itself. I spoke with as much earnestness, as if I had been suing in my own cause; but I was listened to with willing ears, and my suit was successful. I even succeeded in explaining that *sinister kiss*, that had been the cause of so much misfortune.

To describe the reunion of the lovers, is beyond the power of my pen. I could not describe it, for I saw it not. Behind the white tilt, it took place, unseen by me, but no doubt to the bewilderment of the wounded 'infantry,' who, with open mouth and wondering eyes, lay sheltered under the shadow of the wagon.

A moment after, I ascended the sloping path to the summit of the butte. My purpose was to see whether the Utahs were yet returning from the pursuit. I first looked back below. The reunited lovers were no longer by the mound. They had dismounted; and, side by side, passed onward to the bank of the stream. There stood they—handsome hunter and beautiful huntress—face to face, and bending towards each other in an attitude that betokened the perfect beatitude of both!

CHAPTER LXXXV.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS.

I might, without blame, have envied them those sweet throbbings of the heart, so different from my own. Widely different—since mine beat with the most painful pulsations.

The cloud which had fallen upon it by the revelations of the Mexican, had been further darkened by the details that confirmed them; and now that the excitement of the conflict was over, and I had an opportunity to reflect upon the future with comparative coolness, the agony of my soul became more concentrated and keen.

I scarcely felt joy that my life was saved; I almost wished that I had perished by the hands of the Indians!

The strange story of the trapper, now fully corroborated by its own heroine—with the additional facts obtained from herself—were only partially the cause of the horrid reflections that now passed before my mind. Indeed, they were enough of themselves to produce emotions sufficiently painful. I could have but one belief about the intention of Stebbins; and that was, that the base wretch was playing procurator to his despot master, doubtless to serve some ends of self-advancement; for it is well known that such are the titles to promotion in the Mormon hierarchy. With the experience of her sister fresh before my mind, I could have no other thought than that Lilian, too, was being led like a lamb to the sacrifice.

And how was this sacrifice to be stayed? How was the sad catastrophe to be hindered?

It was in the endeavour to answer these interrogatories that I felt my feebleness—the utter absence of strength.

Had it been a mere question of overtaking the caravan, there would have been no need for the slightest uneasiness. It would still be many days—weeks, indeed—before the north-going train could arrive at its destination; and if my apprehensions as to the design of Stebbins were well founded, Lilian would be in no danger until after her arrival in the so-called 'Mormon city.' It was there—within the walls of that modern Gomorrah—upon a shrine consecrated to the mockery of every moral sentiment, that the sacrifice of virtue was to be offered up—there was it that the wolf awaited the lamb for his victim-bride!

I knew, if no obstacle should be encountered—such as that which had just delayed us—that we could easily come up with the Mormon emigrants; and we had no longer a similar obstacle to dread. The whole country beyond was Utah territory; and we could count upon these Indians as friends. From that quarter we had nothing to apprehend, and the caravan might be overtaken.

But what then? Even though in company with it, for *my* purpose I should be as powerless as ever. By what right should I interfere with either the squatter or his child? No doubt, it was their determination to proceed with the Mormons, and to the Mormon city—at least the father's determination. This was no longer a matter of doubt; and what could I urge to prevent his carrying it out? I had no argument—not the colour of a claim—for interference in any way!

Nay, it was more than probable that to the migrating Mormons I should be a most unwelcome apparition—to Stebbins I certainly should, and perhaps to Holt himself. I might expect no very courteous treatment at their hands. With Stebbins for their leader—and that fact was now ascertained—I might find myself in danger from his *Danites*—of whom no doubt there was a party 'policing' the train.

Such considerations were not to be disregarded. I knew the hostility which, even under ordinary circumstances, these fanatics are accustomed to feel towards outsiders from their sect; but I had also heard of their *display* of it, when in possession of the power. The 'Sectary' who sets foot in the city of Latter-day Saints, or travels with a Mormon train, will be prudent to keep his dissent to himself. Woe to him if he proclaim it too boastingly!

Not only with difficulties then, but with dangers was my prospect beset; though the difficulties caused me far more concern than the actual dangers. Had Holt been upon my side—had I been certain of his consent—I should have cared little for the dangers of an *abduction*, the course to which my thoughts now pointed. Even had I been sure that Lilian herself would agree to such a thing, I should have deemed all danger light, and still have entertained a hope of its accomplishment. Alas! the father *would not* consent—the daughter *might not?*

It was the doubt that gave the darkest shade to my reflections.

I continued them—turning the subject over and over—viewing it in every shape and from every side.

Surely Holt would not contribute to the ruin of his daughter—for in no other light did I regard her introduction to the society of the Mormon city? There was manhood in the man—somewhere down near the bottom of his heart—perhaps some remnants of rough virtue? This I had myself proved; and if filial testimony were to be trusted, he was not so abandoned a character as he appeared. Was it possible he could be aware of the real intentions of the churl who was leading him and his to ruin?

After all, he *might* not. It is true he must have known that Stebbins was a Mormon; but as Marian had suggested—in her efforts to justify him, poor girl—he might be ignorant of the true character of these sanctified *forbans*. The story that Marian had died on her way out, shewed that he was being grossly deceived about that matter. It also gave colour to the idea, that he might be equally the victim of deception about the other. It was in hopes of being able to hold him guiltless I had so closely questioned Marian—for instinct had already whispered me that in his hands, more than in aught else, rested my hope or my ruin. For that reason had I been so eager to ascertain his inclinings.

That he was under some obligation to the pseudo-apostle was perfectly clear—more than a mere obligation—something that produced a condition of awe: as I had myself been a witness. Some dark secret, no doubt, was shared between them. But were it ever so dark—even were it black murder—it might not be on the part of Holt a voluntary endurance; and Marian had hinted at something of this sort. Here—out in the midst of the wild desert—far from justice and from judges—punishment for an old offence might be less dreaded; and a man of the bold stamp of this Tennessee squatter might dream of escaping from the ties of terror in which his spirit had so long been writhing?

Conjectures of this nature were chasing one another through my brain; and not without the effect of once more giving a brighter tinge to the colour of my mental horizon.

I naturally turned my eyes upon Marian. In her I beheld an ally of no ordinary kind—one whose motive for aiding me to rescue her sister, could be scarce less powerful than my own.

Poor girl! she was still in the enjoyment of those moments of bliss! She knew not the misery that was yet in store for her. Wingrove had my directions to be silent upon that theme—the more easily obeyed in the fulness of his own happiness.

It was no pleasant task to dash from their lips the cup of sweet joy; but the time was pressing, and as the sacrifice must come, it might as well be at once.

I saw that the Utahs had given up the pursuit. Most of them had returned to the scene of their short conflict; while others, singly or in squads, were coming on towards the butte. The women, too, were approaching—some with the wounded—some carrying the bodies of the slain warriors—chanting the dismal death-song as they marched solemnly along.

Casting a glance at the wailing multitude, I leaped down from the rock; and rapidly descended to the plain.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A TRUE TIGRESS.

I walked out towards the stream. The lovers met me half-way. As I looked in their eyes, illumined and sparkling with the pure light of love, I hesitated in my intent.

'After all,' thought I, 'there will not be time to tell her the whole. The Indians will soon be on the ground. Our presence will be required in the council; and perhaps it will be better to postpone the revelation till that is over. Let her enjoy her new-found happiness for a moment longer.'

I was thus hesitating—at the same time looking the beautiful huntress in the face—when all of a sudden, I saw her start, and fling from her the hand she had been hitherto holding in her fond clasp!

The look of her lover—mine as well—was that of bewildered astonishment.

Not so hers. Her cheek turned pale—then red—then paled again; while a glance of proud anger shot forth from her eyes!

They were turned out upon the plain, back upon Wingrove, and then once more quick and piercing towards the plain.

Merciful heavens! what could it mean?

I faced round in the direction indicated by her glance; I found the explanation.

The chief, Wa-ka-ra, had arrived at the butte; and sat halted upon his war-steed by the side of the wagon. There were three or four other Indians around him, mounted and afoot; but one on horseback was entirely unlike the rest: it was a woman.

She was not bound, yet it was easy to see she was a captive. This could be told by the way she was encircled by the Indians, as well as their treatment of her.

She was on horseback, as already stated, and near to the Utah chief—in front of him.

Neither Wingrove nor I had any difficulty in identifying the captive. It was Su-wa-nee, the Chicasaw.

The eagle eye of jealousy had found her equally easy of identification; more so: since it was by it she was first recognised. It was upon her that Marian was directing those lightning glances. It was she who had caused that convulsive start, and those fearful emotions that now proclaimed themselves in the countenance of the huntress-maiden.

The storm soon burst.

'Perjured hypocrite! this is the love you have sworn, with the oath still burning upon your lips? Once more betrayed! O man! Once more betrayed! O God! would that I had left you to your fate!'

'I declar, Marian'——

'Declare nothing more to me! Enough—yonder is your attraction—yonder! Oh! to think of this outrage! Here—even here to the wild desert has he brought her; she who has been the cause of all, my unhappy—— Ha! she is coming to you! Now, sir, meet her face to face—help her from her horse—wait upon her! Go! villain, go!'

'I swar, Marian, by the livin'——

His speech was interrupted; for at that moment Su-wa-nee, who had shot her horse clear from the *entourage* of her guards, came galloping upon the ground.

I was myself so surprised at this act, that I could not stir from the spot; and not until the Chicasaw had halted directly in front of us, could I believe that I was otherwise than dreaming. Wingrove appeared equally the victim of a bewildered surprise.

As Su-wa-nee drew up, she gave utterance to a shrill scream; and flinging herself from her horse, bounded straight towards Marian, who had turned away at the conclusion of her frantic speech, and was now close to the bank of the stream, with her back towards us.

There was no mistaking the intention of the Chicasaw. The hideous expression of her face—the lurid fire burning in her oblique eyes—the white teeth shining and wolf-like—all betrayed her horrid design, which was further made manifest by a long knife seen glittering in her grasp!

With all my voice, I raised a warning-shout; Wingrove did the same—so, too, the Utahs who were following their captive.

The shout was heard, and heeded. Fortunately it was so: else in another instant warning would have been too late, and the vengeful Chicasaw would have launched herself upon her victim.

Marian turned at the cry. She saw the approaching danger; and with the subtle quickness of that Indian nature common to both, she placed herself in an attitude of defence.

She had no weapon. Her late love-scene needed none. Her rifle had been left by the butte, and she was without arm of any kind; but, quick as thought, she wound the Mexican *serapé* about her arm, and held it to shield her body from the threatened thrust.

The Chicasaw paused, as if to make more certain of her blow; and for a moment the two stood face to face, glaring at each other with that look of concentrated rage which jealousy alone can give. It was the tigress about to spring upon the beautiful panther that has crossed her path.

All this action was well-nigh instantaneous—so quick in its occurrence, that neither I nor Wingrove could get up in time to hinder the assailant. We both hurried forward as fast as it was in our power; but we should have been too late, had the thrust been better aimed, or less skilfully avoided.

It was given. With a scream, the Chicasaw shot forward and dealt the stroke; but, by a dexterous sleight, the huntress received it on the *serapé*, and the blade glanced harmlessly aside.

We rushed on to get between them; but at that moment a third combatant had mingled in the fray; and the safety of Marian was secured. It was not the hand of man that had rescued her; but one whom, perhaps, she deemed more faithful. It was the dog Wolf!

The impetus which the Indian had given to the thrust, and its consequent failure, had carried her past her intended victim. She was turning with the design of renewing the attack, when the dog rushed upon the ground. With a savage growl, he sprang forward; and vaulting high into the air, launched himself on the breast of the Chicasaw, at the same instant seizing her by the throat!

In this position he clung, holding on by his terrible teeth, and aided by his paws, with which he kept constantly clawing the bosom of the Indian!

It was a painful spectacle; and now that Marian was safe, Wingrove and I ran onward with the intention of releasing the wretched Chicasaw from the grasp of the dog. Before we could get near, both victim and avenger disappeared from our sight!

The Indian in her wild terror had been retreating backward. In this way she had reached the bank; and fallen back downward upon the water!

As we arrived upon the edge, neither woman nor dog was visible. Both had sunk to the bottom; but almost on the instant, they reappeared on the surface, the dog uppermost—his teeth still fastened upon the throat of his human victim!

Half-a-dozen men leaped into the water; and after a struggle, the savage animal was dragged from his hold.

It was too late. The sharp incisors had done their dread work; and as the body of the wretched woman was raised over the bank, those who lifted it perceived that the last breath had gone out of it. The limbs were supple, and the pulse no longer beat.

Su-wa-nee had ceased to live!

THE GOLD-FIELDS WITH THE GILT OFF.

I HAVE read, and they are almost the only books I *have* read, not a few accounts of Life at the Diggings, written no doubt by persons who know how to use a pen far better than I—I should have written 'than me,' if it wasn't for a grammatical friend who kindly supervises me—but I have never seen it printed from the digger's own point of view. Literary gentlemen have gone over to the gold-fields for the express purpose of describing them; lawyers and parsons have put their hands to the same work there, when they found the pick and the spade unsuited to them; but such folks, after all, kept aloof from diggers' society, or if they mixed with it, did so under restraint, and in an unnatural kind of fashion. They were sometimes worse than the diggers, mind you, for when an educated man does fall, he often goes into the mud all the deeper on account of the height he came from, but they were not *of* them, as he ought to be who would describe them aright. What I have to say may not be so good, but it will be true, for I was a digger myself, and made my money in a claim at Woolshed Creek, Australia.

I was the man that first introduced the American Ten Pin Alley into that quarter of the globe. I built it in the town of Melbourne, on land that cost us—that is to say the company, for I brought nothing into the concern but ideas—L.4, 10s. *per annum* the square foot; and the building stood us in near L.300, though it was but wood. The first set of 15 balls were brought from America for L.35, before we found out that there was *lignum vitæ* wood at Sydney. With all that outlay, the thing would yet have been a fortune to us, clearing as it did from L.12 to L.25 a day, only its success encouraged other speculators, with greater funds, and we were ruined by opposition bowling alleys, the erection of one of which cost no less than L.4000. This, may be, will give some notion of the enormous capital floating in those parts among a class of persons who in this country are content with a dry skittle-ground for their place of amusement, which costs them about sixpence in an afternoon. Your political economists and the rest of them know very little, I reckon, about the habits and means of those who spend their pound an hour in the American Ten Pin Alleys in Melbourne, which I first introduced.

But what was this to the money that was spent, lavished, squandered, flung away, at the gold-fields themselves? There were men at Woolshed who, never before worth a ten-pound note in their lives, there found themselves receiving incomes from L.50 to L.1000 *per week*, which they absolutely knew not how to dispose of. Nearly all of these bought race-horses—many of them three or four—and backed them against others in private matches for from L.100 to L.5000. I owned a mare that ran from Wanguratta to the Creek (at Woolshed) and back, a distance of 60 miles, under three hours, and thereby won me upwards of L.500. I am aware that that is nothing to the stakes which the horses of the nobility run for in this country, but it was pretty well for a day-labourer like myself. Every amusement was invented in order to enable men to get through their money—jumping-matches, foot-races, and races between men carrying others upon their backs. A favourite indoor game was for two men to stand over a crack (of which there were generally plenty), in the bar-room of some hotel, with their hands full of sovereigns. Then each would toss one up to the ceiling, and the one that came down nearest to the crack, why, that beat the other. The simplest thing in the world.

Another bet—of L.200—I saw decided quite as easily, as to whether a stone could be thrown from a given spot over the roof of a certain hotel. In these hotels, drinking, dancing, and fighting were carried on all day long and until midnight. It was not at all uncommon to see half-a-dozen regular 'set-tos' daily—not drunken squabbles, but prize-fights got up for from L.10 to L.100. Many a night, too, a public-house would empty of its customers, that they might see some dispute that had occurred there settled outside. A ring would be formed, the front row of which consisted of men holding black bottles with lighted candles stuck in them, so that the combatants might see how to fight. After it was over, all would go into the house, to drink again, and the candles be put back into the places from which they had been snatched; only it was generally necessary to take the pugilists into the back-yard, and recover them by means of cold water.

Young women were brought from town, and engaged at these hotels to attend the bar and table by day, and be prepared to dance with the customers at night. The only room that was usually floored was the ball-room, at the upper end of which was a raised platform for the piano and other music. The dancing commenced at 8, and continued till 11, there being from half-a-dozen to a dozen girls attached to each hotel. Each man, after dancing, was expected to ask his partner what she would have to drink, and also to drink himself, which would cost 3s. By this means, an evening's dancing was made to cost at least from 20s. to 30s. These girls got from L.3 to L.9 a week, and their board. Many of them were brought to the mines by an American speculator, who drove a wagon and four horses, and could therefore carry a good lot at a time. He used to drive, like a commercial traveller, from one hotel to another, and inquire what they were giving for gals just then; he himself being paid by the parties who took them off his hands, and the girls making a private bargain for their own wages. The demand continued, too, for a very long time, because they were constantly leaving, and getting married, as was natural enough.

It was after we had bought a claim for L.80 or so, out of which—after paying the men we put in to work for us L.5 a week—we cleared L.20 a-head per week, that one of my partners shewed his first symptoms of marrying. He had agreed with me, a little while before, to leave the country with me as soon as we had made our fortunes. But coming into my tent one night, as I was cooking a steak for tea, with a peculiarly foolish sort of expression on his face, I knew quite well that *that* scheme was over, and that Joe was a doomed man.

'Well, John,' said he, 'I fear you'll have to go home alone, after all. The fact is, I'm thinking of being married.'

'The deuce you are, Joe,' replied I. 'I knew you was getting spooney, but I had hoped better things on you than that too.'

'You're a clever fellow with your tools,' he went on, 'and I want you to help build a house for us to live in.'

'Well, Joe,' said I, 'if you can't get clear of it, I will help you.' And this is the house that Jack built—as they called it, on account of my name being John.

I marked out a spot to set it on, and then going into the woods with my axe, I cut down all the timber for the frame. I then bought some sawn timber, and split some slabs, for it was determined that it should be a grand house (for the Diggings), all slabbed throughout. I made it 18 feet by 12 inside, with walls 8½ feet high, and a nice little chimney with a tin top. At one side I put a door, and a window on each side of it: the door was of pine, and an imported one; and the windows were also imported, being about half the size of cottage-windows in this country. The roof was cotton, over which we put a fly of cotton, about a foot higher, and allowed it to extend two or three feet in front, which answered the purpose of a verandah. There was actually a brass knocker on the door—the usual digger-fashion being to holloa outside a fellow's tent, so that the dogs may be called from the door, which are usually kept there; and if there is no answer, it is safest not to go into that tent at all, as there is no knowing what may have happened there before, which you, perhaps, may get the blame of. The inside of the house I lined all round with fancy drugget, and divided into two rooms, one 6 by 12 for a bedroom, and the other 12 by 12 for sitting-room and kitchen. The ceiling was arched, and made of white cotton, having a pretty border tacked over where it joined the drugget. The kitchen was covered with handsome India matting, and furnished with three American cane-bottomed chairs, a table, and a sideboard having three shelves, and a cupboard below, with the panels of the doors made of plaited red silk. The wife covered these shelves with napkins, letting the fringed edges hang down a few inches, which, when the dishes and glasses were arranged, produced quite a beautiful effect. She wanted a little sofa very badly; but that was beyond my powers, and the price of such an article would have been tremendous. One day, however, I saw a handsome carved back of one lying about in a public-house, with the rest of it

smashed to pieces, and bought it for a pound; and I made a seat to suit it, and covered the whole with black merino. It gave a grand air to the room. With white muslin curtains tastefully arranged about the windows, that house was rather a show at Woolshed Creek, let me tell you. I was first-man at that marriage. The minister came just before twelve, did his work very quickly, pocketed his eight pounds, and rode away again; and we should have had a first-rate luncheon, only the flies spoiled both fowl and meat, and put the bride in a pretty temper as I could see. Poor Joe!

I saw two sights before I left the Diggings, which I shall never forget—a Lynching, and an Election of a Member of Parliament. In every Diggings there was a 'Camp,' which consisted of an enclosure situated generally upon rising-ground, and at a distance from the majority of the miners, inside of which were tents or slab-houses for the accommodation of policemen, troopers, licence-officers, magistrates, post-office clerks, &c.; as well as a gold-office, where men put their savings as into a bank, and paid for the security of their treasure. Over all the camp and the gold-field ruled a Commissioner, to regulate fines and settle disputes by arbitration. Every man on the mines was supposed to have a licence, in default of which he was liable to be taken to the lock-up for a certain period, or to a fine of five pounds; and mounted and foot policemen were constantly patrolling about demanding of the diggers to shew this. A trooper rode up to the next claim to mine, which two strangers had taken the previous day, and asked to see his licence of him that was working in the pit. The man gave some impertinent answer, and the trooper dismounting, leaped down into the hole at once, to enforce his authority: unluckily, the trigger of his carbine caught in the earth as he descended, and the piece went off, shooting the unhappy digger through the head. Such a scene as followed I cannot even attempt to describe. The licence-system and its officers were of course by no means popular; and now that a murder, as it was called, had been committed by one of them, it seemed as though all the inhabitants of the camp would have to pay the penalty with their lives. The diggers rose in thousands in less time than it takes to write about it, and seizing the trooper, carried him away to a rising-ground to hang him. It was fearful to see the agony of the pale and shivering wretch, tossed from arm to arm in the van of that awful host of furious men, and amid a tempest of curses. It seemed as though, along with that poor wretch's life, all order and authority were to be swept away together. Both mounted and foot policemen made their escape out of camp as quickly as possible, being as they were but as one to a hundred, and standing no chance for their lives, if it came to shooting, all except one young man of eighteen or so, the clerk of the gold-office, who remained faithful to his post, with a loaded revolver in each hand, with which he swore to blow out the brains of any who should cross the threshold. The diggers, I remember, gave him three cheers for this as they went by, partly because of his pluck, and partly, perhaps, because many of them had money of their own in his keeping. But they were no less determined to hang the trooper. There was a tree on the ground they had chosen, and a rope was fixed to it and round the prisoner's neck as quick as thought. He was almost dead, poor fellow, with fright and ill-usage already, and they were about pulling at the rope when up rode the old gray haired Commissioner, into the very centre of the infuriated mass.

'Don't commit murder, my men,' cried he; 'don't let it be said against me that my diggers here are a set of murderers.'

The Commissioner was respected more than any of his underlings, and he was known to be a just man, although he did his duty unflinchingly. So they listened to him just for a moment, and then began to take their places for hauling at the rope again.

'He's a murderer himself,' cried one of them, pointing to the prisoner; and 'Ay, ay,' echoed the rest of them.

'Nay, but if he is,' exclaimed the Commissioner, 'I will give you my word, boys, that he shall hang for it. Only, it may be that his gun went off by accident.'

And here I lifted up *my* voice—which they would not listen to before—and told how the thing had really occurred, just as I had seen it; and how that the man had never so much as pointed his carbine at the other at all. And finally, more dead than alive, the trooper was released, and given over into the Commissioner's custody, who took care to send him out of the Diggings that very night. The gold-office clerk got L.1000, I believe, from government, and he certainly richly deserved it.

The other very remarkable spectacle which I witnessed in the gold-fields, was the election of a parliamentary representative—the chosen of the diggers. The town-ship (Beechworth) was crowded with people; flags were flying everywhere, and the streets filled with singers, dancers, and fighting-men. In the public-houses, the scene was dreadful: men in every stage of drunkenness were lying about, with clothes torn, and faces bruised. Those who were able to drink, were calling for more drink; and everybody was treating everybody else, and everybody wanted to pay. Great as had been the attention paid to the purveying of liquors, the supply of food was quite inadequate. Cold-boiled ham, and bread and cheese, were the only eatables to be had, while champagne and the costliest wines were to be got for the asking; for was not the first member ever sent to the legislative council by diggers elected that day! The Ovens, which comprised eight or nine mining districts, was to send one man, and nearly every district had its man to send. The Woolshed (chief town, Beechworth), which, although not the most thickly populated, was the wealthiest, nominated Duncan Cameron, formerly a lieutenant in the Glasgow police, and latterly a store-keeper at the Woolshed. His popularity arose from the fact, that he had largely assisted many of the diggers, now rich men, when they were poor and struggling, by giving them money and goods on credit, while they were sinking their expensive 'claims.' When Cameron was nominated, these men—called 'bosses' or proprietors—subscribed at once the money for his qualification (L.3000); and on the election-day, gave all their men a holiday, and a day's pay. Some of these gentlemen, at the hotel I was drinking at myself, were ordering up liquor at the rate of L.100 worth at a time, and one of them was even said to have ordered up L.300 at once. At another house, where they had met to arrange matters after the election, the proprietor came in, and asked permission to send in a dozen of champagne in return for the honour of their patronage. After they had drunk this, the different bosses ordered each a dozen on his own account, and again and again, until each had ordered twelve dozen; but as they could not drink it all, they arranged a number of bottles on the floor like ninepins, and then rolled other bottles at them. One gentleman filled another's hat, whom he did not like, with the costly liquor, and then placed it on the owner's head—for which piece of fun he had afterwards to pay L.60 of damages.

It being unlawful to sell drink after twelve o'clock in public-houses at the mines, all those who were not inmates for the night were bundled into the streets, except the very intoxicated, who were taken to a place called the Black Hole—attached to all such houses of entertainment—furnished with bunks, such as are in ships, only with higher front-boards, arranged all round the walls. In these places, they were locked up without light or ventilation—and the

state of filth in which these black holes were suffered to remain is not to be described in words—until morning. The less drunken slept on the floors of the different rooms, where a mattress and a blanket were laid down for each man's accommodation.

Among such scenes, small care, as may be imagined, was bestowed upon the sick and helpless. A medical man, much esteemed in those parts, was thrown from his horse outside the town, and grievously injured, so that he could not move. He prevailed on one man, for a sovereign, to drag him under the shade of a tree, but could not induce him, for the same money, to take the trouble of telling his friends of the condition he lay in. You see one rarely gives less than a sovereign at a Diggings for any service. Finally, I may mention, as a concluding evidence of the wealth and waste of the gold-fields, to which so many honest folks have been seduced to their own ruin, that the bosses actually hired a horse from the proprietor of a circus for Cameron to ride into the township on, and *shod his feet with pure gold!*

GERMAN DOCTORS.

THERE is at present a strong tide of English emigration setting in towards South Germany, health, economy, and education being, I think, the three principal inciting motives. The natives are greatly surprised, and not over and above gratified, at this truant disposition in a people whom they love so little as they do the English. 'Have these Engländer no Vaterland of their own, that they come here raising the price of provisions?' is the frequent question of the frugal Hohenbratenera, who, some years since, paid but nine kreuzers a pound for the meal which now costs thirteen. 'What *do* you English come here for?' inquired a Frau one day of a lively young friend of mine. 'Well,' replied the young lady, lowering her voice to the proper tone of mystery, 'I don't mind telling you in confidence—we come here to wear out all our old clothes! Dresses that we could by no means appear in in England, are quite good enough for Hohenbraten.'

With respect to health, certainly the first thing to be looked to in the choice of a residence, there is not much to be said against our Swabian capital. 'We have,' said an English-speaking German, 'a better mortality than any other town in Germany;' by which equivocal phrase he meant to imply, that the mortality was less. 'Your morals are bad,' said Dick to his son. 'That's false,' quoth the other, 'because I have none.' So may we say of the Hohenbraten sewerage: it is not bad, simply because it is non-existent. There is literally not a dwelling-house in the whole place which possesses a sewer. The local monarch was once strongly exhorted by his medical attendants to procure the removal of the evil smells which infest the palace and its vicinity, by causing a system of sewers to be constructed; but the royal lips were graciously pleased to intimate, that such odours were rather agreeable than otherwise to the royal nose; and, further, the brave old gentleman, the finest specimen of an aged monarch in Europe, declared, that having lived seventy-eight years in that palace in the enjoyment of perfect health, he was not going to make any changes now. Truly, no one can look at the upright carriage, the firm step, the ruddy cheek, the bright blue eye, and the brown hair scarcely touched by age, and have the hardihood to assert that aught unwholesome can haunt the royal dwelling. Amiable and excellent are the whole kingly family, worthy of a better people than the dull, uncourteous Schwabs, who, as I witnessed, allowed their monarch, on his seventy-eighth birthday, to ride through them with scarcely a sign of recognition, and without getting up the faintest whisper in the nature of a cheer. 'I have no patience with you people,' I said to a German who stood next me in the Park, to see the royal party go by. 'If that fine old king belonged to us, we would huzza for him until we were hoarse.' 'Ah,' replied he, 'it is not our way; we are ashamed to make such demonstrations.' And truly, I believe, in their own rough, rude manner, the Schwabs *are* fond of him whom they call their 'well-beloved King William.' But to return to 'caparisons,' which certainly are 'odorous.' Vineyards, with all their associations of sunny grapes, and smiles, and wine, not to speak of Bacchus and Hebe, are no doubt vastly poetical, but defend me from approaching them during the months of spring! They are then thickly covered over with the unmentionable materials conveyed through the streets of Hohenbraten in certain huge barrels known as the 'Swabian smelling-bottles,' *alias* the 'Hohenbraten honey-pots.' Cologne, with its 'seventy-two well-defined and several stinks,' is but the feeble *eidolon* of *our* town. And the beauty of it is, that our people not merely tolerate the atmosphere that pervades their city—they positively, headed by their physicians, defend it. Epidemics, they say, are caused by an undue preponderance of acidity in the air. The smells in the streets are pure ammonia, which, being a strong alkali, neutralises the acid, and averts epidemic disease. Be this as it may, the town is far more healthy than any one reasoning *à priori* could possibly imagine. Every family, however, is liable to illness; and it is pleasant to know what one has to trust to in the way of medical aid. The physicians of South Germany are, as a class, gentlemanly and well educated; wonderfully so, considering the wretched remuneration they receive. The fee is fixed by law at half a *gulden* (tenpence) the visit, and the first medical man in the land cannot demand more. It is certainly usual, especially amongst the English, at the end of an attendance, to pay on a somewhat more liberal scale; but the honorarium even then is such as would be spurned by an English apothecary. On one occasion, when there was serious illness in my family, I called in a second physician, and had reason to be much pleased with the skill which he shewed. After having paid three visits, the patient was quite out of danger, and the second doctor said to the first that it would no longer be needful for him to continue his attendance. I then privately inquired of the other physician how much it would be right for me to offer Dr ——. 'Well,' he said, 'he was called in as consulting-physician, and he has been here three times, so it will be right to offer him somewhat more than usual. Give him three gulden (five shillings), and it will be handsome!'

The usual style of medical practice in Swabia is very slow and cautious; pink and white draughts, herb-teas, and soothing balsams being exhibited, where a British physician would attack the malady root and branch. They have a great terror of using calomel; in fact, there is but one Arzt in Hohenbraten who ventures to employ it at all freely. He is a venerable old gentleman, of high reputation for skill, but a determined oddity. He is said to have an Abernethy horror of fine ladies and their fanciful ailments. One day a lady of high rank, afflicted with hypochondriacal fancies, was introduced into his audience-chamber. 'What do you complain of now?' asked the old gentleman gruffly. 'Oh,' she replied, 'whenever I touch my side, it gives me great pain.' 'Then,' said he, 'my advice to you is, *don't touch it.*'

On another occasion, he encountered in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the town a lady who, although sufficiently robust, was continually plaguing him about her health. Now, if there was one thing the doctor hated more than another, it was being asked to give a travelling-opinion; but the lady, as a matter of course, stopped him, and propounded some medical query. There was a wicked twinkle in the

old gentleman's keen blue eye as he seemed to listen attentively. 'Ha! well,' he said; 'put out your tongue as far as possible.' She obeyed. 'Now, shut your eyes quite fast.' It was done; and with the utmost docility, the fair one awaited some oracular utterance from the learned lips of her physician. No sound, however, reached her ears, save the noise of the crowded street where she was standing, a spectacle to men and angels. Fancy for one moment, in a place as public as Charing Cross, at noon, a fashionably-dressed female standing stock-still, with her eyes fast closed, and her tongue protruded! She *felt* that she had a crowd of spectators thickening around her, and at length she ventured cautiously to unclose the corner of one eye. Where was the Herr Staat's Rath Obermedicus? Vanished! Laughing in his wicked sleeve, he had made his escape as soon as he had got his fair patient arranged in her very peculiar *pose*.

It is not very easy for people to know exactly when the great man is to be sent for. He is equally annoyed when called in unnecessarily to a trifling indisposition, and when in case of serious illness the summons has been too long delayed. It happened once that a German lady, perceiving symptoms of indisposition in one of her children, sent for the Herr Staat's Rath. During the time which elapsed before his arrival, the little patient became apparently so much better that the mother began to fear she should get a terrible scolding for having summoned the great man without due cause. However, he arrived, made his inspection, and said in a grave tone: 'This child is very seriously ill.' 'Oh, Gott lob!' (Oh, thank God!) cried the mother, who, although a very affectionate one, lost for a moment her sense of her child's danger, in her excessive thankfulness at escaping the doctor's censure.

One circumstance very much in favour of both patient and physician, is the goodness and purity of the medicines sold in South Germany. The precautions taken by government to prevent fraud and adulteration are deserving of the highest praise. The apothecaries' shops are frequently visited by inspectors, who carefully test the various drugs, and if the slightest impurity be discovered, the vendor, for the first offence, is severely censured, and for the second, is deprived of his licence, and prohibited from retailing drugs in the kingdom. Great precautions, also, are taken against poisoning. You cannot obtain even the smallest quantity of any dangerous drug without a physician's written prescription. I remember once wanting two or three drops of laudanum on cotton, as a remedy for toothache, but in all Hohenbraten I could not procure it. The druggists knew quite well the purpose for which it was needed, and also that the quantity, even if swallowed, was insufficient to injure an infant, yet they all assured me that without a written order they could not venture to let me have it.

Toothache reminds one of dentists; and certainly, however good and conscientious the physicians may be, I would advise every British subject to endure any amount of dental inconvenience rather than intrust his jaws to the merciless handling of a Hohenbraten *Zahnarzt*. Some friends of mine were recommended to consult the court dentist, and they repaired to his dwelling. Now, whether Dr Fressenbein were skilled in his profession or not, was a matter by no means easy of discovery, inasmuch as the whole arrangement of his *Anstalt* wore a Hibernian rather than a Teutonic aspect, for, on investigation, it appeared that the court dentist was *not* the court dentist, and finally, that he was not a dentist at all! Whenever any of the august reigning family require any dental operation, they prudently ignore Hohenbraten manipulation, and employ an artist justly celebrated in that pleasant city, 'out of which,' quoth Longfellow, 'there is no salvation for decent people.' There is meaning, too, in the selection, as typifying political relations. To the same individual is consigned the task of keeping the imperial grinders sharp and strong, and ready to bite; and also that of extracting from the petty German potentates any incisors that might hereafter become dangerous. But the Hofzahnarzt is now no dentist, seeing that he has given up to 'a deputy saw-bones' the good-will of his establishment, the vested interest in his stock-in-trade, consisting of various clumsy, uncanny-looking instruments of torture, sundry dim, cloudy phials of wrath, and a curious assortment of grinning pink wax gums, garnished with rows of thick, uncompromising, specially unnatural-looking teeth, and furnished at either end with a cumbrous array of clamps and springs enough to set up a steam-engine. A thin, unsuccessful-looking little man is Dr Fressenbein, presenting a strong contrast to his thick, broad-faced associate, Herr Katsopolder. This gentleman took possession of my unfortunate friends, and extracted from the jaws of one young lady three perfectly sound new double teeth, leaving in those which were beginning to decay! 'Oh,' he said, when remonstrated with on his proceedings, 'the English are very *miss-trauisch* (distrustful); they think that we Germans, in whatever we do, have a design on their *Geldbeutel*' (purse).

RIGHT OR WRONG?

When it became known, in the quiet country town of Pyneton, in Dorsetshire, that young Mr Frederick Blount was actually engaged to be married to Lina Hausmann, the excitement amongst its most select circle was very considerable indeed—for my story begins nearly twenty years ago, and at that time Pyneton *did* boast a select circle, consisting chiefly of maiden and widow ladies of good family, all more or less 'county people' originally, who, having abundant leisure, kept a sharp eye upon their local society, and protested strongly against any admixture of a less aristocratic element, or any concession to the upsetting and levelling tendencies they lamented to observe in the age. Therefore, when Mrs Tracy, raising both hands over her cup of tea, broke out: 'Good Heavens! to think of a scion of Didcote coming down to a low foreign artist,' the circle around her felt this to be a burst of natural indignation only commensurate with the occasion, and responded to it with the utmost sympathy. For Fred Blount, with his handsome face and courteous manners, was a favourite with all the ladies of Pyneton, for his own sake as well as for that of his uncle, Mr Barlow, their respected pastor, added to which he had all the prestige properly belonging, in their eyes, to a Blount of Didcote Abbey, and a member of one of the oldest of the Dorsetshire families. Not, indeed, that, strictly speaking, he could have been said to have anything to do with Didcote, which was at present the property of a retired ironmonger of the name of Jobson—old Mr Blount, Fred's father, having with his son's consent, cut off the entail some four or five years before, and died shortly afterwards, leaving the stately but exceedingly dilapidated old abbey, and the deeply mortgaged estate, to be sold. When the portions settled upon his two married sisters were paid off, Fred found himself possessed of about a hundred and fifty pounds a year, to such utter ruin had a succession of improvident but exceedingly popular proprietors brought the fortunes of the old family. Nevertheless, in the estimation of half the town of Pyneton, Fred was still a Blount of Didcote; while the worthy Jobson, whose wealth was propping the abbey walls, draining the neglected lands, employing a much increased amount of labour, and doing more positive good in the neighbourhood than the old family had done for a generation or two, was looked upon in the light of an upstart usurper, whom it was the duty of good society to ignore and discountenance as much as possible. Meanwhile, Fred Blount had to fight his way on in the world as well as he could. It was a

bitter change and a hard struggle at first to a young man of fragile health, and brought up in every luxury as he had been; but he had a brave spirit of his own, and whenever his uncle, Mr Barlow, returned from a run up to town, he would report to inquiring friends that the young barrister was absorbed in books and study, and 'likely to rise, decidedly likely to rise.' Perhaps, if he had better known the nature of those books, he would have been less sanguine of professional success; but at all events Mr Barlow was right in reporting his nephew studious, and apparently reconciled to his new mode of life.

Once or twice a year, young Blount was in the habit of visiting Pyneton, and renewing his acquaintance with its inhabitants, with whom he had never been more popular than when this announcement fell upon them without any previous preparation whatever. Could it be true? The report was traced to that odious Jobson, who, it seems, knew the lady well, had several pictures by her hanging on his drawing-room walls, and spoke of her with the highest respect. Lady, indeed! An artist, a foreigner, and a protégée of the ironmonger! Pyneton society could pretty well guess the kind of person she must be. Poor Mr Barlow! The truth might indeed be got at through him, but who had courage to accost him on such a subject? Mr Barlow, good and kind as he was, had a fiery nature of his own, and knew how properly to resent a *mésalliance*. Some sad tradition there was of his only son—a scapegrace always—having crowned his other misdeeds by a plebeian marriage or worse, out in India somewhere. No one had heard his father mention his name, and it had been strongly surmised that Fred Blount would prove his heir. But what would he do now? No doubt this artful woman was papist as well as foreigner. Had it not oozed out, too, that she was older than Mr Blount? At least this was thought highly probable, and who could say what her antecedents might have been? The popular imagination drew a very dark picture indeed. We turn now to the reality.

Lina Hausmann was an artist's daughter, and, at the time we speak of, herself an artist of some merit. Left an orphan in early girlhood, she had inherited little from her German father beyond a certain graceful singularity of aspect, an earnest, thoughtful temperament, and a devoted love of art. Her English mother had tried hard to counteract this last, but the natural bias was too strong; and when this anxious but uncongenial parent was laid by her husband's side in the dismal city cemetery, and the young girl found herself alone with a few hundred pounds for her sole fortune, she resolved neither to eke out her means by giving lessons to young children, as Mrs Hausmann had done during her widowhood, nor to seek her English relations—cold and formal people, who offered the orphan a home, indeed, but had never forgiven her mother's runaway match—but at once to devote a portion of her little all to obtaining the best instruction in her father's favourite branch of art, flower-painting, and then to throw herself upon it as a profession. Miniature-painting, it had been suggested to her, would be a more lucrative pursuit; but she felt that her real success would lie in the other direction. Hers was a passionate love for nature, especially for flowers, which were almost her only experience of nature in perfection; while, on the other hand, an indifference to, or even a shy shrinking from society, had been fostered by the circumstances of her life. Her mother, a refined Englishwoman—although she had stepped out of her own sphere when she followed the fortunes of the wandering artist, had never felt herself at home in any other. The little Lina had had no childish playmates, the growing girl no youthful companions. Since she cannot associate with her equals, the mother had thought to herself, she is best alone; and so her favourite toys had been her father's old brushes and colours, and her chief diversion a stroll with him. Others might have looked on this as a dreary life; the grave, affectionate girl herself never remembered it as having been such while her father lived. She had been satisfied with the sense of happiness that came over her when he corrected a little and praised a great deal some juvenile effort of her pencil; or when, curled up upon his knee, in the gloom of a winter evening, he would tell her bright tales of skies and flowers, palaces and paintings of other lands; or sad tales of his own gentle German mother, who grew quite blind before her early death; or, better still, when, in his fine barytone voice, he would troll out for her some of the student-songs of his native Heidelberg. After she lost him, there came indeed a period of gloom, but it was not long enough to depress her energies; and when she was left alone, the very strength of purpose necessary was abundant support, and her art itself abundant excitement; so that sitting there day by day in that dingy room, her whole soul absorbed in her work, the grave, earnest, singular-looking girl had been perhaps more enviable than many of her more prosperous sisters. At the time our story begins, she was five-and-twenty, and the struggling part of her career seemed over. Her master had told her, some time ago, that he could teach her nothing further; her pictures already commanded a ready sale; and their decided merit began to extort notice from the most oracular critics of the day. To all this she might have added no small degree of social success, for, besides that people began to remember here and there how well-born and well-connected the mother of the successful young artist had been, her own graceful figure and rich contralto voice would have insured her a welcome into many a gay circle. But Lina was too shy or too proud to find any enjoyment there, and steadily declined all invitations; only sometimes, in the summer, she might be bribed by her love of wild-flowers, ferns, &c., to pay a country visit, and it was in the course of one of these that she had first met Fred Blount. A week spent together in a country-house in the sweet summer season; a few long walks at the close of pleasant days, with nature enjoyed, sunsets watched, songs sung together, and they parted lovers in all but words. They met again in London, and that constantly. They had been engaged for a year before the fact transpired to horrify the town of Pyneton. How happy Lina had during this year been, it would not be easy to say. Her intense nature fully awakened for the first time—her intellect stimulated by a companionship more thoughtful and cultivated than she had ever known—the cold sense of loneliness which had hung over her since she lost her father, all dispelled, it would be no exaggeration to say that she enjoyed a present bliss, unalloyed alike by one regret for the past, or one fear for the future. Fred was happy too, but his was a more checkered feeling. Naturally of an anxious temper, he often suspected that he had done unwisely in choosing for a profession one to which he could not give an undivided allegiance. Had he been—as he once expected to have been—a man of independent means, he would have lived a student's life, absorbed in certain abstruse speculations, which had, ever since his college-days, secretly possessed a strong attraction for him. Even as things were, he could not forego them altogether, and Stephens and Chitty would often be thrown aside for Kant and Cousin. In this direction, if in any, lay the path he could have trodden with self-satisfaction. But what of that? He was now a lawyer—had, if so it might be, to earn a living at the bar; and it behoved him more than ever to work hard in his uncongenial calling, for Lina's sake as well as his own.

Meanwhile, Lina's favourite dream was, by the exercise of her own beloved art, to free him from this necessity; to secure for him so complete an

independence of professional drudgery as would leave him free to follow the bent of his own inclination. He had no prejudice, she knew, against an active career for woman; he would let her continue hers; and for the first time there mingled with her desire for excellence, a keen appreciation of the wealth it would bring in its train. 'For him, for him,' she would murmur to herself, as she hung over some exquisitely delicate painting, and touched and retouched till her copy had the very texture as well as the hue of the flowers before her. 'It is not fitting that he should be poor—his life and mine have been so differently spent: he has all the tastes of the man of family and fortune; I, the artist's daughter, used to struggle from my childhood—I do not share, but it will be my joy to minister to these.' And so she would sit and dream, while the fairy fronds of some delicate fern, or the down on the stalk of some fragile wild-flower, grew beneath her fingers. But of late weeks she would sometimes stop to close her large blue eyes, strained as they felt by the over-intentness of their gaze, or to press her hand over her forehead, which sometimes quivered with a sudden and darting pain, which she would not mention to Fred (reliant by nature, she had become more so by much living alone), neither would she give into it, for the picture before her must be finished by the approaching Exhibition. It would sell, she calculated, for a considerable sum; other commissions would probably follow; and then—and then—— She was so deep in her happy reverie one day, that Fred actually entered the room unnoticed, and exclaimed at her paleness, and at the weary look in her sweet eyes. But as he kissed them, their light returned, and the colour rushed so richly into her cheek, that he began to think his impression had been indeed 'all fancy,' as she declared.

'But you must promise me not to overwork yourself in my absence, my Lina,' he said.

'In your absence!' she replied, in a voice of dismay, for it was their first parting.

'Yes; I have had heavy tidings to-day. My good old uncle, Barlow, is ill, and alone. You know how much I owe to his kindness. I cannot refuse to go to him, even though I leave my Lina. But it will not be for long—I could not stand that.' Then turning to her picture: 'What an exquisite group this is! How tender, how minute! Why, it makes my eyes ache to look at your microscopic touches, my fairy. But come out with me now, and let us have a walk. I half suspect you work too hard. I declare I'm jealous of your art, Lina.'

'You need not,' she said, with a smile so bright, that no one could have guessed how violent the pain that shot through her forehead and eyes as she spoke. She had been overworking, perhaps; but she was not going to tell him of this—and so spoil utterly his last walk with her.

The evening was gloomy and chill; the shadow of their parting hung on the spirits of both. Whatever subject they took up led into a vein of sadness. Lina did not know why, but she spent the greater part of the night in tears. When morning came, her eyes were so red and heavy, she was almost glad Fred would not see them. She must work hard, she said, to overcome this singular depression; and she *did* work hard, though at times a strange dimness crept over her sight, and her hand was oftener pressed to her throbbing forehead than it had ever been before. The third day there came a letter from Fred, so long and loving, that it half reconciled her to his absence, half increased her yearning for his return. He had found his uncle worse than he expected. There was to be a consultation on the morrow; his next letter would give the result, and fix the day of his return. Another day of continuous painting, of more pain to contend with, of strange flashes of light alternating with that occasional dimness. She would rest her eyes, she resolved, as soon as she got Fred's next letter. She could bear inaction with his return to look forward to.

Alas! the letter, when it comes, does not fix his return. A short sea-voyage is pronounced the only hope in his uncle's case; a friend has placed his yacht at his disposal; he will not make the experiment alone, but if Fred will accompany him, consents to try the effect of a short cruise. It would be unkind, ungrateful to deny the old man's request. A month at furthest will restore him to his Lina, and she will feel as he does, that there was no alternative. O yes, she does feel it; he was right, right always. His uncle has been a second father. Had she been well, the brave-hearted woman would have acquiesced cheerfully; but as it was, she could not conquer her sadness. She could but keep it back from him—write cheerfully this last letter that he could receive before the yacht sailed, and work the dismal time of separation away. But when, having finished her letter, she went to her painting that morning, she found work impossible. Large spots of red seemed to gather on the petals of the water-lilies she was copying; the pain in the eyeballs grew intolerable. Her heart beat thick and anxiously lest, if this went on, she might be obliged to give up her occupation for weeks or months. Better to take prompt measures to have the tedium of repose now, that she might be quite well when Fred returned. She went straightway to one of the most celebrated oculists of the day. The sympathy of his manner, the minuteness of his questions, alarmed her; her energetic nature could bear anything better than suspense. 'Did Doctor W—— fear blindness?' 'He grieved to say he did.' 'Of what nature?' 'Of the most hopeless—amaurosis.'

Oh, thank God all you upon whom there has never fallen some sudden shattering agony like this, who have had to give up the whole hope of your life at an instant's notice—never had the glory and promise of the universe blotted from you by one single word! And thank God, too, when you stand by some fellow-creature thus stricken, that such blows, when they do come, stun as well as torture, and that their very magnitude prevents for a season the sense of their reality. When the power of thinking returned, Lina's first thought was of Fred. If this were indeed so; but no—it was impossible. At all events, it was well that his kind heart was not darkened with this horrible fear. A week—a fortnight passed; still, in spite of rest and remedial measures, the pain, the dimness, the flashes of light before the eyes. And yet no one looking into their blue depths could have seen anything beyond their beauty and their sadness, and in the heavy eyelids, the trace of frequent tears. The doctor had indeed told her that, above all things, tears were injurious. Ah! he did not know how much she had to weep over. Not only this art-world shut out from her, not only the loss of the pursuit that had been to her a passion, but the loss of love; for, as she lay there in her darkened room, one thought, one resolve grew clearer and stronger day by day: Fred's career should not be hampered by a blind wife. She knew his noble, honourable nature well; knew that this great affliction fallen upon her would only make him hold his plighted word more sacred than before; that he would choose hard work of any kind, choose poverty, even such as entailed loss of social station, choose any alternative rather than leave his poor sightless Lina desolate and alone. But she knew, too, very well, that to a man of his sensitive poetical temperament and early formed habits, poverty would have a peculiar sting. Then his own health was far from strong, and his spirits variable. Better for him the sharp sudden loss than the life-long burden. In the midst of her anguish, there came to the woman's heart the great strength of self-sacrifice—*better for him.* These words nerved her for all. It was well, too, for her that at this terrible

crisis she had to act as well as to suffer. Sometimes, in her anxiety to devise the measures by which this calamity should fall most lightly upon him, she for awhile almost forgot her share in it. It often occurred to her that it would be best if, on his return, he should find her gone. But, oh! the yearning for one more look into the face she so loved before darkness fell upon her for ever! Had he been with her when she first heard that dreadful sentence, the impulse to tell him her wretchedness might have been too strong. She rejoiced that he was not. But now she thought she could trust herself to one more meeting; at all events, she would make all her arrangements so as to be able to set off at a day's notice; but she would at least wait to hear of his safe return to England. Meanwhile, she employed her hours of ease, and of comparative clearness of vision, in modelling, from her most faithful memory, a bust of her lover. She had often modelled before, but never with such singular success—she knew every lineament of this face *so* well. Her whole soul was in her work, for this bust would be all that she should save out of the wreck of her life. This she would take with her into her banishment. Passing her hand thus over the high forehead, the heavy waves of hair, the regular features so familiar to her now, she could guard against the image in her heart ever becoming fainter.

By the time the bust was finished, the month had nearly expired, and still no letter to announce Fred's return. Lina's fast-waning sight warned her that her journey must not be much longer postponed. Everything was prepared for her departure; she only waited this letter, when one evening, as she sat in the twilight opposite her cherished bust, she heard his knock. The very moment he had landed, he had rushed to the train: he could not wait to write and prepare her. Oh, how was it that *his* arrival could agitate her thus? Had *she* been away, he should have expected her every hour till she came—she could never have taken him by surprise. But what was this change in the room? Where was the easel, the pictures? And worse, what was this change in her sweet face? So pale, and with so sad a look in her eyes! Ah, these partings were cruel things. Life was not long enough for them. They would never part again; he had made up his mind on that head. 'I'll throw metaphysics to the winds, and stick to my profession in earnest,' he said; 'and my Lina's white fingers shall work for both till I make my way.' Poor Lina! Leaning there her head upon his breast once more, his arms around her, his voice more tender even than his words, his kisses on her upturned face, who could have blamed her if, appalled at the contrast between the sheltering love she was leaving and the utter desolation she was going to, her sorrowful secret had escaped her? But no—she had thought it all over too often, had seen too clearly what was *best for him*. She rallied by one of those almost superhuman efforts that women can sometimes make, questioned him about his uncle's health, about his cruise, smiled away his anxiety about her altered looks. Before he left, his eye fell upon his own bust.

'So *this* is what you have been overtasking yourself with, my cleverest, foolishest Lina! The bust is a marvel—too handsome for me, it 's true—but what 's the use of it? The man is your own, heart and soul; what do you want with his effigy?'

'Nay,' she said, 'stand by it a moment, and let me compare the two.' And she spanned first the living brow, and then the other, and passed her hand over the straight outline—the same in both.

He looked at her with surprise. 'I knew your blue eyes were short-sighted, Lina, but are they so short-sighted as that? Does the sense of touch actually help you here? Sweetest eyes, what do you mean by overflowing at so simple a question?' And looking into them with unutterable tenderness, he kissed them again and again, and left her—till to-morrow evening—when they would have, he said, a long walk in the Kensington Gardens, and talk over their happy future.

Till to-morrow evening! Oh, by that time she should be far away indeed—far on the sea that would henceforth for ever lie between them. And he was gone, and there was so much that remained unasked, unsaid! Some words he might have spoken to quiet this torture of longing for his voice, some other last look she might have taken more satisfying than this one through her tears! Then came a fierce temptation to remain one other day, to see him once again. But she remembered how struck he had been with the change in her looks, even in the closing light of evening. In the broad day, in the open air, he could not fail to notice it far more. Her secret would escape her! If she weakly yielded to this passionate pleading of her heart for one more hour of happiness, might not the selfish longing grow uncontrollable? Could she trust herself further? Might she not come to think it most cruel to him to leave him in utter uncertainty of her fate? might not her once clear judgment become warped as to what was really best for him? She passed a terrible night—but before the morning came the struggle was over. When Fred called the following evening, she was gone—her servant gone—all tokens of her presence gone; only a charwoman there, sent in by the landlord, who knew nothing about the young lady—only a letter for him on the table, and beneath it the last picture she had painted.

Five years later, one fine August afternoon, there sat upon the deck of one of the Rhine steamers, then approaching Düsseldorf, an English group, who formed a striking contrast to the rest of the passengers: an elderly man, of very tall stature, and most imposing bearing ('the veritable Milord Anglais celui-là,' the Belgian steward affirmed), with a green shade over his eyes; a younger man, singularly handsome and interesting in appearance, but with traces of ill health and sorrow on his fine features; and a lovely little lady, who, by merry laugh and sprightly observation, seemed bent upon raising the spirits of her companions to the level of her own. But in this she met with indifferent success. There was but little mirth in the laugh that her pretty satire elicited from the younger of the two gentlemen, while the elder replied to it by a slight rebuke: 'Nonsense, Carrie; let me keep my eyes quietly shut. I can imagine no amusement in watching the manners and customs of German boors, or still more objectionable Cockneys. I only wish I could close my ears as well to the intolerable jargon that is going on all around.' The young lady sighed a little, and talked to her more responsive companion in a lower tone. Arrived at Düsseldorf, an English footman almost as majestic as his master, and a French maid almost as elegant as her mistress, were shrill and peremptory in their enumeration and reclamation of all the imperials, dressing-cases, and other packages belonging to Sir George and Miss Trevor; while the younger traveller quietly looked out his portmanteau and carpet-bag, upon which the address of Heidelberg was written. 'Never mind,' he said to himself; 'my time is my own, and she seemed pleased with the idea of my remaining with them, and hearing Dr G——'s verdict upon her father's eyes. Pretty little creature, she has a dull time of it enough with him, I daresay.'

Dinner over, it was of course imperative to take a look at the town of Düsseldorf; but Sir George preferred to rest his eyes, so the young people went out together. They lingered till the harvest-moon rose and cast its yellow radiance on the broad river, and then they reluctantly returned from a walk that had seemed short to both of them. It was not till he found himself alone in his own room that the habitual look of sadness resettled upon the fine

features of Fred Blount; but once there, he walked up and down moodily enough, and then, suddenly stopping, unlocked his dressing-case, and took from a secret drawer a letter and a long coil of very fair hair. The letter looked worn and tattered at the edges with frequent opening. He knew every word of it by heart, and yet he read it this night over again. It was very short—contained only these incoherent words: 'It is because I love you so, Fred, that I leave you for ever. Trust me, it is best so. Do not pity me too much. While I live, I have the memory of your love; I have you to pray for. You made me very happy; I never knew before how much happiness God had given to his creatures here. Think of me tenderly, not sadly, as we do of the long ago dead, who loved us so much; we know they must love us still. Forgive me the pain I give—believe in me—it is best for you. Do not sorrow—but yet sometimes remember that I *was* your Lina.'

'Strange and inexplicable,' said the young man, starting up again, and walking up and down as before. 'How I have maddened over these contradictory lines! How I have exhausted conjecture! She loved me, and yet she could leave me in this horrible uncertainty. Could it have been through some caprice of pride? Can she have heard of my uncle's objection to our engagement? Others may have—this Carrie Trevor has for me—more beauty and brilliancy than Lina, but all nature seems poor and cold when this vivid memory of her comes over me. This visit to Heidelberg, however, shall be my last. Old Jobson may have been mistaken after all: it may not have been her that he saw in the Rotterdam steamer the night of her disappearance—and even if it were, Heidelberg may not have been her goal. It was her father's birthplace, I know, but I never heard her say that she had friends there. If only this intolerable mystery were cleared up, and I could forget her—forget her for ever!' And so the hours wore on far into the night.

Meanwhile, through the fair Carrie's dreams there floated the brightest visions her young heart had ever known; and Sir George Trevor, whose rest was broken by the anticipation of the decisive visit of the morrow, pleasantly diverted his mind by reflecting that young Blount really did seem a good deal taken with his little Carrie. Old Barlow's scapegrace had died, Sir George knew, within the last year; this favourite nephew was pretty sure to be his heir; and Barlow was said to be very shaky. And though, in the meantime, he might not be very well-off, there was not an older family among British commoners, and Sir George cared more for pedigree than purse; besides which, in the event of his sight being restored, and his daughter happily settled, the worthy baronet—a magnificent-looking man, as we have said—had matrimonial schemes of his own.

The next morning, father and daughter were to drive to the house of the eminent oculist, and Fred consented to accompany them thither. But he declined entering with them, preferring, he said, to spend the time in inspecting the adjoining asylum for the blind, which the benevolent doctor had instituted. There were not many inmates there; and finding he had still some half-hour to spare, he strolled into a small neighbouring cemetery, listlessly reading the names of the humble dead that rested there. On one of the simple black crosses, he started to see the name never long absent from his thought, 'Lina Hausmann'—a common name, he knew; but the drops stood thick on his forehead, and his knees knocked one against the other. There was no age, no date of death given, but the paint was fresh, and several fresh-looking garlands hung upon the cross. While he stood there, a little girl, with a shade over her eyes, came slowly and unsteadily along towards it. She had a little white garland to hang there too. The child started, as Fred addressed her in a broken voice. 'Who was the Lina Hausmann buried there?'

'She was a blind woman who had been good to her. Once her parents thought she too would be blind. Now, *Gott lob!* the doctor said she would recover. But even if she were blind, she could earn her bread; Lina had taught her to knit so fast, so fast, faster than her sister, who had two strong eyes.'

Fred drew a long breath of relief. 'And this good Lina, where did she live? When did she die? Was she old or young?'

'She lived in the asylum. It was not quite a month since they laid her there;' and the child began to cry, and then stopped. 'Lina told me once,' she said, 'when she was quite well—before the cruel fever came—that if she died, I was never to cry for her, but to be glad, and to thank God that he had called her home. But I cannot be glad, for I have no one to teach me now, and to sing to me as she did; and I loved her; everybody loved her.'

'Was she young?' Fred asked again, with an indescribable throb of terror, which he tried to dismiss as absurd.

The little girl thought that she was old; but her mother had wept much that one so good should have died so young.

Placing a florin in her little thin hand, Fred took the white garland, hung it reverently on the cross; lifted the child, that she might look quite close at it there with her poor suffering eyes; and then he slowly walked away towards the doctor's house. When Sir George and his daughter joined him, they were in the highest possible spirits. Dr G—— had expressed a most decided and most favourable opinion: rest to the eyes, fresh air, and a simple course of treatment were alone necessary, he had said, to insure perfect recovery. Fred tendered his congratulations. 'Dr G——,' continued the baronet, 'advises me to go in a leisurely way up the Rhine, and then to return here, and let him judge what progress my case has made. I am very glad of this, for I find my little Carrie has quite set her heart upon seeing Heidelberg. Perhaps, Mr Blount, we may be fellow-travellers a little longer.'

Carrie stole a rapid glance at the handsome face before her, and then blushed, but with mortification, not pleasure, there was so little response to be read there to her father's suggestion. She turned the subject with an admirable imitation of perfect indifference. 'Oh, by the way, Mr Blount, I have something quite extraordinary to tell you! When papa went with Dr G—— into his consulting-room, I was left alone in a rather bare *salon*, with only German books on the table, which I very slightly understood, so I was compelled to take an inventory of all the furniture and prints. And what do you think I found? In a corner of the room, a bust quite strikingly, startlingly like you. I do assure you, it is your very counterpart. I wonder what great German philosopher or poet you have the honour of so strictly resembling.—But you are ill; what is the matter? What shall I do? Here is the carriage; shall we wait, or drive back at once?' and she looked into his pale face with genuine anxiety.

'It is nothing of any consequence,' gasped out Fred; 'but I cannot return with you; I must speak to this doctor. Yes; I will join you again; you shall hear.' And, having helped her into the carriage, he turned abruptly away.

'His hand is cold as death; he must be ill,' sighed the poor girl.

'Nonsense, my dear Carrie,' said her father, willing in his own immense mental relief to take cheerful views on all subjects. 'Mr Blount is much interested in all scientific matters, I know, and wants to talk some of them over with this excellent doctor. But I'll venture to predict we have him back again with

us before the evening is over.' And so Sir George and his fair daughter whirled away.

The interview between the benevolent doctor and Fred Blount was a long and a painful one. In after-years, Dr G——'s eyes would moisten whenever he referred to it. A man's transport of grief is a harrowing thing to witness, nor is it often yielded to in the presence of another man. But when he saw again that bust, on which, when he saw it last, Lina's hand had rested—on which her dying hand rested, he was told, one short month ago—when he understood, for the first time, the meaning of those few farewell words, the fulness of the love that prompted the step she had taken—when he pictured her to himself alone with strangers, blind, desolate, thinking of him to the last, while he had often struggled to blame and to forget her—he fairly broke down beneath his agony of tenderness and regret. When he was able to listen, there was much of consolation in what the doctor had to tell him, though he could not then feel, and perhaps never felt its full force. Lina had come to Dr G——, a suppliant for a life-long asylum, in return for the sum of L.1500 with which she wished to endow his establishment. This was an unprecedented step; but hearing that she was an orphan, unmarried, and without any near relatives, he did not feel called upon to reject the proposition on which her mind seemed bent. Struck by her beauty and sadness, and by a refinement of manner that was the more striking, owing to the extreme simplicity of the black dress she wore, he was anxious to provide her with many comforts beyond those that could possibly fall to the share of the other inmates; but with the exception of a separate room, she insisted upon faring in every respect as they did. Some months after her arrival, the doctor had been led by a slight change of symptoms to anticipate possible recovery. During this period of suspense, he had observed a very painful excitement in his patient's mind, and he had little doubt that she injured herself by her deep depression and constant weeping. Once or twice he had heard her express a dread lest she had been precipitate, lest she had decided wrongly; but she seemed averse to enter into any fuller explanation. When all hope was over, a great serenity seemed to settle upon her. She spent less time in her own room—she kept that bust there—and began to devote herself to those around her. Having acquired, with singular rapidity, an almost unprecedented skill in the different kinds of handiwork possible to the blind, she took pleasure in teaching the less dexterous of her fellow-sufferers. Dr G—— had often marvelled at her persevering patience. Many of the children had been most deeply indebted to it. Her exquisite singing gave her a great hold upon the affections of all around her; and her influence was always used for good. She seemed to shed something of her own perfect peace and resignation on all the rest.

'You do not, then, believe that she was unhappy?' the young man asked—a strange jealousy lest she should have forgotten him mingling with his thankfulness.

The doctor did not believe that she was. He held it to be an invariable law, that benevolent and energetic exertion in the cause of others brought with it its own reward. Her face, of late years, he said, was always calm, and generally cheerful.

'Had she never revealed to him her past history?'

'Never; but she had promised to do so. Some day,' she had said, 'when I am stronger in my faith and patience, when I am resigned to all my losses—some day, you shall know all.' But that day had never come. A fever had broken out in the course of the summer amongst the children in the institution. Lina said she had no fear of infection, and she sat with some of the little creatures, soothing them, and singing to them to the last. She was the last case, and amongst the adults the only fatal one. The fever had run very high, and from the first the doctor had had no hope. There had been a good deal of wandering, but of a happy kind. She seemed to be reunited to some one very dear. When consciousness returned, she had asked to have the bust brought to her; and even when her hand was growing cold, it wandered lovingly over the lips and brow. The doctor had little thought he should ever see the original, and had meant always to keep the bust very carefully, for the dear Lina's sake.

That evening, Sir George Trevor received a few hurried blotted lines: unforeseen circumstances had decided Mr Blount to an immediate return to England. There was temporary sadness in the pretty Carrie's heart, but nothing worse.

And Fred had had his desire of years granted—the mystery was cleared up—but he could not forget his Lina; nor, indeed, did he now wish to forget her: the thought of her sweet constancy and devoted self-sacrifice ennobled for him the whole of humanity; deepened his faith in its possibilities, stimulated his interest in its cause. To the present day, however, he believes that Lina was mistaken in her heroic resolve, and that it would have been happier for both if she had thrown herself more unreservedly upon his love. But one thing is certain: Fred Blount, as she foresaw, was not destined to succeed in the profession he had hastily chosen—he threw it up a few years after her disappearance, and devoted himself to pursuits of a more congenial nature. But he has passed his life with little effect, little enterprise, little hope. Was Lina right or wrong?

MORNING AND EVENING.

When first the glorious God of Day
Flings wide his orient gates of gold,
And striding on his kingly way,
Bids Earth her varied charms unfold:
When flower-cups brim with fairy wine,
And dew-pearls catch a ruddy glow,
When song-birds wake their notes divine,
And balmy breezes softly blow—
Mead, wood, and dell, I love to pace,
And greet dear Nature face to face.

When western skies are royal red,
And Even spreads her dusky veil,
And love-lorn Luna overhead
Draws forth the tuneful nightingale:
When shepherds fold their fleecy care,
And gaily chirp the green-grass choirs,
When bat and moth whirl through the air,
And glow-worms light their elfin fires—
I love to roam o'er mead, o'er hill,
And let my fancy sport at will.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, *will be commenced in this Journal,*

A STORY,

ENTITLED

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

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WAITERS.

WHO knows anything about the natural history of waiters? Present in all lodging-places, with a home in none—moving in the midst of travellers, though never stepping beyond the door of the house in which they live—they form one of the most singular classes in the modern world. Though, probably, on examination, they would be found human enough, yet at first the idea of a waiter shedding tears, making a will, or an offer of marriage, or having a tooth drawn, or, in fact, doing anything but wait, could not get itself admitted without a little hitch or hesitation.

Where do they come from? Where do they learn their craft? We see volunteers, nay, sometimes militia-men, at drill. Ploughmen lead the horses before they drive the plough, artisans pass an apprenticeship, surgeons walk the hospital, and even the grand gentlemen who sit in government offices have an examination in spelling before they draw their salaries; but who ever heard of a school for waiters! My belief is, they appear full-dressed, with napkins under their arms, like Pallas. Once here, they never seem to hesitate or fail; and yet their work is arduous, intricate, and incessant, requiring not only ready wit, but both dexterity and strength of arm. I have, however, often noticed that in advertisements they describe themselves as single-handed, as if a watchman were to beg particular attention to the fact of his having only one eye.

Excluded by professional engagements from the use of conventional meal-times, do waiters sit down to their dinner, or shoot it flying? Where do they sleep, oil their hair, and put on their shirt-fronts? Have they any guilds, lodges, or other brotherly associations and meetings? What are their amusements? A countryman once thought he had found them at their winter-play; he noticed a set of men in tail-coats and white ties scudding about a patch of ice on the Serpentine, about the size of a coffee-room, but it turned out to be the Skating Club.

Some little time ago, I had a good opportunity of observing the movements of a waiter kept in a sea-port town. We were in no hurry, and so we stopped there till the rain was over. There was, as tourists say, nothing to see. The inn, which was also a station and a custom-house, had a railway terminus at the front, and a packet-wharf at the back-door. The land-view consisted of saltings; the sea-view, of a muddy tidal harbour—both backed by bare bleak downs. We arrived late at night, intending to sail the next morning; but it blew and rained, and then did both together so viciously, that we gave it up, and spent a wet day at the station. Before, however, we settled to stop, we went on board the steamer, moved our luggage, took berths, and made up our minds to bear the usual inconveniences of a rough passage across the channel in a long narrow boat, which heaved as if it were breathing, even in the sheltered harbour. But the wind still rose, and so we all returned to the hotel.

It was during the mental parenthesis which followed, on being suddenly prostrated and set to begin a new bill at the inn from which we had just cleared out, that I gave my mind to the waiter. One could not keep up an interest all day in the zigzag jerky course of fat rain-drops down the window. Some of our fellow-passengers smoked, some ate incessantly; a group of wet Frenchmen sat apart, limp and moody, like barn-door fowls in a shower; some of the party went to sleep. Not so the waiter—for there was but one. A double day's work had come upon him. The last wave of travellers had been thrown back, and met the tide from town, until it filled the house. Having nothing to do, they all wanted something 'to take,' immediately. Idleness is the hardest work in the world; the idle man never knows what it is to rest, and so must be fed accordingly. When a number of them get together and help one another, they necessarily consume a vast amount of victual. But, as I have said, our waiter multiplied himself, and met all demands. Waiting is a gift, and exhibits some most remarkable combinations of mental power. It is not enough to say that a waiter has to recollect the different orders he receives, and execute them at once; this does not do him justice. On the continent, his task is much facilitated by the table-d'hôte, for in England, our insular dissociable habits make a waiter's post a hundredfold more hard. You are not conducted to the same spot at the dinner-table day after day; you do not dine at a fixed hour, but sit down when and where you like. The waiter must bear in mind the number of your room, and connect that with the various items of your capricious and particular meals. There were a good many people in our inn; the number of our room was 29, and that was on the first floor. The second was also full. Here were a set of new faces to be learned only for one night. Each tenant had, say, three meals—dinner, tea, breakfast. Now, considering that the minute details of all these had to be remembered, chops to be associated with A, soup with B, sherry and water with this man, soda and brandy with that, bottled stout or draught ale with a third—all being of various prices; considering, too, that the stream of permutations and combinations of customers went on for hours, and that all had to be presented with so many

bills, without entanglement or substitution, at the same moment, the next morning, under the trying pressure of a steamer's departure, and the arrival of a fresh trainful of passengers, merely passing through the house, but calling for goes of this, that, or the other, at the bar as they hurried by—biscuits, cigars, with 'I've no small-change,' 'I've nothing but French money,' &c., while the amount was being made out—considering all this, I say, it required an eye and memory of no common power to perform the duties of a waiter.

Besides being able to fix and arrange a crowd of facts in his mind, the waiter must be able to dismiss them at once; to sponge the slate of his memory, and begin to cover it again immediately with details, whose very similarity is the most dangerous and perplexing part of the business—and this, day after day, week after week. With all these duties, the waiter must not stop to think. With a head full of orders on the point of being discharged, he must submit to be called back for a spoon, or to say where the coat with an umbrella strapped to it, not the shawl with the parasol, was put, when No. 17 came back from the boat, and changed his room to No. 37.

Only a waiter! Why, no prime minister in his place in presence of a jealous minority can need greater promptness, accuracy, and elasticity of mind. The waiter, indeed, answers at a disadvantage; he has no notice of questions, but is expected to be always at his post, ready with a reply, in a house where government business, as well as that of private members, is being conducted through continuous sittings, morning, noon, and night, for the whole period of his holding office. Indeed, a waiter must not only have his wits about him, but wits of a remarkable order. Unlike many with his own income, he cannot see his work grow under his hand; he cannot hope to perform it mechanically like a man laying bricks, or rowing a boat; he is always beginning intercourse with strangers.

See how grateful he evidently is for kind considerate treatment! Who would not relieve the anxious monotony of his work with a pleasant word? Who would grudge him the small gratuity, so that he may at last settle down in some business, in which he is not only the jaded medium between the producer and consumer, but a sharer in the main profits along with the trim chamber-maid? Let us hope they may save enough, ere long, to club their fortunes, and to possess, though it be a humble one, a bar of their own.

STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

Within the last few years, a new machine has made its appearance in the world of practical invention, which to all appearance is destined, in the course of time, to acquire an infinite importance. It is of small dimensions, of few parts, and of simple construction; but it embodies a very large amount of successful ingenuity, and is capable of very extensive application. Although it has hitherto only attracted the notice of large manufacturers, it will in the end find a place in every household. In a few years, no mother of a family, placed in a social stratum one degree above the lowest, will think of dispensing with the Sewing-machine, any more than she would think of dispensing with her cooking-range.

A considerable space might be occupied by an enumeration of the articles to which this machine has been applied. Suffice it to say, that thick leather and the most delicate fabrics of the loom, the coarsest sails, the choicest lace, garments of every kind, coats, trousers, shirts, collars, stays, caps, boots, and even hose for draining the mines of California, have all been subjected to the operation of this machine. If any of our readers has been in a court of law when a trial connected with sewing-machines has been occupying the attention of grave judge and puzzled jury, he would have seen one part of the place filled with a miscellaneous heap of objects that looked like a selection from the stores of some great outfitter to all parts of the world. The manufacture of clothing for the army and navy, for poor-houses, and for emigrants, is greatly assisted by this invention; while as an industrial instrument in the hands of women, it is of exceeding value.

It will give some notion of the ingenuity expended upon contrivances for sewing by machinery, to state that in this country there have been about one hundred and eighty patents taken out since the beginning of the year 1853, in respect of inventions connected with this branch of art. Some of these patents are for modifications of a trifling nature, but others are in respect of important improvements. The essential features of all are, however, the same, and consist, firstly, of a needle suspended at the extremity of an arm, to which an up-and-down motion is communicated; and, secondly, of the apparatus for moving the article to be sewed in a direction at right angles to the motion of the needle. As the needle rapidly inserts a stitch, the cloth is moved regularly along at a speed which can be increased or diminished at will, and thus the length of the stitch can be governed so as best to suit the work on hand. Sewing-machines may be roughly classed as single-thread machines and double-thread machines. In the former, the thread, which passes through an eye near the point of the needle, is pushed through the cloth in the form of a loop, and a piece of apparatus stationed on the under-side of the cloth catches hold of this loop, and retains it until the needle, making another stroke, passes another loop through the preceding one. This latter loop is then caught hold off in the same way, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In the other class, two threads are employed. One of these is carried by the needle which is hung on the upper side of the cloth, and the other by some kind of device placed below the cloth. Sometimes, for instance, it is a shuttle which shoots the second thread through a loop of the first thread left by the needle after it has made its stroke, and has begun to ascend. Sometimes it is a second needle placed on the underside of the cloth, and bearing a thread which is passed in the form of a loop through the loop which has been brought through the cloth by the upper needle. In this way, loop is continually passing through loop. Some machines make very good work, but at a slow speed; others sew a strong seam, but at a large expenditure of thread; others, again, make a seam sufficiently strong for ordinary purposes, at a minimum expenditure of thread. In order to shew the great saving of labour which this machine effects, it may be stated that it has been ascertained by experiment that it can put in two hundred and forty stitches in a minute, whilst a fast sewer by hand can only make about forty-five stitches in the same space of time; and manufacturers assert, that one machine and three hands will do as much work as ten or twelve hands.

In America, from one reason or another, much greater enterprise has been displayed on the part of the manufacturers of sewing-machines than in this country. In Boston and other cities, companies have been formed, who have built large factories, where every part of the machine is made, put together, and sold to the public at a much cheaper rate than similar machines are sold for here. These companies have embarked a large capital in the business; each turns out many thousand machines in the course of a year, and each expends several thousand pounds in advertising alone. Directly or indirectly, they employ pedlers to itinerate from house to house—Sam Slicks in a new trade—for the purpose of impressing the inhabitants with the desirableness of buying machines,

and instructing them in their use. There is much competition between these companies, which keeps the price of the machines low, and they are in the habit of breaking ground in distant parts of the country, where they will carry on business at a loss for years before any profit is realised. So complete are some of these establishments, that they have called into counsel engineers and mechanics for the special purpose of constructing machinery and tools for making the separate pieces of which the sewing-machine is composed—special machinery for making special machinery—one end in view being that in each class of machine (for there are several classes), each part in one machine shall be an exact duplicate of the same part in another machine. The advantage of this arrangement is that, in the event of an injury to any particular part of a machine, which may be at work perhaps in a locality far distant from the seat of manufacture, a duplicate of that part needs only to be supplied, to make the machine just as effective as before. It will be easily conceived that very great nicety is required in the structure of the several parts, and the adaptation of one part to another, in order to obtain the proper co-operation of the whole, and the turning out of neat and good work.

The number of sewing-machines now in use in the United States of America amounts to several hundred thousand, and is rapidly increasing. Taking the saving to manufacturers at the low rate of five shillings a day for each machine, the saving on the whole number employed throughout the country must be enormous. From certain detailed computations recently made on the other side of the Atlantic, it appeared that the yearly saving in the city of New York alone, by the use of the machine, was upwards of a million and a half sterling; whilst in Massachusetts, in the manufacture of boots and shoes, the labour-value of its performance was another million and a half. In Great Britain, the number of machines in use is much smaller than in America, and probably does not exceed a few thousand. This result has proceeded partly from the great litigation that has been going on here for some years, which alarmed the persons who would otherwise have availed themselves of machines, and partly from the heavy royalties exacted by the owners of patents.

Like many other useful inventions of modern times, the sewing-machine was first brought to a practical shape on the other side of the Atlantic. Human labour is there so expensive, that ingenuity is ever on the stretch to substitute machine-work for hand-work. Hence a vast number of contrivances, some very simple, others as complex, for effecting by machinery what is elsewhere done by living forces.

Let us summon the inventor of this useful apparatus into court, and hear his story. His name is Elias Howe; he is a citizen of the United States of America, and a machinist. Speak up, then, Elias Howe, machinist, that we may hear what you have to say.

I commenced the invention of my sewing-machine as early as 1841, when I was twenty-two years of age. Being then dependent upon my daily labour for the support of myself and my family, I could not devote my attention to the subject during the working-hours of the day, but I thought upon it when I could, day and night. It grew upon me till, in 1844, I felt impelled to yield my whole time to it. During this period, I worked upon my invention mentally as much as I could, having only the aid of needles, and such other small devices as I could carry in my pockets, and use at irregular intervals of daily labour at my trade. I was then poor, but, with promises of aid from a friend, I thereafter devoted myself exclusively to the construction and practical completion of my machine. I worked alone in an upper room in my friend's house, and finished my first machine by the middle of May 1845. This was a period of intense and persistent application of all the powers I possessed to the practical embodiment of my mechanical ideas into a successful sewing-machine. I soon tested the practical success of my first machine, by sewing with it all the principal seams in two suits of clothes, one for myself, and one for my friend. Our clothes were as well as any made by hand-sewing.

I have my first machine still; and it will now sew as good a seam as any sewing-machine known to me. My first machine was described in the specification of my patent; and I then made a second machine, to be deposited as a model in the Patent Office. I then conveyed one-half of my invention and patent to my friend for 500 dollars: in fact, though a much larger sum (10,000 dollars) was named in the deed, on his suggestion. My patent was issued on the 10th of September 1846. I made a third machine, which I tried to get into use on terms satisfactory to myself and my friend. For this purpose, I endeavoured to attract notice to it by working with it in tailors' shops, and exhibiting it to all who desired to become acquainted with it. After my patent was obtained, my friend declined to aid me further. I then owed him about 2000 dollars; and I was also in debt to my father, to whom I conveyed the remaining half of my patent for 2000 dollars. Having parted with my whole title, and having no means for manufacturing machines, I was much embarrassed, and did not know what to do. My brother, Amasa B. Howe, suggested that my invention might succeed in England, where, if patented, it would be wholly under my control; and on my behalf, with means borrowed of my father, my brother took my third machine to England, to do the best he could with it. He succeeded in selling my machine and invention for L.200 in cash, and a verbal agreement that the purchaser should patent my invention in Great Britain in his own name; and if it should prove successful, to pay me L.3 royalty on each machine he made or sold under the patent. He also agreed to employ me in adapting my machine to his own kind of work at L.3 a week wages. The purchaser obtained a patent for my machine in England; and I went to London to enter his employment. I there made several machines with various modifications and improvements, to suit his peculiar kind of work, and they were put to immediate use; but afterwards we ceased to be friendly, and I was discharged from his employment. In the meantime my wife and three children had joined me in London. I had also, at the suggestion of another person, endorsed a L.100 note, on which I was afterwards sued and arrested; but I was finally released on taking the poor debtor's oath. By small loans from fellow-mechanics, and by pawning a few articles, I managed to live with my family in London until, from friendly representations from some American acquaintances, the captain of an American packet was induced to take my wife and children home to the United States upon credit. I was then alone, and extremely poor in a foreign land. My invention was patented and in successful use in England, but without any profit to me, and wholly out of my control. In the spring of 1849, I was indebted to a Scotch mechanic for a steerage passage, and I returned to the United States poorer if possible than when I left. On my return, I found my wife and children very destitute; all their personal effects, except what they had on, being still detained to secure the payment for their passage home. My wife was sick, and died within ten days after my arrival. During my absence in England, a considerable number of sewing-machines, embracing my invention, had been made and put into operation in different parts of the United States, some of them by the procurement of the friend to whom I had sold half my American patent, or under rights derived

from him, but most of them in infringement of my patent.

Having obtained an agreement from my father in the summer of 1849, to re-convey to me his half of my patent, I tried to induce the friend who held the other half to join me in prosecuting our rights against infringers, but he declined to do so. After failing to make any satisfactory settlement with infringers, who well knew my poverty and embarrassments, I filed a bill in equity against one of such persons, and made my friend a party defendant also, in order to bring him into court as co-owner of my patent. After this he joined me in a suit at law against another infringer. In this case, the validity of my patent was fully established by a verdict and judgment at law. After several transfers of the half-share sold to my friend, I purchased it back about five years ago; and I am now sole owner of my American patent.

Since the period that I became possessed once more of the whole of my patent, I have given my entire time and attention to the advancement of the sewing-machine business, and have endeavoured to co-operate with my licensees in supplying the American public with good machines at reasonable prices. Nearly all the time, there has been more or less litigation growing out of infringements, or out of entangled claims to rights under it. Since I was able, I have kept a private workshop with steam-power and tools, for the purpose of making and practically testing such experiments as were deemed likely to improve the best machines known, with a view to simplify their construction, increase their power and durability, and reduce their cost. I have endeavoured to keep myself thoroughly informed of the progress of the art of sewing by machinery in all its branches. I have freely aided other inventors in ways most desirable and useful to them in improving the art. I have never used my patent while under my control in the spirit of monopoly. Since 1844, my time, thoughts, and all the means I possessed, have been devoted to the improvement and introduction of my invention into use, so that the present generation as well as myself might receive the greatest possible benefit from it.

My patented machine consists of few parts, but these parts are of novel construction, combination, and arrangement. I believe that mine was the first automatic machine capable of sewing in the manner now universally adopted. It embodied, for the first time, in a single machine, all the parts required for properly holding the article to be sewed, and supplying it to the machine—feeding, as it is called, stitch by stitch, in such a manner that the stitches should be regularly spaced and set. With this was combined the mechanism for driving the needle through the cloth, and for drawing the thread to its proper state of tension, so as to make a firm seam. The mechanism thus combined, formed, to the best of my belief, the first machine capable of attaching two pieces of cloth together by means of stitches; and it has been the foundation of the art of sewing by machinery as it now exists. My invention, I consider, has been both the root and the trunk upon which all subsequent inventions have been ingrafted.

As to the English patent, I have hitherto failed to obtain any compensation for my invention from the person to whom I sold it, though, I am told, he has recovered heavy damages against infringers, and has already realised a large fortune from licences at a high royalty. And so, out of the United States, loss rather than profit has accrued to me from my invention, though it is a source of great profit to others. At the time when I obtained my patent, I was wholly inexperienced in business transactions of any kind; and I had no conception of the unscrupulous and artful practices of speculators and infringers. Of these practices, I have since had bitter experience. In all my litigation to enforce my patent against infringers, it has uniformly been sustained. It has never been successfully impeached in court, for want of novelty or any other cause, in any of my numerous suits.

My invention practically originated a new art—namely, sewing by machinery as a substitute for sewing by hand. It opened to inventors a new field, which they have eagerly cultivated, as the records of the Patent Office testify. It gave to machinists a new machine of general and permanent demand. It gave to needlewomen a new instrument of profitable labour, by which their condition has been greatly improved. It has, through subsequent improvements, and by being adapted to all kinds of sewing, secured to the world a new and efficient machine, whereby some of the most common and pressing wants of the public and of families are more cheaply and abundantly supplied. It has also given rise to several subsidiary trades, such as the manufacture and sale of machine-needles, and the manufacture and sale of machine-silk. Moreover, its utility is of a nature to increase with the progress of civilisation.

I do not fear contradiction when I say that my invention has, directly and indirectly, largely increased the wealth of the world. In the United States alone, thousands of persons, male and female, now find remunerative employment in the manufacture, sale, and use of sewing-machines. The capital invested in that business has been mostly created by that business, and now amounts to millions of dollars. Each sewing-machine in use is a productive agency, adding its daily product to the stock of public wealth.

And so closes Elias Howe's story. In its general features, it is marvellously like what other ingenious inventors have told the world: a story of talent and perseverance, embarrassed by every kind of difficulty, but working out a result that is a benefit to mankind, whilst bringing on its originator troubles and anxieties that might well break the stoutest spirit. It is, however, satisfactory to know, that in this case the inventor will not altogether lose his merited reward; for he has recently succeeded in procuring an extension of the term of his American patent, and will thereby, if life be spared, be the recipient of several thousands of pounds sterling per annum during the next seven years.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—SUSPICIOUS APPEARANCES.

The Indians came crowding around the corpse—both warriors and women. Their exclamations betokened no sympathy. Even the squaws looked on with unpitying aspect—though the victim was of their own race and sex. They knew she had been allied with their enemies; and had been witnesses of her savage assault upon *Maranee*, though ignorant of its motive. Some of them who had lost kindred in the strife, already stirred by grief and fury, were proceeding to insult the lifeless and mutilated remains—to mutilate them still more!

I turned away from the sickening sight. Neither the dead nor the living, that composed this ghastly tableau, had further interest for me.

My glance, wandering in search of other forms, first fell upon that of Wingrove. He was standing near, in an attitude that betokened extreme prostration of spirit. His head drooped forward over his breast; but his eyes were not directed to the ground: they were turned upward, gazing after a form that was passing away. It was that of the huntress. She had regained her horse; and was riding off, followed by the dog. She went slowly—as if irresolute both as to the act and the direction. In both, the horse appeared to have his will: the reins rested

loosely upon his withers, while his rider seemed wrapped in a silent abstraction.

I was hastening towards my Arab, with the design of joining her, when I saw that I was anticipated. Another had conceived a similar intention. It was Wa-ka-ra.

The young chief, still on horseback, was seen spurring out from the midst of his men, and guiding his war-steed in the direction taken by the huntress. Before I could reach my horse, he had galloped up, and falling into a gentler pace, rode on by her side.

I did not attempt to follow them. However ill-timed the interview, or whatever might be its object, it was not for me to interfere. Even had I risked the rudeness, the policy of doing so would have been doubtful; and it was chiefly this thought that restrained me. Somewhat chagrined at having my designs interrupted, I gave up the intention of mounting my horse, and turned back towards Wingrove.

As soon as I was near enough to read the expression upon his features, I saw that my chagrin was more than shared by him. An emotion of most rancorous bitterness was burning in the breast of the young backwoodsman. His glance was fixed upon the two forms slowly receding across the plain. He was regarding every movement of both with that keen concentrated gaze, which jealousy alone can give.

'Nonsense, Wingrove!' said I, reading the thoughts of his heart. 'Don't let that trouble you: there's nothing between them, I can assure you.'

Verily, I was not so confident in offering this assurance. For the Indian, I could not answer. Though he were the coldest of his continent race—as bronze or marble—he could scarcely fail to be stirred by the contemplation of such a companion? There might be nothing on *her* side? and yet, withal, the Utah chief was a splendid specimen of humanity: to all appearance, and by all accounts, noble and chivalric—certainly brave and handsome—with a figure scarcely surpassed by that of Phœbus, and features that, even under the spoiling of the war-paint, proclaimed their elegant outlines. And this maiden of acute perceptions—herself a *sang-mêlée*—of strong passions and powers—might she not have perceived these high qualities? Might she not have looked upon them with predilection? But for the love-scene lately enacted, I should have regarded an affirmative answer to the question as not only possible, but probable. Even now, as I looked after the two forms, and noted the bearing of the savage chief, as in close converse, he bent gallantly over to the ear of his beautiful *protégée*—while she, on her part, seemed less to droop with despondence—I could almost fancy a relationship between them fatal to the peace of my companion.

But no—no! The scene, I had so lately witnessed between her and Wingrove, was wreathed with acts and expressions of still greater endearment. The fond clasp of the hands—the love-light burning in the eyes of both, plainly mutual and reciprocal—were proofs of a true attachment—one that the veriest coquette could not have shaken off in such hasty fashion. Impossible! The scenes might, and did, present a certain similarity; but both could not be genuine?

Poor Wingrove! It was not in his power to reason thus—no more than in that of any other circumstanced as he. The lover's heart may be wrung by doubts—even before the echoes of the affirming oath have ceased to vibrate on his ear!

'It 's kind o' you, capt'n,' rejoined he; 'but arter all that 's passed, I don' know what to think. If she 's false arter that, an' wi' an Indyen too, by Heaven, I 'd feel like killin' o' her! oh!'

A groan followed the hypothetical threat.

'Come, comrade! calm your passion. There 's nothing whatever to justify your suspicions—on *her* side, I am sure of it: she has herself told me so.'

'Sure, capt'n, she kudn't love both o' us?'

I could not help smiling at the question—uttered as it was in a tone of innocent but earnest appeal. I hastily replied in the negative.

'She hes but this minnit told me she loved me; said it, an' wud a swore to it, if I hed liked. I war as happy as the flowers o' May: for it war the first time she iver said that wi' her own lips; an' jest look now!—look yonder!'

With the shadow deepening more darkly on his brow, he nodded towards those of whom we were speaking. Certainly the spectacle was enough to excite the suspicions of a less jealous lover—if not to justify them. Both the equestrians had halted at a distant part of the plain. They were not so distant, but that their attitudes could be told. They still remained on horseback; but the horses were side by side, and so near each other, that the bodies of their riders appeared almost touching. The head of the chief was bent forward and downward; while his hand appeared extended from his side, as if grasping that of the huntress!

It was a fearful tableau for a lover to contemplate—even at a distance; and the white lips, clenched teeth, and quick irregular beating of Wingrove's heart—perfectly audible to me as I stood beside him—told with what terrible emotions the picture was inspiring him.

I was myself puzzled at the attitude of the Utah chief—as well as the silent complaisance with which his attentions appeared to be received.

It certainly had the seeming of gallantry—though I was loath to believe in its reality. In truth I could not give credence to such a thought. It was not human nature—not even woman's—to play false in such *sans façon*.

The appearance must certainly be a deception?

I was endeavouring to conjecture an explanation, when a moving object attracted my attention. It was a horseman who appeared upon the plain, beyond where the huntress and the chief had halted. To our eyes, he was nearly in a line with them—approaching down the valley from the upper cañon—out of which he had evidently issued. He was still at a considerable distance from the other two; but it could be seen that he was coming on at full gallop and straight towards them. In a few moments, he would be up to where they stood.

I watched this horseman with interest. I was in hopes he would keep on his course, and interrupt the scene that was annoying myself, and torturing my companion.

I was not disappointed in the hope. The hurrying horseman kept straight on; and having arrived within a few paces of the ground occupied by the others, he drew his horse to a halt.

At the same instant, the Utah chief was seen to separate from his companion; and riding up to the stranger, appeared to enter into conversation with him.

It had the show of being some matter of interest or secrecy between them: since they remained apart, as if in earnest converse.

After some minutes had elapsed, the chief faced round to the huntress; and apparently giving utterance to some parting speech, headed his horse towards the butte, and along with the stranger, came galloping downward.

The huntress kept her place; but I saw her dismount, and stoop down over the dog, as if caressing him.

I resolved to seize the opportunity of speaking with her alone; and, bidding Wingrove to wait for my return, I once more hastened towards my horse.

Perhaps I should encounter the chief on the way? perhaps he might not exactly like the proceeding? But Marian must be communicated with upon something besides matters of love; and my honest intention

rendered me less timid about any idle construction the savage might please to put upon my conduct.

Thus fortified, I leaped to the back of my steed, and hurried off upon my errand.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A FRESH ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

As we rode in counter-directions, I met the chief almost on the instant. I was slightly surprised that he passed, without taking notice of me! He could not fail to guess whither I was going: as I was heading straight for the huntress; and there was no other object to have drawn me in that direction. He did not even appear to see me! As he passed at a rapid pace, his eyes were bent forward upon the butte, or turned towards the horseman who galloped by his side. Perhaps the communication which the latter had just made to him was absorbing his thoughts? This might account for his indifference to the movement I was making?

The strange horseman was an Indian. From the absence of the war-costume, I could tell he had not been engaged in the late conflict, but had just arrived from some distant journey—no doubt, a messenger who brought news. His jaded horse and dusty garb justified this conjecture.

Equally desirous of shunning an encounter, I passed the two horsemen in silence, and kept on my course.

As I drew near to the huntress-maiden, I was speculating on the reception I might expect, and the explanation I ought to give. How would she receive me? Not with much grace, I feared; at all events, not till she should hear what I had to say. The ambiguous and ill-timed appearance of the Chicasaw, combined with the sinister and dramatic incident which followed, must have produced on her mind eccentric and erroneous impressions. The effect would naturally be to falsify, not only the protestations of her lover, but my own testimony borne in his behalf, and indeed all else she had been told. It was not difficult to predict an ungracious reception.

As I approached, she gave over caressing the dog; and sprang to the back of her horse. I was in fear that she would ride off, and shun me. I knew I could easily overtake her; but a chase of this nature would scarcely have been to my liking. She seized hold of her bridle, and for a moment seemed irresolute; but curiosity as to what I might have to communicate—perhaps some stronger feeling—at length usurped the sway: the rein dropped from her fingers, and in an attitude of listless indifference she awaited my approach.

Even after I had ridden up to her side, she gave neither glance nor gesture of recognition; but, murmuring some words of endearment to the dog, appeared to be alone interested in the movements of the animal!

'Marian Holt!' I said in a tone of gentle remonstrance, 'your suspicions are unjust—I have come to offer you an explanation'——

'I need none,' interrupted she in a quiet voice, but without raising her eyes. A gentle wave of her hand accompanied the words. I thought both the tone and the gesture were repellent; but soon perceived that I was mistaken.

'I need none,' she repeated, 'all has been explained.'

'Explained! How?' I inquired taken by surprise at the unexpected declaration.

'Wa-ka-ra has told me all.'

'What!—of Su-wa-nee?'

A gesture of assent was the answer.

'I am glad of this. But Wa-ka-ra! how knew he the circumstances?'

'Partly from the Mexican, to whom your people have communicated them—partly from the captive Arapahoes. Enough—I am satisfied.'

'And you forgive Wingrove?'

'Forgiveness now lies upon his side. I have not only wronged him by my suspicions, but have reviled him. I deserve his contempt. *I* can scarcely hope to be forgiven.'

Light had broken upon me—bright light it was for Wingrove! The suspicious *duetto* with the Utah chief was explained. Its innocence was made further manifest, by what came under my eyes at the moment. On the arm that was raised in gesture, I observed a strip of cotton wound round it above the wrist. A spot of blood appeared through the rag.

'Ha! you are wounded?' said I, noticing the bandage.

'It is nothing—merely a scratch made by the point of the knife. Wa-ka-ra has bound it up. It still bleeds a little, but it is nothing.'

It was the *rôle* of the surgeon, then, the chief had been playing when seen in that suspicious attitude! More light for Wingrove!

'What a fiend!' I said, my reflection directed towards Su-wa-nee. 'She deserved death!'

'Ah—poor unfortunate wretch! it was a terrible fate; and whether she deserved it or not, I cannot help feeling pity for her. I would to God it had been otherwise; but this faithful companion saw the attempt upon my life; and when any one attacks me, nothing can restrain him. It is not the first time he has protected me from an enemy. Ah me! mine has been a life of sad events—at least the last six months of it.'

I soon rescued her from these gloomy reflections. I foresaw the termination of her troubles. Their end was near. Words of cheer were easily spoken. I could promise her the forgiveness of her lover; since I knew how freely and promptly that would be obtained.

'Ah, Marian,' I said, 'a bright future is before you. Would that I could say as much for myself—for your sister Lilian!'

'Ha!' exclaimed she, suddenly excited to an extreme point of interest, 'tell me of my sister—you promised to do so? Surely *she* is not in danger?'

I proceeded to reveal everything—my own history—my first interview with Lilian—my love for her, and the reasons I had for believing it to be returned—the departure from Tennessee with the Mormon—our pursuit of the train, and capture by the Indians—in short, everything that had occurred, up to the hour of my meeting with herself. I added my suspicions as to the sad destiny for which her sister was designed, which my own fears hindered me from concealing.

After giving way to those natural emotions, which such a revelation was calculated to excite, the huntress-maiden suddenly resumed that firmness peculiar to her character; and at once entered with me into the consideration of some plan by which her sister might be saved from a fate, which her own experience told her could be no other than infamous.

'Yes!' cried she, giving way to a burst of anguish, 'too well know I the design of that perjured villain. O father! lost—dishonoured! O sister! bartered—betrayed! Alas! poor Lilian!'

'Nay—do not despair!—there is hope yet. But we must not lose time. We must at once depart hence, and continue the pursuit.'

'True—and I shall go with you. You promised to take me to my home? Take me now where you will—anywhere that I may assist in saving my sister. Merciful Heaven! She, too, in the power of that monster of wickedness!'

Wingrove wildly happy—at once forgiving and forgiven—was now called to our council. The faithful Sure-shot was also admitted to the knowledge of everything: for we might stand in need of his efficient arm.

We found an opportunity of conferring apart from the Indians—for the *scalp-dance* now engrossed their whole attention; and, withdrawing some distance from the noisy ceremony, we proceeded to discuss the

possibility of rescuing Lilian Holt from the grasp of that knave into whose power the innocent girl had so unprotectedly fallen.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

PLANNING AN ABDUCTION.

Our deliberations occupied but a brief time. I had already considered the subject in all its bearings; and arrived at the conviction, that there was only one course to be followed, by which Lilian's safety could be secured—that is, her *abduction* from the Mormon train.

In this opinion her sister fully agreed. She knew it would be idle to expect that the wolf would willingly yield up his victim; and the painful thought was pressing upon her that even her own father, hoodwinked by the hypocrites that surrounded him, might reject the opportunity of saving his child! He would not be the only parent, who, blinded by this abominable delusion, has so sacrificed upon the unhallowed altar of Mormondom. Of this melancholy fact Marian was not ignorant. Her unhappy journey across the great plains had revealed to her many a strange incident—many a wicked phase of the human heart.

All agreed that Lilian must be taken from the Mormons, either by force or by stealth. It must be done, too, before they could reach the Salt Lake city. Once upon the banks of the Transatlantic Jordan, these pseudo-saints would be safe from the interference of their most powerful enemies. There the deed of abduction would be no longer possible; or, if still possible, *too late*.

Was it practicable elsewhere—upon the route? and how was it to be effected? These were the questions that occupied us.

There were but three men of us: for the Irishman, now completely *hors de combat*, must be left behind. True, the huntress-maiden, who had declared her determination to accompany us, might well be counted as a fourth—in all four guns. But what would four guns avail against more than ten times the number? Wingrove had learned from the wretched Chicasaw that there were a hundred men with the Mormon train. It was idle, therefore, to think of an abduction by force. That would have been sheer quixotism—only to end fatally for all of us.

And was it not equally idle to dream of an abduction by stealth?

Verily, it seemed so. How were we to approach this Mormon host—how enter their camp, guarded as it would be by the jealous vigilance of lynx-eyed villains? By day, it would be impossible; by night, hazardous, and equally impracticable for our purpose. We could not join company with these clannish emigrants without offering some excuse. What pretext could we put forward? Had we been strangers to them, we might have availed ourselves of some plausible story—but unfortunately it was not so. All of us, except Sure-shot, would be known to their leader. My presence, however unexpected, would at once proclaim my purpose to this keen-witted knave; and as for Marian Holt, hers would be a position of positive danger—even equalling that in which her sister was now placed. Stebbins could *claim* her—if not by a true husband's right, at least by the laws of Mormon matrimony; and of course by those laws would the case be judged in a Mormon camp—the apostle himself being their interpreter!

The hope which I had built upon the prospect of an alliance with Marian was, that by her intercession Lilian might be induced voluntarily to make her escape—even, if necessary, *from her father!*

I had conceived the hope too hastily—without dwelling upon the danger to Marian herself. This was now evident to Wingrove and myself. Marian, therefore, could not enter the Mormon camp. We did not dream of submitting her to a danger that might too probably conduct to a double sacrifice—two victims instead of one.

Our thoughts now turned upon the ex-rifleman. He was the only one of us unknown to the leader of the Mormons, and to Holt himself. To Sure-shot our hopes were transferred. He might join the train on some pretext—the rest of us remaining at a distance? By his agency, a communication might be effected with Lilian herself; the proximity of her sister made known; the perils of her own situation—of which no doubt the young creature was yet entirely ignorant. Her scruples overcome by a knowledge of her own danger, she would herself aid in contriving a plan of escape?

For such a purpose, Sure-shot was the man—adroit, crafty, courageous.

It may be wondered why in this emergency we had not thought of Wa-ka-ra: surely he could have given us effective aid? With his mounted warriors, he could soon have overtaken the Mormon train, surrounded it, and dealt out the law to its leader.

We knew all this, and *did* think of Wa-ka-ra. We thought of appealing to him, and had not yet given up the design. But we had already learned the improbability of our appeal being acted upon. Marian had interpreted to us the views of the Utah chief in relation to the Mormons. These wily diplomatists had, from their first settlement in the Utah territory, courted the alliance of Wa-ka-ra and his band. They had made much of the warlike chief—had won his confidence and friendship—and at that hour the closest intimacy existed between him and the Mormon prophet. For this reason, Marian believed it would require a stronger motive, than mere personal friendship, to make him act as their enemy.

'Perhaps,' thought I, 'in this he *may* have a stronger motive. Or has the Utah chief so long contemplated his fair *protégée* only with the eye of *friendship?* If so, his heart must be colder than the snow shining on yonder summit!'

I gave not utterance to these thoughts. The last hypothesis was partially true. The first and second, as I afterwards learned, were erroneous. Fortunate for Frank Wingrove that they were so!

In such an important enterprise no chance should be left untried. I was determined none should be; and therefore incited Marian to make the appeal to the Utah chief. She consented.

It was worth the experiment. Should the answer prove favourable, our difficulties would soon disappear, and we might hope for a speedy success. If otherwise, our prospects would still be the same—no worse: for worse they could scarcely be.

Marian left us, and proceeded on her errand to the chief. We saw him withdraw from the ceremonies, and, going apart, engage with her in what appeared an earnest and animated conversation. With hopeful hearts we looked on. Wingrove was no longer jealous. I had cured him with a hint; and the bandaged arm of his betrothed had explained the delicate attentions, which the Indian had been seen to bestow upon her.

The dialogue lasted for ten minutes—the speakers at intervals glancing towards us; but we knew the theme, and patiently awaited the issue.

It was soon to be declared to us. We saw the chief wave his hand—as a signal that the conversation was ended; and the speakers parted. Wa-ka-ra walked back among his warriors, while Marian was seen returning towards us.

We scrutinised her countenance as she approached, endeavouring to read in it what our wishes dictated—an affirmative to our appeal. Her step was buoyant, and her glance, if not gay, at least not one that betokened disappointment. We were unable to determine, however, until her words declared the answer of the chief.

As Marian had anticipated, he could not consent to act openly against the Mormons; but the tale had enlisted his sympathy; and he had even suggested a plan by which we might carry out our design without his interference. It was this: The horseman that had just arrived was a messenger from the Mormons. Unable to find the Coochetopa Pass, they were still encamped in the great valley of San Luis, on the banks of the Rio del Norte. The only one of them who had been across the plains before was their leader—Stebbins of course—and he, having gone by the Cherokee trail and Bridger's Pass, was entirely unacquainted with the route they were now following. They were in need of a guide; and having encountered the Indian at this crisis, and learned that he belonged to the band of Wa-ka-ra—not far off, as the man informed them—they had despatched him to the Utah chief, with a request that the latter would furnish them with a guide, and two or three of his best hunters.

Before Marian had ended her explanation, I had divined the scheme. We were to personate the guide and hunters. That was the suggestion of the Utah chief.

It was perfectly feasible. Nothing can be easier than to counterfeit the semblance of the American Indian. The colour of the skin is of no consequence. Ochre, charcoal, and vermilion make red man and white man as like as need be; and for the hair, the black tail of a horse, half covered and confined by the great plumed bonnet, with its crest dropping backward, is a disguise not to be detected. The proud savage doffs his eagle plumes to no living man; and even the most intrusive Mormon would not dare to scrutinise too closely the *coiffure* of a Utah Indian.

The plan was rendered further practicable by a new and able ally enlisting himself into our ranks. This was the brave trapper, 'Peg-leg,' who, from a hint given him by the Utah chief, volunteered to act as the guide. The Mexican had already conceived an instinctive antipathy towards the Mormon 'hereticos;' and we might rely upon his fidelity to our cause. The scheme exactly suited the eccentric character of this singular man; and he entered upon his duties *con amore* and at once.

By his assistance we soon procured the required costumes and pigments; but neither were to be 'put on' in the presence of the Utahs. It was necessary that their chief should not be compromised by a too conspicuous 'intervention.'

The friendly chief had hinted a further promise to Marian—even an open interference in our favour—should that become necessary. He would follow close after the Mormon train; and should our design prove a failure, might then *use his influence* on our behalf!

This would have been the best news of all. With such a prospect, we should have had little to fear for the result; but alas! before leaving the ground, an incident occurred that threatened to prevent the Utah chief from fulfilling that promise, however formally he might have made it.

CHAPTER XC.

PROTECTOR AND PROTÉGÉE.

The incident referred to was the arrival of a scout, who, after the conflict, had followed upon the trail of the Arapahoes. This man brought the intelligence that the scattered enemy had again collected—that, while fleeing from the *rout*, they had met with a large war-party of their own tribe—accompanied by another of their allies, the Cheyennes; that both together formed a band of several hundred warriors; and that they were now marching towards the valley of the Huerfano—to take revenge for the defeat which the Red-Hand had sustained!

This unexpected news brought the scalp-dance to an abrupt termination; and changed the whole aspect of the scene. The women, with loud cries, rushed towards their horses—with the intention of betaking themselves to a place of security; while the warriors looked to their arms—determined to make stand against the approaching foe.

It was not expected that the enemy would make their attack at once; certainly not before night, and perhaps not for days. The preparations to receive them were therefore entered upon with all the coolness and deliberation that attack or defence might require.

The encounter eventually came off; but it was only afterwards that I learned the result. The Utahs were again victorious. Wa-ka-ra in this affair gave another proof of his strategic talent. He had made stand by the butte, but with only half of his warriors—distributed in such a manner as to appear like the whole band. These, with their rifles, could easily defend the mound against the arrows of the enemy; and did so, during an assault that lasted for several hours. Meanwhile, the other half of his band had been posted upon the bluffs, hidden among the cedars; and, descending in the night, they had stolen unexpectedly upon the allied forces, and attacked them in the rear. A concerted sortie from the mound had produced complete confusion in the ranks of their enemies; and the Utahs not only obtained a victory, but 'hair' sufficient to keep them scalp-dancing for a month.

As I have said, it was afterwards that these facts came to my knowledge. I have here introduced them to shew, that we could no longer depend on any contingent intervention on the part of the Utah chief; and we were therefore the more keenly conscious that we should have to rely upon our own resources.

The Utahs shewed no wish to detain us. They felt confident in their own strength, and in the fire-weapons—which they well knew how to use—and, after thanking their friendly chief for the great service he had rendered us, and confiding our wounded comrade to his care, we parted from him without further ceremony.

I witnessed not his parting with Marian. Between them there was an interview, but of what nature I could not tell. The huntress had stayed behind; and the rest having ridden forward, no one of us was present at that parting scene. There may have been a promise that they should meet again: for that was expected by all of us; but whether there was, or what may have been the feelings of the Indian at parting with his pale-faced *protégée*, I was not to know.

It was difficult to believe that the young chief could have looked so long on that face, so beautifully fair, without conceiving a passion for its possessor! It was equally difficult to believe, that if this passion existed, he would have thus surrendered her to the arms of another! An act so disinterested would have proved him noble indeed—the Rolla of the North!

If the passion really did exist, I knew there could be no reciprocity. As Marian galloped up, and gazed in the eyes of the handsome hunter—now entirely her own—her ardent glance told, that Wingrove was the proud possessor of that magnificent maiden.

In volunteering to be one of our party, Marian was submitting herself to a fearful risk. That of the rest of us was trifling in comparison. In reality, we risked nothing, further than the failure of our plans; and a certain punishment, if taken in the act of abduction. But even for this the Saints would scarcely demand our lives—unless in hot blood we should be slain upon the instant.

Her position was entirely different. The Mormon apostle, whether false husband or real, could and would claim her. There was no law in that land—at all events, no power—to hinder *him* from acting as he should please; and it was easy to foresee what would be his apostolic pleasure. The very presence of

Wingrove would stimulate him to a terrible revenge; and should her Indian disguise be detected, Marian might look forward to a fate—already deemed by her worse than death.

She was sensible of all this; but it did not turn her from her determination. Her tender affection for Lilian—her earnest desire to save her sister from the peril, too plainly impending, rendered her reckless about her own; and the bold girl had formed the resolution to dare everything—trusting to chance and her own strong will, for the successful accomplishment of her purpose.

From that purpose, I no longer attempted to dissuade her. How could I? Without her aid, my own efforts might prove idle and fruitless. Lilian might not listen to *me?* Perhaps that secret influence, on which I had so confidently calculated, might exist only in a diminished degree? Perhaps it might be gone for ever? Strange to say, though I had drawn some sweet inferences from those neglected flowers, every time the *bouquet* came back to my memory, it produced a palpable feeling of pain! He who so cunningly sued, might hope for some measure of success? And she, so sweetly solicited—more dangerous than if boldly beset—had her heart withstood the sapping of such a crafty besieger? *My* influence might indeed be gone; or if a remnant of it still existed, it might not turn the scale against that of her father—that fearful father! What should he care for one child, who had already abetted another to her shame?

Possessed by these thoughts, then, I tried not to turn Marian from her purpose. On the contrary, I now rather encouraged it. On her influence with Lilian I had now placed my chief reliance. Without that I should have been almost deprived of hope.

It might turn out that Lilian no longer loved me. Time, or absence, may have inverted the *stylus* upon the tender page of her young heart; and some other image may have become impressed upon its yielding tablet? If so, my own would sorely grieve; but even if so, I would not that hers should be corrupted. She must not be the victim of a villain, if my hand could hinder it!

'No, Lilian! though loved and lost, I shall not add to the bitterness of your betrayal. My cup of grief will be bitter enough without mingling in it the gall of revenge.'

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ST CYR.

Françoise d'Aubigné, the prison-child of Niort; the little Calvinist disputant of the Urseline convent; *La belle Indienne* of Scarron's *Hôtel de l'Impecuniosté;* the poor pensionless widow, who vainly sued for aid from the hand destined to make her queen of France in all but name—has been but harshly treated by historians. She was not by any means that compound of atheism, profligacy, hypocrisy, cunning, and cruelty described in their pages. The young and beautiful wife of an old decrepit cripple, whose face she could see only by going down on her knees, she presided over the gay assemblies that met beneath the satirist's roof without a whisper being breathed against her fair fame, without causing the abbé a moment's regret at his seemingly incongruous marriage. As Madame de Maintenon, she earned the gratitude of the queen, the respect of the royal family, the favour of the pope. Foreign princes sought her friendship; the poor, her protection. To her, posterity has attributed the religious persecutions disgracing the reign of Louis the Great, with much injustice; she was herself tolerant in the extreme, and only ceased to oppose extreme measures when she found her opposition fruitless and unavailing. The ruling passion of her life was ambition for praise, to obtain which was her great object from the days of her childhood; her dress, manners, conversation, and actions being all regulated with a view to winning the applause of those around her. Even her charities were tainted with this vanity, and her untiring interest in the school of St Cyr was perhaps not a little sustained by its continually ministering to the master-passion of her mind.

When Turenne was making the name of *Le Grand Monarque* a terror in Europe, wounded officers might be seen begging at the palace-gates of Versailles. War might glorify their names, but it maimed their bodies, and emptied their purses. The country became so impoverished, that the poorer gentry and nobility thought themselves fortunate if they could feed and clothe their children; to educate them was out of the question. To mitigate the evil, one Madame de Brinon, an Urseline nun, and her sister established a school at Montmorency for the reception of the daughters of decayed noblemen and gentlemen. They soon found the expenses outstrip their limited means; and shortly after the widow Scarron had assumed the name of Madame de Maintenon, her assistance was entreated in behalf of the infant charity. The king's wife responded heartily to the appeal, opening her purse, visiting the school, and finally purchasing a house at Rueil, furnishing it appropriately, and handing it over to Madame de Brinon, with a liberal supply of clothing for her pupils.

The private resources of Madame de Maintenon, however, soon proved inadequate to the ever-increasing demands made upon them. As a matter of course, she applied to Louis himself, and so effectually pleaded the cause of her young protégées, that a portion of the newly purchased estate of Noisy, near Versailles, was devoted to their service. A handsome edifice, containing spacious rooms and a beautiful chapel, and surrounded by pleasant gardens, was erected by Le Notre at a cost of 30,000 livres. The objects of this liberality took possession of their new home in February 1684. They were now divided into classes, distinguished by wearing ribbons of yellow, red, green, and blue at the waist and in the hair, study and needlework having the working-hours divided equally between them. Madame de Maintenon took an active part in the direction of the young ladies; she taught them the mysteries of court etiquette, lectured them on their toilets, superintended the cooking, and waited upon the sick. The new school became the talk of the court circle; fine ladies set the fashion of visiting Noisy; and at last the king himself honoured the place with his presence. When he entered the hall in which the girls were assembled, discipline so far prevailed over feminine curiosity, that not one pupil turned her head to look at the royal party. This so pleased the monarch, that he determined to place the institution upon a secure foundation, increase its efficiency, and make it worthy of himself and France.

A third removal was decided upon, the site selected being the village of St Cyr, some three miles from the palace, where an estate was purchased for 90,000 livres. The building of the house and the arrangement of the grounds were confided to Mansard, who completed his part at an expense of 1,400,000 livres. The furniture, tapestry, curtains, and decorations, harmonising with the colours of the classes to which the several apartments were appropriated, entailed a further outlay of 150,000 livres. The establishment was henceforth to be known as the Royal House of St Cyr, and was endowed with a revenue of 150,000 livres, which was subsequently increased to 180,000. The inmates of the new institution were limited to a superior—elected every three years—thirty-six nuns, twenty-four novices, and two hundred and fifty girls of noble birth. The latter were admitted between the ages of seven and eleven, and allowed to remain until they attained their twentieth year, dowries being provided for them, in case they entered

the matrimonial state upon leaving the school. It was wished that the scholars should be fitted for an active life in the world, rather than for the retirement of a convent. Madame de Brinon, created superior for life, drew up the regulations, being assisted by Madame de Maintenon; the king himself revised them; and they were finally submitted for approval to a council consisting of the Bishop of Chartres, the Père de la Chaise, Racine, Boileau, and the Abbé Gobelin.

As soon as the place was ready for their reception, the ladies were conveyed there in procession, preceded by priests bearing the cross, and chanting the *Veni Creator*, with the Royal Guards for their escort; and a medal was struck in commemoration of the induction of the girls into what they thought an earthly paradise.

Madame de Maintenon, for whose use certain rooms were especially reserved, often took refuge at St Cyr from the dreary round of court gaiety; here came her penitent rival, Madame de Montespan, to ask her advice, and to receive the rite of confirmation. Madame de Maintenon was the ruling spirit of the house; her will was law within its walls, the inmates looking up to her with reverence and affection. She inculcated devotion without austerity, insisted upon elegant simplicity in dress, and made the pupils cultivate correct orthography—an accomplishment even now despised in some aristocratic quarters. Voiture and Balzac were cited as models for epistolary exercises. Fearing the effect upon the mind of girlhood of reciting from the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, the latter poet was reluctantly persuaded by Madame de Maintenon to write a poem on a religious theme for the express use of the pupils of St Cyr. *Esther* was the result. To give éclat to the new drama, its first representation was to take place before the king. Madame employed the best Parisian taste and skill in providing the costumes, the scenery came from the royal painter's pencil, the music was performed by the musicians of the palace. The audience consisted of Louis, the Prince and Princess of Condé, and a very select party of the highest in the land. It was a great success, for which the poet returned thanks to Heaven in the school-chapel, on the conclusion of the performance. *Esther* became the rage. Representation after representation was given. Bossuet, Lamoignon, Madame de Coulanges, and Madame de Sevigné endorsed the favourable verdict. Bishops, priests, nobles, and ministers of state sacrificed the most urgent public or private affairs to be present at a performance. An invitation was a thing to be intrigued for. The king himself officiated as doorkeeper, and barred the entrance with his walking-cane; while the young actresses grew so enthusiastic in the matter, that they would fall on their knees behind the scenes, praying that their memories might not play them false, or their mimic powers desert them in the hour of need. Among the guests on the 5th of February 1689, were James II. of England and his queen. Fourteen days after, all amusements were suspended in consequence of the sudden death of the king's niece. The following year, *Esther* was frequently acted. At the king's desire, Racine attempted to follow up his success, and *Athalie* was produced, but under less favourable circumstances than its predecessor. Madame de Maintenon found that constant contact with the court, and the enjoyment of its plaudits and flatteries, made sad inroads upon the simplicity she wished her scholars to cultivate. In her anxiety, she would have put an end to the school theatricals altogether; to this, however, Louis would not listen, but met his wife half-way. The number of the audience was limited, and the magnificence of the costumes and properties abated. The select few allowed to sit in judgment on *Athalie* pronounced the piece to be cold and uninteresting. After this, no visitors at all were invited to see the performance at St Cyr, but at times the young ladies acted at Versailles. Yielding to Madame de Maintenon's influence, a total reaction soon afterwards set in: literary and intellectual pursuits were proscribed, religious books alone allowed to be read, jewellery and personal ornaments entirely forbidden, and regular confessors appointed. The natural consequence followed: in 1692, the school was formally changed into a convent of the order of St Augustine.

The nuns of the convent of St Cyr took their vows at the age of eighteen. Their lives were occupied in educating seventy orphan girls. Madame de Maintenon exhorted them in public, and advised them in private. She became unwittingly the cause of great scandal to the house. Being on terms of intimacy with Madame Guyon, that lady was allowed free intercourse with the nuns. Her piety and eloquence gave her great influence over them, and the most accomplished sisters speedily became converts to the doctrines of Quietism. Warned by the Bishop of Chartres, the king at once ordered the expulsion of Madame Guyon and the confiscation of her writings. Fenelon vainly plied all his eloquence in defending her tenets; Tronson, Bossuet, and the Bishop of Chalons were unanimous in condemnation; and the works of the advocate, as well as those of his client, were forbidden at St Cyr, whither Bossuet was despatched to eradicate the heresy. Three nuns alone withstood him. One was removed by a *lettre de cachet* to Grenoble, another to Chateaudun; the most logical of the three, Madame de la Maisonfort, was sent to Meaux, whence she corresponded with the most eminent men of the time, until becoming involved in the Jansenist controversy, she was removed to Argenteuil, to expiate her talent and unorthodox notions. The king forbade the House of St Cyr ever to open its doors to the offenders, and afterwards read the sisters such a lecture on the subject, that Quietism was heard of no more within its walls.

Louis XIV. seems to have regarded the scholars of the Royal House with a kind of fatherly affection. He never commenced a campaign without requesting 'the innocent girls' to pray for him and his cause; he never failed to inform them of his successes, that his 'angels of St Cyr' might return thanks to Heaven for the victory. When the young Princess of Savoy, betrothed at the age of eleven to the Duke of Burgundy, was committed to the care of Madame de Maintenon, she placed her in the care of the sisters of St Cyr. She remained in the convent until her marriage, being frequently visited by the king, who in its pleasant gardens became another man, as he strolled about its beautiful walks, or stopped to caress some pretty orphan. The fame of the institution for piety and charitable works spread throughout France; it stood high in favour with the church; the most famous prelates, following Fenelon's example, chose it as the scene of their consecration. Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Bossuet, and Massillon filled the pulpit of the chapel of St Cyr. The superiors of other convents were eager to obtain novices from its pupils, but Madame de Maintenon discouraged them entering, saying: 'I want sons-in-law.'

Condé and Turenne gone, their successors were no match for Marlborough and Eugene; victory deserted the standard of France, and the triumph of the cause of their king no longer alleviated the grief of the pupils of St Cyr for the loss of friends and relatives. Amidst his own anxious care, Louis yet found time to visit and console them. Then came famine and its horrors. All the ornaments possessed by the inmates of the convent were sold to relieve their sisters of Gomerfontaine: imitating the example of Madame de Maintenon, they confined themselves to oaten-bread, distributing the remainder of their food among the

poor. Death became busy among the friends of the House; the Bishop of Chartres, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy and their son, were lost to them in a short space of time—to be speedily followed by their great benefactor, Louis the Great. Ten days after his death, his unacknowledged wife wrote from St Cyr: 'I have seen the king die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire.' Here she lived, quietly occupying herself in prayer, teaching and conversing with the few friends whose visits she encouraged. Here she received a visit from Peter of Russia, curious to see her who had the reputation of having directed the actions of Louis XIV. for thirty years. She thus describes the interview: 'The Czar came after seven o'clock in the evening. He sat down by the head of the bed, and asked me if I was ill. I answered: "Yes." He inquired what my malady was. I replied: "Extreme old age." He seemed at a loss how to answer. His visit was brief. He drew the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me; you may be sure he was soon satisfied.' For four years, Madame de Maintenon lived in retirement. On the 15th of August 1719, after three hours' intense agony, the protectress of the House of St Cyr yielded up her life, and a cry of sorrow rang through the place. Every honour was paid to her remains: she was buried in the chapel, a slab of black marble marking her resting-place, and serving as a shrine at which young novices prayed before bidding a final adieu to the world; and before which departing maidens supplicated for strength to carry into their new life the maxims and principles inculcated within those precincts.

The new monarch did not forget the establishment. During his minority, he assured the ladies of his care and protection; the Regent also befriended them. The Infanta of Spain, betrothed to the young king, was placed under their care. When Maria Leczynthi took her place, she lost no time in making friends of the nuns of St Cyr. She loved to meditate in the garden of the convent; and etiquette not permitting him to visit her at Versailles, Stanislaus met his daughter there. When he became king of Poland, he chose St Cyr for his wife's residence, and there she remained for three years, receiving daily visits from the queen of France. But evil days were drawing nigh. Cardinal Fleury prevented the royal children being educated, as the queen wished, by the ladies of the House. Dysentery and consumption made sad havoc in its ranks. Louis XV. improved the drainage, repaired the buildings, and increased its income; but the precepts of the foundress were gradually forgotten; toleration gave way to bigotry; its conductors became grasping and avaricious, until they roused public jealousy at their wealth and endowments.

In 1769, the convent was visited by Horace Walpole, who pleasantly describes what he saw. 'The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber—the same in which the Czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered with bad pictures of the royal family. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark-blue damask. Everywhere else, the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extraordinary neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above, consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a queen. . . . . The young ladies, to the number of 250, are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same—the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green, or red, to distinguish their class; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour-distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered; their coiffures a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of cuff and tucker; in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs and forehead cloths, and very long trains. The chapel is plain, but pretty. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna.' (She fled to England at the Revolution, and died at Richmond in 1809.) 'The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross; her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty portraits. . . . . We were shewn some rich *reliquaires* and the *corpo santa* that was sent to her by the pope. We were then carried into the public rooms of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing us the choruses of *Athalie;* in another, they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress, but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. . . . . We went to their *apothicairerie*, where they treated us to cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours, we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon.'

Louis XVI. was exceedingly well disposed towards the House of St Cyr; the distribution of the royal charity was intrusted to its ladies. The Revolution brought destruction; confiscation after confiscation deprived them of their revenues, and at length the Legislative Assembly ordered its suppression, each inmate receiving twenty sous per league for her travelling expenses homewards. The second girl to obey this mandate was Marie Anne—sister of one Captain Bonaparte of the artillery, the future Emperor of the French—who left St Cyr with the future Princess of Lucca on the 2d September 1792. The remainder did not disperse for some months; and it was not till the 1st of May in the following year that the last nun breathed her prayers at the tomb of Madame de Maintenon, ere she left her loved home for ever. The convent was turned into a military hospital, and the body of its foundress disinterred by the soldiers, and thrown into the cemetery. When the house was given up to the College of the Pytanée Français in 1802, M. Crouzet removed the corpse of the once powerful royal favourite into the court beneath the apartments she occupied; erected a monument, and surrounded the grave with weeping-willows. Three years after, the college in its turn gave way to the Imperial Military School. General Dateil, its president, destroyed the memorial, put the body in a box, and stowed it away with some old lumber in a garret. For thirty years, it remained undisturbed, except by the rats. In 1837, Baraguay d'Hilliers obtained permission to erect a monument to the memory of Madame de Maintenon. The abused bones were carefully collected, and placed in an oaken box, with the remains of her original coffin, some spices, the heel of her shoe, an ebony cross, and some fragments of paper and parchment found in her first grave; and a black marble mausoleum erected over her remains, simply inscribed: 'Here lies MADAME

DE MAINTENON, 1635—1719.' With the name of its foundress ends most fittingly the chronicles of the Royal House of St Cyr.

THE SECOND-SIGHT OF MR JOHN BOBELLS.

IT was my privilege to pass that portion of last year which is generally assigned to summer, but which, on that occasion, was divided—the Poland of the seasons—by the other three great powers, among the rocks and lochs of Caledonia, in company with Mr John Bobells of the Stock Exchange. We sought the western wilds of that favoured country, not for the sake of shooting, of fishing, or of scenery, but for a thorough change. A change of 'hair' and a change of ''abits' was what, in the words of my metropolitan friend, his 'constitushun' wanted; and I am sure his necessities were supplied. Never on Highgate Hill, when standing with his hat in one hand, and his pocket-handkerchief in the other, had such a wind visited his perspiring brow as that which prostrated him on the highest summit of Ben Cruachan, and carried off his green umbrella into the Irish Sea. Mr Bobells ascribes his own non-accompaniment of that parachutic instrument solely to the ingenious device of sticking his toes and fingers into the earth, after the manner of tent-pegs, and suffering the tempest to do its worst with his coat-tails. At a later period of our excursion, when he had changed his 'abits so completely as to have adopted the kilt, his native modesty would not have permitted such an expedient, and there would have been, doubtless, the most injurious paragraphs in the English newspapers concerning the Highland chieftain who was blown off his property into the sea, with the usual disparaging remarks upon the natural disadvantages of estates in Scotland.

As it was once disrespectfully observed of Mr Bright, M.P., that although by art a Quaker, he was by nature designed to be an intrepid and successful prize-fighter, so it may be said of Mr John Bobells, that although circumstances had made him a stock-broker, with a Villa residence, he was characteristically adapted for the chieftainship of some indomitable clan. The ease—not to make use of such a term as avidity—with which he took to 'whusky,' went half-way to prove this; while the fact of his possessing legs which it was worse than prudery to conceal, went the other half. To have seen them get in and out of the 'bus that conveyed them from Lauristinum Lodge to the city, was merely to witness broadcloth upon a large scale; but to behold them in their unadorned beauty upon his native, or at least adopted heath, was a study for more than one sculptor at a time. The regret which that manly fellow exhibited in Edinburgh, which was the last place on our way home wherein he ventured to appear in that costume—at the Highland Games, and under the fanciful designation of 'the Waterproof'—was pathetic indeed. When he placed that airy suit aside for good, he gazed upon it with much such a wistful glance as Joan of Arc may have bestowed upon her masculine garb in prison. I never, indeed, saw any man take such a pride in his legs—each of which was exactly like a perpendicular section of a balustrade. The simple western people liked him for this attribute, and also, perhaps, because he was always ready to treat them to whusky. The drunken piper of Barilochara looked upon him and loved him—if his own assertion is to be credited—as his own son; a striking example of the strength of the domestic affections among a savage people; and the more singular, inasmuch as Mr Bobells himself was considerably older than the piper. This self-appointed parent undertook also the teaching Gaelic to his adopted offspring, and that painful task was prosecuted for hours every wet day, which in the West Highlands is equivalent to saying five days a week. The occasional skirls from the pipes, the animal noises from the man—for, whenever excited, he always screamed in his native tongue—and the struggles of my metropolitan friend to articulate so as to please his tutor, will not easily be effaced from my recollection. I will not sully this page with any attempt to set down in writing that piper's name, but although never able to pronounce it, or any resemblance to it, it will haunt me to my dying day; let it suffice to say that it was in a great number of syllables, and ended in a sound like a catherine-wheel. Bobells and he used to consume vast quantities of whusky during their educational course, and tutor and pupil would both sometimes (and the former always) take more than was good for them, or at least pleasant for other people. They would then quarrel hideously, the piper protesting that he would stab Mr John Bobells, and fumbling for that purpose in his stockings, in which curious receptacle he carried a sort of knife, and Bobells replying: 'Shtuffanonsensh,' and 'Gesh away, piper, gesh away,' in an authoritative and contemptuous tone. Eventually, however, they always parted friends; the professor of Gaelic expressing amity by some performance upon his instrument, intended to be of a eulogistic character, and the pupil disbursing a couple of shillings, the cost of each several lesson. When I once ventured to suggest, after witnessing one of these frightful scenes, that small as was the payment, the acquisition of such a tongue under such circumstances did not seem to be worth the money, Mr Bobells thus proceeded to set me right upon that subject: 'The Fraish,' observed he, impressively, 'is the language for convassasion, sir; the English, for oratory (and *such* a word as he made of oratory!); but the Galixer—the Galixer is that eshpeshally adapted for devoshanal purposhes.'

My metropolitan friend not only acquired the vernacular of the piper, but even a considerable portion of the superstition. There were places in the vicinity of Barilochara which were tabooed to him after nightfall, on account of certain massacres of the aborigines which had occurred there in old times. He was always in perturbation lest somebody or other should see his 'wraith' or 'fetch'—those sure precursors of dissolution—and besought me not to mention it, if I ever did see them. Towards the conclusion of our residence in the Highlands, Mr John Bobells sunk into a state of despondency from which whusky itself could but temporarily elevate him, and that only to leave him, afterwards, in a state of more complete prostration. For many days he refused to give me any explanation of his cheerless circumstances, but upon the last afternoon which we spent at Barilochara he did at length unbosom himself to me, as he had done long ago to the piper.

We had wandered out to our favourite haunt, the chapel by the sea, an ecclesiastical ruin of exceeding age, with a burial-ground quite disused, except by one or two great families, who preferred—much to the detriment of carriage-springs and wear of horse-flesh—to be brought to that inconvenient cemetery, in order that their bones might mingle with those of their ancestors. It was a solitary scene enough, with the retreating tide of the loch (which was an arm of the sea) almost at its lowest, and one or two white sea-birds hovering noiselessly about its muddy margin. The woods came down on either side of the bay to the very beach, except where stood the ruined sanctuary,

the mighty grave-stones of which were in many cases tilted up or broken across, so that a curious eye could detect the relics of mortality within them; but those inside the roofless chancel were still in good preservation, and protected by 'purgatorial rails' from all but the weeds, which cropped out abundantly over their greening effigies and mouldering brasses. After we had surveyed these things—by no means for the first time—and were sitting on the ruined jetty upon which the prow of many a funereal galley laden with its awful burden had grated in old times, while the coronach swelled over the loch, Mr John Bobells gave utterance to this deliberate sentiment: 'Ah, Harry, we must all die!'

'Your remark,' said I, 'is true, John, doubtless; but scarcely what may be called ingenious or novel.'

'I myself shall not long be here, friend,' continued Mr Bobells pathetically, and shaking his head as though to very slow music.

'No,' said I, for I was determined not to humour him; 'the coach starts at seven A.M. to-morrow, and we're booked through—railway and all—to Edinburgh: it will be a journey of eleven hours.'

'I am going a longer journey in a shorter time,' returned my friend, almost too epigrammatically for pathos; 'I'm booked for somewhere else, Harry; I feel it.'

'You have been taking some of that white wine this morning, John Bobells,' replied I, indignantly: 'you have been talking to that confounded piper lately. What Highland humbug has he been trying on with you now?'

'Hush, Harry, hush,' whispered the unhappy man, laying his hand upon my sleeve; 'don't say that—it's an uncanny word. Don't talk about humbug in an eery place like this, where the bones of the Macgilly wassell—— What's that?'

'It's the shadow of my umbrella, which I hope may never be less; you know you've lost yours, Bobells, haven't you? How hot it is! What with the mud there, and your friend the Macthingumbob lying yonder, I think this place must be unhealthy. Let us go.'

'Stop,' cried Bobells earnestly; 'I've something to say to you. I'd rather tell it here than anywhere. Listen to me, Harry; it is perhaps the last favour I shall ever ask of you.'

'I am glad of that, at all events,' remarked I contemptuously. 'What is it, John?'

'I have had a dream, Harry—a most awful dream; and one that never happens in these parts without something real to follow. I dreamed about this very place where we now are. I thought I saw a funeral procession, with a hearse preceding it, winding along to the kirkyard yonder. The faces of all the mourners were familiar to me, and you, Harry, were one of those who carried the pall. There was half the Stock Exchange there, in Highland costume, and almost every man whom I ever knew in my life. I went about, in my dream, from group to group, trying to find *myself*, who surely ought to have been there among so many friends. But I was *not* among them, Harry. Can you not guess? Do you not see at once where I must have been.'

'Of course,' said I, 'stupid; you must have been in bed.'

'Ah, but in my dream, in my spirit, I was *in that hearse*, Harry: I was the dead man himself!'

'How jolly it must have been then,' remarked I, cheerfully, 'when you woke and found that it was all rubbish; eh?'

'Hush, my friend; it was *not* rubbish,' returned Mr Bobells solemnly; 'it was a warning; it was what is called by some a "fetch," or ('By others a fiddlestick,' remarked I, but he took no notice) 'a peculiar species of second-sight that never fails. All the chieftains have it, the piper tells me, and thereby they know at once—no matter how physically well they may feel at the time—that they are going to die within six weeks.'

'That would be a capital time to insure one's life,' observed I. 'The English Companies, at all events, are not up to that yet: there are no questions asked about dreams in the office I belong to.'

'Don't laugh, Harry; you'll be sorry to have laughed a few weeks hence, perhaps. That is all I had to say; we will go now.'

And we went accordingly.

Inexplicable as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that my metropolitan friend did implicitly believe in this dream of his; and it was reducing him to so bad a state of health, that I began to dread its bringing its own fulfilment. As he lost all appetite for food, too, his taste for whusky seemed to increase; and from having been a temperate and well-conducted stock-broker, he bade fair, in time, to point the moral and adorn the tale of the Total Abstinence Society by one more 'shocking example.' The air of the Highlands, to which he had originally attributed this attachment, was not a whit less to be blamed in this respect than that of Edinburgh, where the doomed victim of second-sight astonished the natives themselves by his gifts and capabilities. No little coolness ensued between my friend and myself by reason of this his weakness, and I went my own way for the most part, while we sojourned at Edina's darling seat, and Mr Bobells went—or rather staggered—his.

One night I was sitting up at our hotel awaiting his return from a dinner-party at Newington—where I had myself declined to be present, and from which I hoped, but scarcely expected, that the English guest would come back sober—when I was startled by shrieks of laughter in the hall. A grotesque yet rather terrible spectacle there awaited me. A hearse with its nodding plumes and sable steeds was backing towards the porch, in order that its ghastly cargo might be more conveniently taken out or put in. Several undertakers' men, most of them intoxicated, and all of them in the highest spirits, surrounded the little door of the vehicle, in order to receive—the body. It was that of Mr John Bobells, 'uncoffined, unannealed,' but perfectly well dressed in the latest style of evening costume. The severe jolting he had received as inside passenger, during a very rapid transit, had a good deal sobered him, and he was quite aware of the position in which he found himself—the central figure of a grand torch-light funeral—without the least idea as to how he got there. The fact was, that tacking about Newington, in a vain endeavour to get to Princes Street, he had hailed what he thought was an omnibus, but was in reality a return-hearse; and the driver and assistants being in the state of exhilaration which invariably belongs to that class of persons when they have performed their lugubrious offices, and are clinging to the plumes on their way home, his request was complied with. Was he for inside, or out? was all they asked him, and upon his replying 'Inshipashenger,' they put him inside.

When we got to our private room, I said: 'John Bobells, are you not ashamed of yourself? How will you ever hold up your head again?'

'My dear fellow,' answered he, 'I am delighted beyond measure at what has occurred, although I intend never more to touch that insidious liquid. If I had not been tipsy, I should not have wanted an omnibus; if I had not wanted an omnibus, I should not have taken a hearse; if I had not taken a hearse, a hearse must within a very short period have taken me. Now, you see, there is no necessity for my demise at all. My dream is fulfilled. The piper affirmed that I should be in my hearse within six weeks, and *the piper was right*. The great purposes of second-sight have been therefore satisfactorily accomplished.'

Mr John Bobells did *not* die, according to

expectation, but gave up whisky, took to trousers, and has become once more a decent member of the Stock Exchange.

THE GYPZI IN AFRICA.

In the year 1837, a young German missionary set out for Abyssinia, having in view, as the object of his life, the conversion to Christianity of such of the heathens of Eastern Africa as he could prevail on to accept his words. A nervous, petulant man he was, of somewhat fanatical opinions, but he did his best according to his lights, and we must be lenient to the shortcomings unavoidable to all human work. If not amiable, he was sincere; if not brave, he was self-sacrificing; and if somewhat liberal of carp and sneer at others, he did a goodly deed himself, and deserves well of his recorders.

From Suez to Jidda, from Jidda to Messowa, the chief seaport of Abyssinia, the missionary Krapf—the 'red man' or 'gypzi' to the Abyssinian—went on to Shoa, the Ethiopian Highlands. Here he found in full force the strange kind of Christianity which it has pleased the Abyssinians to adopt; and here he found that the king, Sahela Selassie, had been just forced by the Abuna, or Coptic Patriarch, who, pope-like, manages these matters in grand style, to accept a certain doctrine, which the recusant Shoans nicknamed the Knife-faith, because it cut off one of the three births which they ascribed to the Saviour, and allowed of only two. Sahela Selassie had had a hard fight to maintain his own doctrine; but as the Abuna pronounced it contrary to the teaching of St Mark, who founded the Abyssinian church, the Highland king was obliged to yield, and was now declared to be a worthy Christian according to the latest fashion. In spite of his Christianity, however, and the ideal monogamy taught by the church, Sahela Selassie had five hundred wives, with an insatiable desire for more. He generally concluded a bargain or a treaty with a new wife, 'and actually wished for an English princess, to consolidate his alliance with Great Britain!' exclaims Krapf, the gypzi missionary, pale with horror.

The Abyssinians are inordinately superstitious; even their police rests on a certain kind of magic, and thief-catching is not a trade, but a power. The thief-catcher, the Lebashi, is the servant of the state; and when a man has been robbed or wronged, he sends to the Lebashi, with a request that he will right him. The Abyssinian Vidocq then gives his servant a certain dose of black meal, made with milk, on which he makes him smoke tobacco, and which presently puts him into a frenzy. He begins by crawling on his hands and knees from house to house, smelling as he goes, the Lebashi holding him by a cord fastened tight round his body. At last he comes to a house, which he smells at vigorously, then crawls into the master's room, flings himself on the bed, and goes to sleep. The Lebashi after awhile awakens him with blows, and the master of the house is arrested and taken to the priests, who thereupon make the loser of the property swear that he will not assess his loss at more than the just value; but whatever that assessment may be, and whether he himself be innocent or guilty, the unlucky man in whose house the frenzied servant of the Lebashi has smelt plunder, and gone to sleep, is forced to pay. Every one tries to be on good terms with this Shoan Jonathan Wild, and perhaps no one in the country is more feared or better fee'd than he. It is said that the king one day tested his powers by making his page steal a garment, which he hid in a certain house. The Lebashi and his Delphic servant crawled and smelt as usual, and found where the coat was hidden, to the great edification of the king, and the consolidation of the office of thief-catching.

Strange tales are told of the countries and the tribes lying south of Shoa. In one place are remnants of a traditional Christianity, where the people do not work on the Sabbath, and where they observe the festivals of Michael, George, and Gabriel. At another is a lake with five islands, tenanted by monks, who are the possessors of certain ancient Ethiopic books, worth perhaps a fortune to hierologists and eastern critics. But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm, bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive colour, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor ordinary human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favourite snakes. They do not marry, but live the indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright-coloured clothes as soon as they come to the moist, warm, bamboo woods where these human monkeys live; and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands. In slavery, they are docile, attached, obedient, with few wants, and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love for ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground, and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical posture when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all peoples yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—the ape.

Kaffa, which must be traversed before the land of the Dokos is reached—setting out from Shoa—is another semi-Christian land, under the command of Queen Balli and her fighting-son, Gomarra. Balli seems to be a kind of African Queen Bess, with a strong hand and a cool head, managing her home affairs with energy and discretion, while her son and general is away at the frontiers fighting everybody, and conquering almost as often as he fights. Whenever she appears abroad, the people are required to make Sir Walter Raleighs of themselves, and strew her path with clothes; but as cotton is cheap, it is not such a ruinous manner of paying court after all. To strew her path with salt would have been worse, for salt is money in Kaffa, and very dear money too; five pieces here having only the same value as twenty pieces in Shoa. Slaves are sold for salt; horses, food, clothing, service, are bought for salt; leopard skins and civet, glass beads, printed cottons, knives, and nails, and scissors, looking-glasses, and bits of copper—all the ordinary objects of trade and barter are to be had for salt, which is rent and consols, long annuities, mortgages, and interest, our whole banking system in a portable epitome. There is a strange custom in Kaffa respecting husbands and wives, not unlike the Spartan usages of the first years of marriage. They are forced to live completely apart, at least during the day. The husband has a public room, where he lives in the sight of all men, and where his wife never appears; and should she so far forget all the sacred duties and holy virtues of her sex, as to eat and drink there with him, she would have to suffer a five years' imprisonment, as the lightest punishment adapted for so grave a crime.

In Senjero, another of the 'unexplored countries south of Shoa,' only women are sold into slavery: men are exempt. This custom takes its rise from an old story of how once 'a wife cruelly murdered her husband at the request of the king of the country.

At first, the king is said to have desired the husband, who was of high rank, to kill his wife, and bring him a piece of her flesh, which had been indicated by the soothsayers as a sure cure for the sick monarch. The husband, fascinated by the beauty of his wife, was unwilling to obey the royal command. The king therefore commanded the wife to murder her husband, which she did without hesitation. Since that time, it has been the custom to sell women into slavery into other countries; but when male slaves are transported beyond Senjero, they are said generally to commit suicide by hanging themselves.' Women and children are also offered up as sacrifices. The slave-dealers fling one of the most beautiful of their human cargo into the Lake Umo, before they leave Senjero; and many families must offer up their first-born sons, because once upon a time summer and winter were jumbled together, and the soothsayers ordered this as a remedy. A great pillar of iron stood then at the entrance to the capital: this pillar of iron was somehow connected with the confusion of the seasons, and was broken by the order of the chief magicians, who furthermore ordained that at stated times human blood was to be poured upon the broken shaft and on the throne; and the blood of certain first-born sons is taken for the purpose.

A fine manly warlike race are the Gallas, who one day poured down from the interior of Africa, and conquered some of the finest portions of Abyssinia without much trouble. Their own name, by which they distinguish themselves, is Oroma—brave, strong men; but the Arabs and Abyssinians call them Gallas, or immigrants. The Abyssinians understood the meaning of *divide et impera;* and when the Gallas quarrelled among themselves, they quietly dispossessed them, tribe after tribe, and made themselves masters of their conquerors. Had the Gallas not broken up their own bundle of sticks, the Abyssinians could not have done so. The Gallas are large and powerful, savage and fierce-looking, with long black hair flowing like a mane over their shoulders; their colour is a deep coffee-brown, and they are extremely intelligent, fetching more than any other East African slaves brought to market. Their bodies and their long upper garment—like a Roman toga in shape and fold—they smear thickly with butter, whereby they make themselves intensely offensive; and the women hang coral by way of ornament on the leathern skirt which does duty for gown, crinoline, and everything else. The more wealthy indeed wear a large upper garment over this skirt, 'which makes them look like European women.' All the Gallas ride, for it is a degradation to go on foot, and their steeds are inexhaustible. The women cling behind their husbands, when they are not separately mounted, and gallop beside them; and their horses are small, of beautiful colour, very swift, but unshod. The Gallas are immense talkers, and make long speeches for hours together, with great gesticulation; they live in round huts roofed with grass sods, and generally enclosed by a low stone-wall. Their climate is remarkably delicious and healthy, the average temperature being 56 degrees Fahrenheit, and the mean range from 46 to 70 degrees. They grow rye, wheat, barley, and Indian corn; and for a dollar, you can buy as much rye or barley as a camel can carry. The capabilities of the country of the Gallas are inexhaustible, and will surely some day be made subservient to civilisation and human progress.

The Gallas have both priests and magicians: the first called Lubas; the second, Kalijas. The Lubas conduct the prayers and sacrifices to Waka, made once a year under the shadow of the holy tree Woda Nabi (*Ficus sycamorus*), by the river Hawash, where the whole tribe assembles, drinking beer, smoking tobacco, and offering up sheep and oxen. The Lubas lead the prayer, which is generally in this wise:

'O Wak, give us children, tobacco, corn, cows, oxen, and sheep. Preserve us from sickness, and help us to slay our enemies, who make war upon us, the Sidama (Christians), and the Islama (Mohammedans). O Wak, take us to thee, lead us into the garden, lead us not to Setani (Satan), and not into the fire.' Then the Lubas augur from the entrails of goats whether the Gallas are to be conquerors or conquered this coming year: if the entrails are red, sorrow will be among the Oroma, for they are to be conquered by the perfidious Sidama. During this rite, the Lubas let their hair float wildly from beneath their copper circlets, they carry a bell in their hand, and look not unlike the ancient Romans come to life again in the distant African woods. The duties of the Kalijas are to cast out evil spirits from the sick, for every malady is 'possession' by a demon, or *sar*, of which there are eighty-eight, governed by two chiefs, each with forty-three specially belonging to him. 'The Kalija hangs dried entrails of the goat round his neck, carries a bell and whip in his hand, offers a sacrifice to a serpent, which is being fed in the house on milk, rubs grease on the sick man, smokes him with aromatic herbs, cries aloud with a horrible noise, gives him at the same time some smart strokes with a whip, and thus endeavours to cast out the evil spirit and to cure the patient.'

The Oroma believe in a life after death, but say that the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the Oroma go to different places, where each is rewarded by Waka, or punished with fire. Waka is their deity, an invisible and beautiful being; and they also pay veneration to 'Maremma (Maria), Balawold (Jesus Christ), Sanbata (Sunday), Kedami (Saturday), Maddin (Saviour of the world), Selassie (the Trinity), Girgis (St George), Dablos (the Devil), who torments the possessed, Sintan or Setani (Satan), who brings death, disease, and misfortune, &c.' The Virgin Mary, too, they call Wakain (the mother of God)—all of which they have got from the Abyssinians. The southern or equatorial Gallas have no trace of these names; they pay great veneration, though, to serpents everywhere, feeding them with milk, and regarding them as somehow connected with Waka and divine life. They do not eat fish, because they hold them to be of the serpent species—and should a people eat the cousins of their gods?—neither do they eat fowls, which are of the vulture species, and unclean. If a man slay a man of his tribe, he must pay a fine of a thousand oxen; should he slay a mere woman, fifty will do—an ox being estimated at from one to two dollars. It is not often that we can get to so precise a tariff of the relative value of the two sexes.

The Wollo-Gallas, composed of seven tribes, and occupying the countries between the north and south of Abyssinia, are fanatical Mussulmans, with a dash of the heathen savage, to give them distinction and individuality. These Wollos are much given to certain friendly meetings, which they hold on Thursday and Friday mornings, when they have prayers, coffee, chat (a kind of tea, not gossip), and plenty of tobacco. They call these meetings *wodaja*—unions or preservatives of friendship; and believe that they receive certain spiritual revelations therein. But these spiritual revelations are nothing but prophetic foreshadowings of the result of their military expeditions, or prayers for more cows, clothes, &c., with an increase of power and dominion to their chief. At such a meeting as this—at a wodaja—a priest received a revelation that the missionary Krapf, the gypsi, was to be plundered of all he possessed; and his hearers were only too willing to act on that divine teaching.

Amongst these tribes, then, the German gypsi set out to work, halting in his labours for just one brief moment, while he went back to marry a lady who had been betrothed to a missionary that died, and whom, therefore, Krapf had not had the smallest idea of loving or marrying before; but because he found that a wifeless

missionary could not prosper in his work, and also because the lady had been betrothed to one missionary, and might therefore be induced to accept another as a substitute, he turned back and married her, in a philosophic, phlegmatic spirit truly German. The hardships of this savage-life soon killed the poor creature, and she died, leaving one little daughter buried in the desert, another laid in the grave beside her at Mombaz. And then the gypzi, missionary Krapf, went off to Wanika-land, where he was received with shrieks and cries, dancing, singing, brandishing of arrows, and the like, and with a crowd of vermin quite unparalleled even in the annals of African vermin.

The Wanika are in a sadly backward condition; they say, 'There is no God, since he is not to be seen. The Wanika need trouble themselves about nothing except cocoa-wine, corn, rice, Indian corn, and clothes —these are their heaven.' The Wakamba live among the Wanika. Naked, vigorous, drunken, energetic, they live as a race apart, neither marrying nor given in marriage, but each race preserving its own characteristics, quite distinct from the other. When the Wakamba go into the Wanika villages, they condescend to put on a little clothing, and they allow the Wanika to bury their dead, paying them a cow for each burial. In their own up-country, they simply throw their dead into the fields and woods, covering them with stones and grass—a primitive kind of burial, but one which the Wanika are too advanced, savage as they are, to allow.

The Wanika have one very horrible custom: when the young men have reached a certain age, they smear their bodies and faces with a white or gray earth, a process by which they are as effectually disguised as by a mask; they then go to the woods completely naked, and there they remain until they have killed a man, when they wash themselves, and return home to a Wanika carouse. Every age has its stated periods of festivity, when the mysteries of life are celebrated by gluttony and drunkenness. One day the chief of the Wanika went to Krapf, and advised him to keep his door close shut, as the Muansa was to roar. When Krapf wanted to know what the Muansa really was, no one would tell him. They tried to make him believe that it was a wild beast roaring in the forest, as they make the people at large believe; but missionary Krapf said it was nothing but the stem of a tree hollowed out, and made to give forth frightful sounds by rubbing. No one, not even an elder, is allowed to see the Muansa; if women and children were to see it, they would instantly fall dead, or the women would be childless for ever. Whoever, not specially summoned, hears the Muansa begin to roar, must hide in the wood or in his own house; and if he is so rash as to come forth, he must be fined a cow and a couple of oxen. 'It is evident that the elders use this instrument to retain the people in fear or subjection; for the Muansa forms the centre of civic and religious life; and when the Wanika sacrifice and pray for rain, or are going to strangle a misshapen child in the wood, or promulgate any new laws, it is always brought into play.' Only certain persons can buy the secret of the Muansa, for it is to be bought with a grand feast and large-handed donations of food; and those who have got possession of the instrument rank high among their countrymen, and count as aristocrats of the first order.

The Wanika have four ordeals—1. The ordeal of the hatchet; 2. Of the copper kettle; 3. Of the needle; 4. Of the piece of bread. In the first, the heated hatchet is passed by the magician four times over the flat hand of the accused, after he has repeated these words: 'If I have stolen the property of —— (naming the person), or committed this crime, let Mulungu (Heaven) respond for me; but if I have not stolen, nor done this wickedness, may He save me.' If the hand is not burned, Mulungu has pronounced him innocent, and he goes free. The ordeal of the copper kettle is somewhat like that of the hatchet, but with more solemnities. A copper kettle is made red hot, and a stone, called mango, which emits sparks, is cast into it; the magician adds a certain part of a slaughtered goat, and calls to the accused: 'Come, say thy prayer;' the accused answering, 'May God let me have justice.' Then he puts his hand into the kettle, and takes out the stone, and if he is guilty, his hand and face are burned; but if innocent, he is whole. The ordeal of the needle is simply by means of a red-hot needle, tolerably thick, which the magician draws through the lips of the accused: if innocent, no blood flows; if guilty, there is a plentiful stream. In the ordeal of the piece of bread, the accused eats a bit of poisoned bread: if innocent, he eats it easily, and without after evil; if guilty, it will stick in his throat, and can only be ejected with considerable pain and loss of blood. All these ordeals are very like our own mediæval actions of advocacy; while the last is identical with the Hindu custom of finding out the guilty thief in use at this day. The Wanika destroy all deformed children as soon as they are born, asserting that they will become criminal, if suffered to live; and indeed no parent would nurture them. Missionary Krapf saw a poor little one who had been born with six fingers, but without nose or lips, and it was strangled in the wood; Muansa roaring, and a sacrifice being offered to avert the harm that might come upon the land because a rogo (a misbirth) had entered into it. As the Wanika hold to the doctrine of transmigration, their practice of strangling misshapen children, in the belief that they have been and will be again criminals, is invested with a religiousness and solemnity quite beyond the savage's ordinary dislike to weakness and incapacity. The gypzi preached earnestly against the practice, but even the mothers withstood him, and upheld the justice and morality of their custom.

ENGLAND'S LIBERTY.

Our freedom is no wild exotic scheme,
Framed by a nation that has burst its chain,
But is still hampered by the broken rein
That curbed it formerly; it is no dream,
Faultlessly logical, of minds which deem
That men are led by reason's voice alone.
No, 'tis the natural growth of the seed sown,
Almost unconsciously, by men who seem
Like giants in their manliness. It grew
With every want of each succeeding age,
Increasing as each age became more true
To those great principles which first the sage
Saw dimly. Now it has escaped the rage
Of kings, lords, priests—yea, of the people too.

F. T. M.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, *will be commenced in this Journal,*

A STORY,

ENTITLED

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

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MY COMING OUT.

IT was upon the 18th of November last that we received *the* invitation—Mr, Mrs, and *Miss* Smythe to dinner. I secreted the note to read alone when unseen. There was a demur about my going—how my heart sank; but it was decided before papa went out to see his patients that we should go. It was all Miss Smythe to me. I had a new dress bought, as white as blancmange; my old ones were only fit for 'break-ups' at school; mamma would have treated my going as an indifferent matter, and no more than if it were baby coming into dessert, whereas it was my coming out, my first grown-up party—no, I was determined to have a new dress, and I got it. I dreamed about it every night; such curious dreams. There was one very handsome officer, with a sword, and a black moustache, who appeared to me three times, followed me all over the room, and would hold the pedal down for me with his foot, when I played. I do play. I began to believe in him the third time, and imparted the secret to my dearest friend, to whom I tell everything. The day came at last. I had a dreadful sore throat, but of course I did not tell anybody. I really had not patience to see papa making baby 'ride-a-cock-horse' (I should like to ask Darwin, what is a cock-horse?), as if nothing were going to happen. He little knew how soon he might be called upon to part with me to some one else, but then he had not dreamed. I could not help agreeing with Ann, who said: 'How well you do look, miss, to be sure!' And I did look well. My hair, a rich brown, from pomatum, in ringlets that looked as if nothing would bring them out, quite floated. But I must leave my appearance to your imagination; only, if I were somebody else who had to describe *me* that evening, I could do it well. My dress fortunately arrived in time; my kid gloves did not slit, when the brougham was at the door. Nobody was taken suddenly ill, and wanted papa—as generally happens when he is going anywhere. So far everything prospered my coming out. All the way there I thought over *Rules to be Observed when in Company—a Companion for the Dinner-table*, a book we used at Miss Coldstream's, where I was at school, and where we had to carry them into practice, at a large table, with very little upon it. How well I remember upsetting a potato, and being made an example of! Some of the rules at table were what every one knows, but it was the phraseology Miss Coldstream said was so refined. One was: 'Never attempt to hold converse with your voisin, while your bouche is rempli de viandes;' and one: 'Give a casual glance at your voisin, to observe if he is going to converse, before raising the viands to your lips. It is better to manger en accord.' When we entered the drawing-room, they were in the twilight, and as the room was large, I could not see well. The lady of the house, who is very deaf, came and talked to me; but, as she heard everything wrong that I observed, it was uninteresting. She likewise brought the children, which I thought tiresome. We have two babies at home, twins, who are always wanted to be held, or played with, so I have enough of them; but they soon cried, and departed. Left to myself, my eyes wandered round the room. I heard papa's laugh. In *Rules to be Observed*, it says: 'Never laugh, only smile;' however, I suppose poor papa's education was completed before it came out. I ought to be thankful for my advantages. There appeared to be not a large number of people, but—yes! not far from me there was the gentleman with the black moustache, talking to a young lady in pink by the firelight. It must be the officer, devoid of the sword. Who does not believe in dreams? I do. I wished candles would come, that I might see him better, and that he might see me. I wondered how soon we should become intimate.

All at once, I was struck dumb by seeing a small figure in black standing by itself near a window. Suppose it should be a boy! It might be a man; some men were short, very short in stature. It might be a very young man. But a boy! I trembled; and why? some one may ask. Because, if it were a boy, I had a creeping presentiment he would 'take me in' (remember, it was the first time I ever had been 'taken in'). There was the boy by itself; here was I by myself. I turned away my eyes to the gentleman with the black moustache; but no! it would not do, while that undecided figure was in the room. There is a step; lamps are coming. Now for it! O yes! it is a boy, and a boy in jackets! downright jackets! not even those half-and-half species of garment, descending to the beginning of the leg. The gentleman with the black moustache never looks at me, even when it is light; no, it is still the lady on the ottoman; but dreams cannot be wrong three times, so my lady on the ottoman had better make the most of the present! Another step! a clanking, a fleshy odour! A very stout gentleman, who has been sitting opposite to me, looks up animatedly towards the door, rubs his hands, and smiles at me. I did not know whether to return his smile, as I had not been introduced. A very thin gentleman, who has been talking on prophecy to a lady with a blue nose, near me, sighs and looks dejected. I heard him ask for a '*very* little, if you please,' at dinner. The gentleman with the black moustache glances anxiously at the hostess. The gentleman with the black moustache is requested to hook the lady with the blue nose; the

lady in pink is bestowed upon a gentleman with yellow whiskers; the very thin and the very stout gentlemen are disposed of. O horror! the boy is being brought my way. 'Gustavus, my dear, give your arm to Miss Smythe.' I could have cried—after all my dreams, after all my anticipations. However, there was no help for it but to take the little wretch's arm, and follow all the others down stairs. I had the most uncomfortable place at table (where it is all leg, and no more room allowed), except the boy's. The door opened right upon him, but he looked unabashed by anything, and kept saying to the waiters, when the door came harder than usual: 'I say, draw it mild, old fellow!' What was more annoying to me, was that I had the black moustache full in view, and papa nearly opposite; and the boy, who had not the lowest of voices, thought himself bound to talk: 'First party, eh? Thought so; mine too. (His, indeed!) Did not want me to come in; told 'em I'd be off to sea. The governor said you were coming, so mother dried her eyes, and it was all right. You see,' he continued, confidentially, 'things get so cold when they are brought out; besides, I want to bag a lot for some other fellows.' How I wished dinner was over, and I think the gentleman with the black moustache wished so too. 'I say,' continued the boy, 'that dish there is so jolly, have a little before that old fellow with the red face gets it all—he knows what 's nice, I believe you.—Captain Rose' (very loud whisper)—the moustache quivered as if it were glued on—'will you help this young lady by me to some of *that*?—a good big piece;' and then to me, 'That red face shall be disappointed of more.'

What a mortifying dinner! The single consolation was, that the boy informed me, he did not care for drawing-rooms. Nobody else spoke to me; the boy was considered a sufficient companion! Why, O why were feelings invented? Once, in a pause, papa, who was talking to the mild hostess through a speaking-trumpet, and at whom Gustavus had grumbled for sending him a chicken-leg (he hated legs!), said: 'I see my young friend and Henrietta are getting on very well together; it is my little girl's first party.' I thought I had never heard papa's voice so loud, and through a trumpet. The lady replied in a mild voice, and smiling benevolently at us: 'Yes, Gussy is a very nice boy;' and then leaning over him: 'Gustavus, dear, don't take too much wine.'

After papa's speech, all was a blank to me. I have a vision of Gustavus taking too much wine, and growing noisy; then of a hasty signal to depart, from his mamma, and of my dress being torn by his chair; then of us ladies clustering round the fire (I on the outside, of course), and of the lady of the ottoman looking at herself in the mirror, *very* near, then retiring to a distant window, 'to look at the moon,' she said. I should perhaps have rejoiced when I heard it whispered that lovers were a great bore. *I* was attracted by that lady; she seemed something superior to me, and I felt very small beside her. Presently there was a buzz as of bees, and the gentlemen entered (not the boy), and my courage rose a little. I made a rush at a seat, which chanced to be by the lady who admired the moon. The gentleman with the black moustache sauntered up. Could it be to me at last? He certainly looked at me, but not with a glance of pleasure. 'How sweet the moon is!' murmured the lady. 'Sweets to the sweet!' murmured the gentleman. The lady smiled, and she, too, looked at me. 'Let us play at chess,' said the lady, and accordingly (very stupid of me, I begin to think now) I sat and watched them arrange the pieces, which took a long time to come out of the box. While the lady's fingers were daintily holding a bishop's head, the gentleman would say, very low: 'Then you *do* like me the best, Arabella?' probably referring to Yellow Whiskers. The bishop made a few faultering steps, such as bishops ought not to take, and settled beside black moustache's queen. 'Do not be foolish, Captain Rose; besides, it does not matter at all. There—it's your move.' Captain Rose, unobservant of the queen, pushes on a pawn, *three*, and, in leaning over the board, to say earnestly: 'How can you be so cruel?' causes a general havoc, which rouses him. 'Do make that girl go, Arabella,' he says, in a whisper. 'Do you play?' says Arabella, turning to me. 'Yes,' I reply, through a very sore throat, and with a very husky voice, from long silence. 'Then do favour us,' says the mouth under the moustache (a little bit of one of my dreams coming true—but he only said it to get rid of me).

I accordingly *did* play, because I did not like to refuse, a brilliant piece of twenty pages, to which every one said a mechanical 'Thank you' *en masse*, and the gentleman with the red face (who woke up at the end, which was *fff*): 'Is that all?' I suppose I did it rather well, as, upon leaving the piano, and seating myself beside a very plainly dressed young lady, and a very young clergyman with a serious face (curate and nephew to the man on prophecy—with different views), who were talking about Sunday-schools, and what length the scholars' pinafores ought to be, the lady turned to me—'Could you play us something, dear,' she said, 'something mournful, if you know anything.' Of course she meant play *again*, and of course she did not want to be rid of me. Nobody makes love (*she* would not flirt) upon Sunday-schools and pinafores, do they? So I sat down and played again what *had* drawn tears, indeed, it always affected me, but I did not like to cry, when no one else did, and I heard the lady in pink laugh at a *sweet* part. Before I had quite reached the end, papa came up quickly (papa has no sort of *sympathy* for music)—'Come, Henrietta;' and he took me up to the hostess, who said I played very nicely, as if I were a school-girl! The last thing I saw was the figure of the lady in pink, still playing chess. It was aggravating to hear papa in going home: 'What a wretched dinner! so badly cooked;' and mamma's: 'Oh, my love, Mrs Brown has told me of a new biscuit for the babies.' Biscuit for the babies! Dinner! What was that to blighted hopes? However, I kept them to myself, and even told my dearest friend, when she asked me, that I was taken in (poor Amelia is not come out yet, and is anxious on those subjects) by a gentleman with plenty to say, and very attentive. 'What profession?' Amelia asked. 'None,' I replied; 'private gentleman.' Oh, do not blame me; in general, I avoid the topic.

Young ladies—to whom I now tell it for your good—who anticipate your coming out, moderate your expectations, even if you dream three times of a hero with a black moustache, for fear you get nothing more than a boy. Oh, givers of dinner-parties, knowing a young lady makes her *début* at your house, let there not be boys, or rather *a* boy, to *take the youngest* in

(bestow upon him rather a lady arrived at caps, who has boys of her own); and reject his threat of going off to sea with contempt.

A CUSTOM-HOUSE SALE.

We have before us the catalogue of the '148th Custom-house Sale by Auction,' of sundry commodities which in some mysterious way have become the property of the Queen. We have, moreover, been to see these commodities, and the sale-room, and the auctioneer, and the buyers, and we propose to speak about them.

If there were no import duties, there would be no Custom-house; if no Custom-house, no Custom-house sales. Therefore, the import duties are the groundwork of this matter. Let Mr Gladstone, or whoever may fill the important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, propose a duty on a foreign commodity on entering this country; and let this be either for the sake of revenue, or for the 'protection' (as it used to be called) of native industry. Until the House of Commons agrees to this, all is in abeyance; but as soon as parliament grants this item of supply, the Commissioners of Customs are looked to by the government as the agents for its collection, and difficult work it is. There is a sort of loose morality afloat, that to cheat the government is not so bad as to cheat your neighbours; while some go so far as to say, or to act as if they had said, that it is not bad at all—unless found out.

There are various ways in which commodities come into the possession of the Commissioners of Customs, as trustees for the Crown, owing to some irregularity touching import duties. The *bonding-system* gives rise to one of these. The import duty need not be paid immediately on the landing of the commodity from the ship. Bonding warehouses are provided, in which such goods may be kept for a time, under lock and key; the importer may take them out when he likes, on paying the duty, and a small sum also for warehousing; but until he feels that the proper time has come for making a market of his goods, he may prefer to leave them 'in bond.' Sometimes there are large quantities of a particular article in bond at once, especially during a speculative mania. During the days of the corn-laws, there were often enormous quantities of foreign corn in the bonded granaries of London, Liverpool, and Hull; the owners waited and waited for a good turn of the market, then paid the duty, drew out the corn, and sold. But occasionally this 'good turn of the market' did not come till the corn was spoiled or the owners ruined. An instance was known in which 2000 quarters of corn were thrown into the Thames; the owner despaired of selling it at a price that would cover the duty, and he was tired of seeing the corn 'eat itself up' in granary-rent; while the Customs were bound to see that the corn should not be consumed by any one in this country until it had paid duty. Sometimes a million quarters of corn were liberated from bond in a single month, consequent on a favourable turn in the market. All this has, however, passed away; and we must look to other commodities for illustrations of the bonding-system. Tobacco furnishes one such, of a very notable kind. This article pays a large import duty. The average value of all the qualities imported, including shipping charges, is about sixpence per pound; on this a duty of more than *three shillings* is imposed! When the duty was still higher, tobacco of so low a quality even as twopence-halfpenny per pound paid four shillings duty, or nineteen hundred per cent. Cigars pay more than nine shillings a pound duty; but the really foreign cigars imported make up but a small proportion of the tobacco which brings in revenue. The importers of course do not wish to pay the enormous duty until a period as near as possible to the day when they can sell and obtain money or the representative of money. Hence it sometimes happens that there are more than twenty thousand hogsheads of tobacco in the Queen's warehouses at the London Docks alone at one time, under control of the Customs until the duty is paid. Samples may pass from hand to hand, to facilitate dealings; but the authorities take good care that this shall not be made a means or excuse for the evasion of duty. Tobacco is frequently injured on the voyage, through leaky vessels or other causes. If the duty were small, the owner might decide to pay it, and take his chance of making a market of the damaged portion; but the duty is higher than the price at which any damaged tobacco can be sold, and, therefore, he gives it up as lost. Damaged or undamaged, the Commissioners will not let it leave the warehouse unless the duty be paid; the owner won't pay on the damaged portion; and, therefore, it is committed to the flames. In one corner of the warehouse, an inscription directs us 'To the Kiln'—jocularly called the 'Queen's tobacco-pipe.' The hogsheads are opened; the tobacco is released in one solid mass; the damaged exterior is chopped off with hatchets; the sound tobacco is put up again into the hogsheads; and the damaged fragments are thrown into the kiln. The smoke is carried up as high into the air as the chimney will convey it, and the ashes are worth a trifle as manure for farm-land. This royal tobacco-pipe is not fastidious as to the articles with which it is fed; although primarily intended to smoke its own tobacco, it has been known to smoke damaged hams and damaged French kid-gloves.

So far, then, in relation to bonded goods; and we need here only add that, as such goods occasionally fail to find any claimants at all, the Customs sell them, in order that they may not absolutely spoil by keeping.

Another class of goods is that which has been undoubtedly smuggled—brought to our shores secretly, in the hope that it may pass without duty. It matters not whether it is a cask of brandy run on the coast on a dark night, or a parcel of lace ingeniously concealed in the mysterious recesses of a lady's garments, or a box of cigars innocently reposing at the bottom of a tourist's portmanteau: no matter which; it has been smuggled, and is seized accordingly.

A third class illustrates a mode in which her Majesty the Queen is enabled to catch overcunning people in their own trap. When goods are admitted at an *ad valorem* duty—that is, on a percentage of the value, without reference to number, weight, or bulk—the owner is permitted to name the value, and the duty is calculated upon that basis. But if the officers, who are sharp-eyed and sharp-witted men, expert at their business through long practice, have reason to believe that the value has been considerably understated, as a means of evading duty, they *take the owner at his word;* they buy the article in the Queen's name, at the price stated; the law places the owner in their power under such circumstances, and he is obliged to sell whether he will or no. It is a lesson to him; he does not again send in an undervalue, for he finds it a losing speculation.

In these, and in minor ways that need not be traced in detail, miscellaneous commodities accumulate in the hands of the Commissioners of Customs; and from time to time an auctioneer is employed to sell them. Miscellaneous indeed the assemblage is; and we have to poke about in many holes and corners to get a sight of it. Some are in the East Warehouse at the Custom-house; some in the East Cellar; some in the West Cellar; some in the London Docks, others in the St Katherine's and West India Docks; while the Tobacco ground at Rotherhithe contains the largest, roughest, and clumsiest articles.

Who makes up the lots, whether the auctioneer or an official, we know not; but in some instances, they are oddly assorted. On what principle, for instance,

are 'six boxes of needles' combined with 'one accordion and thirteen pounds uncoloured prints?' Perhaps all were included in one forfeiture or seizure. Here is an unusually large and handsome harmonium, or 'Symphonista Guchené;' and near this are 'nine gross of rosaries'—doubtless very poor and common, but still efficacious in the eyes of those who use them for counting their prayers. So many gross of braid, and so many of trimmings, so many dozen brooch-pieces, and so many embroidered handkerchiefs, collars, and cuffs, are plain enough to understand; and so are several cases of white earthenware, not so good as English, but still serviceable. We can understand, too, fifty musical-boxes and a square piano in one lot; braids, gloves, and artificial flowers in another; pistols, muskets, and carbines in a third; two hundred and fifty pounds of straw for platting; and twenty pair of boot-tops; and six cubic feet of children's toys. But here is a lot which puzzles one to understand, almost as much as it puzzled Pope to guess how flies get into amber; the things are there, but how did they get into companionship? Let us see—four pounds of steel cutlery, three pounds of tobacco-pipes, two porcelain-pipes, eighteen cartridge-boxes, fourteen bonbon-papers, a box of toys, a sample of linen, a sample of carpeting, a sample of cotton, four mounted walking-canes, six pounds of confectionary, and two pounds of 'perished' pastry. Nor is it easier to conjecture how much such a lot is worth, or what kind of person would buy it.

Here is a lot that evidently formed the 'personalities' of some unfortunate fellow who found the Customs' duties a bar to his progress. It comes under the official designation of 'rummage;' let etymologists determine what the word means, but the thing meant is a commodity which has not been called for or demanded by the person to whom it belongs, and which is put up for sale, that it may no longer cumber the place. A chest of old wearing-apparel, a bundle of similar kind, a box of shells, a case of photographs, a portmanteau and a bag filled with odds-and-ends, a *Continental Bradshaw*, and a well-worn greasy hat in a hat-box—all these look like the 'luggage' of some traveller from foreign parts. An open letter is in the hat; and the Customs' people religiously allow it to remain there, for it belongs to the Queen until somebody buys it with the rest of the chattels. It is a good letter at heart, though badly written: 'DEAR SIR i a drs yo with a feu lines and thank you for all feavers and i hope you will be hapy in this would and that to com i am sory that you left me i have lost a frend but god bles you and sen y prosperity i remain yours ever'—— Let this suffice; the name of the grateful writer is no business of ours.

Some of the lots would go far to set up a shop. Imagine the proud position of the buyer of '460 sou'-westers,' or '1134 pounds of chocolate,' or 'fourteen cwt. of plain china-ware,' or 'seven crates of green glass bottles.' It does not appear that 'two drums for coiling telegraph wires' would be of much value without the wires themselves; nor can we easily imagine what any reasonable man could do with fourteen cwt. of Barbary root.'

Let us now, quitting the warehouses and cellars in which the commodities are exposed to view, turn to the auction-room where the sales are effected. This is not at the Custom-house, nor at any government establishment; it is simply a room hired for two or three days at the Commercial Sale-rooms in Mincing Lane—the head-quarters of the wine, grocery, and drug trades. By twelve o'clock, when the sale commences, this room is crammed; and it is impossible to look round without seeing how strongly the Hebrew element is there represented; the names of Lazarus, Barnett, Joseph, Lyons, and the like, are soon heard to issue from the lips of the auctioneer. None of the commodities are there—not a single lot; every man has a catalogue, and nearly every man has it clearly in intention to make a bidding for some particular lot or lots. There could perhaps not be found anywhere a body of persons better versed in the actual current value of all sorts of things. Each man keeps his own counsel as to the maximum bidding which he will make; he has seen the commodities at the warehouses, docks, and cellars; he knows almost exactly for what he could sell them, or some of them, if he had them; and he lays his plans accordingly. Everybody in the room seems to know everybody else; everybody notes down the price at which every lot sells; and an immense deal of chaffing goes on when an outsider ventures to bid. The auctioneer knows his audience well; he has a quick eye and a decisive manner; he devotes about a minute to each lot, and allows no appeal against any of his 'knockings-down.'

The conditions of sale mark some of the diversities in the way in which the commodities have become the property of the Crown. Some of the lots are marked 'for home consumption,' and 'U. V.;' that is, they have been undervalued by the owner, and purchased by the Crown at that value; they may be bought by anybody, and no duty is payable by the buyer. In most of such lots the Crown names a minimum price, below which they will not be sold. This price is such as will cover all expenses, with a little over. But sometimes it happens that the officers have formed a wrong estimate of the saleable qualities of a particular article; the original owner may have been nearly right after all; the minimum at the sale is established too high; no biddings are made; and that lot has to be put up again at some subsequent sale. In nearly every case, however, the lot finds a purchaser at a price higher than the minimum named by the authorities. L.1, 11s. seems a very small reserve or minimum to name for five pistols, and L.5 a still smaller for thirty muskets; but doubtless the quality bore a fair relation to such prices; and when the two hundred eager watchers in the room allowed one of their number to buy the muskets at about five shillings each, it may be inferred that they knew what they were about. It may be that—like the razors celebrated in one quarter, and the green spectacles in another—these muskets were made 'to sell.'

Some of the lots, similarly entered for home consumption, may be had at 'buyers' prices.' The articles have in some way been forfeited; the Crown has not paid anything for them; and therefore the competitors are allowed to begin at as low a bidding as they please. And they *do* begin low, with a vengeance. Imagine the 'brass' of the man who could offer five shillings for the nine gross of rosaries; and of him who bid the same sum for fifteen gross of braid; and ten shillings for twenty-four dozen of brooch-pieces; and ten shillings for more than eight thousand capsules. Sometimes the biddings creep up by shillings from these low beginnings; but occasionally, as if ashamed of what seems nothing better than an attempt to 'gammon' the auctioneer and all else in the room, a bidder will rise at once to a respectable bidding—a proceeding for which he is rewarded with jeers and 'Oh, ohs!'

Other commodities at the sale are 'for exportation or for home consumption,' and are purchasable on condition that the buyer pays the duty. The bidders for such lots must know what they are about; they must ascertain what is the rate of duty, and must be alive to all the machinery of Customs' routine. The prices at which such lots often sell seem ridiculously low. Huge parcels of books and printed paper go for a trifle; but then there is duty to pay. One outrageous individual commenced with a bidding of one shilling for nearly three thousand five hundred dice; others ran up the lot to two guineas; but even that price amounted only to about half a farthing each. Until we take into account, however, what is the duty payable on dice, these

prices remain without significance to us. One lot of 'rummage,' on which duty was to be paid by the buyer, consisted of articles so heterogeneous, that it is not easy to see what kind of buyer would understand how to make a market of them all—unmanufactured ores, untanned seal-skins, cured herrings, shoe-lasts, boot-trees, sheep's wool, bricks and tiles, nails, cement, glue, bread, bones, and 'one pair of slippers.'

Passing over an 'Arnott's stove with stone fittings,' an 'oak staircase sixteen feet high,' a 'box with two hundred and eighteen old padlocks,' 'five bundles of old gauging instruments,' and other queer odds and ends, we come to the larger items of cigars, sugar, and rum. Of these there were many lots, of convenient bulk for trade, and on each of which the buyers would be expected to pay the duty. Ten or a dozen pounds of cigars in one lot, four or five casks of unrefined sugar, a few gallons of brandy, ten or twenty gallons of rum, and the same of wine—such were about the sizes of the lots. Some of the cigars were 'rummage,' put up at buyers' prices; some were 'seizures,' put up at 9s. 6d. per pound, about a penny or so more than the duty.

Some of the articles exhibited at the Tobacco ground at Rotherhithe were of a curious kind, seemingly having very little to do with Customs' duties. What kind of smuggling, or rummage, or seizure could be expected to apply to such things as 'a ship's boat,' 'a large iron buoy and two pieces of chain-cable,' 'an anchor without a stock, a kedge-anchor, and three pieces of chain-cable,' 'a broken anchor,' 'a piece of broken mast,' 'a brass gangway stanchion,' 'an eight-oared river-galley,' and 'an unserviceable four-oared boat?' It appears, however, that to all such lots the mark D. or R. D. is affixed, meaning 'Derelict' and 'River Derelict.' They are articles which have been picked up at sea or in rivers, under circumstances which render them the property of the Crown; and they are disposed of at the Custom-house sales. The Crown names a minimum price; and then the bidders decide for themselves how much they will go beyond. Whether the eight-oared galley is worth more than five pounds, or a seven cwt. anchor and four fathoms of chain-cable more than three pounds, or a ship's lower yard more than one pound—these are questions for the buyer to decide.

When all is about to be wound-up, and the auctioneer and his customers about to leave—then comes the final lot—'The catalogues remaining unsold, per pound-weight, at buyers' price:' and so ends a Custom-house Sale.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XCI.—ASSUMING THE DISGUISE.

We again rode for the upper cañon of the Huerfano, keeping along the bank of the stream. Ten miles further on, we came to the forking of two trails—the more southern one leading up the Cuchada to the pass of Sangre de Chisto. By it had the gold-seekers gone in company with the dragoons—the latter *en route* for the new military post of Fort Massachusetts; the former no doubt intending to take the line of the Gila or Mohave to their still distant destination—the gold-bearing placers of California.

Above its upper cañon, the Huerfano bends suddenly to the north; and up its banks lies the route to Robideau's Pass—the same taken by the Mormon train.

We had no difficulty in following their trail. The wheel and hoof tracks had cut out a conspicuous road, and the numbers of both shewed that the party was a large one—much larger than our previous information had led us to anticipate. This was of little consequence—since in any case we could not have used force in the accomplishment of our design. I regarded it rather as a favourable circumstance. The greater the multitude, the less likelihood of an individual being closely observed or speedily missed.

We reached Robideau's Pass as the sun was sinking over the great plain of San Luis. Within the pass we came upon the ground of the Mormon encampment. It had been their halting-place of the night before. The wolves prowled among the smouldering fires, whose half-burnt fagots still sent up their wreaths of filmy smoke.

We now knew the history of the captured wagon and slain teamsters. Our guide had learned it from the Utah messenger. It had belonged to the Mormons; who, at the time the Arapahoes made their attack, were only a short distance in the advance. Instead of returning to the rescue of their unfortunate comrades, their dread of the Indians had caused them to yield ready obedience to the Napoleonic motto, *sauve qui peut;* and they had hurried onward without making stop, till night overtook them in the Robideau Pass.

This version enabled me to explain what had appeared to me rather strange conduct on the part of the escort. The character of the victims to the Arapahoe attack would in some measure account for the indifference of the dragoons. With the safety of the Mormons, they had no concern; and would be likely enough to leave them to their fate. But the guide had ascertained that both gold-diggers and dragoons—disgusted with their saintly *compagnons du voyage*—had separated from them; and having gone far ahead, in all probability, knew nothing of the sanguinary scene that had been enacted in the valley of the Huerfano.

We resolved to pass the night on the ground of the deserted encampment. By our guide's information—received from the runner—the Mormons were about thirty miles in advance of us. They were encamped on the banks of the Rio del Norte, there awaiting the answer of the Utah chief. That we should ourselves deliver on the following day.

Having given the *coyotés* their *congé*, we proceeded to pitch our buffalo-tents. A brace of these, borrowed from the friendly Utahs, formed part of the packing of our mules. One was intended for the use of the huntress-maiden—the other to give lodgment to the rest of our party. Not but that all of us—even Marian herself—could have dispensed with such a shelter. We had another object in thus providing ourselves. It might be necessary to travel some days in the company of the Saints: in that case, the tents would serve not only for shelter, but as a place of concealment. The opaque covering of skins would protect us from the too scrutinising gaze of our fellow-travellers; and in all likelihood we—the hunters of the party—should stand in need of such privacy to readjust our disguises—disarranged in the chase. Under cover of the tents, we could renew our toilet without the danger of being intruded upon. Chiefly for this reason, then, had we encumbered ourselves with the skin lodges.

As yet, we had not assumed our Indian disguises. The opening scene of the travestie was reserved for the morning. * * *

At daybreak, it commenced; Peg-leg acting as principal *costumier*. The Taos trapper needed no disguise. Unknown to the Mormons, they would have no suspicions about him; and he could act as their guide in his Mexican costume. This left him free to give his services to the rest of us, and assist in our heraldic emblazonment.

My own features, sufficiently pronounced, rendered it all the more easy to make an Indian of me; and a uniform coat of vermilion over my neck, face, and hands, transformed me into a somewhat formidable warrior. The buckskin hunting tunic, leggings, and moccasins concealed the remainder of my skin; and the horse's tail, craftily united to my own dark tresses,

with the plumed bonnet and drooping crest over all, completed a costume that would have done me credit at a Parisian *bal-masqué*.

With equal facility was accomplished the metamorphosis of the young backwoodsman; but not so easily that of Sure-shot. The *nez retroussé*, thin yellow hair, and green-gray eyes, appeared to be insurmountable obstacles to the Indianising of the ex-rifleman. Peg-leg, however, proved an artist of skill. The *chevelure* of Sure-shot, well saturated with charcoal-paste, assumed a different hue. A black circle around each eye neutralised the tint of both iris and pupil. To his face was given a ground-coat of red ochre; while some half-dozen dark stripes, painted longitudinally over it, and running parallel to the nose, extinguished the snub—transforming the Yankee into as good an Indian as any upon the ground!

Marian was her own 'dresser;' and while we were engaged outside, was making her toilet within the tent. Her costume would require but little alteration; it was Indian already. Her face alone needed masking; and how was that to be done?

To speak the truth, I was apprehensive upon the score of her disguise. I could not help dwelling on the fearful fate that awaited her, should the counterfeit be detected, and the girl identified. All along, I had felt uneasy about this; and had been endeavouring to devise some scheme by which to avoid the imprudence of her presenting herself in the Mormon camp. But the thought of Lilian—the perilous situation in which she was placed—perhaps more than all, the selfishness of my own love, had hindered me from thinking of any definite alternative.

When I saw the huntress-maiden issue forth from her tent, her face empurpled with the juice of the *allegria* berries—her cheeks exhibiting, each a circle of red spots—while a line of similar markings extended across her forehead, I no longer felt fear for the result. Though the hideous tattooing could not hide the charms of her speaking countenance, it had so changed its expression, that even Wingrove himself would not have recognised her! More like was it to baffle the scrutiny of father and false husband.

We were now all dressed for the drama; and, after making a *cache* of our cast-off garments, we struck tents, and moved forward to the performance.

The faithful Wolf accompanied us. It was against my wish, and contrary to the counsel of our guide; but Marian would not part with a companion that more than once had protected her from cruel enemies.

The dog had been disguised, as the rest of us. Shorn of his shaggy coat, with his tail trimmed smooth as that of a greyhound—his skin, moreover, stained Indian fashion—there was but slight chance that the animal would be recognised.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE MORMON TRAIN.

A few hours' ride brought us to the western end of the pass; when, rounding a spur of the mountain, a wide plain was suddenly displayed to our view.

'*Mira!*' exclaimed the Mexican, '*el campamento de los Judios!*' (Behold! the encampment of the Jews!)

The guide halted as he spoke. The rest of us followed his example—as we did so, gazing in the direction to which he pointed.

The plain that stretched before us was the grand *vallé* of San Luis; but presenting none of those characteristics which we usually associate with the word 'valley.' On the contrary, its surface was perfectly level—having all the aspect of a sleeping sea; and with the white filmy haze suspended over it, it might easily have been mistaken for an expanse of ocean water.

At first sight, it appeared to be bounded only by the horizon; but a keen eye could perceive its western rim—in the dim outlines of the Sierra San Juan, backed by the brighter summits of the 'Silver' Mountains (*Sierra de la Plata*). More conspicuous on the north were the wooded slopes of the Sierras Mojada and Sawateh; while right and left towered the snow-covered peaks of Pike and the Watoyah, like giant sentinels guarding the approach to this fair mountain-girt valley.

These details were taken in at a single *coup d'œil*, and in the same glance the eye was caught by the sheen of real water, that, like a glittering cord, sinuously extended through the centre of the plain. Under the dancing sunbeams, it appeared in motion; and curving repeatedly over the bosom of the level land, it resembled some grand serpent of sparkling convolutions, that had just issued from the mysterious mountains of the 'Silver Sierra,' and was slowly and gently gliding on towards the distant sea.

From the elevation on which we stood, we could trace its tortuous windings almost to the distant Sierra of San Juan; and in the concavity of one of these—almost upon the verge of our vision—we beheld 'el campamento de los Judios.'

Unprepared for it, we should never have thought of taking what we saw for an encampment of Mormons, or men of any kind. Under the white filmy veil that floated over the plain, some half-dozen little spots of a more intensified white were barely visible. These the Mexican pronounced to be 'los carros' (the wagons).

I had recovered my pocket-glass, and this was now called into requisition. A glance through it enabled me to confirm the trapper's statement. The white spots were wagon-covers: they could be none other than the tilts of the Mormon train.

I could make out only some half dozen of them; but there were others behind these. They were clumped, or, more likely, *corralled* upon the plain. This, indeed, was evident from their arrangement. Those seen were set in a regular row, with their sides towards us, forming, no doubt, one quarter of the 'corral.'

I looked for living forms. These were also visible under the glass—men and animals. Of the latter, a large drove of different kinds and colours could be seen, mottling the plain at some distance from the wagons. The men were moving about the vehicles—women I could also distinguish by their dresses; but the distance was too great for me to note the occupations of either sex—even by the aid of the magnifying lens. Lilliputians they looked—both men and women—while the horses and cattle might have been mistaken for a pack of curs.

It mattered not to us to know their occupation, nor even what they might be doing when we should arrive upon the ground. We had no intention of stealing upon them. Confident in our complete *déguisement*, we intended to ride boldly forward—if need be, into the very middle of their camp.

It was now the hour of noon; and we halted to bivouac. Although the distance that separated us from the Mormon camp was still considerable, we were in no hurry to advance. We had formed the resolution not to join company with the Saints, until near sunset. We knew that there would be curious eyes upon us; and in the hour of twilight we should be less exposed to their scrutiny. True, we might have joined them in the night, and passed off our counterfeit semblance with still greater security. But the morning would bring fresh light, with curiosity unsatisfied, and that would be more disadvantageous.

Half an hour of observation, and the novelty of our arrival would wear off. For this the half hour twilight would be the best time. No doubt, they had met many parties of friendly Indians while crossing the great plains? There had been some among their travelling companions. They would scarce consider us a curiosity?

We had another reason for reaching their encampment before nightfall: we wanted a few minutes of light to take the bearings of the *corral*, and get acquainted with the *topography* of the surrounding plain. Who could tell what chance might turn up in our favour? An opportunity might occur that very night—as likely as afterwards, and perhaps under more favourable circumstances. We had no desire to enter upon our engagement as guide and hunters. We should be but too willing to abandon the *rôle*, even before beginning it. * * *

The last rays of the setting sun were sparkling on the selenite of the Silver Mountains, as we approached the encampment of the Saints. We were now near enough to make out the dimensions of the caravan. There were about a score of the large tilted wagons (Troy and Conestoga), with several smaller vehicles (Dearborns and Jerseys). The latter, with springs, were no doubt the more luxurious travelling carriages of such Saints as may have been in easier circumstances at home; while the ox-drawn 'Conestogas' belonged to the common crowd. With the larger wagons, a 'corral' had been formed, as is the usual custom of the prairie caravan.

In the following fashion is the enclosure constructed:—The two front wagons are drawn side by side, and halted close together. The two that follow next on the trail, are driven up outside of these—until their front wheels respectively touch the hind ones of the pair that precede them—when they also stop. The pair following in their turn double their poles upon these; and so on, till half the train is expended. The enclosure is not yet complete. It forms only a half-circle, or rather a semi-ellipse; and the corresponding half is obtained by a slight change in the mode of bringing up the remaining vehicles. These are driven forward to the ground, so that the rear of each is turned *inward*—the reverse of what was observed in bringing the others into place—and the double curve which before was constantly diverging, now becomes convergent. When all the wagons have got into their places, the ellipse will be completed; but it is customary to leave an *open* space at the end—a sort of avenue by which the enclosure may be entered. When horses and cattle require to be *corralled*, this entrance can be closed, by simply stretching a rope across it. If danger be apprehended, the travellers can keep within this enclosure—the bodies of the wagons forming an excellent rampart of defence. The tilts serve as tents; and under their capacious covering the female members of the emigrant's family are accustomed to sleep in comfort and security. Sentinels outside, and horse-guards picketed still further off, give warning of the approach of an enemy.

As we drew near the Mormon camp, we could perceive that in this approved fashion had they constructed their *corral*. Most of the lighter vehicles were inside the enclosure; and there we could see the forms of women and children moving about in an excited manner, as if they had retreated thither on discovering our approach.

The men still remained outside, and the horses and horned cattle had been left undisturbed. Our party was not large enough to create an alarm—even had our arrival been unexpected. It could scarcely have been so. No doubt they took us for what we were: the emissaries of the Utah chief!

When within a few hundred yards of the camp, a party, already on horseback, came trotting towards us. Archilete had hoisted a piece of white fawn-skin on his gun-rod—the world-known symbol of peace, and so understood by the red men of America. A towel or table-cloth, or something of the sort, was held up in answer; and after that the mounted Mormons spurred forward to meet us.

When we were within a dozen lengths of each other, both parties reined up; and the Mexican and Mormon leader, separating from their respective followers, approached one another, shook hands, and entered into conversation.

What they said was simple enough. I could hear the trapper declaring in broken English the nature of our errand—that he had been sent by Wa-ka-ra to act as their guide; and that we, his *compañeros*, were the Utah hunters, to provide game for the caravan.

Of the Mormons who rode up to us there were half-a-dozen in all; and I was fain to hope that they were not a fair specimen of the emigrant party.

They were not—as I afterwards ascertained: they were the *Danites*, or *Destroying Angels*, that accompanied the train. 'Destroying *devils*' would have been a more appropriate appellation: for six more villainous-looking individuals I had never beheld. There was no sign of the angelic, neither in their eyes nor features—not a trace; but, on the contrary, each might have passed for an impersonation of the opposite character—a very 'devil incarnate!'

Five of them I had never seen before—at least to remember them. The sixth only on one occasion; but him I remembered well.

The man who had once looked in the face of the ex-attorney's clerk, and *ci-devant* schoolmaster of Swampville, was not likely soon to cast that countenance from his remembrance. It was Stebbins who was talking to the Mexican.

The dialogue was of brief duration. The tale told by the trapper was scarcely news: it had been expected; and was therefore accepted without suspicion.

The interview ended by Stebbins pointing to a place where we might pitch our tents—outside the wagon enclosure, and near the bank of the river.

This was just what we desired; and, proceeding direct to the spot, we commenced unpacking our paraphernalia.

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE CORRALLED CAMP.

As soon as our quality was known, the Saints came crowding around us. The corral poured forth its contents—until nine-tenths of the whole caravan, men, women, and children, stood gazing upon us with that stare of idiotic wonder peculiar to the humbler classes of countries called civilised.

We managed to withstand the ordeal of their gaze, with an assumed air of true savage indifference. Not without an effort, however: since it was difficult to resist laughing at the grotesque exclamations and speeches which our appearance and movements elicited from these wondering yokels.

We were cautious not to notice their remarks—as if we understood them not. Peg-leg, by the aid of his Anglo-American jargon—picked up among the 'mountain-men'—was able to satisfy them with an occasional reply. The rest of us said nothing; but, apparently in earnest occupation with our affairs, turned our eyes on them only by stealth.

I could perceive that Marian was the chief attraction; and for a moment my apprehensions were sufficiently keen. She had done nothing to disguise her sex—the mask extending no further than her face and features. Her neck, hands, and wrists—all of her skin that might be exposed—were stained Indian of course; and there would have been little likelihood of their discovering the false epidermis under a casual observation. Had it been a mere ordinary person—painted as she was—she might have passed for an Indian without difficulty. As it was, however, her voluptuous beauty had tempted a closer scrutiny; and, spite of her disfigured face, I saw glances directed upon her expressive of secret but passionate observation.

Some of the bystanders took no pains to conceal their predilection.

'Darnationed likely squaw!' remarked one. 'Who air she, old timber-toes?' inquired he, addressing himself to the guide.

'Squaw—Utah gal,' replied the Mexican in his trapper patois. Pointing to me, he continued: 'She sister to hunter-chief—she hunter too—kill big-horn, buffalo, deer. *Carrambo! Si!* She grand *cazadora!*'

'Oh! durn yer kezadora. I don' know what that ere means; but I do know, an' raythor calculate if that ere squaw had the scrubbin'-brush an' a leetle soft soap over that face o' hern, she 'd look some punkins, I guess.'

The fellow who had thus eloquently delivered himself was one of the six who had saluted us on our arrival. Two or three of his *confrères* were standing beside him—gazing with lynx, or rather wolf-like glances upon the girl. Stebbins himself, before parting, had cast upon her a look of singular expression. It was not significant of recognition; but rather of some thought of viler origin.

The others continued to give utterance to their mock admiration; and I was glad, as the girl herself appeared to be, when the tent was pitched, and she was able to retire out of reach of their rude ribaldry.

We had now an opportunity of studying the Mormons *chez eux mêmes:* for not one of them had the slightest idea that their talk was understood by us. Most of them appeared to be of the humbler class of emigrants—farm-people, or those of mechanical calling—artisans of the common trades—shoemakers, blacksmiths, joiners, and the like. In the countenances of these there was no cast that betrayed a character, either of particular saintliness or sin. In most of them, the expression was simply stolid and bovine; and it was evident that these were the mere cattle of the herd.

Among them could be observed a sprinkling of a different sort of Saints—men of more seeming intelligence, but with less moral inclinings—men of corrupt thoughts and corrupt lives—perhaps once gentle, but now fallen—who had adopted this pseudo-religion in the expectation of bettering their temporal rather than spiritual condition.

The influence of these last over the others was quite apparent. They were evidently chiefs—bishops or deacons—'tenths' or 'seventies.' It was singular enough to see *dandies* among them; and yet, however ludicrous the exhibition, dandyism was there displayed! More than one 'swell' strutted through the crowd in patent-leather boots, Parisian silk hat, and coat of shining broadcloth. The temporary halt had offered an opportunity for this display of personal adornment; and these butterflies had availed themselves of the advantage, to cast for a few hours the chrysalis of their travelling gear!

The women were of all ages; and, it might be added, of all nations. Several European tongues mingled in the mêlée of sounds; but the one which predominated was that language without vowels—the jargon of the Welsh Principality.

The continual clacking of this unspeakable tongue told that the sons and daughters of the Cymri mustered strongest in the migration. Many of the latter wore their picturesque native costume—the red hooded cloak and kirtle; and some were unspeakably fair, with the fine white teeth, fair complexion, and ruddy cheeks, common to other branches of the Celtic race, but nowhere so characteristic as among the fair maidens of Cambria. It was, no doubt, those sweet shining faces, wreathed with free artless smiles, that had caused the lady-killers to unpack their portmanteaus.

My own eyes dwelt not upon these. Ever since our arrival upon the ground, I had been watching with keen glances the opening that led into the corral. Every one who came forth—man or woman—had been the object of my scrutiny.

But my glances had been given in vain; and were not rewarded by the recognition of a single individual. The entrance was about two hundred yards from the place where our tents were being pitched; but even at that distance I should have recognised the colossal squatter. As for Lilian, my heart's instinct would have declared her identity at the most casual glance.

Neither father nor daughter had yet made their appearance outside the enclosure; though all the world beside had come freely forth, and many were going back again!

It was strange, to say the least, they should act so differently from the others. She, I knew, was very different from the 'ruck' that surrounded her; and yet one would have thought that curiosity would have tempted her forth—that simple childlike inclination, natural in one so young, to witness our wild attire—to gaze on our plumes and our paint?

I could less wonder at Holt himself being insensible to such attraction; but in her it seemed strange.

My astonishment increased, as form after form passed out from the opening, but not that for which my eyes were searching. It ceased to be astonishment; it grew into chagrin; and after that assumed the character of an apprehension.

This apprehension I had already entertained, but in a less definite form. It now shaped itself into a cruel doubt—the doubt of *her being there*—either inside the corral, or anywhere in the Mormon camp!

After all, had we taken the wrong track? Might not Holt have kept on with the gold-diggers? The story of the Chicasaw signified nothing. Might not Lilian, under the protection of that gallant dragoon, with the torn tassel—might not she?——

'It is quite probable,' I muttered to myself, 'highly probable that they are not here! The squatter may have resisted the will of his Apostolic companion; and, separating himself from the Mormon party, have gone on with the diggers? No! yonder! Holt himself, as I live!'

The exclamatory phrases were called forth by the appearance of a man in the opening between the wagons. He was standing still; and must have reached the spot he occupied but the moment before—when my eyes for an instant had been turned away. The Herculean frame, and great rufous beard hanging over his breast, proclaimed to my eyes the identity of the Tennesseean squatter; and the costume confirmed it. It was precisely the same worn by him on that eventful morning—when standing before me with his long rifle raised against my life. The ample surtout of greenish blanket-cloth, a little further faded—the red shirt underneath—the coarse horse-skin boots rising to his thighs—the crimson kerchief turbaned around his head, its loose flap falling down over his shaggy eyebrows—were all identical with the portrait remaining in my memory.

I watched him with eager eye. Was it his intention to step nearer and examine us? or had he come forth upon some other business?

He was looking grave, and sad, I thought; but in the distance I could scarce note the expression upon his countenance. It did not appear to betoken curiosity. Once only he glanced towards us, and then turned his eyes in an opposite direction. This did not shew that he cared much for our presence, or was in any wise interested in it. In all likelihood, he shared not the childish curiosity of his travelling companions—to whom he in other respects bore but little resemblance. As he stood in their midst, he looked like some grim but majestic lion, surrounded by curs or jackals. His behaviour suggested a further similitude to the great forest monarch. He seemed to hold no converse with those around him; but stood apart and for the moment motionless as a statue. Once only I noticed that he yawned; stretching out his colossal arms, as if to aid in the involuntary action. For this purpose,

and this alone, did he appear to have come forth: since, shortly after its accomplishment, he turned back into the avenue, and disappeared behind the barricade of the wagons!

CHAPTER XCIV.

BEAUTY EMBROWNED.

The apparition—for it had something of the character of one—restored my equanimity. Holt was with the Mormon train; and of course Lilian was there.

It may seem strange that this knowledge should have given me satisfaction—that a belief but yesterday grieving me should to-day bring gladness! The apparent anomaly is easily explained. It was the consequence of a change in the situation. My confidence in the success of our scheme had now become strengthened—almost to a certainty. So deftly had we taken our measures, that we need apprehend no great difficulty in attaining the end aimed at. Among the Saints, there was not the slightest suspicion of our character—at least none had yet shewn itself. We should be free to come and go, as we pleased: since the very nature of our contract required it. Camp and caravan would be alike accessible to us—at all hours, I might say—and surely opportunities would not be lacking for the accomplishment of our purpose.

Only one obstacle was worth regarding: the will of Lilian herself. She might still refuse to become a runaway? She might not consent to forsake her father? In that case, our efforts would be idle indeed!

Had I reason to expect such a perverse contingency? Surely not? Though my own influence might be gone—her sister would still have the power to persuade her? Her eyes once opened to the conspiracy that threatened her, but one thought could arise in that virtuous bosom—how to escape from it?

'No—no,' was my concluding reflection, spoken in soliloquy, 'there need be no fear of opposition in that quarter. True, Lilian is still a child; but her virtue is that of a virgin heart. Her sister's story, when told to her, will arouse her to a sense of her own danger. She will be ready, as we, to adopt measures for averting it.'

Drawing comfort from this reflection, I was turning to attend to my horse. The gallant creature had been sadly neglected of late, and needed my care. A huge Mexican *Silla*, that with its trappings half-covered his body, would have sufficiently disguised him; but I had not much fear of his being recognised. Stebbins and Holt had both seen him—once only, and then under such circumstances that it was scarcely possible they could have noticed him? Otherwise, they might have remembered him readily enough. Such a noble steed once seen, was not easily forgotten.

I had no fear, however; and was about to remove the saddle, when an object presented itself to my eyes that interrupted my intention, causing me to remain fixed and immobile. In the open ground, scarcely twenty paces from where I stood, was a form that fell upon the eye like a beam of empyrean light in the midst of deepest darkness—a girl of golden roseate hue, with a *chevelure* of yellow hair hanging to her haunches in all its lustrous luxuriance!

Scarce twenty paces separated me from Lilian Holt, for need I say that it was Lilian herself who was standing before me?

Instinctively, I noted changes. The wax-like smoothness, and, to a certain extent, the whiteness of her complexion, had yielded to the fervid rays of the prairie sun; but the slight embrowning appeared rather an improvement: as the bloom upon the peach, or the russet on the nectarine, proves the superior richness of the fruit. It had toned down the red upon her cheeks, but the glow was still sufficiently vivid.

I observed another change—in her stature. She had grown larger and taller—in both respects, almost equalling her sister—and resembling the latter in that full development of form, which was one of the characteristic features of her queen-like beauty.

These were the only changes external. Even the simple costume—the old homespun frock of yellowish stripe—still enveloped her form; no longer hanging loosely as of yore, but presenting a more sparing fit on account of the increased dimensions of the wearer. The string of pearls, too—false pearls, poor thing!—yet encircled her throat, whose now fuller outline was more capable of displaying them.

A pleasing reflection crossed my mind at the moment, that shaped itself into an interrogatory: might there have been no motive for further adornment?

As erst, her little feet were naked—gleaming with roseate translucence against the green background of the herbage.

She was standing when I first saw her: not in a position of rest, but with one foot pressing the turf, the other slightly retired, as if she had just paused in her steps. She was not fronting towards me, but half-turned. She appeared to have come as near as she intended, and was about going off again in an oblique direction; like the startled antelope, that, despite its timidity, stops to gaze upon the object that has alarmed it!

So short a time had my eyes been averted from the path by which she must have approached, I might well have fancied that she had suddenly sprung out of the earth—as Cytherea from the sea! Equally brilliant was the apparition—to me, of far more absorbing interest.

Her large eyes were fixed upon me in a gaze of wondering curiosity—a curiosity which the picturesque habiliments and savage character of my toilet were well calculated to provoke.

Her examination of me was soon ended; and she walked off in the direction towards which she had already turned her face. She seemed scarcely satisfied, however; as I observed that she looked repeatedly back. What thought was prompting her to this? Women have keen perceptions—an intuition almost equalling instinct in its perceptive power. Could she have a suspicion? No, no: the thing was improbable—impossible!

The path she was following would conduct her to the bank of the river—about a hundred yards above where our tents had been pitched, and a like distance from the nearest of the wagons. Her object in going thither was evident. A tin water-can, hanging by its iron handle over her wrist, proclaimed her errand.

On reaching the river, she did not proceed to fill the vessel, but placing it by the water's edge, sat down beside it. The bank, slightly elevated above the stream, offered a sort of projecting bench; and upon this she had seated herself—in such an attitude that her limbs hung over, until one foot was immersed in the water. Her long hair swept back upon the grass behind her; and with her head drooping forward, she appeared to gaze into the crystal depths of the stream—as intently, as if mirrored there she saw the form which her thoughts most delighted to dwell upon.

Up to this point, I had watched her every movement; but only by stealth and in silence: for I knew that eyes were upon me. Just then, however, most of the gazers had retired from our tents—a call to supper within the corral having summoned them away. For all that, I dared not go up to the girl. The act would have appeared strange; and even she might desire to shun the too *free* intrusion of my savage presence: perhaps flee from it altogether?

The opportunity of speaking with her was sufficiently tempting. Such another might not soon recur? I trembled at the thought of losing it. What was to be done?

I might have sent Marian? She was still inside her tent—where she had taken shelter from the bold glances of her vulgar admirers. She did not yet know that Lilian was outside. I might have given her notice of the circumstance, and deputed her to speak with her sister; but I had certain reasons for not following this course.

At this crisis, an idea occurred to me, that promised to aid me in obtaining the interview I longed for. My Arab had not yet been given to the grass!

Near where Lilian was seated, the herbage was luxuriant—more so than anywhere around. Upon it I could picket my steed, or hold him in hand, while he should browse?

I lost not a minute in removing the saddle, and adjusting the halter; and scarcely another in approaching the spot where the young girl was seated. I drew near, however, with due caution—fearful that by a too brusque approach I might hasten her departure.

I gave my horse to the grass, now and then guiding him with a short pull upon the halter, which I still held in my hand.

The young girl saw that I was gradually nearing her; and looked twice or three times towards me—not, as I fancied, with any air of alarm. Rather of interest, I thought; but this may have been only a fancy. My horse appeared to share it—indeed more than share it: since she fixed her eyes upon him frequently, and looked longer at him each time! Was it the noble form that was attracting her admiration? or was there something that called up a recollection? *She* might remember the horse!

'Oh! Lilian! would that I could speak to you as myself! How my heart yearns to give, and receive the token of recognition!

But no—not yet. I would not declare myself, till assured that that recognition might be welcome. Not till I could learn, whether the tender tie that bound our hearts was still unloosed—whether its too slender thread was yet unbroken! I had resolved to explore the secret chambers of her heart; and this it was that rendered me desirous of anticipating any interview that might occur with her sister. Perhaps too easily might I obtain the knowledge of which I was in search? I might reach, only to *rue* it?

As I drew near, my hopes of being permitted to speak with her increased. She still kept her seat, and made no attempt to shun me.

I had approached within speaking distance. Words were upon my tongue; when a harsh voice, coming from behind, interrupted, at the same instant, both my speech and my intention.

CAPTAIN SWING IN 1730.

Terror every now and then, like Phœbus in the *Iliad*, comes out of her way to discharge her epidemical arrows and darts amongst the children of men. The 'dangerous classes' are the *sacerdotes* of this threatening goddess. Continually do they startle the 'party of order' by organising some new, resolute, and unexpected onslaught. Such was their famous garrotting movement, two or three winters ago; such was their famous burking movement, in the earlier part of this century. I need not trace backward the works of ruffianism from the nineteenth century to the Assassins, and from the Assassins to Cain; the reader's own memory, or his knowledge of social history, will furnish him, I am sure, with plenteous instances, great or small, of the epidemics of terror. To those, however, which he does know, I intend to add, in this paper, a slight sketch of an epidemic with which he is most likely not acquainted—an epidemic whose history has never been gathered up—an epidemic which blanched the cheeks of his grandfather's grand-parents many an autumn night and winter night, as they laid themselves on their bed, in the years seventeen hundred and thirty, and seventeen hundred and thirty-one, *Georgio II. Rege*.

The epidemic to which I refer, is the once famous incendiarism of the 'Society of Undertakers.' I have gathered the portrait of it from Dr Burney's immense collection of newspapers of the eighteenth century, now in the British Museum. Looking over the *Fog's Journals*, *Westminster Journals*, *Universal Chronicles*, *British Journals*, *London Journals*, *Grub Street Journals*, *Craftsmen*, *London Gazettes*, *Universal Spectators*, and a few other newspapers of 1730 and 1731, for quite another matter, my attention was arrested by the leading articles, letters, and continual items of news concerning the 'Incendiaries,' 'Bristol Firemen,' or 'Malicious Society of Undertakers.' I could not help thinking that a selection of these leaders, letters, and items, with elucidations, might prove interesting and useful to living readers.

First, then, for the general fact. A number of men, either clubbed together or alone, went about the country, leaving letters at certain houses, in which letters they demanded that the recipient should place in such or such a spot, at a particular hour, a stated sum of money, or other valuable. The depositor was to make no inquiry, to set no watch. If he failed to place the money, or if he set about inquiry, or placed a watch, his house was to be fired, and himself shot. The writers of these letters, then, got the name of 'The Incendiaries,' 'Bristol Firemen,' or 'Society of Undertakers.' Terror invariably magnifies her agents in the eyes of those to whom they are terrible; and so it was imagined at first that these incendiaries were an organised club, with great influence, and wonderful means of communication. They were supposed to have come from Ireland, prepared and fitted for their work. It was afterwards found, however, that, as with the garrotters, single ruffians took up the business upon their own private account. I have no doubt, too, that many of the threatening letters were the work of persons who had private pique to serve, and of amateur ruffians, a plentiful body of whom existed in the century of Mohocks, Hawkubites, and Hell-fire Clubs.

It began at Bristol. Early in September, a Mr Packer, a shipbuilder, living near 'the Butts,' received letter after letter, warning him that if he did not put six guineas in such and such a place (naming two or three places), he should be shot, and his house fired. He continued to receive these letters all the month. Other persons received letters of the same kind. At first, they were intimidated. Some, however, having complied with the proposal, and narrowly watched the appointed place, finding that none were hardy enough to come for the money, drew courage from that fact, and pooh-poohed the whole affair. But on the 4th of October, being Sunday, and the customary watchers away, the menace was put into execution so far as regarded Mr Packer. His house was fired at the cellar; the flames spread violently; the whole place was burned to the ground; and Mr Packer and his sister escaped with great hazard, and almost naked, to the house of a Mr Clements.

Every person who had received such letters now began to feel a real terror. The ships had almost caught fire at Mr Packer's conflagration; every ship-

builder in the town was frightened for his property, and all private persons were in consternation for their lives. The next day a letter was left at the house of Mr Clements by these invisible enemies, saying that they had been delighted spectators of the ruin of Mr Packer's property, but were grieved that he was not consumed with it. They assured him, however, that they should find means to effect that also before long.

The next week, a reward of a hundred pounds, with his majesty's pardon, was offered in the *London Gazette* to any one of the persons concerned, on condition of turning king's evidence against the other or others. To this the Chamber of Bristol added thirty-one pounds ten shillings, the Bristol Fire-office fifty pounds, and Mr Packer himself twenty guineas. Besides this, says a Bristol letter in the *Political State*, 'our magistrates are very assiduous in examining persons daily. Officers are appointed to search every house in the city and suburbs, and to oblige all suspected persons to give an account of themselves.'* Several persons were taken up on suspicion both in Bristol and in Bath.

Meanwhile letters intimidatory continued to be thrown into shops and private houses. Mr Clements, with whom Mr Packer had hidden himself, was discovered to be his concealer; he had letters demanding the instant expulsion of Mr Packer, and threats to burn his house if he kept him any longer in it. Mr Packer, too, was exhorted not to buoy himself up with fancies of revenge; he 'shall not catch them,' they tell him, 'so long as Bristol stands. A ten thousand pound reward would not even make them known.' So Mr Packer retired privately from the city to a country-house of his, where a clergyman had an apartment. In a few days, this move was discovered; and the priest had an epistle commanding him to remove his books and effects, for that 'it is only out of respect to the cloth' that they are putting off the firing of the house. The originals of all these letters are given in the greater part of the newspapers of September and October 1730.

By the second or third week in November, the practice of sending these menacing letters had spread all over the country. The papers are filled with complaints from Chester, Brentford, Bridgewater, Marlborough, Hertford, Gloucester, Edinburgh, Spalding, Newark, and places as far distant from each other as these. In the end of November, the *Political State* complains that it has reached London; and the *British Journal* or *Censor*, of November 14, prints the two following letters, received by a bookbinder in the Strand: 1. '*Nov.* 4, 1730.—SIR—I do command you to leave eight guineas at the corner of your door to-morrow night; which if you do, it shall be well; if not, by G–d, there shall remain a very few nights betwixt this and you and your whole family being entirely destroyed.' 2. '*Nov.* 7, 1730.—You damnation dog, you and your brother not having answered the demand of a former letter, we swear by the blood of G–d, that unless you lay the aforesaid sum of eight guineas in the little hole coming at the bottom of your stairs, it is not in the power of heaven or hell to preserve you from this intended destruction. We should have destroyed you without this second letter, only we scrupled to destroy a whole neighbourhood; but now we are resolved to do it.'

How many houses were set on fire? The reader will be surprised, I fancy, when I say, that after looking through hundreds of newspapers, I have only found, with the exception of Mr Packer's, *two*—one at Hammersmith, the other at Stroud-water. Much fear, but little flame, was all the effect produced by these Incendiaries. It was the prominent social topic for six months or more; and had there been a *Punch* in those months, its John Leech would have played and pictured as wittily upon incendiarism, as we have seen him do upon garrotting. Men's fears seem always to outrun the subjects of those fears, in all such social panics. People slowly found out that these threats bore no fruit. They disbelieved the threats, and the threats ceased.

Judging from the internal evidence of the letters handed over to the different newspapers, I should conjecture that the writers of them might be divided into the following classes: 1. Those who really intended robbery and arson, the originators of the movement, in reality members of the 'dangerous classes,' the progenitors of our living burglars and garrotters: 2. Hard-up rakes and ruined gamblers, who took to it (as we know they did to highway robbery in the time of the Georges) as a forlorn-hope or an experiment: 3. Mohocks, Hawkubites, or 'fast men' about town, whose delight and whole aim in life it was to play mischievously upon the timid, and who recognised in these incendiary epistles a new branch of spree:* 4. Persons who had malicious piques against private acquaintances, and thought this a fine way of giving them sleepless nights. The correspondent of the *Political State* for December 1730, says that he has changed his opinion concerning them, and no longer believes them to be all of one gang, or to have any settled scheme. 'The general fright,' he writes, 'has put it into the head of every abandoned wretch throughout the whole country to take advantage thereof, and to endeavour to raise money, either for relieving them out of their necessities, or for supplying their extravagances.'†

A few specimens of the letters would thoroughly bear this out. Some are in a clownish dialect, and ill-spelled; others in the language of the highest fashion; others are a mass of oaths and objurgations; others humorous or poetical; indeed, a *Complete Threatening Letter-writer* might be formed from the several newspapers of that autumn and winter.

The following is an example of the ill-spelled sort: 'To Mr Rob. Hall an upholestrer at the angell in Hondich [Houndsditch]: Thees, Sir, I desire as youd sen me the sum of five pound, for to be lade under the lamppost, the corner of algate Church wall in hondich this night without fale, upon the penelty of Death to you or youre Wife, at the oure of seven or eaght of clock this present enstant November the 17 therefor Dont fale me for if you do I will sertanely be the death of you Robert hall and your wife.'

A letter from Nottingham, November 13, in all the newspapers, includes this poetical specimen, received by a Mr Spragging, a raft-merchant of Newark:

> Spragging, remember thou art but dust,
> And to thy neighbour very unjust;
> Thou neither sticks at great nor small,
> Till vengeance once does on thee fall.
> I think how soon thou wilt be undone,
> In flames of fire thy rafts shall burn,
> And neither escape thy house nor thee.
> Mark well these words, for I have said
> What I intend when thou art in bed.

The third letter which I give, is a specimen of the most common kind of all—the objurgatory, condemnatory kind. If we could only see the original manuscript, I am sure we should find it in the genuine bold burglar hand. The writer, Jeremiah Hitch, was hanged at Hertford, February 1731, for producing and sending this amiable epistle: 'To GOODMAN

* Volume xl., October 1730.

* One was taken at Bristol—the first, indeed, convicted—the son of an attorney of good family.

† Vol. xl., page 590.

JENKINS, at Harpenden, in Htfordshire. Mr Jenkins, This, with my service to you, and I desire you of all love lay me L.30 at the bottom of the post next to Hen. Hudson's jun., a friday night by 8 of the clock. And if you do not, I'll burn your house to ashes [oath]. And, [oath], if you watch, or declare this secret to anybody, [oath] if death shall not be your portion. [Oath] lay it at the post, and in a month I'll lay it for you again; and [oath] if you don't, I'll burn your houses and farms to the ground, and kill you upon sight—[oath] if I don't, day or night.

'*January* 20, 1730 (1731).'

Six fearful imprecations to as many lines!

The next letter is a very good-tempered one, and cannot certainly have destroyed the receiver's sleep; it was sent to Mr Henry Crossgrove, printer of the *Norwich Gazette*—

If you do not put six new half-pence in farm,
Into an old shoe (we speak for no harm),
And place it upon the very top-stone
Of Christ Church high steeple, at midnight, alone,
We swear by Clim. Feltham, and honest Jack Fumm,
We'll drown you in claret, French brandy, or rum.
And if you set watches on the cock or cross-bar,
Take care how you act. Pray, be well aware,
And bind them fast on with a twist of fine silk,
Or your house shall be burnt with whey or flet-milk.
Our names are Tom Thumbkin, Will Wilkin, Bess Bodkin,
Pampilion, The Devil, and your servant, *Pad Hodkin*.

I have another letter, of the experimental kind, addressed to a dignitary of the church, Samuel Peploe, archdeacon of Richmond. The writer says that he is an acquaintance in great need, and must have ten guineas immediately. The threat he holds out on the non-compliance of the archdeacon is, 'I will murder your father, and rob him in his journey up to London.'

What was the cause of this singular outburst of ruffianism, and the universal paralysis of fear which it excited, in spite of the few houses really burned, the few persons really murdered? We, in whose time there is scarcely a yard of road, street, or lane which does not continually feel the tread of the policeman's feet, should say—want of a police. We are so used to the sight of those blue coats, and so safe and quiet through the presence of them, that we can scarcely imagine the weight of our debt to them, or form a lively and practical notion what England would rapidly become without the policemen. It is a fine moral and social sight, and it astonishes all foreigners, to see how a British crowd disperses when a policeman walks into the midst of it, although any two in the crowd could pinion the official, and render him ineffective in a moment. It shews how deep our unconscious reverence for law is—a reverence nowhere possible but where freedom is possible, and where law is a protector, and not a tyrant.

The leading-article writers of those old newspapers, out of which I have raised this forgotten episode, lay the blame of incendiarism upon three classes: first, upon the clergy—'whose business it is to examine every family within their respective parishes'—a work which the increase of population was even then making utterly impossible, save in country places; though, truly, the clergy of the eighteenth century were the worst, most careless clergy of all Christian ages, and scarcely knew the bounds of their parishes, nor any family in them where they could not have a good dinner. Second, upon the 'quality and gentry,' to whose looseness of conversation and manners at that time all the novels, comedies, and essays bear witness. Third, upon the 'great increase of lawyers:' 'the army of justice,' says one, 'amounts now to thirty or forty thousand effective men, and like an army of priests, they are worse than a few, and neglect the chief end of their institution and existence.'

HOW DUMAS WROTE *MONTE CRISTO*.

PEOPLE are always very anxious, says M. Alexandre Dumas, in a recent pamphlet, to know how my works were composed, and above all, who wrote them, and naturally, those works that have attained the greatest success have had their paternity most obstinately questioned. It is generally believed that *The Count of Monte Cristo* was written by Fiorentino.

Let me here relate how I came to write that romance, a work which to this day still continues to be reprinted.

In 1841, I was living in Florence. In that year, Prince Jerome Napoleon was also living there, in the charming villa of Quarto, where every Frenchman was desirous of being presented on his first arrival at the 'City of the Medicis.' This formality had been gone through by me in 1834, so that, on my second visit to Florence in 1840, I found myself, as it were, on the footing of an old friend of the exiled family. I was in the habit, indeed, of going every day to visit the prince at Quarto.

One day, Prince Jerome said to me, alluding to his son: 'Napoleon is leaving the service of Würtemberg, and is returning to Florence. He does not wish, as you can well understand, to run the risk of serving against France. So directly he arrives, I shall introduce him to you, that you may not only tell him all about France, of which he is ignorant, but also, if you have time, make with him some slight expeditions in Italy.'

'Has he seen the island of Elba?' I inquired.

'No.'

'Well, I will take him there,' I said, 'if your Highness thinks proper. It is but right that the nephew of the Emperor should finish his education by a historical pilgrimage like that.'

Therefore, when the Prince Napoleon arrived, he found everything arranged between his father and myself, and after a few days devoted to his family and friends, we set out in the prince's carriage for Leghorn. I was at that time eight-and-thirty, and the prince scarcely nineteen.

The next morning, at about five o'clock, we landed in a small boat in Porto-Ferrajo, in Elba.

After having thoroughly wandered over the island, we resolved to make a shooting-expedition to Pianosa, a low island scarcely elevated ten feet above the level of the sea, abounding in rabbits and red partridges. Unfortunately, we had forgotten to bring a dog. A man, however, the happy possessor of a black and white cur, offered himself, in consideration of the sum of two pauls, to carry our game-bag, and to lend us his dog besides. By its assistance, we were enabled to kill a dozen partridges, which the owner of the dog very conscientiously picked up. As he put each partridge into his bag, the good man kept exclaiming, glancing with a sigh towards a magnificent rock two or three hundred feet high: 'Ah, your excellencies, if you went there, you would have capital sport.'

'Well, what is there to be got there, after all?' I asked him at last.

'Whole herds of wild-goats: the island is full of them.'

'And what is the name, then, of that happy island?'

'It is called *The Island of Monte Cristo*.'

This was the first time that I ever heard the name of Monte Cristo.

The next day, we set out for the island. The weather was beautiful, with just enough wind to fill the sail, which, seconded by the oars of our two sailors, made us do the three leagues in less than an hour. As we advanced, Monte Cristo seemed to rise from

the bosom of the sea, and increase gradually in size, like the giant Adamastor. At about eleven o'clock, we were within two or three pulls of the centre of a little port. We held our guns in our hands, ready to jump out, when one of the two rowers exclaimed: 'Your excellencies are doubtless aware that the island of Monte Cristo is deserted, and that at whatever port we enter after we have touched here, we shall be liable to five or six days of quarantine.'

'Well,' I said to the prince, 'what do you say to that?'

'I say,' he replied, 'that this man has done well to warn us before landing; but he would have done still better if he had warned us before setting out.'

'Then you don't think the five or six goats we may kill are worth suffering five or six days' quarantine?'

'And you?'

'I? Oh, I have no great passion for goats, and I have a great dislike for quarantine, so that if you don't object'——

'Well?'

'We will simply make the circumference of the island.'

'For what purpose?'

'To settle its geographical position.'

'Settle its geographical position,' said the prince, 'if you like; but what good will it do you?'

'It will serve,' I said, 'in memory of the voyage I have had the honour of making with you. It will serve to give the title of *The Island of Monte Cristo* to some romance I may hereafter write.'

'Let us make, then, the circuit of the island,' he replied; 'and send me the first impression of your work.'

Eight days afterwards, we returned to Florence. Towards the year 1843, being in France, I entered into an agreement with Messrs Bethune and Plon to write a work in eight volumes, called *Wanderings in Paris*. I had at first intended to have done the matter very simply, commencing at the Barrier du Trône, and finishing at the Barrier de l'Etoile; touching with the right hand the Barrier de Clichy, and with the left the Barrier du Maine; when one morning Bethune came to tell me, in his name, and in the name of his partner, that he did not intend to have a mere historical and archæological production, but that he meant to have a romance—about anything I liked, it is true, so long as it was interesting, but provided also that the wanderings in Paris formed no part of it. He had had his head turned by the success of Eugene Sue. As, however, it was just as easy for me to write a romance as to write my *Wanderings in Paris*, I set about to find materials for this work of Messrs Bethune and Plon.

I had some time previously read in *The Police Unveiled* of Peuchet a story about twenty pages in length, called, I believe, 'The Diamond and the Revenge.' Whatever it was, it was very foolish, and those who doubt it, had better read it. Nevertheless, at the bottom of that oyster there was a pearl—a rough pearl, without shape or value, it is true, but a pearl merely requiring the hand of the jeweller. I resolved to apply to the *Wanderings in Paris* the plot which I might draw from this story; so I set myself down, in consequence, to that work of the brain which with me always precedes the mere manual labour. The first outline of the plot was this:

A nobleman, very rich, dwelling in Rome, calling himself the Count of Monte Cristo, was to do some great service to a young French traveller, and, in exchange for the service, was to ask him to be his guide when he in his turn should visit Paris. The object of this visit to Paris was to have for appearance curiosity, but in reality revenge. In the course of his stay in Paris, the Count of Monte Cristo was to find out his secret enemies, who had condemned him in his youth to a captivity of six years. His fortune was to furnish him with the means of vengeance.

I commenced the work in this form, and I finished about a volume and a half of it. In that volume and a half are comprised all Albert de Morcerf's adventures in Rome, and those of Franz d'Epinay until his arrival in Paris.

I was just there when I happened to speak to Maquet, with whom I had already worked in collaboration. I told him what I had done, and what I still intended to do.

'I think,' he said, 'that you are passing over the most important part of the life of your hero—that is to say, over his amours with the Catalan, over the treason of Danglars and Fernand, and over the ten years in prison with the Abbé Faria.'

I answered: 'I intend to relate all that.'

He replied: 'You cannot tell it all in five or six volumes, and you have but five or six volumes left.'

'Perhaps you are right,' I said. 'Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we will talk about it.'

During that evening, that night, and the next morning, I thought over Maquet's remarks, and they appeared so true, that they prevailed over my previous intentions. So, when he came the next day, he found the work cut out into three distinct parts—Marseille, Rome, Paris.

That same evening, we made together the plan of the first five volumes: one of them was to be devoted to the introduction, three to the captivity, and the last two to the escape and recompense of the Morells. The remainder, without being entirely finished, was quite planned out.

Maquet believed he had done me only a friendly service; I maintain that he did the work of a *collaborateur*.

Thus *The Count of Monte Cristo*, commenced by me in my *Wanderings in Paris*, turned by degrees into a romance, and found itself at last completed by Maquet and myself together.

Every one, though, is yet at liberty to find in *The Count of Monte Cristo* any other source than I have said; but he will be very clever if he finds one.

Thus is briefly told, by the author himself, the origin of the most remarkable romance of our time; and we waive our ordinary rule against the admission of translations, in order that, by its publication, the fame of M. Dumas may be cleared from certain charges of plagiarism in the eyes of many whom his own statement would never reach.

A MODERN NIMROD.

It was one of the paradoxical sayings of Lord Byron, that he could pick out half-a-dozen young aristocrats from any drawing-room who should write as well as so many professed littérateurs; and this remark, so permissible in a Lord and a Genius, has been since echoed not only by those of his own order—which was of course to be looked for—but even by some littérateurs themselves, who happening to be also men of property and position, have professed to stand by the 'gentlemanly interest,' at some little sacrifice of truth. No estimate can of course be formed of what such magnificent persons, as those to whom his lordship referred, could do 'if they pleased'—although for that sort of conditional performance they have generally an immense reputation—but when they do please, and venture upon writing books, the absurdity of the assertion is commonly made evident enough. The art of writing is indeed scarce more likely to belong to an amateur who has never tried it, than that of playing upon the violoncello or of taming snakes. It is possible that tyros may be very successful in both those accomplishments, but the odds are that they will get out of tune, or be bitten in the eye. Examples of this are numerous and convincing, in books upon all subjects, but especially so in modern works upon field-sports. The Muscular Christians for the most

part do write good grammar, but these mere Muscle-men, as some wit has called them, write nothing of the sort. That a man can tell his own story—the adventure that has happened to him personally—best (that is to say, in the most interesting manner), is no less a delusion because it is popular; and that he can *write* it best, is a still greater error.

Thrilling as many of the narratives of our 'gentlemen-sportsmen' often are, which have been presented to us of late in such profusion, their tedium—for they all *are* tedious too—would have been greatly relieved by judicious editing. They are usually stored with a quantity of stale quotations, such as even persons who are ignorant of the very names of the books from which they come, are acquainted with; inverted commas usurp in them the place which italics used to occupy in those ancient volumes wherein the authors seem to be so afraid of our forefathers missing the jokes; while well-known lines of Greek, Latin, and even French, give mustiness to the pages to which they are intended to give piquancy.

In the really most interesting volume now before us,* treating of personal combat with almost every formidable creature extant, and written by a gentleman not ashamed to call himself the Old Shekarry (Indian for hunter), the venerable remark, *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, is repeated, as our author would say, *ad nauseam*. It is *not* 'mouton,' but lion, tiger, elk, elephant, and eagle, to which the writer always returns, and therefore the phrase has not even truth to recommend it; is it possible that he imagines it has novelty? Moreover, like Mr Gordon Cumming, the great progenitor of all these writing Nimrods, he does not know when he is brutal—when his narratives of destruction disgust rather than inthral. He thus describes the end of a female bear whom he has wounded: 'She, however, soon got up again, raised herself on her haunches, uttering a peculiarly melancholy cry, and looked round in a most woebegone manner. This position offered me *a splendid shot*, and I finished her career with a ball from my second gun.' And again, he dilates upon the slaughter of a female elephant, who would have escaped him, but that he hit upon the device of shooting her little one, whom she was tenderly 'helping over some rough ground,' after the loss of which, the mother thought no more of her own safety.

We should not notice these defects in what is the best book of its kind that we have read these five years, but that there are two foolish notions abroad which need refutation: one we have already referred to; the other is, that the continual and professional blood-shedding of the brute creation does not blunt a man's sensibilities, but is, upon the whole, rather good for him. Having entered our protest against these two popular paradoxes, there is only left to us the agreeable office of giving praise. The Old Shekarry has wandered, rifle in hand, from British India to Circassia, slaying all things from the Bengal Tiger to the Lammergeier of ten feet from tip to tip of wing. A tiger is a tiger, but when he becomes a habitual man-eater, he sinks even lower in the scale of civilisation. He is like a drunkard who, having tasted gin, is always after the bottle. It is an Indian saying, that when this animal has once lapped human blood, he will follow no other game but man. He becomes desperately cunning, as though he were aware of having declared war against the wisest of enemies. It is of no further use picketing bullocks for his accommodation, for he will carry off the man who is watching them, and leave the herd untouched. It therefore, of course, did the Old Shekarry's heart good to hear of a gentleman of this kind being in his neighbourhood, who had already eaten well-nigh a hundred persons, and especially no less than sixteen postmen—a class of which he seemed to be particularly fond. The villagers in his vicinity were panic-stricken, inquiring haughtily, indeed, 'Who is this tiger of defiled fathers, that he should thus cast dirt on our beards?' but doing nothing towards his extermination. Our hunter hears that a poor woman has been carried off one morning from a well where she was drawing water, and immediately starts in pursuit of the despoiler. 'I noticed that the trail of his retreat did not lead in the same direction as that from whence he came, and he seemed to have made the circuit of the village two or three times before he fell in with his victim. I followed the marks of his pugs through some rather open custard-apple jungle, to the dry sandy bed of a nullah, or water-course, where the trail was very plain; and although there were no marks of blood to be seen, yet I knew that he had still carried his victim, as the pugs of his forefeet were more deeply imprinted in the sand than those of the hind, from the extra weight he carried in his mouth, whereas I have observed that the marks of the hind feet are generally the plainest. A little further on, I perceived a large patch of dry blood, round which the flies were buzzing, and from the marks in the sand, I knew that the brute had laid down the body of his victim for a moment, in order, perhaps, to get a better gripe.' Presently, 'we distinctly heard grating sounds, like the gnawing of bones, accompanied by low snarls and growls. I noticed Chinesh's eyes sparkling with excitement, as he lay listening to the ominous noises; and the convulsive grabs he made at the few bristles which adorned the point of his chin told me what was passing in his mind. Not a word was spoken, though I saw the eyes of the gang were following my movements.' This was not, however, the tiger himself, but a couple of jackals munching and tearing the flesh from some victims he had not quite devoured, and whom he had left in his den. 'This was evidently the hecatomb of the man-eater, for I counted, from skulls and remains of half-eaten bodies, about twenty-three victims of both sexes, as we could see, from the hair, clothes, broken bangles (armlets), and gold and silver ornaments belonging to native women. We picked up two massive silver bracelets belonging to his last victim, whose fresh remains exhibited marks of tattooing, which were recognised by one of the villagers who was with us. We also found two gold "teekas," or neck ornaments, which mark the married woman, and a knife, which the dhoby assured us he knew as having belonged to a post-runner who had been killed about a month before.'

As the tiger was not at home, and could not be got at by the usual means, the Old Shekarry actually disguises himself as one of its favourite postmen. To the end of the bamboo on which the *dauk* runners sling the mail-bags on their shoulders, an iron ring with pieces of metal is attached, 'making a *jingling* noise as the man runs, which gives warning of the coming of the post to any crowd that might be obstructing the path, allowing them time to get out of his way. Having broken off the ring, I fastened it to my belt, so as to allow it to jingle as I walked; and, arming myself with a short double rifle by Westley Richards, a brace of pistols, and a huge shekar knife, I made Kistimah lead the way down the road towards the place where the man-eater was said to lurk.'

The Hunter thus voluntarily becoming 'live bait,' goes upon this quite unparalleled expedition alone. 'The sun had almost set as I proceeded slowly down the road, and although I was perfectly cool, and as steady as possible, I felt cold drops of perspiration start from my forehead as I approached the spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. I passed the rock, keeping well on the look-out, listening carefully for the slightest sound, and I

* *The Hunting-grounds of the Old World.* By the Old Shekarry. Saunders and Otley. 1860.

remember feeling considerably annoyed by the chirping made by a couple of little bulbuls (Indian nightingales), that were fighting in a bush close to the roadside. Partridges were calling loudly all around, and as I passed the water-course, I saw a jackal skulking along its bed. I stopped, shook my jingling affair, and listened several times as I went along, but to no purpose. Whilst ascending the opposite side of the ravine, I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf: I paused, and turning to the left, fronted the spot from whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me: then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared. I stepped back a couple of paces, in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing. I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death-agony, for my shot had entered the neck, and gone downwards into his chest. I stepped on one side, and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when dark blood rushed from his nostrils, a slight tremor passed over all his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead, and his victims avenged.' This creature, one is glad to learn, was covered with mange, and 'had but little hair left on his skin, which was of a reddish brown, and not worth taking.' On the spot where he was killed a large mausoleum now stands, caused by the passers-by each throwing a stone there; and the name of the Hunter is held dear in all that neighbourhood as the friend of humanity.

After this, a female bear seems quite an insignificant hand-to-hand customer, and yet one was almost the death of the Old Shekarry. 'I was directly in her path, and with a roar, she made right at me; I let drive at her head with my only barrel that had not been discharged; but it failed to stop her, and she had knocked me down, and was on me in the twinkling of an eye. The slope of the hill was steep, and we both of us rolled over and over several times. I was almost breathless, when Googooloo rushed on her with his bill-hook, and endeavoured to attract her attention. Luckily, she could not bite at all, as my shot had smashed her snout and lower jaw to pieces; but she kept me locked in her embrace, and squeezed me more roughly than affectionately. My head was well protected with a bison-skin cap; and getting a tight grasp of her fur on each side, with my arms underneath hers, so that she could not do me much injury with her claws, I regularly wrestled with her for some time; and although I brought my science to play, and threw her on her back several times, "by giving her the leg," she never let go her hug, and I was almost suffocated with the quantity of blood and froth that came from her wound, and covered my face, beard, and chest.' The Shekarry's hunting-knife, however, at last releases him, and off he starts at once, though with a clawed ankle, after more bears.

It is highly advisable, when shooting at a bull-elephant, to make sure of killing him, for a wounded one, it seems, is perhaps the most dangerous of all wild animals. 'I threw up my rifle, and, aiming behind the ear, let drive a couple of snap-shots for the chance of stopping him, the last of which took effect, for it brought him to his knees; but he immediately regained his legs, and, separating from the females, tore frantically through the forest, which he made resound with his angry roar. I snatched my second spare gun from Googooloo (a heavy two-ounce double rifle), and, jumping down the bank, ran with all speed to cut him off at the gorge, which was extremely narrow, as the torrent made its way between a huge cleft in the rock, through which I knew he must pass in order to join the rest of the herd. I was running down the bed of the stream, on either side of which rose high banks, when I heard a rattling noise among the stones behind me, and on turning my head, I saw the wounded bull tearing after me, with his eyes flashing fire, and his tail straight on end, about forty paces distant.

'Speed I knew would not avail me; he would have been down upon me before I could have clambered up the bank, so I swung round, and dropped on my knee, to take a more steady aim. On he charged with a fiendish shriek of revenge. I let him come to within fifteen paces, when I let drive, aiming between his eyes (my favourite shot); but whether it was that I was unsteady, being breathless from my run, or that my rifle, which weighed sixteen pounds, was too heavy, I know not; but my left arm dropped the moment I pulled the trigger (not from nervousness, for I was perfectly cool, and never lost my presence of mind for a moment), and my shot took effect four inches too low, entering the fleshy part of the root of the trunk, instead of penetrating the brain. It failed to stop him, and before I could get out of the way, the huge brute was on me; I saw something dark pass over me, felt a severe blow, and found myself whizzing through the air; then all was oblivion.' The Old Shekarry had been 'tossed' over a high bank into a place of comparative safety, if he would but have stayed there, but that was not in his nature. 'In the dry bed of the nullah, I saw my rifle, and after much painful exertion, managed to crawl down and get it. The muzzle was filled with sand, which I cleared out as well as I could; and then, sitting by the edge of the stream, began to wash away the blood, and bathe my face and head. Whilst so employed, I heard a piercing shriek, and saw Googooloo rushing towards me, closely followed by the infuriated elephant, who was almost mad from the pain of his wounds. Luckily, a hanging branch was in his way, and with the agility of a monkey, he caught hold of it, and swung himself up the steep bank, where he was safe.

'The elephant, balked of his victim, rushed wildly backwards and forwards two or three times, as if searching for him, and then, with a hoarse scream of disappointment, came tearing down the bed of the nullah. I was directly in his path, and powerless to get out of the way. A moment more, and I saw that I was perceived, for down he charged on me with a fiendish roar of vengeance. With difficulty I raised my rifle, and, taking a steady aim between his eyes, pulled the trigger—it was my only chance. When the smoke cleared away, I perceived a mighty mass lying close to me. At last I had conquered. Soon after this, I must have sunk into a swoon, for I hardly remember anything until I found myself lying in my hut, and B—— leaning over me.'

There are creatures much smaller than elephants which help to make the Indian jungles dangerous, and which set the hunter's rifle at defiance. 'Tree-leeches often drop from the branches as you shake them in passing, and alight upon your person, when they seem all to make for the back of your neck by instinct. When in such jungles, it is absolutely necessary to wear leech-gaiters, or long closely woven cotton stockings, over your socks (which should be of lambswool), under your boots and gaiters, and over your breeches, as far as they will go. Even with this safeguard, I have sometimes found my boots and stockings drenched with blood in the evening, though I could not ascertain how they got in.'

The volume we write of is a large one, and contains many more such scenes as we have quoted, but we must confine ourselves to one more extract. It is a story told to our author by an Abbassian chief, who,

during the winter of 1852, was traversing a snowy steppe, with ten other mounted men of his tribe, well armed, and five prisoners—four Russian soldiers and a woman. All on a sudden, a strange howling noise was heard in the air, as the roaring of a dreadful wind, and they beheld a dark mass of objects, like a cloud on the horizon, spreading over the snow. Then they knew that they were pursued by a horde of wolves.

'Their horses were already fatigued with a long day's journey, but terror seemed to give them wings, for they tore along as if they knew their peril, and for awhile seemed to hold their own. The nearest hamlet was at least seven miles distant, and the ground was in many places so deep with drifted snow that their horses could hardly get along. The crisis was now evidently fast approaching, for the advanced troop were almost within gunshot howling and yelling as wolves only can. A brief consultation was held, and it was determined to sacrifice the prisoners one by one, so as to gain time for the rest to escape. The woman met her fate first; one of their number stepping behind, drew his sabre across the hocks of her horse, hamstringing it, and causing both to fall heavily to the ground. Her shrieks, as well as the cry of the horse in his death-agony, rang through their ears for a moment, and then all was still. They anxiously looked back, and found that this desperate expedient had enabled them to gain a considerable distance on their pursuers, but it was not for long; they were soon again on their heels, when a Russian soldier was sacrificed by shooting his horse; a second, third, and fourth followed, and much time was gained and a considerable distance covered: still their insatiable foes pressed on, apparently more ferocious than before, for their appetite was whetted with the taste of blood. They now commenced discharging their firearms amongst them, but it was of no avail, for although many fell, the rest rushed on, and the course of the horde was not stayed. The horses of two of their number now gave up, and fell with shrieks that told they knew the fate that awaited them; and, although their riders were swift on foot, they could not keep up their speed for any length of time in the deep snow, and soon became fatigued, so bidding their comrades farewell, they resigned themselves to their *kismet* (destiny), drew their yataghans, and, shouting their battle-cry, died like men, fighting to the last. The survivors were now within a couple of miles from shelter, but their horses were almost worn out, the leading wolves hardly a pistol-shot behind, and gaining upon them rapidly—another moment, and they expected to feel their fangs, when an old man, whose two sons were also present, seeing the hopelessness of the case, bade his comrades farewell, and shouting out the *imaun* (Mohammedan creed) as a death-song, felled his horse to the ground with the heavy butt of his pistol, as he could not rein up the scared animal, and offered himself a willing sacrifice to save the rest. On tore the survivors, now reduced to eight in number, and on followed their relentless pursuers, now again only half-a-dozen horses' length behind. In spite of all their efforts, their doom seemed sealed, and their case hopeless, when their chief, giving an expressive look to the narrator, drew his pistol, and shot the man nearest to him through the head. He threw up his arms and dropped the reins, but although stone-dead, he sat firm in the saddle, the affrighted animal carrying him until a second discharge brought both to the ground. Again the pursuit was checked for a time, and the konak appeared in view; luckily, the door was open, for it was deserted; men and horses rushed in, the door was closed, and a ponderous bar drawn across inside, when suddenly a loud heart-rending yell was heard from without, above the howling of the wolves, and they saw through the chinks between the logs one of their comrades, whose horse had broken down and lagged behind, unperceived by the rest, surrounded by the horde, and fighting desperately—a moment more, and he was pulled from the saddle, and both man and horse devoured before their eyes. Then the wolves surrounded the hut, and, finding themselves balked of their prey, began to fight amongst each other, at times endeavouring to scratch away the earth under the logs, or force their ways through the crevices; but the hut being substantially constructed, resisted all their efforts, and a deadly discharge of firearms was kept up from the interior, which thinned their numbers, and revenged their fallen friends; but the dead wolves were speedily devoured by the survivors, who remained howling and shrieking round the hut until the night of the second day, when a violent storm arose, and they took themselves off in the dark, much to the relief of the six survivors, who, seeing the coast clear, made the best of their way to their homes.'

We thus take leave of the Old Shekarry with a picture the reverse of those with which his volume teems—of Men pursued by Beasts, instead of Beasts by Men; and, if we may reason from analogy, this hunting seems to be very far from sport for those who *are* hunted.

FALLEN.

What were once her graces,
Now are but her wiles;
Fair as aye her face is—
But how changed her smiles!
More would tears become her,
Than that fellowship
Of the heart woe-laden
And the laughing lip.

Better far be weeping,
Than with that sad smile,
Which, once sure to win us,
Now doth scarce beguile;
For the heart-light hath taint
Whence the smile flashed forth,
But the fountain of tears—
That can nought defile.

Gather we the sea-flower,
And tend it as we may,
Its purple glory fadeth,
And pineth for the spray;
And gather we the sea-flower,
And watered though it be,
Its fairy branches spread not
As erst beneath the sea.

E'en so a maiden's beauty
Must lose its charm and air,
Without the salt of Modesty
Within, to keep it fair.

EMERITUS.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, *will be commenced in this Journal,*

A STORY,

ENTITLED

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

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INTERNATIONAL WRINKLES.

In travelling in foreign countries, one often observes arrangements and devices which he thinks might advantageously be copied in his own, while others of a useful character belonging to his own are wanting; and he naturally wishes that an interchange might take place for mutual benefit. The writer, just returned from a tour of the United States of America, is impelled to advert to a few such international wrinkles, as he ventures to call them.

The American cities have, in general, their streets indicated by numbers. Thus, in New York, the longitudinal streets are ranged from east to west, as First Avenue, Second Avenue, Third Avenue, &c.; while the latitudinal ones from south to north are First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on, even to Seventieth Street, if not further. It looks to us formal and mechanical, but possesses a great convenience. When one hears an address mentioned —say No. 149, 27th Street east—he is at once made aware of the relative situation of both the street and the house; namely, that he has to go twenty-seven blocks northward, and that the house is about seventy-four houses eastward of a certain medium line which pervades the city. In Philadelphia, they have not the longitudinal streets numbered; but they have another arrangement extremely serviceable. The numbers of the houses in these streets start with a new century after each crossing. Thus, there may be only sixty houses in one block, say the sixth, and consequently no house there numbering more than 560. Nevertheless, the first house after the crossing will be 601. The benefit is, that if you are told your friend lives in No. 1235 Arch Street, you know at once by that number that the house is in the thirteenth block from the starting-point. You know how far you have to go, and can regulate your movements accordingly. You even know, by the number being odd or even, on which side of the street your friend lives. There is thus an obvious convenience in this numerational plan of indicating streets; and as to the charge of formality, it may be asked why we should be content to number our houses, and not our streets. Of course, the irregularity of the ground-plans of most British cities makes the arrangement difficult of application. It may, however, be applicable in new towns, and in new districts of old ones; and for such the writer recommends it.

The newspapers have lately told us of a Mr Train of Boston, who has been initiating the introduction of street-railways into Britain at Birkenhead, and is now returned to his own country with a Hansom cab as a model for a similar institution to be inaugurated there. Mr Train appears to be a gentleman with a nice appreciation of international wrinkles. England would be the better of the street-railway, and America greatly requires the cab. In Boston, in New York, and in Philadelphia, the former institution has for some years been largely developed. It usually consists of a double track in each important street, the rails being so framed and placed as to form little impediment to wagons and carriages which may have occasion to cross them. Along these tracks proceed, at frequent intervals, horse-drawn cars, so lowly perched, and so furnished with platforms and steps at each end, as to be easily accessible. For a fixed fare, equal to 2½d. of British money, you can pass in one of the vehicles from one end of the city to another, or for any intermediate distance. It seems to be admitted that the tracks are, to some extent, an inconvenience to private carriages, insomuch that some families are alleged to have given up the use of their accustomed equipages. But the convenience to the many is obvious, and not to be disputed. In London, particularly, where the passenger-traffic of the main thoroughfares is becoming more and more difficult, it is certainly very desirable that the experiment should be made.

As to the other part of Mr Train's mission—we must say that America is as far behind us in hackney-carriages as it is before us in street-railways. The only hackney in their principal cities is a pretentious two-horse coach, which you cannot hire to take a lady to a party in the next street, or to send her home in a shower, or to carry yourself and portmanteau to or from a railway terminus half a mile off, under a dollar, equal to 4s. 2d. English money. While the beautiful steamboat excursion of a hundred and fifty miles, from New York to Albany, costs only a dollar and a half, you will have to pay exactly the same fare for a coach from your hotel in the former city to the quay, if it be not one of those in the lower end of the town; in which case it will be still a dollar. In short, hackney-carriage fare in America is not a payment, but a punishment: it is a fine for luxury. As a natural consequence, such vehicles are very little used. How so active a people get over the ground without them, is a puzzle to a stranger. How it should have been reserved for Mr Train, in 1860, to make an effort to introduce THE CAB, with its rapid movements, its shilling and eighteenpence fares, with legal protection against imposition, is unaccountable. If he succeeds in this part of his mission, his name should be held in remembrance both by his countrymen and by foreign travellers in the States, as that of a public benefactor.

Of small matters of device introduced in America, and unknown with us, there is one which appears

peculiarly eligible. It is a means of admitting light through the street-pavement into sunk floors and cellars. A frame of stout iron-work is set full of stud-like lenses, each about the size of a watch-glass, with metal knobs rising in the intermediate spaces, so as to prevent the feet of passengers from grazing the glass. One could scarcely believe beforehand how much light can thus be let into the fore-part of a sunk story or under-wareroom. Of course, the glasses are liable to be obscured by dirt; but this can be washed out as often as may be necessary. Practically, the arrangement seems perfect for its end, and the writer observed that it has already come into extensive use. It is remarkable, while the Americans are so ready to adopt devices such as this—advantageous to individuals—that they are ages behind England in the preservation of a clear and safe pavement for the use of the public, as well as in the scavengering of their streets. At New York, you see the marble palaces of commerce rising in streets, on the carriage-ways of which the rubbish and garbage of a month is allowed to rest.

Luggage is the pest of the traveller, who might well address it in the language of Martial—'nec possum vivere tecum nec sine te.' The Americans have a way of lessening the evil. When you come to the railway station, an official receives your luggage, and learns your destination. He then brings a bunch of brass tickets, each fitted with a looped strap, and each furnished with a tally. Handing you the tally, he at the same instant loops the ticket on to the article by its most prominent handle. The articles are thus *labelled* for their destination, and you have been supplied with a record of the deposit. At no intermediate stage, change of carriage, ferry, or any other stoppage, need you be under the least anxiety. The articles are sure to appear at the proper place. Moreover, as you approach the end of the journey, a porter or omnibus conductor comes forward, who, for a small fee, will undertake to collect your baggage, and bring yourself and it, or the baggage by itself, to any hotel or other house you may name. It appears in your room, in an hour or less, as if by magic.

At St Louis, in a steep street ascending from the river, and along which much merchandise has to be carted from the shipping, the writer observed a style of pavement which seemed remarkably well adapted for such situations. It consisted of an association of frames of cast iron, each about a foot square, and composing a sort of grill-work, with four rows of lozenge-shaped apertures, six to the row, arranged like a honeycomb; each frame having, further, certain prominences at the sides, by which they could be locked into each other. This grill-work, being laid down on a bedding of concrete, is not only a durable pavement for a situation of great tear and wear, but it furnishes the horses with a purchase for their feet, whereby the agony of a heavy draught on a steep incline must be greatly lessened. It ought to be introduced in England, wherever there are steep streets frequented by wagons and heavily laden carriages. In those horrid alleys that lead up from the wharfs to the Strand in London, the arrangement would be invaluable. It may be added, that the bars of the grill-work are required to be strong, not less than an inch in depth, by perhaps three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Of course, the spaces become filled with mud and gravel; but that can obviously have no effect in lessening the hold which the horses' shoes take of the bars. In some inclined streets in our large cities, this form of pavement might be adopted for only a portion of the entire breadth.

The writer is not aware that steam-power has ever yet been applied in England to fire-engines. It is so in the United States, and with the best results. In every large city in the Union, there are several fire-engine stations, where the apparatus is kept ready to light and be brought forth at any moment, and a suitable number of horses stand in their stalls as well prepared for service as those in Branksome Castle, of yore. On an alarm, it is considered poor work if the fire-engine, with its fire alight, is not out upon the street in three minutes. On some occasions of late, where the property was of a very combustible nature, it was considered as certain that an immense amount more would have been destroyed but for the application of the prodigious force of steam. England might go and do likewise.

In England, the ornamental generally goes ahead of anything of the same nature seen in America. In the useful, the contrast is apt to lie the contrary way. In tidiness, the States cannot compete with England: the most prominent feature of country and town in the New World being the want of neatness and of finish. Everything looks half-arranged, or half-done. But the mind of our cousin Jonathan is indescribably active in all matters that reflect on immediate and material interests, and there can be no doubt that he will in time have everything neat and trim about him, as well as his relative John Bull.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XCV.—THE YELLOW DUENNA.

'Good lor, gal! wha you doin' down da? You know Mass' Holt an' Mass' Stebbins want dar coffee? Wy ain't you done fotch de water?'

I faced round on hearing the voice. The tone and patois had already admonished me that the speaker was neither white nor Indian; but of that third typical race that mingles in the social life of the transatlantic world—an African. The harsh accentuation had prepared me for the appearance of a man and a negro. I was mistaken both as to the sex and colour. In the speaker I beheld a *mulatta*—a yellow woman—of large size, gross, corpulent, and greasy. Her dress was a light-coloured muslin print, negligently open at the breast, and garnished with gaudy ribbons, from which freely protruded the mountainous masses of her bosom. On her head was a *toque* of checked 'bandana,' folded over the black corkscrew ringlets, scarcely hanging so low as her ears; while ungartered stockings upon her ankles, and slipshod shoes upon her feet, completed the *tout ensemble* of her costume.

Notwithstanding the *negligé* visible in her apparel, there were signs of conceit as to personal appearance. The fashion and trimmings were not in keeping with that of her tabooed race; and in the set of the toque there was a certain air of coquetry. The features, small and regular, might have once passed for handsome; but they were now nearly eliminated by her obese condition, which produced a disproportionate rotundity of face.

The eyes, moreover, had lost all loveliness, if they had ever had such an expression. Their glance, in its brightest day, could have been only animal. It was still sufficiently sensual; but of a sullen and leering character.

The voice of this woman had already produced an unpleasant effect upon me; so, too, the words spoken. The sight of her as she stood 'akimbo'—her hands resting upon her enormous haunches—only strengthened the sinister impression, which was still further confirmed by my observing a similar effect elsewhere—on the countenance of Lilian! Even over that radiant surface I could see that a cloud had stolen, and still continued to shadow it!

'Say, gal! wha you doin' dar, anyhow? You fill dat pail double-quick, or, golly, you catch it!'

A threat! Lilian listens to it, and obeys!

'I am coming, Aunt Lucy!' she replied, in a trembling voice, at the same time hastening to fill the water-can.

I was in hopes that this conciliatory answer would send the mulatta back into the corral. To my chagrin, it produced a result directly the reverse; for, on hearing it, the woman came waddling down in rapid strides towards the river.

She made direct for the spot where Lilian was filling the can; and by her quick, nervous gestures, and the lurid light flashing in her half-buried eyes, I could perceive that some hideous passion had been stirred within her.

Lilian had already perceived that she was approaching, and stood to wait for her—evidently in awe!

When within a few paces of the girl, the fat fury opened upon her in a tone as vindictive, as the sound of her voice was harsh and grating.

'Wha for, gal, you call me *Aunt* Lucy? Wha for you say dat? Dam! you call me so 'gain, I job you' eyes out. Sure I live, I gouge you!'

The monster, as she spoke, stretched out her hand, bending the thumb with a significant gesture. She continued in the same spiteful tone:—

'I tear you' har you so conceit' 'bout—you' golding har, folks call—piff! da colour ob yella squash—I pull um out o' you' head in fistfull, you call me *Aunt* Lucy 'gain.'

'I did not know it would offend you,' replied the young girl, in a meek voice. 'Do not the others call you by that name?' she inquired hesitatingly. 'Mr Stebbins does so?'

'Nebba you mind what Mass' Stebbins he do; da's my affair. You hab a care you no call me so. Da's my affair, too. Jes you say *Aunt* Lucy 'gain, I soon spoil you' beauty, buckra gal.'

'I shall not do so again, Lucy,' timidly rejoined the young girl.

'*Miss* Lucy, you please. Don't you tink you still in Tennessee! You' know better bye'n bye. Yella woman out yeer good as white—marry white man all same—all same 'mong da Mormons—yah, yah, yah!'

A leer towards Lilian accompanied this laughter, rendering its hideous significance more palpably expressive.

So provoked was I by the brutal behaviour of the yellow wench, I could scarcely restrain myself from rushing up and kicking her over the bank upon which she was standing. Nothing but the stern necessity of preserving my incognito hindered me from treating her as she deserved; and, even then, it cost me an effort to keep my place. I could see that the young girl cowered beneath the threats of this bold bawdril, who had in some way gained an ascendency over her—perhaps appointed by Stebbins to act in the double capacity of spy and guardian?

Notwithstanding the horrid imaginings to which this woman's presence had given rise, I succeeded in smothering my wrath, and remaining silent. My good star was guiding me; and soon after I was rewarded for the act of prudence.

'Say!' continued the mulatta, still addressing herself to Lilian, 'wha for you sittin' dar; are gazin' down on da water? S'pose you tink you sees him shadda dar? Yah, yah, yah!'

'Whose shadow?' innocently inquired the girl.

I trembled while listening for the reply.

'O Lordy! you berry innocent gal, make appear! S'pose I no see you write him name in dat ere book you got? S'pose I no see you make him letter in de sand, wha we camp on Akansaw? You scratch um name ebberywha; you got um on de big box inside Mass' Stebbins's wagon. Ha! you better no let Mass' Stebbins see um dar!'

I would at that instant have given my horse for a glance at either box or book. But in another moment the necessity was gone; and the revelation, though made by polluted lips, was not the less welcome to my ears. What cared I whether the oracle was profane, so long as its response echoed my most earnest desires?

'S'pose nobody read but youseff?' continued the mulatta, in the same jeering tone. 'S'pose nobody know what E. W. stand for? yah, yah! S'pose dat ere don't mean Edwa'd Wa'ffeld? eh, missy yella har?'

The young girl made no reply; but the crimson disc became more widely suffused over her cheek. With joy I beheld its blushing extension.

'Yah, yah, yah!' continued her tormentor, 'you may see um shadda in da water—dat all you see ob Edwa'd Wa'ffeld. Whoebber dat ere coon be, you nebba set you' eyes on him 'gain—nebba!'

A dark shade quickly overcast the crimson, betokening that the words gave pain. My pleasure was in like proportion, but inversely.

'So, missy golding har! you' better gone 'long wi' de young dragoon officer who want take you—dat am, if you must hab man all to youseff. Yah, yah, yah! Nebba mind, gal! you get husband yet. Mass' Stebbins he find you husban'—he got one for you a'ready—waitin dar in de Mormon city; you soon see! husban' got fifty odder wife! Yah, yah, yah!'

Words appeared upon the lips of Lilian—low murmured and but half uttered. I understood them not. They appeared not to be a reply to the speeches that had been addressed to her, but rather the involuntary accompaniment to an expression of peculiar anguish, that at that moment revealed itself on her features.

The mulatta did not seem either to expect, or care for an answer; for on giving utterance to the fiendish insinuation, she turned upon her slippered heels, and hobbled back towards the camp.

I held my face averted, as she was passing near where I stood. I feared that she might be attracted to stop and examine me; and I had a motive for wishing her to keep on. Her curiosity did not appear to be very excitable. Such as it was, it evolved itself in a comic fashion—as I could tell by the coarse 'Yah, yah, yah!' that broke from her as she passed me. I could tell, too, by the receding of the sound, that she had gone on without stopping.

Lilian followed at a distance of about ten paces. Her body was bent to one side by the weight of the water-can; while her long golden hair, tossed in confusion over the straining arm, almost swept the sward by her feet. The toilsome attitude only displayed in greater perfection the splendid development of that feminine form, which death alone could now hinder me from calling my own.

I had already planned my course of action. I only waited for an opportunity to carry it out. No longer desired I to hide recognition from her. The barrier that had hitherto restrained me from giving sign or word—and that would still have continued to do so—had now been removed—happily as unexpectedly. In my heart, now filled and thrilling with joy, there was no motive for further concealment; and I resolved at once to declare myself. Not openly, however; not by speech, nor yet by gesture. Either might have provoked an exclamation; and have drawn upon us prying eyes that were observing at no great distance.

As stated, I had already shaped out my course; and, for a minute or more, had been waiting for the very opportunity that now seemed to offer.

During the conversation above detailed, I had not been an inactive listener. I had taken from my pocket a scrap of paper, and pencilled upon it three simple words. I knew the paper on which I was writing: it was the half-leaf of a letter well remembered. The letter itself was not there: it was within the folds of my pocket-book; but there was writing on the fly-leaf, and on both faces of it.

On one side were those cherished verses, whose

sweet simple strain, still vibrating upon the chords of my heart, I cannot help repeating:

I think of thee, when Morning springs
From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
And like a young bird lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.
And when at Noon the breath of love
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

I think of thee, when soft and wide
The Evening spreads her robe of light;
And like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of Night.
And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep waveless sea;
And stars are forth like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

O sir! it is very, very true! I do think of you; and I am sure I shall do so as long as I live.

LILIAN HOLT.

On the reverse side of the page I had penned, or rather pencilled, a response; not then, but in an idle hour by the way: with the presentiment that it might sometime reach the hands of her for whom it was intended. In those hands I was now determined to place it—leaving the issue to the cipher itself.

The answer ran thus:

TO LILIAN.

As music sweet, thy gentle lay
Hath found its echo in my heart;
At morn, at eve, by night, by day,
'Tis never from my thoughts apart:
I hear the strain in every breeze
That blows o'er flower, and leaf, and tree;
Low murmuring, the birds and bees
All seem to sing—I think of thee!

Perhaps, of me no more a thought
Lingers within thy bosom blessed:
For time and absence both are fraught
With danger to the lover's rest?
O Lilian! if thy gentlest breath
Should whisper that sad truth to me,
My heart would soon be cold in death—
Though dying, still 't would think of thee!

EDWARD WARFIELD,
The Indian Hunter.

The words at the moment added were those appended to my own name, which I had introduced to aid in the recognition.

However inappropriate might be the scheme for making myself known, I had no time to conceive any other. The interruption caused by the mulatta had hindered me from a verbal declaration, which otherwise I might have made; and there was no longer an opportunity for the periphrasis of speech. Even a word might betray me.

Under this apprehension, I resolved to remain silent; and watch for the occasion, when I might effect the secret conveyance of the paper.

As the young girl drew near, I stepped towards her—pointing to my lips, and making sign that I wished to drink. The action did not alarm her. On the contrary, she stopped; and, smiling kindly on the thirsty savage, offered the can—raising it with both hands before her.

I took the vessel in mine, holding the little billet conspicuous between my stained fingers. Conspicuous only to her: for from all other eyes the can concealed it—even from those of the bizarre *duenna*, who had faced round and was still standing near. Not a word escaped me. I only nodded towards the paper, as I raised the can to my lips, and pretended to drink.

Ah! that weird instinct of a woman's heart—a woman who loves! How pleasant to watch its subtle play, when we know that it is exerted in our favour!

I saw not the action, nor yet the emotion that may have been depicted on that radiant face. My eyes were averted. I dared not trust them to watch the effect. I only knew that the can was taken from my hands—the paper along with it! and like a dream, the fair water-carrier passed from before me, leaving me alone upon the spot!

My eyes followed the receding form, now side by side with that of her chiding guardian. Together they entered the corral, Lilian upon the nearer side; but, as the maiden's face disappeared behind the sombre shadow of the wagon, a glance thrown back through those shining tresses convinced me that my scheme had succeeded!

CHAPTER XCVI.

A SISTER'S APPEAL.

I hastened to inform Marian of what had passed; having returned to the tents, without giving any sign of the excitement that was stirring in my breast.

Why not to-night? why not at once? within the hour? These were my reflections put interrogatively.

The huntress still remained within her tent; but, enjoying the fraternal privilege, I could enter; and stooping, I crept under the covering of skins.

'You have seen her!' she said affirmatively, as I entered.

'I have.'

'And spoken with her?'

'No—I dared not trust myself to speak. I have given her a token of recognition.'

'In writing? I saw you. She knows, then, that you are here?'

'By this time she should—that is, if she has found an opportunity to look at the paper.'

'She will find that, I daresay. Oh! she *is* beautiful—very beautiful. I do not wonder, sir, that you love her! Were I a man—— Knows she that I am here?'

'Not yet. I feared to tell her, even in writing. I feared that in the sudden transport of joy which such a discovery would produce, she might proclaim it to your father—perhaps to *him?*'

'You are right—there might have been that risk. She must not know it, till we can caution her against declaring it. How do you propose to act?'

'I come to take counsel from you. If we could only make known to her that you are here, she might find an opportunity of coming forth; and in the darkness, all the rest could be accomplished. Even to-night—why not this very night?'

'Why not?' echoed the girl, catching eagerly at the hope. 'The sooner the better. But how am I to see her—should I enter their camp? Perhaps'——

'If you would write to her, I'——

'*Would*, stranger! say *could*. Writing is not one of my accomplishments. My father cared little to teach me—my mother still less—she cared not at all. Alas! I cannot even write my own name!'

'It matters not: dictate to me. I have here paper and pencil; and shall write for you. If she has read the other, she will be on the look-out—and no doubt we may find an opportunity of giving a note to her.'

'And she of reading it, no doubt. Yes; it does seem the best course we can take—the surest and safest. Surely Lilian has not forgotten me? Surely she will follow the advice of a sister who dearly loves her?'

Drawing out my pencil, and tearing a leaf from the memorandum-book, I stood ready to act as amanuensis. The intelligent though unlettered maiden resting her forehead upon her hand—as if to aid in

giving shape to her thoughts—commenced the dictation:

'*Beloved sister!—A friend writes for me—one whom you know. It is Marian who speaks—your own sister Marian—still living and well. I am here with others—in the disguise of Indians—those you have seen. We are here on your account alone. We have come to save you from a danger—O sister! a dreadful danger, which your innocent heart cannot dream of!*'

I was not so certain of this. The shade I had observed upon Lilian's countenance, produced by the taunting speeches of the mulatta, had convinced me that the young girl was not without some presentiment of her danger, however vaguely outlined. So much the better for our purpose; and, as I had already declared my belief to Marian, I did not interrupt her. She continued:

'*When you have read this, do not shew it to any one; do not tell its contents even to*'——

The maiden paused for a moment. Filial affection, too cruelly crushed, caused her voice to falter. Tremblingly and low-muttered came the words:

'*Our father!*

'*Dear Lil!*' she proceeded in a firmer tone, '*you know how dearly I loved you? I love you still the same. You know I would have risked my life to save yours? I now risk that, and more—ah! far more, if I could tell you; but sometime you shall know all. And you, dear Lil! your danger is even greater than of life—for it is the danger of dishonour!*

'*Hear me, then, beloved sister, and do not refuse to follow my advice! When it is dark—and to-night if possible—steal out from the camp. Separate yourself from the vile people who surround you—separate yourself—O sister! it is hard to say the word—from him, our father—him who should have been our protector, but who, I fear—— Alas! I cannot speak the thought.*

'*To-night, dear Lil! if possible, to-night! To-morrow it may be too late. Our disguise may be discovered and all our plans frustrated. To-night—to-night! Fear not! your friend awaits you—your old favourite, Frank Wingrove, with other brave companions. Your sister will receive you with open arms.* MARIAN.'

Surely Lilian would not resist such an appeal? Surely it would be sufficient to separate her—even from him whose slight protection scarcely gave him claim to the sacred title of parent?

Our next anxiety was as to how the note might be delivered. We thought of Archilete; and in the end he might be employed to convey it to her for whom it was intended; but just at that moment the Mexican was absent. In the performance of his *métier* as guide, he had entered the corral, and was engaged with the chief men of the caravan—giving them such counsel as might enable them to pursue their route, and no doubt concealing those points that might be prejudicial to our purpose. I had no reason to doubt the fidelity of the man. It is true his betrayal of us would have been fatal; though it might afterwards have brought himself to punishment. But it never occurred to me to question his loyalty. His sentiment of hostility for the Mormon 'hereticos' had been freely and repeatedly expressed; and I reposed perfect confidence in the honesty of his declarations.

On discovering the absence of Archilete, the idea had occurred to me, that it might not be necessary to await his return to the tents. Time was too valuable to be wasted. Already had the sun sunk to rest over the grand desert of the Colorado; and the sombre shadows of the Sierra San Juan were projected far into the plain—almost to the edge of the encampment. In these latitudes, the soft eve lingers but a few moments; and night was already spreading her dusky mantle over the plain. The white tilts of the wagons glimmered paler through the gray light; and the red glare of the camp-fires, burning within the corral, now shone upon the canvas, disputing the power to illumine it, with the last touches of the twilight. Another minute—scarcely another minute—and the day would be done.

'Come!' I said to my companion, 'we may go together. The guide has proclaimed us sister and brother—prophetic words, I hope. Believing in that relationship, they will not see anything extraordinary in our taking a stroll together. *Outside* the camp, we may find the opportunity we are in search of?'

Marian offered no objection; and issuing together from the tent, we walked off in the direction of the corralled wagons.

CHAPTER XCVII.

A CARAVAN BALL.

As if to favour our design, the night descended dusk as the wing of a vulture. The summits of San Juan were no longer visible—their outlines becoming blended with the dark background of sky; while the more sombre slopes of the Sierra Mojada had long since faded from the view.

Even light-coloured objects could be but dimly traced through the profound obscurity: the white covers of the wagons, our own weather-bleached buffalo-tents, the metallic sheen of the stream, and the speckled oxen browsing along its banks. Between these objects the atmosphere was filled with a uniform and amorphous darkness; and dusky forms like ours could be seen only under the light of the blazing fires. A few of these had been kindled outside the enclosure—near the avenue entrance; but most were inside, surrounded by groups of emigrants, the flames casting their ruddy light upon the bright cheerful faces of women and children, or on the ruder forms and more care-worn countenances of the men.

Underneath the wagon-bodies, the red light, broken by the radiating spokes of the wheels, gleamed outward in a thousand jets; and men walking outside, flung gigantic shadows over the plain. Nearer to the line of barricade, only the shadows of their limbs were projected, the upper part of their persons being shrouded from the glare by the tilts and boxing of the wagons. Under this friendly cover we were enabled to approach close up to the vehicles, without much risk of attracting observation. But few persons were straying outside—only the cattle-guards and other routine-officers of the caravan, all equally negligent of their duties. They knew they were in Utah territory, and had no enemy to fear.

It was, moreover, the hour of most interest in the daily routine of a travelling-train—when forms cluster around the bivouac fire, and bright faces shine cheerfully in the blaze—when the song succeeds the supper—the tale is told, and the merry laugh rings on the air—when the pipe sends up its aromatic wreaths of blue curling smoke, and sturdy limbs, already rested from the toils of the day, feel an impulse to spring upward on the 'light fantastic toe.'

On that eve, such an impulse had inspired the limbs of the Mormon emigrants. Scarcely had the *débris* of the supper been removed, ere a space was cleared midway between the blazing fires; music swelled upon the air—the sounds of fiddle, horn, and clarionet—and half a score of couples—setting themselves *en quadrille*—commenced treading time to the tune.

Sufficiently *bizarre* was the exhibition—a dance of the true 'broad-horn' breed; but we had no thought of criticising an entertainment so opportune to our purpose. The swelling sound of the instruments drowning low conversation, the confusion of many voices, the attraction of the saltatory performance, were all circumstances that had suddenly and

unexpectedly arisen in our favour. My companion and I had no longer a fear that our movements would be noted. Indeed, only those who might be in the wagons, and looking through the draw-string aperture in the rear of the tilts, would be likely to see us at all. But most of these apertures were closed—some with curtains of common canvas, others with an old counterpane, a blanket, or such rag as was fitted for the service. We saw no face looking outwards; all were turned upon the attractive circle of Terpsichoreans, that, under the brilliant light of the fires, were bounding through the mazy figures of the dance.

The wagons forming the sides of the enclosure were in *echelon;* and lapping their tilts on each other, it was impossible to see between them. With the two, however, that closed the end of the *corral*, the case was different. These had been drawn up side by side, and parallel to each other; and though their wheels touched, there still remained a space above the tires, through which we could command a view of the ground within the enclosure. At this point, we had placed ourselves.

It was the very vantage-ground we desired. We could view the enclosed ellipse longitudinally, and note nearly every movement made by those inside. Even should we be detected in our espionage, it would pass without suspicion as to our real object. What more natural than that we should desire to witness the spectacle of the dance? The act would be construed as springing from mere curiosity?

Our eyes, wandering over the different figures, soon became fixed upon two. They were men, and seated—near each other, and some paces apart from the crowd of dancers. They were Holt and Stebbins. Both were by the side of a large fire, that threw its red light in full glare over them—so that not only their figures, but even the expression upon their features we could distinctly trace. The squatter, pipe in mouth, and with head drooping between his knees, looked grimly into the fire. He was paying no attention to what was passing around him. His thoughts were not there?

Stebbins, on the other hand, appeared eagerly to watch the dancers. He was dressed with a degree of adornment; and exhibited a certain patronising attitude, as if master of the sports and ceremonies! Men and women went and came, as if paying court to him; and each was held for a moment in courtly converse, and then graciously dismissed, with all the ludicrous etiquette of mock ceremonial!

I looked among the dancers, scrutinising each figure as it came round to the light. There were girls and women—some of all ages. Even the gross *mulatta* was 'on the floor,' hobbling through the figures of a quadrille. But Lilian? I was disappointed in not seeing her—a disappointment that gratified me.

Where was she? Among the spectators?

I made a hurried examination of the circle. There were faces fair and young—white teeth, and rose-hued cheeks, but not hers. She was not among them!

I turned to her sister to make a conjectural inquiry. I saw that the eyes of Marian were upon her father. She was regarding him with a fixed expression. I could fancy that some strange reflection was passing through her mind—some wild emotion swelling within her bosom. I refrained from interrupting the current of her thoughts.

Up to this time, the wagon beside which I stood had been dark inside. Suddenly, and as if by magic, a light flashed within, gleaming through the translucent canvas. A candle had been lighted under the tilt; and continued to burn steadily.

I could not resist the temptation to look in. Perhaps a presentiment guided me? It needed no disarrangement of the cover—only to step a pace to one side, and opposite the canvas curtain in the rear of the wagon. The slight rude hanging had been negligently closed. An interstice left open between the two flaps permitted a full view of the interior.

A number of large boxes and articles of household use filled up the bed of the wagon; and over these were strewed some coarse garments, and pieces of bed-clothing—blankets, counterpanes, and a bolster or two. Near the forward end, a chest of large dimensions stood higher than the rest; and upon the lid of this a piece of tallow-candle was burning in the neck of an old bottle. Between the flame of the candle and my eyes a figure intervened, shadowing the rearward part of the wagon. It was a female figure; and dim as was the light, I could trace the outlines of a lovely *silhouette* that could be no other than that of Lilian Holt. A slight turn of the head brought the gleam of golden hair under the flickering flame; and the features were seen *en profile*. They were hers. It was Lilian who occupied the wagon.

She was alone; though in front of the vehicle, I could see forms not distant from where she sat. Young men were hanging about. Ardent glances were directed towards her. She appeared desirous of shunning them!

She held in her hands a book. One might have fancied she was reading it: for it was open; but the light fell sparingly on the page; and her stealthy glances towards it, told that something besides the book was occupying her attention. A piece of detached paper that gleamed whiter between the leaves, was evidently the object of her solicitude. It was the writing upon that she was trying to decipher.

I watched with eager eye. I noted every movement of the fair reader. Marian had joined me. We both watched together.

It required an effort to restrain ourselves from speech. A word would have been worth all this writing; but a word might also have ruined everything. They who stood in front of the wagon might have heard it. It was not spoken.

Lilian was evidently watching these people. Perhaps the restraint thus placed upon her hindered any violent show of emotions which the writing on the paper may have called forth? A short suppressed sigh, as she finished reading; a quick searching glance among the groups in front—another, shot stealthily towards the rear of the wagon—this was all in her manner that might have appeared unusual.

I watched till her eyes were again turned rearward; and then, gently parting the canvas flaps, I held Marian's note between my fingers inside the curtain. The apparition of my red hand did not cause an alarm. The poem had paved the way for the more prosaic epistle; and neither scream nor start was occasioned by its delivery. As soon as I saw that the piece of paper was observed, I dropped it among the boxes, and withdrew my hand.

The fear that we might have been noticed, standing too long in one place, influenced us to move away. If fortune should favour the reading of that note, on our return we might find our scheme still riper for execution.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

TO HORSE AND AWAY.

Our absence was of short duration—a turn to the tents and back again. I had spoken a word to Wingrove and Sure-shot. Archilete was still absent. I had merely warned my comrades not to picket our horses at too great a distance from the tents: as we knew not how soon we might need them. I had little thought, as I delivered this cautionary counsel, that within the hour—nay, almost within that minute—we should be hurrying to mount and begone! Our idea had been that sometime about midnight—perhaps later, when the camp should be buried in sleep—Lilian, already warned that we were in wait for her,

would steal forth, and join us at the tents. Thence, trusting to the speed of our horses, we should find no difficulty in escaping—even though pursuit might be given on the instant of our departure. We were all well mounted—as well at least as the Mormons could be—and with a guide who knew the passes, we should have the advantage of them.

It did not occur to Marian or myself, that that very moment might have been more propitious for our flight, than the hour of midnight, or any other. Then, in the midst of their noisy revelry, when eyes were turned upon the dance, and souls absorbed in the giddy whirl of pleasure—when slight sounds were unnoticed amidst the swelling music and the clangour of many voices—when even the hoof-stroke of a galloping horse would have fallen unheard or unheeded—then indeed would have been the very time for our designed abduction!

The idea did not occur to either of us. I cannot tell why it did not: unless it was that we were hindered from thinking of final measures, by our uncertainty as to the *disposition* of Lilian. Her consent was now the most important condition to our success—as her refusal would be its grandest obstacle. Surely she would *not* refuse? We could not for a moment harbour the apprehension.

By this time she must have read the letter. We could now safely speak face to face with her—that is, if opportunity should be found for an interview. To seek that opportunity was our present purpose in returning to the wagons.

The candle was yet burning within the tilt. Its flame feebly illuminated the canvas.

We drew near with stealthy tread—watching that we were not observed. We stood once more by the end of the huge vehicle.

We were raising our eyes to look through the curtain, when at that instant the candle went out. Some one had suddenly extinguished it!

One might have regarded this as an ill omen; but the moment after we could hear a slight rustling sound, as if a person moved under the cover of the wagon, passing along towards its hinder part. We stood silent, listening to the sound.

It ceased at length; but immediately after, the edge of the curtain was raised slowly, and without noise. A face appeared in the opening! There was scarcely any light; but even through the grim darkness that lovely face gleamed soft and white. Marian stood nearest, and easily recognised it. In a tender tone she pronounced the magic word: 'Sister!'

'O Marian! Sister! is it you?'

'Yes, dearest Lil! But hush! speak low!'

'Are you alive? or am I dreaming?'

'No dream, sister, but a reality.'

'O mercy! tell me, dear sister'——

'All—all—but not now—there is no time.'

'But *he*, sister? who is he that is with you?'

I stepped near enough to reply in a whisper:

'One, Lilian, who *thinks of thee!*'

'O sir! Edward!—Edward!—it is you!'

'Hush!' whispered Marian, again interposing with a quick gesture of caution. 'Speak only in whispers! Lilian!' continued she in a firm tone, 'you must fly with us!'

'From our father? Do you mean that, Marian?'

'From our father—ay, even from him!'

'O dear sister! what will he say? what will he do if I forsake him?—O my poor father!'

There was anguish in the tones of her voice, that told of filial affection still strong and true, however much it may have been trampled upon.

'Say and do?' replied Marian. 'He will rejoice—*should* rejoice—when he knows the danger from which you have escaped. O sister! dear sister! believe me—believe your own Marian! A fearful fate is before you. Flight with us can alone save you. Even father will soon be powerless to protect you, *as he was to protect me*. Do not hesitate then, but say you will go with us? Once beyond the reach of those villains who surround you, all will be well.'

'And our father, Marian?'

'No harm will come to him. It is not his ruin they seek; but yours, sister, yours!'

A choking sigh was all the reply I could hear. It appeared to be a signal that the spell was broken: as if the heart had escaped from some thraldom in which it had been held. Had the words of Marian produced conviction? or had they but confirmed some apprehension previously conceived? Was it the snapping of the filial thread I had heard in that anguished expression?

Both the sigh and the silence that followed seemed to signify assent. To make more sure, I was about to add the influence of my intervention, with all the fervency of a lover's appeal. Wild words were upon my lips; when at that moment some strange interjections reached my ears, uttered within the enclosure. I stepped suddenly to one side, and looked over the wheels of the wagons. I beheld a spectacle that caused the blood to rush through my veins in quick quivering current. Marian saw it at the same time.

Holt had been seated near the fire, when seen but the moment before; but as we now looked through, we saw that he had risen to his feet, and was standing in an attitude that betrayed some strange excitement! It was from him the interjections had proceeded.

The cause was easily explained. The dog Wolf was leaping up against his legs—uttering low growls of recognition, and making other demonstrations of joy. The animal had recognised its old master!

Despite the stained snout and close-trimmed tonsure—despite both paint and shears—the dog had been identified. Between him and his master the recognition was mutual. I saw this at a glance; and the words of the squatter only confirmed what was already evident to the eye.

'Durn it, ef 'taint my ole dog!' cried he, after several shorter exclamations—'my ole dog Wolf! Hullo, Stebbins!' continued he, facing sharply round to the saint; 'what's the meanin' o' this! Didn't you tell me that he war dead?'

Stebbins had turned pale as a sheet; and I could see his thin lips quivering with excitement. It was less fear than some other passion that was playing upon his features; and too easily could I conjecture the current of thought that was rushing through his mind. The presence of that animal must have called up a train of reflections, far wilder and stranger than those that occupied the mind of the squatter; and I could perceive that he was making an effort to conceal his emotions.

''Tis a very odd circumstance,' said he, speaking in a tone of assumed surprise—'very odd indeed! It is the dog, certainly, though he has been disfigured. I *thought* he was dead. The men of our spring caravan told me so. They said that the wolves had killed him.'

'Wolves! durn it, I mout a know'd they kudn't a killed him—not all the wolves on the parairas! Why thar ain't the scratch o' a claw on him! Whar did he come from anyhow? Who 's brought him here?'

I could see that Stebbins was desirous of parrying this question. He gave an evasive answer.

'Who knows? He has likely been in the hands of some Indians—the paint shews that—and preferring the company of whites, he has followed us, and strayed into the camp.'

'Did he come with them ere Injuns that 's outside?' quickly inquired Holt.

'No—I fancy not with them,' answered the Mormon, in whose glance I could detect the guilty lie.

'Let 's go an' see!' proposed the squatter, making a step towards the entrance of the corral.

'No—not to-night, Holt!' hastily interposed the other, and with an eagerness that shewed the interest he felt in procrastinating the inquiry. 'We must not disturb them to-night. In the morning, we can see them, and learn all about it.'

'Durn about disturbin' them! Why not to-night, as well as the mornin'?'

'Well—if you wish to know to-night, I'll go myself, and see the guide. No doubt, if the dog came with them, he can tell us all about it? You stay here till I return?'

'Don't be long then. Ho, Wolf! old fellur! Injuns have had ye, eh? Durn it, old boy! I'm as gled to see ye, as if'——

An unexpected reflection was called forth by the form of speech—not that to which he was about to give words—but one whose bitterness, not only hindered him from saying what he had intended, but caused him instantly to abandon his caresses of the dog.

Staggering back to his seat, he dropped heavily down upon it, at the same time burying his face in his hands.

The expression upon the Mormon's features, as he parted from the fire, was one of demoniac significance. Clearly he comprehended all!

I saw him gliding off through the corral, with silent stealthy tread, like some restless spirit of darkness. Here and there he paused; and for a moment held one in conversation—then quickly passing on to another. There was no mistaking the object of these manœuvres. As clearly as if declared, I divined their intent. *He was summoning the 'Destroyers!'*

Not a moment was to be lost. I rushed back to the rear of the wagon; and with open arms gave utterance to my anguished appeal. But it needed not that. Marian had been before me. Both she and her sister had witnessed the scene within the corral. Both already foresaw the coming storm; and ere my lips could close, after delivering the impassioned speech, Lilian Holt lay upon my bosom!

It was the first time that fair cheek had pressed upon my shoulder—the first time those soft arms had entwined around my neck! But not for an instant dared I indulge in the sweet embrace. If we lingered, it might be the last!

To the tents! to the tents!

I knew that the horses would be waiting. A signal already given should have warned my comrades; and I had no conjecture—no fear.

As I expected, we found them all—both men and horses—the steeds saddled, bridled, and ready.

The Mexican was there with the rest. The apparition of the dog had given him his cue; and he had hurriedly returned to the tents.

We thought not of these nor of the other paraphernalia—neither our mules nor their packs. Our lives and liberty alone concerned us.

My Arab neighed joyously, as I sprang into the saddle. He was proud to carry that fairer form upon the croup; and, as he bounded forward over the plain, his triumphant snort told, that he understood the glorious service he was called upon to perform.

As we parted from the tents, we could see a number of dark forms rushing out from the avenue. In the red glare their shadows were projected far over the plain—even in advance of our horses.

They were the shadows of men afoot; and we soon galloped beyond them.

The music had suddenly ceased; and the murmuring hum of the dancing crowd had given place to shouts and loud cries that betokened a *stampede* in the camp. We could distinguish the voices of men calling to the horse-guards; and the quick trampling of hoofs, as the animals were hurried up to the enclosure.

But we had no uneasiness about the pursuit. We were too well mounted to fear being overtaken; and, as we galloped off into the night, with confidence could we echo the cry of the bold borderer:

They 'll have fleet steeds that follow!

THROUGH THE ASYLUM.

THROUGH a light but securely locked gate; along a gravel-path, winding in many curves beside beds of bright roses, and the countless flowers which adorn a well-kept garden; up a flight of stone steps, and you enter with us, good reader, 'The Public Lunatic Asylum for the County of Madcapshire.'

The asylum is a vast red brick building, consisting of a centre and two wings, and at the time we are visiting it, contains some five or six hundred patients, in every stage of mental aberration—from the brain labouring under *one* strange wayward fancy, sane in all beside, to the raving demoniacal maniac—a terror to all save his calm watchful keeper. Being a public asylum, of course the greater number of its inmates are from the humbler classes, although there are not wanting those who have been well to do in the world, whose friends, either in justice to themselves, or from want of feeling towards their deranged relatives, have omitted to place them in a private establishment.

We are known to the hard-worked medical overseer of the establishment, so avail ourselves of his kind offer to lead us himself round the building, and indeed feel a greater degree of safety in visiting the insane in company with one well acquainted with each individual case, and known and respected by all who are capable of recognition and respect throughout the building.

First to the dormitories: clean, well-aired rooms; floors of polished oak; bedsteads of well-varnished beech (iron ones have been tried, but the poor sufferers broke them to pieces), dovetailed and pinned together, so as to form one single piece; spotless sheets and blankets; and bright Scripture prints on the wall. Only a window closely barred, and a well-secured fireplace, inform us that we are not in an ordinary cottage bedroom. There are two classes of dormitories—the associated and distinct; the former containing four occupants, the latter, one each. In some, the bedsteads are carefully padded all over with wool, covered with India-rubber; and the soft cushions at the top, and round the upper part of the framework, tell their own tale of the rolling restless head, which, during long nights of agony, has been thrown from side to side, and but for their protection, would have presented a piteous scene of bruises before the morning. No attendant is placed in the room, we are told, during the night, nor is any light kept burning—the latter, indeed, would seriously interfere with the repose of the sleeper. If a patient is unruly, or moans or mutters in his sleep, he is at once removed to a separate room; but great care is required even in this, for, with a suicidal turn of mind, the 'solitary system' is productive of the greatest harm. As a rule, however, the insane are by no means inclined to be restless in the dark; and the brain, probably working during the day to an extent unknown to any healthy individual, is solaced with slumber during the silent hours of night.

Our guide conducts us to a long gallery, into which each bedroom opens, and here we come into contact with the first of those we have come to visit. He is an old man, dressed in a comfortable workingman's suit of corduroy, and is industriously employed in sweeping out a portion of the gallery. Is he insane? Watch his ever-moving eye and quivering lip as we approach him, and they will answer the question. 'Good-morning, gentlemen—good-morning. How 's the town? How 's the town? I kept an attorney's office many years, many years; now I keep *this* office—ah!

ah! How's the town? How's the town? Good-morning; good-bye. God bless you all.' He answers our questions rationally, and tells us he is *happy*—the best information which reaches our ears.

Open the door of a small cell: we are in a scullery. Hundreds of plates stand draining in racks around; cups, mugs, dishes, and basins are following their good example. The occupant—also an old man—is vastly busy washing and rinsing the crockery. As we enter, he rushes up to us with a white basin, in which he has discovered a small blue mark, and vehemently denounces the baseness of the manufacturer who could turn out for gentlemen's use such a fearful article. 'They've *all* got them, sir: it's disease, disgusting disease; and when we come to eat out of them, the food is full of chopped sticks, and straw, and filth. It's shameful. No man in a factory ought to turn out such things. The third I've discovered to-day, I assure you: shocking, shocking!' So he runs on. We ask our guide, does he ever come out of this small wet cell except to sleep. 'Very seldom,' is the answer. 'He has a key, and can go into the garden, or even into the fields if he likes, but he does not avail himself of the liberty.' We ask the old man why, this bright day, he does not refresh himself out in the beautiful garden. 'O yes, O yes; but I have my own occupation to attend to. I wash all these things over, and when they get dry, I wash them over again. They hang quiet enough now; but if I was away, they 'd be up to a pretty game!'

A long walk through galleries and corridors, and we enter the tailor's shop. Three true tailors sit with crossed legs, stitching as if their life depended upon their exertions. One raises his eyes with a smile of recognition to a gentleman of our party, and comes forward with extended hand: 'Ah, Mr Cope, how do you do?' Of course his question is politely answered, although no Mr Cope is there. Last year, we are told, the same individual was made Mr Cope against his will, and the year before, and doubtless will be at his every visit to the asylum. Some outdoor recollections haunt the poor tailor's mind, it is evident, in which Mr Cope plays a conspicuous part; but what they are, the deranged head and tongue, voluble in other matters, cannot make known to us.

And what has this old fellow to say to us? A gray-headed, quiet, harmless-looking man, feeling carefully in his pockets, and producing with much importance a crumpled book-cover. 'Gentlemen, I am happy to say I am about leaving this building at eight this evening, and this is my ticket.' Many a long month has the old book-cover been his passport to liberty, and every evening the setting sun warns him it is near the hour of his release; but his is a bad and hopeless case, the doctor tells us, and only *one* setting sun can usher him to liberty in a land where the 'weary are at rest.'

There are numerous other shops—shoemakers, carpenters, &c.—and plenty of people working in them. Where a man can, by persuasion or otherwise, be got to work at his old trade, much greater hopes are entertained of his recovery than where he remains idle or unprofitably employed.

Hush! here is a cell in which is a solemn sight. Our friend, with his hand upon the door, whispers us that, a couple of hours ago, he left six patients inside. How many have probably died since then, it is impossible to say, so usual is it for the patients to die suddenly. We enter. Six old, very old men, sitting side by side on a long form; hoary heads, emaciated faces, wasted limbs, eyes out of which the fire of reason has long died, ears deaf to every sound around them. These are cases of softening of the brain, accompanied with other disease. We approach the oldest of the party. 'How old are you?' No answer. Our conductor takes a lozenge from his pocket, and places it on the patient's tongue. Crunch, crunch: the withered lantern jaws are moving. 'What is that?' 'Goody, goody!' answers a little child from within the dying frame; 'goody, goody!' The next has his mental complicated with bodily disease; he is in the last stage of bronchitis. Each laboured breath seems his last, but he may linger thus for months or years. So we pass on. A stout, buxom, kind-looking woman is guard over the poor old fellows, but has little else to do than almost to carry them about, if they wish to move, and to look now and then in their faces, to see if the Angel of Death has fulfilled his mission.

And now, through an open door, we enter a large and beautiful garden, in which more than a hundred of the patients are disporting themselves. A great number are sitting or lying beneath the shade of the trees, fast asleep; others are pensively walking up and down, apparently immersed in their own reflections; while half-a-dozen jabbering idiots are running about like tipsy men, describing curves of every size and form. These latter have curious-looking 'wide-awakes' on their heads, with thick-padded brims to protect them when they fall down, an accident to which idiots are peculiarly liable. Some are rather inclined to be noisy; one, an old sailor, throws his hat on the ground, and swears lustily to die for his king and country, and then comes toward us, lamenting the news, just received, of the death of gallant Nelson. 'What if all these people should become obstreperous, unite together, and pitch into the handful of keepers we see among them?' We are told that such a thing is unheard of; most have a profound belief in their own sanity and in the mental disease of their companions, and a strong feeling of friendship towards the keepers; and should any attack be made on the latter, would cordially co-operate in defending them. Of course, this attachment to the officers of the establishment is fostered in the most careful manner, and one method of heightening it is sufficiently curious: each keeper carries with him a stock of *tobacco*, which he now and then presents in small quantities to one and another of the patients. For the 'weed,' most have a peculiar fondness, and its soothing effect, when chewed, is considered to be salutary in most cases. One patient is peculiarly communicative about his wrongs, and tells us in an excited manner of the personal indignities to which he has been subjected in the asylum. We begin to enter into conversation with him, falling of course into his views on the subject. Our medical adviser quietly draws us away, patting the aggrieved party on the shoulder as he does so. When out of hearing of the patient, he tells us that it is found to be exceedingly impolitic to talk to them and condole with them upon their troubles, as it excites them sometimes to a fearful degree. All, save our friend last mentioned, seem contented with themselves and all around them, and are undoubtedly the right men in the right place; but we cannot help remembering that many, very many, are heads of families, whose hardly acquired earnings once supported comfortably the poor wife and children who are now hungering for bread, or who have found an asylum in the workhouse.

We again enter the building, and our olfactory nerves are made conscious of a delightful odour of roast-meat. We are close upon the kitchen of the building, and the patients' dinner is nearly ready for table. Few, we are told, *eat* well; the liver is generally much deranged, especially, as may be expected, in those whose insanity has arisen from, or been assisted by, intemperance. The brew-house, bakery, washing and ironing departments are severally visited, each being conducted by the insane. 'Are you not afraid of letting them *brew?*' we ask. 'We are particularly careful to keep a sharp look-out after them when the beer *has fermented*,' is the suggestive answer.

The number of males and females is generally pretty nearly equal, and amongst the females, senile

imbecility is more common than amongst the men. The paroxysms of insanity are more severe with the women, we are told; but as, owing to certain causes, they recur with much greater regularity, proper precautions can be taken beforehand for preventing mischief to the patient or those around her.

This poor old creature, with sunken eyes and closely cropped hair, tied carefully into her chair, has paralysis over the whole of the body. Were she left unfastened, she would fall on the floor like a log of wood, and lie there helpless and motionless. Insanity in old age often culminates in this way, leaving the patient with little more activity than a corpse.

Here is a smiling old biddy, who advances courtesying, and

> Washing her hands with invisible soap
> In an imperceptible basin.

'Good-day, gentlemen; what a beautiful day it is!'

'It is, my good old lady. Are you pretty well?'

'Pretty well, I thank you, sir, and very happy, blessed be God. But I am so very old; I only want one thing: if one of you gentlemen *could* be so kind—I want to be ground young again!' We protest the pleasure it would give us to perform the operation; and the good old soul mincingly patters away over the polished floor with: 'Yes, I *should* like to be ground young again; I really *should* like to be ground young again.'

Here we are in a large 'common room:' one, two, twenty patients, and one attendant—nearly all girls. What a glorious view through the open window! Down below is the garden we have just visited; beyond, fields in which patients are haymaking; and then for miles and miles the beautiful summer landscape, with a bright blue sky and golden sun above it.

On the walls of the room hang framed lithographs—our Saviour blessing Little Children; the Healing of the Sick Man in the Temple. We are told the patients take great delight in these, and in the little chamber-organ which now and then peals out its solemn and beautiful tones through the building.

We turn to the occupants of the chamber. One girl of eighteen or twenty, with long black shining hair, upon which the remorseless scissors, so constantly employed, have not yet seized, sits alone, her eyes wide open—never winking, but gazing straight before her. She sits like that, motionless as a statue, all the long summer-day; takes her food mechanically; is dressed and undressed; laid in her bed by night, and raised from it in the morning; enjoying apparently *existence*, and nothing more. We know little of her previous history, save that her father was an attorney, who died, and left his family penniless. If we could only

> Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart,

the young girl might again be blessed with reason.

One damsel, with by no means a bad face, comes smiling to us, takes our arm in her own, and leads us round the apartment. She rests her head lovingly on our shoulder, and looks archly into our face, and we are somewhat afraid will place her lips nearer our countenance than strict propriety will justify. Such a catastrophe does *not* happen, but we are evidently producing a great impression. It is hardly too romantic to imagine that thus she may, in far-gone happy days, have behaved with a fondly loved but heartless seducer.

There is one poor creature from whom, when her simple story is whispered in our ear, we turn our eyes away with a feeling in our throat nearly approximating to that of choking. She stands there by the fire-place, and as we entered, she was, as we imagined, much to our surprise, nursing a baby. It is *not* a baby, however, but a bundle of old rags she has on her arm. How lovingly she fondles it, and presses it to her bosom; and we actually see tears stealing down her cheek as she hushes and nurses it, and throws her head back, and vacantly stares at the ceiling. Poor creature, the life of her first, her only child, in a fit of puerperal mania, she took away; she was tried for the act, and condemned, during the Queen's pleasure, to be an inmate of the asylum.

A good many of the women, like our friends in the garden, are fast asleep. Of course, the quieting effects of slumber are productive of the greatest advantage, and a patient's rest is never, except on urgent necessity, disturbed. What may not be their dreams! Are men and women insane when asleep? We cannot tell. Happy, indeed, for them if the quieted mind, which never sleeps, in the dark hour of night, is full of those holy and peaceful scenes which so many of the mentally deranged have left, exchanging the barred sleeping-room and their insane companions for their own once happy home, and the smiles and affection of those formerly so dear to them.

In a gallery near, five or six girls are playing at bagatelle; very skilfully and creditably too is the game carried on, and full of laughing and fun are all engaged at it. That tall, nice-looking young woman has scored twenty-eight, and looks particularly satisfied with her skill; while her successor with the cue is evidently as satisfied that she shall score more. She has done it too! put the black ball in the middle, and three others round it, and throws down her weapon with a smile of delight. 'Nice game, gentlemen,' says a quiet middle-aged woman sitting near; 'but you must be thirsty; go and get a glass of beer at the bar—I'll stand it—and put down to my account ten thousand bricks!' Her offer is declined, with thanks; but undoubtedly her antecedents were connected with the *public* line.

Down the long gallery, in a short-skirted garment, which discloses quite as much of a well-turned ankle as is usually shewn in polite society, comes, 'tripping on light fantastic toe,' a perfect Ophelia! Round and round, up and down, now courtesying, now springing, now pirouetting, the girl would do credit to the boards of a London theatre; and what sweet winning smiles, as she changes to a slower and more measured step:

> With arms sublime that float upon the air,
> In gliding state she wins her easy way,
> O'er her young face and rising bosom move
> The bloom of young desire, the purple light of——

Alas! would we could say 'love;' but insanity is in eye, smile, every action, every word! She tells us she can play the piano well and sing, and her dancing tells us that, in some happy home or respectable school, her education has not been neglected.

As we are occupied in some such reflections as these, we are startled at a whispering voice at our ear; we turn round hastily; a very old and remarkably wrinkled lady has crept up behind us. 'Hush! never mind them, or what they say; they're all mad—mad as March hares; but *I* won't let them hurt you; *I am taking care of them.*'

The doctor thinks it not advisable to take four strangers at once into the refractory ward; he will take one of us, if we like; but first, perhaps, we will look through the window-bars at them. Oh, one thing is evident, that in this part of the building the proportion between keepers and patients is much larger than in any other. Here, too, we hear more noise than elsewhere; and, as I live, that man, whose short bristling hair, circular glassy eyes, and retracted lips, give him the appearance of some strange cross between a monkey and a tiger, is grinding his teeth and shaking his fist at us! How restless they are; ever walking, and their paces ever differing in rapidity and direction;

some moan, and others make a fierce indescribable noise, not at all indicative of hospitality to an intruding stranger. 'Well, would either of you like to come in with me?' asks the doctor. 'Not *I*; many thanks.' Perhaps you would like to walk round, reader? No! Then we will pass on.

We are told that restraint of a personal nature is very rarely indeed resorted to, even in the worst cases, and the slightest act of personal violence on the part of a keeper would be visited with instant dismissal from the establishment. Watching, careful and unceasing watching, is the rule of the asylum; and heartily do we pity the unfortunate men and women who, day after day, are shut up with companions so terrible.

Cells and passages, passages and cells; the place seems illimitable; but here at last we are in the entrance-hall. We shake hands with and cordially thank our kind and intelligent conductor, who has occupied nearly two hours in taking us over the building; and when the iron gate of the asylum is closed and locked behind us, and we are once more standing amongst sane men and women in the old-fashioned town, indescribably thankful do we feel that, although our actions are sometimes silly and laughable to ourselves and those about us, 'golden throned Reason' sways the sceptre in our own poor brains.

AUNT ANNE.

When I was a little fellow running about in frock and pinafore, with fat rosy cheeks, staring eyes laughing through clusters of flaxen curls, and with fat, naked, mottled legs finished off in white socks and tie-shoes, I lived in the old house in the Cleves, far away from city or town, upon the slope of a woody vale. I was one of seven, with two brothers, one older and one younger than myself, and four sisters, all of them older than the boys.

We led a very merry, rather rackety, and, I suspect, not a very genteel life of it. In the fine summer weather, we played at gardening, raced upon the lawn, or, sallying from the garden-gate, explored the valley for flowers and birds' nests; or dabbled in the swift streamlet that flowed through the bottom of it, where we ran little paper cock-boats against each other, and with wild shouts cheered them out of sight as they vanished beneath the dark shadows of the squire's preserve, which shut in the valley on the left. I think my sisters were as fond of all sorts of frolic and fun as we boys were—at anyrate, when their morning studies were over, they joined in them as eagerly, and added their full share to the laughter and shouting—which was very unladylike. Poor mamma, who was an invalid half her time, rarely went beyond the garden, and in our rambles we were left to the care of Nurse Morgan, a round-faced Welsh girl in a man's hat, to whom we gave an infinite deal of trouble. She had a terrible fear of the water, though the streamlet shot over a pebbly bed, and was nowhere a foot deep; and our experiments in navigation were apt to overcome her quiet temper, and lead to a violent jobation in the Welsh language, into which she would burst involuntarily when excited, and which alarmed us all the more in that it was totally unintelligible.

Papa, who was rarely at home long together, had been absent for some months on the continent, when one morning the postman brought a letter from him, which, as we were sure it contained a message for each of us, we all assembled to hear read. It came out that papa, who was at Oporto, had there fallen in with Aunt Anne, who had arrived there after losing her husband at the Brazils, and was now on her way to England, where, having accepted her brother's invitation to that effect, she would take up her residence at the Cleves. The letter congratulated my mother upon the advantage she would derive from the society and assistance of her sister-in-law, who would relieve her of many domestic anxieties, and, by her accomplishments and example, mould the manners and conduct of the girls, who, papa felt assured, must stand in need of such a friend as she would prove.

We were all overjoyed for a day or two at the idea of Aunt Anne's coming to reside with us, but on the third day some fragmentary hints that Morgan let drop about 'a new missis from farrin parts that was to turn the house upside down,' began to change the current of our expectations. The reaction, however, had not time to set in very strong, for only the next evening a post-chaise drove up to the gate, loaded with travelling trunks and boxes within and without, and the bell was rung with a vigour that brought us all to the post of observation.

It was a wet evening in August. The rain had been pouring steadily down all the afternoon, and still continued in a close thin shower. Eager to catch sight of our aunt, we younger children, with open mouths and noses flattened against the glass, were staring out, at the novel spectacle of a post-chaise, from the nursery window. Mamma, Morgan, and Katie, my eldest sister, flew to the front-door, while the gardener ran to help the postilion with the luggage. The man of the whip, first spreading a large oil-skin umbrella, opened the chaise-door, and pulled down the steps. Then there tripped out in an instant a small slim figure, upright as a dart, clad in a close-fitting travelling dress, surmounted with a circular straw-bonnet near a yard in diameter, the sides of which waved up and down like the wings of some strange bird as the figure tripped on its toes over the wet gravel. Leghorn bonnets were then beginning to dawn upon the English world; but the first that came to the Cleves came upon my aunt's head, and astonished and startled us not a little. The long poke of my mother, and the brown beavers of my sisters, were nothing to it; and what it portended we were at a loss to conceive. Our criticisms and conjectures, however, were cut short by Morgan, who came rushing in, and in a violent hurry began the business of making us presentable; and as there was hardly ten minutes to do it in before the tea-urn would be on the table, we had to be served up moist to our aunt, like so many small editions damp from the press.

Aunt Anne had journeyed fifty miles that day, shut up with boxes in a close carriage; but she declared that she felt no fatigue, and would listen to no hints on the subject of repose. She kissed us all round, and promised us each a present from papa on the morrow, when her boxes would be unpacked. Without the huge bonnet, she was far from formidable, and looked so odd and so pretty that she won our hearts at once. Though exceedingly small, her figure was in exquisite symmetry; a child's slipper would have fitted her foot, a child's glove her hand; her features were classically regular; her hair was blue-black, like the ripe sloe; and her broad black eyes flashed and sparkled like gems. Originally dark in complexion, she had grown much darker by a life of seven years between the tropics; but there was no trace of time upon her countenance, which, imperiously youthful, seemed to bid defiance to age.

Her arrival at the Cleves was signalised by a week's holiday, which was spent in rambling about the neighbourhood, where the harvest was gathering in, and in visiting the few small lions which it had to boast. By this time, I am of opinion, Aunt Anne had made certain discoveries for which she was not quite unprepared, and had formed some plans which were

destined to work a radical change in our way of life at the Cleves. She instinctively took the management of affairs into her hands, and gave her orders, and saw to their execution with an alacrity and decision that marked a new era in the household. One of her first acts of authority was the locking of the garden-door leading into the valley, and forbidding our exit, save at proper seasons and under protection. The next was the imposition of daily lessons upon us boys, who hitherto had rarely been troubled with the sight of a book. Aunt declared it shameful that Tom, at ten years of age, could not read fit to be heard, while I and Johnny had not learned our letters. We were set to work, and kept at it rigidly until this scandal was removed—Katie and my mother acting as teachers by turns.

When Aunt Anne had been with us a year, during which she had devoted six hours a day to the education of the girls in accomplishments in which she herself excelled most women, papa came home for one short month. It was not so happy a month as it should have been—what was the cause, I could not tell; but papa, who used always to be merry, was now sad, and held long talks in secret with mamma and Aunt Anne. He bade us all good-bye on a sudden, and the next day I and my two brothers were sent ten miles away to a preparatory boarding-school. It was a dull sort of life we led there—with the sky-blue breakfasts, the raw-meat dinners, the sky-blue teas, and the no-suppers—and it would have been harder but for Aunt Anne, who drove over to see us in her own phaeton every Saturday afternoon, and generally took one or other of us home to spend the Sunday.

In process of time, we were moved from the preparatory school to Dr Simmons's, but Aunt Anne's visits and our occasional Sundays at home still continued. A change came over the Cleves gradually during our absence. Not only had the house and grounds been much improved and ornamented, but it had become the centre of attraction to the best society in the neighbourhood. My sisters were growing up to be handsome women, though neither of them, I thought, was so handsome as Aunt Anne; and there was young Squire Hawkins, and the vicar, and the young surgeon, one or other of them, if not all three, dropping in to dinner. By and by, we began to know that the vicar was paying court to Aunt Anne, and that the wedding was certainly to be, one of these days. Morgan told me that in so many words, one Saturday night. 'And, indeed, to gootness,' she added, 'the little missis is too goot for him, though, to pe sure, he is a fine shentlemans with fery pig words.'

Not long afterwards, Tom made a further discovery, to the effect that young Squire Hawkins 'did come after Miss Katie, surely,' and that there was not likely to be any impediment to that match either.

I think that, without much self-praise, I may venture to say that my brothers and I had the reputation of being tolerably good boys. We stuck by each other in our studies and our quarrels, and won a fair character both from the boys and the master. I mention this, because Aunt Anne was proud of it, and looked upon it as a promising sign. One Saturday afternoon, when we three were watching for her as usual at the playground gate, there came, instead of aunt driving her phaeton, young Squire Hawkins on his pony. He had not come to take either of us back, he said, but to invite us all three to Aunt Anne's wedding, which would take place on the following Friday, when it was expected that papa would be at the Cleves to give her away. Hawkins took us into the town, and feasted us at the confectioner's, till we had all three had enough of it, and tipped us handsomely besides when he rode away.

We were as merry as grigs in anticipation of the wedding, which, of course, would be all feasting and fun; and we rose with the dawn on the Friday morning, and ran out half an hour too soon to catch the mail. We thought it would never arrive, but it came at last, took us up, and dropped us at the Cleves, at half-past seven o'clock. There seemed to be nobody stirring as yet. When we rang the bell, Morgan came to the gate, but she carried such a dismal face, that we saw at once that something was wrong.

'What is the matter, Morgan?' said Tom. 'What business have you with such a face as that on Aunt Anne's wedding-day?'

'Hush!' said Morgan; 'don't talk so pig. Sure, your fader is in the gardin a walkin' up and down ever so, poor shentlemans. Come in here.'

She led the way into the old nursery, and sinking down upon a chair, began blubbering in spite of herself. 'I wish you did not come,' she said at length; 'there is no wedding to pe. The little missis is gone to Lunnun, and the parson is sent apout his business.'

This was all we could get out of her. What more she knew she would not tell, and it was doubtful whether she knew much. We went into the breakfast-room, and she to tell papa of our arrival. He came in in a few minutes, looking pale, worn, and haggard; but the sight of us seemed to revive him, and he grew noisy and merry of a sudden. When the family met at breakfast, I could see on every face the trace of some recent shock and present sorrow, and the strong effort made by each to restrain its expression. My father talked incessantly, and laughed in a sepulchral way; and it was but the spectre of a holiday which we made a show of enjoying that day. When Hawkins drove us back next morning, I think we were all glad to return to school.

I never saw my father again alive, though but six weeks from that date we all stood around his open grave, with Aunt Anne along with us. I had left school, and was articled to a profession, before I knew the whole truth concerning the wedding that never took place. It is told in a few words. My father's mercantile speculations had failed, and dragged him down to ruin total and complete, under which he finally sunk. My aunt had broken off the match herself, and from that time devoted her talents and her fortune solely to the welfare of her brother's family. She educated the boys, and started them in honourable professions; she portioned the girls when they married; and she was a sister to our dear mother to the last. It is long since both have lain down tranquilly together under the grassy fringe that waves over my poor father's resting-place.

AMATEUR CRITICISM.

THERE are a few men who are authors born; there are many who, with more or less difficulty, achieve authorship; and there are some who have authorship thrust upon them. When I speak of an author, I mean one who has *bonâ fide* published his work. None of your writers in books ticketed Common Place at the back, for secrecy, without the owner being in the least aware how suitable that designation is to their contents; none of your proprietors of manuscript volumes secured by Bramah's patent lock, as though they stood in danger of burglarious entry, by less talented brethren of the quill; and especially none of your literary gentlemen who print, as actors play, 'by particular desire,' and 'for private circulation only'—which is, perhaps, with the exception of 'your obedient servant,' the most meaningless phrase in the English language.

Of the three classes of authors proper, then, I have the honour to belong to the last. Authorship was thrust upon me by admiring friends. My modest and retiring disposition resisted for a little space the general importunity, but was eventually overcome. My genius was forced into flower in spite of itself, by

the cucumber frame (if I may be allowed the expression) of friendly solicitation. 'Oh that my enemy would write a book!' was the remark of Job—whose first efforts did not perhaps meet with that success which his Book has since obtained from all classes of readers—and my mother echoed it, with 'Aspen, darling, why don't you publish those beautiful thoughts of yours?' 'You should print these things,' said my father, in that half-depreciatory tone of his which was more than praise from others. 'Why don't you write a book, you clever creature, you?' appealed my cousin Amy, who afterwards married the Nabob, but to whom at that time I could refuse nothing. It is true that no publisher added his entreaties to those of my family; but my friends did. I had an immense reputation in that 'Mutual Admiration Society' in which I held the responsible post of Honorary Sec. 'If Aspen Quiver would only come into the arena,' remarked our President to my sister Gertrude confidentially, but in that magnificent style of which, even in his softest moments, he could not divest himself, 'our very best men of letters could scarcely stand their ground against him.'

Certainly, among the literary amateurs within my own personal knowledge, I may say, without vanity, but with that frankness of speech which in scorn of all misconstruction distinguishes the man of parts, I was *facile princeps*—very much their superior. Bulbul Brown, for instance, a very pretty poet, and considerably above the Album mark, was allowed by everybody (but himself) to be greatly excelled by the present writer, whenever my fancies happened to express themselves in rhyme, or, as I used facetiously to term it, to run in double harness. I had the advantage (you perceive) of being something of a humorist, which poor Bulbul certainly had not. He never knew when he was making himself ridiculous, and would recite his poems to others beside his aunts and grandmother with a pathetic tremor in his voice that was excessively amusing. I never shall forget his stopping short in a certain ballad of the affections, of a warmer complexion than was usual to his somewhat fastidious muse, which he had commenced (in forgetfulness of its Moore-ish character) before an audience of both sexes:

> Her golden hair drooped, long and fair,
> Like clusters of laburnum blossom,
> About her neck and shoulders bare;
> It rippled o'er her snowy——

at which most interesting period, 'I think I had better not go on any more,' interposed Bulbul simply. The sensitiveness of my nature, which is as extreme as is possible in compatibility with that self-confidence without which there can be no real genius, preserved me from such exhibitions as that. The bent of my mind, too, was not towards poetry at all: I was a writer of stories of real life, and was well aware that people cannot be expected to listen to a gentleman reading his manuscript prose, unless, as in the case of a clergyman, he be duly empowered to inflict that wrong. When a work is printed, and its author has a good voice, by all means, if he can find persons to endure it, let him give his 'readings;' but while the thing is yet in manuscript, let him be merciful, and spare his fellow-creatures. 'The chariot-wheels,' says a great poetess, speaking of authors reading their own works, are apt to 'jar in the gates through which they drive them forth,' in any case; but when the stoppages of bad caligraphy and the rustle of large foolscap are added, the thing is a positive nuisance. My mother, indeed, prevailed on me to read my first great work aloud to my father and herself, before it got into the printer's hands, but with the most dismal result. The recitation took place after dinner; and my unhappy parent, who is one of the few men who still dare take port, dropped off into a sound slumber before I had finished the opening chapter. It was lucky my story had been wholly written out before that dreadful evening, for I should never have had the fortitude to add another line to it. I forgave my parent, of course, so far as forgiveness lay in my power, but how could I ever forgive Aspen Quiver for putting himself into such a position? It was just as though one with an ear alive to the minutest delicacies of tone should deliberately have put himself in the way of a razor-grinder. I had conjectured beforehand what was likely to happen in my father's case; and it did happen, and there was nobody to find fault with but myself.

What I have a right to complain of, however, is the behaviour of those friends, to each of whom (at the cost of eightpence postage) I sent a copy of my published work as a kindly present. Suppose I had sent them honeycombs from my own hives, grapes from my hot-house, peaches from my south-looking garden-walls—would they have written back to say that there was a blemish here, and an imperfection there, and altogether that it was not so fine a gift as they had expected? Would they have looked suspiciously, with head aside, and pursed-up lips, at my donation, and murmured within my hearing that it was by no means the thing? Though they had palates, and the sense of taste and smell, even in perfection, they would surely have hesitated to pass censure upon what they at least knew was the best I had to give them. But since it was my *Book* I sent them—look you—the child of my own fancy, begotten in my own brain, and the capability of understanding which they possessed no more than I possess the key of that Sikh Bible in the British Museum, which not even Runjeet Singh could read, they set to work to criticising it as though they had been so many Hazlitts or Lord Jeffreys. Did they imagine that I sent them the work under the impression that they were connected with all the leading reviews, and would assist its sale; and since I had overrated their influence in those quarters, did they think themselves bound to supply me with at least a manuscript notice of the volume? Or did they labour under the hallucination that their names were of weight in the world of literature, and write thus, in order that I might make use of their letters after the puff-advertisement plan of certain authors: 'I scarcely dare trust myself to say what I think of the volume.'—MACAULAY. 'The beauties of your fiction will only escape the notice of the vapid and irreflective. Thank you, again and again.'—TENNYSON. 'Your book, my dear sir, has neither the verbosity of Tertullian, nor the abruptness of Carlyle.'—G. G. Could it possibly have been any reason of this nature that urged my grandfather to indite, or cause to be indited, such a sentence as this? 'We like all except the plot of your volume, my dear Aspen, exceedingly.' Now, in the first place, who ever asked him for his opinion? If anybody did, he should have addressed his letter, or caused it to have been addressed (for he is ancient almost beyond belief) to that superfluous individual, and not to *me*. *I* did not ask for it. I should as soon have thought of requesting him to favour me with his views regarding the philosophy of Auguste Comte. '*We* like all,' says he. Who is We? Can he imagine, in his excessive dotage, that he is the editor of a periodical? 'Except the plot,' too! Except, that is, the pith, marrow, and substance of the whole laborious undertaking.

We talk about the conceit and vanity of authors, but what author was ever known to shew the one-

thousandth part of the self-confidence of your amateur critics? Cousin Jack (Amy's brother), whose ideas never range beyond the hunting-field, and who, after reading Somerville's *Chase*, could never be got to look poetry in the face again (having, as he observed, had 'quite enough of it' in that epic of Horse and Hound), had actually the temerity to tell me that I had made too rapid an end of the bad character of my story. 'You ran into him at the first rush,' writes he, 'whereas you should have let him get well away, and given the whole field a buster.' Putting aside the obscurity of the word 'buster,' and the delicacy which compares my 'personation of the element of evil' with a bag-fox, what a remarkable criticism this is! How miraculous in its undoubting complacency! What could this audacious hunter understand of the necessities of art, and yet, you observe, not Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer himself has expressed his views upon the subject with greater distinctness and authority. Suppose I should have ventured to call in question Cousin Jack's method of 'making a cast' in the hunting-field with his own hounds!

Another friend, amid some half-dozen pages of eulogy—and I don't *mind* eulogy when it takes the form of overpraising what is really good—inserts this exhilarating statement: 'Your Hector Bounce, my dear fellow, is, however, not to be credited. No human being was ever like that. It is a character, monstrous, out of proportion, and like some ridiculous figure thrown upon the wall by the slide of a magic lantern.' The very brother of this amateur critic, a divine of formal cut, gratifies me with the following: 'One word I must say, Aspen [and why *must*, I wonder?], even though it should give you pain. Your Hector Bounce did not escape my recognition for an instant. It is a picture drawn from life, indeed, and so far creditable; but it has been decided that we may not photograph persons remarkable for their deformities, and place the pictures in the street. The sketch is a gross libel upon poor A——, and, as such, I put in against it my strongest protest.' Thus do my amateur critics differ, and offer their conflicting advice in a consultation to which they were never invited. Some of them think that I am 'best in description,' by which it is easy to guess what they think of my powers of conducting a conversation; while others opine that I 'excel in dialogue,' though there is some slight indistinctness—one woman writes 'haziness'—in the pictures I present of natural scenery. The fact is, every person to whom I sent my book, considered himself or herself called upon to read it—which *I* did not ask—and afterwards to write me their opinion of it, which I did not want. 'We must say something about it, or he'll think we never cut the leaves,' is their unhappy notion, out of which comes infinite discomfort both to them and me. How can they, after merely skimming through the volume, say anything worth *my* hearing, who have been hard at work upon its conduct and construction, day and night, for the last six months? Let them acknowledge the receipt of the thing thus, and have done with it: 'We look forward with the greatest delight, Mr Quiver, to the perusal of your beautiful volume;' and then set some little child at work with the paper-cutter; taking care, moreover, that the book shall lie upon the drawing-room table the next time I call. I have no objection to its being read, of course—to read his book is a compliment to any author—but I have a very great objection to its being criticised. Are there not professional reviewers enough—hirelings of the periodical press—to work their wicked will upon it, without amateur and incompetent fault-finders? As the donors of honeycombs, of grapes, or of peaches are not desirous to hear of their insipidity or other faults—which none but *purchasers* have a right to speak about—so has the author and giver of a book no wish to hear it censured. It is not for that purpose that he sends it to his private friends, but as a friendly gift; to be acknowledged, indeed, and, if possible, to be appreciated; but to be criticised—never!

THE GLOVE.

One important article of dress has held its own through all the mutations of fashion; the glove—symbol of power, gage of defiance, token of love—covers the hand of the riflemen and crochet-workers of to-day, as it protected the fingers of the steel-clad warriors, silken courtiers, and fair tapestry-makers of auld lang syne.

The glove is a thing of very ancient date: 'This was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his *glove*, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel' (Ruth iv. 7). In our authorised version of the Bible, it is true, we find 'shoe,' not 'glove,' in the text, but there is little doubt of it being a mistranslation. In the Chaldaic paraphrase, the word is rendered 'the case or covering of the right hand;' and it is still customary among eastern nations, at any sale of goods or exchange of lands, for the vendor to give the purchaser a glove, by way of binding the bargain, in place of a small coin, which answers the same purpose at some of our own cattle-fairs. Whether the glove was, or was not, thus early worn by the Jews, of its adoption by the Gentiles there can be no question. Homer represents Laertes as wearing gardening gloves as a protection against thorns; Xenophon sneers at the effeminate Persians screening their hands in like manner from the cold; Varro declares against the practice of gathering olives with gloved hands, as deteriorating their table excellence; and Athenæus records how a noted glutton of his day obtained an advantage over his fellow-diners-out by wearing gloves at the banquet, so as to be able to handle the meats when hot. Musonius, at the close of the first Christian century, inveighed against people in perfect health luxuriously clothing their hands and feet in soft and hairy coverings. The contempt of philosophers and the exhortations of preachers alike, however, failed to prevent the fashion spreading. By the ninth century, it had become so general, that the Council of Aix ordered monks to confine themselves to gloves made of sheep-skin. The monks, by the way, were among the earliest European glove-makers; the holy fathers of Sithin received from Charlemagne unlimited right of hunting, in consideration of their manufacturing girdles, gloves, and book-covers from the skins of the deer they killed.

The earliest form of glove had no fingers; it was literally a 'hand-covering,' and no more. The Anglo-Saxon ladies, in the time of the Heptarchy, thrust their hands into the ends of their mantles, which were shaped for that purpose; when the Heptarchy went out, gloves came in, and the German merchants sought to propitiate Ethelred II. by a present of five pairs. The Normans introduced the gauntlet, a stout deer or sheep-skin glove with jointed plates of brass, steel, silver, or gold, affixed to the back and fingers, allowing the free use of the hand. Sometimes a circular plate was attached to the top, protecting the wrist, and meeting the armour covering the arm. In the fourteenth century, gloves jewelled on the back formed part of the regal habit, similar ones being worn also by the higher clergy as a badge of rank; they commonly had long tips, and were either carried in the hand or thrust beneath the girdle, after the manner affected by saucy Tyburnian tigers. In Elizabeth's reign, silk gloves were imported for the first time from the Low Countries, being classed among 'superfinouse' articles; embroidered gloves also made their first appearance in this country at the same time, and it became the fashion to swear by one's gloves. In the time of the Scottish Solomon, a pair of calf-skin gloves were to be bought for fourpence; while the presentation

gloves of the university of Cambridge were often worth as much as forty-four shillings a pair. In the reign of George II., the queen's gloves cost half-a-crown a pair, the Prince of Wales's eighteenpence, the same price being paid for those of the royal princesses, who were allowed sixteen dozen pair per annum.

The glove has borne its part in regal and martial ceremonials. At the coronation of the kings of France, the newly crowned monarch used to receive from the hands of the officiating ecclesiastics a pair of gloves that had been previously blessed by the church. At the same ceremony in our own country, the Duke of Norfolk, as lord of the manor of Worksop, presents the king with a right-hand glove, and supports the sovereign's arm while he puts it on, and receives the sceptre from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Upon the establishment of a free mart or market, it was formerly customary for the sovereign to signify his consent and approval by sending a pair of gloves to the town in which it was to be held; if this was omitted, any laws or regulations made for the market were null and void. Out of this arose a custom which existed at Chester, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newport, and some other towns, of hanging out a glove during the holding of the great fairs; and as long as the glove remained, non-freemen and strangers were admitted to the trading privileges of the free citizens, debtors were safe from arrest, and criminals could not be taken for any offence unless committed during their stay in the place.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, upon his return from some foreign mission, presented Queen Elizabeth with a pair of embroidered gloves, ornamented with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, so deliciously perfumed, that her majesty named the scent 'Lord Oxford's perfume,' and further shewed her appreciation of his gift by having her portrait painted with the gloves on her hands. The heroine of Tilbury expected to receive a New-year's gift from every one around her, from the keeper of her royal conscience to the sergeant of the pastry; among the list, we find three pair of gloves 'as sweet as damask roses.' Henry VIII. presented a pair of gloves to Sir Antony Denny —one of the executors of his will—which, at the Earl of Arran's sale, in 1759, were bought by a descendant of the recipient for L.38, 17s.; on the same occasion, a pair of mittens, presented by Queen Bess to Lady Denny, fetched L.25, 4s.; and a pair of gloves given by James to Edward Denny, L.22, 4s.

Bishops, of old, were expected to present gloves to every one attending their consecration—no light tax upon the wearers of lawn sleeves. In 1678, an order of council was issued, directing that, for the future, in lieu of the complimentary presentment of gloves, new bishops should, previous to the ceremony, pay fifty pounds towards the fund for rebuilding St Paul's Cathedral, 'which,' says the official document, 'as it is a pious work, so will it be some ease to the respective bishops, in regard that the expense of gloves did usually far exceed that sum.' Gloves were among the most common gifts at Easter and the New Year, a small sum of money being sometimes given with them; they were also given at other times in courtesy; when Prynne visited Archbishop Laud in the Tower, the extraordinary pressing importunity of the great churchman compelled him to accept a fair pair of gloves.

The Anglo-Saxon judges were forbidden to wear gloves upon the bench, but the practice of presenting a pair of white gloves to them at a maiden-assize, where no criminal has been called upon to hold up his hand, is one of the few relics left of the symbolism observable in the early laws of most countries. In cases of outlawry, it was once necessary, before the outlawry could be reversed, that the defendant should personally appear before the Court of the King's Bench, and by a present of gloves, implore the consideration of the judges, and obtain their consent. In 1464, Sir John Bell, who had been outlawed on an indictment for murder, obtained a reversal of the decree. After paying the fees of gloves into court—two dozen for the officers, and three pair of furred gloves for the judges—'the prisoner went to God,' or, in other words, was acquitted. Mrs Croaker, in whose favour a suit against Lord Arundel had been decided by Sir Thomas More, presented the chancellor with a New-year's gift in the shape of a pair of gloves containing forty angels. 'It would be against good-manners,' said gallant Sir Thomas, 'to forsake a gentlewoman's New-year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the lining you will bestow elsewhere.' If it was not altogether consistent with judicial ideas of propriety to accept presents from successful suitors, till a much later period it seems to have been compulsory upon reprieved malefactors to acknowledge the clemency of the court with a present of gloves.

Gloves are no longer given to wedding-guests or sent with the cake, but at funerals they are still provided for the followers, clergyman, and doctor. The higher orders of ecclesiastics, the greater nobles, and our English kings, were formerly buried with their gloves on, Edward I. being a notable exception to the rule. Sometimes the gloves were suspended over the tomb, as those of the Black Prince are in Canterbury Cathedral; they are still placed upon the coffin of a cavalry soldier with his helmet and sword.

The gauntlet was an emblem of defiance. A challenger, taking off his right-hand glove, cast it upon the ground; any one taking it up, thereby accepted the duel. The laws of England permitted the appellants in any cause to demand trial by battle. In 1571, in a case arising out of the disputed ownership of some Kentish lands, the parties concerned appeared in court. One of them threw down his glove, which the other immediately took up, and carried away on the point of his sword; a day was appointed for the combat, but the queen herself interfered, and the difference was peaceably adjusted. The last time the wager of battle was claimed was in 1818, in the cause of Ashford *v.* Thornton. The defendant was accused of murdering the sister of the plaintiff; he pleaded 'Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body;' and thereupon he took off his glove, and threw it upon the floor of the court. The combat was forbidden by the authorities, and the law allowing an appeal to arms forthwith repealed.

The glove was sometimes worn in the cap as a memorial of friendship. The wise Paduan doctor, whose special pleading was so successful in the great trial of Shylock *v.* Antonio, refuses to accept anything from the grateful Bassanio except his gloves, which he promises to wear for his sake. The old chronicler, Hall, speaks of a knight at some joust wearing the glove of his 'dearling' in his head-piece. Drayton says of the heroes of Agincourt that 'one wore his mistress' garter, one her glove.' And Lily's Pandora, in her desire to get rid of one she hates, promises

> He that first presents me with his head,
> Shall wear my glove in favour of the deed.

When Elizabeth gave the Earl of Cumberland her glove, which he had picked up for her, he adorned it with jewels, and placed it in his cap, where he displayed it at all jousts and tournaments. Her majesty seems to have been fond of testing her subjects' gallantry. It will be remembered she dropped her glove on the Globe stage, at the feet of the mimic king, William Shakspeare, to see if he would drop the actor in the courtier, and that he forgot neither his duty to his liege-lady, nor his assumed regal dignity, presenting the glove to the queen, saying:

> Although now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove.

The beauty of King Francis's court was not quite so successful in a similar essay. To gratify her vanity, she threw her glove between the raging beasts in the arena, with a meaning glance at her lover. The brave De Lorme obeyed without hesitation:

> The leap was quick, return was quick; he soon regained his place,
> Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face;

and so the inconsiderate dame lost her lover; and all true-hearted damsels will agree with Francis, that it served her right.

Enterprising youths might more easily win a pair of gloves than a pair of spurs; it was only necessary to see the new moon, proclaim the interesting fact to the first maiden one met, and with a kiss claim a pair of gloves; or to catch a beauty napping, and steal a kiss from her, served the same end. The second practice is not quite extinct, but the ladies always demur to paying the fine, thinking, and very reasonably, that the gentleman is sufficiently rewarded with the kiss itself.

History presents but one instance of malpractice through the agency of the glove: the queen-dowager of Navarre was killed by a poisoned pair of gloves, sent to her as a pledge of safe-conduct to Paris—a treacherous act, fitly serving as prologue to the infamous tragedy of St Bartholomew's day.

Charles IV. of Spain had such a liking for white gloves, that it extended to any fair wearer of them, and compelled his queen, in self-defence, to prohibit any lady appearing at court so gloved. The etiquette of the present day forbids the wearing of gloves in the presence of royalty; it was once customary on certain occasions; a letter-writer in 1625 says: 'This week the Lord Coke, with his gloves on, touched and kissed the king's hand, but whether to be confirmed a councillor or cashiered, I cannot yet learn.' Modern etiquette prescribes that in shaking hands, the glove should be removed, at least by gentlemen, who, according to an authority on this momentous question, 'should always take off the glove of the right hand to shake hands.' The same Mentor does not insist upon our pulling off our glove to shake hands even with a lady on a hot day: 'If it be off, all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being thought ungallant, than to present a clammy ungloved hand;' an axiom not recognised by the Portsmouth naval hero, who, on his fair partner suggesting the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off the dance, good-naturedly replied: 'Oh, never mind me, ma'am, I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing.'

Gloves have been made of well-nigh every possible material—of sheep, lamb, calf, doe, buck, elk, deer, kid, and rat skin; of leather, silk, cotton, thread, worsted, velvet, satin, taffety, and even spider's web. Izaak Walton recommends otter-skin gloves as the best fortification of the hands against wet weather. They have been lined, unlined, washed, glazed, waxed, perfumed, tasselled, fringed, cuffed, gauntleted, embroidered, and jewelled.

A glove, according to the old saying, should be dressed in Spain, cut in France, and sewed in England; but the proverb no longer serves, France having fairly beaten all other countries out of the field. The English glove-trade was formerly of great importance; in the fifteenth century, it had become one of the staples of the country, and foreign importations were strictly prohibited. The Glovers of Perth were incorporated as early as the reign of Robert III. of Scotland; those of London, not till 1638. Worcester, Woodstock, and Dundee became famed for the excellence of their kid-gloves; Leicester and Nottingham for cotton; and at London, Yeovil, Ludlow, Leominster, York, Hereford, Hexham, Kingston, Dublin, and Cork, the manufacture was carried on vigorously. Limerick was celebrated for a very beautiful glove, made from the skin of very young calves, lambs, or kids, and so fine that a pair might be enclosed in a walnut-shell; they had the further merit of rendering the wearer's hand smooth and delicate. The alterations in our tariff, which admitted foreign-made gloves to competition with the home-trade, has well-nigh destroyed the latter; but in 1851, there were still some thirty-three thousand people employed in it. In 1850, not a single pair of English-made gloves was exported, while we drew from France 3,211,774 pair; from Belgium, 30,271. The Two Sicilies sent us 7720 pair; Germany, 1544; Gibraltar, 311; the Channel Islands, 121; India, 33; Turkey, 18; and South Africa, 9 pair. The total number imported amounted to 3,260,161 pair, of which 2,844,199 were retained for home consumption.

THE OLD IVY.

From the ancient turret's window, where encroached the ivy sprays,
I saw the long procession wend along the varied maze;
All with solemn pomp and triumph, yet with unassuming grace,
Did it march athwart the valley, climb the mountain's ridgy face.

Pure and brilliant was the vesture of the pilgrims in the train;
Spotless green, and gold, and purple, shone on upland and on plain;
All the air was filled with incense from the censers that they bore,
And the murmur of the river blent with music from its shore.

The old ivy round the turret, which amid the winter's gloom,
Ever clustered round the lattice, ever cheered me with its bloom—
This old friend was now forgotten, while in high elated mood,
I gazed out on Spring's procession, filling valley, mead, and wood.

Below the old turret window the procession passed again,
But no pomp nor stately triumph graced the passage of the train;
Some, whose heads drooped down in languor, slowly glided out of sight,
While the rest were fiercely driven in confused and hurried flight.

Then I looked upon the ivy through the window dimmed with frost,
And I said: 'Though Summer's vanished, all her pride and glory lost,
Yet thou, old friend, all blooming, in despite of wintry blasts,
Wilt cleave to the gray old turret, while a broken remnant lasts.'

W. C. B. O.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, *will be commenced in this Journal,*

A STORY,

ENTITLED

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

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COUNTY-COURT SUITS.

THE establishment of county courts, the popularity and usefulness of which have increased in a steady ratio during the last few years, has greatly simplified litigation, though inasmuch as it has brought the luxury of law within the reach of the humblest classes, it has rendered recourse to legal decisions much more common and frequent among them than it used to be. There is in this no matter for regret, because the general tendency among litigants of the lower order is to rest satisfied with the decree of the judge; and thus a great deal of heart-burning and ill-will is avoided or put an end to. Thousands of small differences, which might else grow into serious and lasting quarrels, are settled every month by the county-court judge; and there can be no doubt that among those with whom they originate, the cause of peace and quietness is thus largely benefited. Another result, which is not by any means so desirable, is the notion, which has obtained among litigants of the lower orders, that the county court is peculiarly *their* court, established for the vindication of their claims and privileges, rather than for the general dispensation of justice. In London, this feeling is extremely common—its influence and operation are patent every court-day, and we have failed to discover that any attempt is made to check it on the part of the authorities. It probably arose in the beginning from the success of needy suitors in obtaining speedy and summary justice, and from their recognition of the extreme care, patience, and painstaking investigation practised by the judges in order to insure their getting it. Such suitors are keen enough in discovering who are their friends, and they must be blind indeed not to see that wherever they have right on their side, the judge is sure to vindicate their cause. This notion of theirs, however, often leads them into silly suits resulting in defeat and loss; and by experiences of an unsuccessful kind, it is to be hoped that they will learn to disabuse themselves of their error.

It is not easy to discover any settled principle which governs verdicts in these courts. According to our observation from time to time, it would seem that equity prevails over law—that different ideas as to equity prevail at different courts—and that precedents are of little or no account whatever. In cases where a suit is instituted for the recovery of sums said to be due for labour done, and withheld by the defendant on the ground that the labour was ill done, and therefore worthless—different courts will be found to follow different rules. In No. 1, for instance, the defendant who refuses to pay, on the plea that he contracted for efficient labour, or he would not have contracted at all, and who produces a witness to prove that the labour done was inefficient, and had to be done over again by a competent person—such a defendant will get a verdict; but in No. 2, the plaintiff who has performed the labour, however inefficiently, will be successful, on the ground that it was the business of the employer to ascertain his competency before employing him—the judge holding that if the workman's time is occupied on behalf of an employer, he must be paid for it. These peculiarities are well known to those whose interests they affect, and in consequence, No. 1 rarely has a case of the kind brought before him, while No. 2 is overwhelmed with them.

Some years ago, a certain suburban court was almost monopolised by servant-girls, who brought suits, and gained them, against their mistresses, who had discharged them suddenly. Their claims were invariably for a month's wages. It came out at length that a pleasant and profitable game was carried on among them—the girls hiring themselves for service on the condition of a month's notice or a month's wages previous to discharge, and then provoking an immediate discharge by some unbearable outrage, in order to recover the wages for which they had rendered no sort of service, by the action of the county court. This practice, of course, came to a sudden end as soon as their tactics were discovered.

Although the majority of county-court cases are determined without the aid of lawyers, the parties making their own statements, and leaving the result to the judge, a contrary practice is becoming daily more popular. In London, and in other large towns, many members of the legal profession practise in the county courts, and not a few have devoted themselves entirely to this branch of business. We are of opinion that the litigating parties would best consult their own interest by dispensing with the lawyer and his fee, and trusting their cause to the sole consideration of the judge. We say this, not out of any disrespect to the poor man's lawyer, but with reference to facts of a very ugly description, of which we shall say nothing here, but which will suggest themselves to many readers whose tastes or avocations may have led them from time to time within the county-court precincts on court-days.

Occasionally, some suit of a whimsical or grotesque character turns up in these minor courts, which finds no record in the public prints, where all such proceedings are ignored; and we will recite a couple of them, of recent date, but which, as far as we know, have never found a chronicler.

The first scene lies in a court in Central London, where P——, the darling of the city's lieges, sits in

jolly state, begowned, bewigged, and redolent of good-humour as the president of a marriage-feast. Amidst the hubbub and clatter arising from the departure of a crowd of suitors whose business has been settled, and the in-rushing of new ones, the crier bawls out the names of Martha Evans and Nancy Jones. Martha is first to respond, and launches herself with precipitate determination into the box at the right hand of the judge, where she stands like a tall tower, with frowning battlements. The old judge smiles at her under his spectacles, but fails to take the edge off her acid countenance, which turns away from that benignant look, as if the very attempt to soothe her indignation were an injury to be resented. Meanwhile, Nancy is shoved and elbowed forward into the box on the left, and stands shame-faced, and smothering a laugh, confronting her opponent. The oaths being administered, and the statement of the plaintiff made, it comes out that Martha claims seven-and-sixpence from Nancy, as the value of the most beautiful of bonnets, which the said Nancy has carried off from her shop without paying for.

'Well, Nancy,' says the judge, 'what have you to say in answer to this statement of Mrs Evans?'

'She ain't Mrs Evins at all—she ain't nothin' but a hold maid.'

'H'm. Ah! but you see that does not affect her statement about the bonnet. Let us hear what you have to say to that.'

'I never bought ne'er a bonnet of her in my life—that's what I says, yer honour.'

'That there's a perjury falsehood!' explodes Martha, shaking a clenched fist at the delinquent. 'Please your honour, that there's the very bonnet what she got on her ed this blessed minnit. She comes into my shop, and she says to me—she says'——

'Stop, my good woman; I don't want to know what she said to you, just now. I want to hear what she is going to say to me.—Now, Nancy, you say that you never bought a bonnet of Martha Evans.'

'No, yer honour, I never didn't.'

'You mean, of course, you never did.'

'No, I don't (pettishly). I means what I says: I never didn't.'

'You didn't buy a bonnet of her at any time?'

'No, yer honour.'

'But she swears you did.'

Martha. Yes, your honour, I do—and that there's the very bonnet she got on her ed.

Judge. You hear that, Nancy Jones—is that true? Is that the bonnet you have on?

Nancy (*Hesitatingly*). Well, it air the bonnet, to be sure.

Judge. The bonnet you bought of Martha Evans.

Nancy. No, it ain't—I never bought no bonnet of her in my life, I swears.

Judge. But that bonnet came out of the plaintiff's shop—you don't deny that, young woman, do you?

Nancy. Well, no—I hain't a goin' to deny that.

Judge. Then if you did not buy it, how came it in your possession?

Nancy blushes and titters, and fidgets about in the box, and hangs her head, but utters not a syllable.

Judge. Come, my lass—how came the bonnet in your possession? I must have a straightforward answer to that question.

Nancy (*From behind her handkerchief*). Well, yer honour, please yer honour, it was Dan Taylor as gived me the bonnet.

Judge (*In a loud whisper*). Dan Taylor? Eh? What? Swe-e-e-etheart?

Nancy nods a curt nod, and bites her handkerchief.

Judge. Oh, oh! Ah, ah! to be sure, to be sure; I see, I see. Ha, ha! we are getting into daylight now. Now, Martha Evans (turning to the plaintiff), mind what you say, and remember you are upon oath. Did Nancy Jones buy the bonnet of you?

Martha. Your honour, she comes into my shop, and asks for to try on the bonnet—she puts it on her ed, and asks the price, which it 's dirt cheap, your honour, at seven-and-sixpence, and she walks off with it—and that there 's the bonnet, your honour.

'Yes, you have told us that before. But you know she had her young man with her; and now I want to know whether you really sold the bonnet to Nancy Jones or to Dan Taylor.'

It is now Martha's turn to be confused, and she is evidently perplexed for an answer.

'Come, speak out. You must know to whom you sold the bonnet.'

Martha. Well, your honour, Dan Taylor did say as how he was agoin' to pay for it; but he never been near the shop, and haven't a paid a penny.

'Then it is pretty clear that you sold it to Dan Taylor, is it not?'

'But she have got the bonnet on her ed, and is a wearin' of it out.'

'Ah! but if she didn't buy it, you can't sue her for the payment. Now I will tell you what you must do. You must find out this Dan Taylor. I warrant you, if you keep a sharp eye on Nancy Jones, you won't be long in catching Dan. When you have caught him, you bring him to me—and I—*I'll* make him pay for the bonnet.'

Martha. Will you, your honour? I 'll find him out as sure as I 'm a living woman.

Judge. To be sure you will. Bring him to me as soon as you like, and I 'll make him pay (with a deep growl)—I 'll make him pay.

Scene the second is in a county court further east, where marine and nautical differences and 'long-shore squabbles are much mixed up with general commercial matters. The plaintiff in this case is a tailor and outfitter, who has retired from business, and taken up his abode in a romantic villa built close on the margin of the Thames; and the defendant is one Captain Block, an old man-of-war's man, who, after knocking about on the ocean for almost fifty years, came into unexpected possession of a large fortune, which he spends in a characteristic way. Not being able to put up with brick-walls and four-posters, after swinging in a hammock for near half a century, he has built himself a sailing-yacht, and fitted her up as a man-of-war, mounting her with a regular tier of guns, and constituting himself her captain—his crew consisting of a score of well-seasoned old-salts, warranted to be none the worse for any allowance of grog.

It might appear to be one of the most unlikely things in the world that Mr Peter Gander, the quondam tailor, on shore, should ever come into hostile collision with Captain Block afloat; but destiny, which brings more unlikely things to pass, had decreed that this brace of worthies should clash in their several orbits—and thus it came about. The tailor, who, in his pantaloon ing times, had been hen-pecked by a domineering wife, had been finally delivered from his plague on a certain propitious Easter-Monday; and it had been his amiable practice ever since, to celebrate the anniversary by the explosion of a continuous *feu de joie* from a battery of small cannon erected at the end of his garden, and overlooking the river. The firing and the feasting—for he entertained all his friends on the occasion—were kept up the whole day, and sometimes far into the night, when the reverberating echoes of the tailor's guns would be heard from Blackwall to Gravesend, and even further down.

Now, it happened that Captain Block, cruising on a certain Easter-Monday in that latitude, heard the report of the tailor's guns, and making sail for the battery, soon came alongside, when he piped all hands, cleared the decks for action, and began to return the fire in the approved British fashion, but in a perfectly friendly and harmless way. It was quite

a refresher to Captain Block to smell powder once more, and he was anything but sparing of his blank-cartridges; but, lo! in the middle of the invigorating sport, he discovers that the tailor's lubberly crew were loading their guns with pebbles as well as powder, and had shot away a good part of his top-sails, and riddled his flowing bunting. 'Oh, oh!' said the captain, 'if you mean mischief, you lubbers, you shall have a bellyful: gunner, serve out the shot.' Accordingly, the guns were shotted without loss of time, and the captain, taking good aim at the enemy's chimney-stacks, delivered a broadside with such effect, that the bricks and mortar came tumbling down most alarmingly upon the household within. In the midst of the consternation and panic induced by such a shower, old Block jumped into his boat with a dozen of his crew, each armed with a stout rope's end, and pulled ashore. In less time than it takes to record the fact, the whole of the tailor's company were sprawling on the ground, each and all of them furnished with very sufficient reasons for considering themselves thrashed. To the tailor himself, the gallant captain proffered the honourable satisfaction of a gentleman, tendering him on the spot the choice of weapons, either sword or pistol, both of which were promptly produced for his election. Poor Peter Gander looked aghast at these dreadful alternatives, and instead of accepting either, actually swooned away on the lawn amidst his prostrate guests.

'Bear a hand here, bos'n,' said Block; 'heave that live lumber aboard: we'll bring him to, I reckon, between this and blue-water!'

Accordingly, the senseless tailor was lugged into the boat, and carried on board the yacht, which the next minute trimmed her sails to the breeze, and stood down the river.

When Mr Gander came to his senses, he found himself in total darkness, and his nostrils assailed with the smell of bilge-water. He could hear the waves beating against the walls of his prison; he knew by the violent motion of the vessel that she was navigating the open sea; and now he bitterly bemoaned his lot in being carried off by pirates from his native land. All night he lay lamenting and dreading the gloomy fate in reserve for him. In the morning he heard the harsh voice of the captain on the deck above, and shortly after he was hauled out of confinement, and brought before a court-martial sitting in the cabin. There he was arraigned, and put on his defence; but having nothing of any weight to say for himself, he was found guilty of insulting the British flag, and condemned to be hanged at the yard-arm there and then. Here was a horrible finale to his Easter-Monday's jubilations! He sunk to the ground, and would have swooned again but for a timely bath of brine administered from a bucket by the hands of the boatswain. Dripping and horrified, he got on his knees, and begged and prayed for life, promising all sorts of satisfaction to the captain, and confessing himself a miserable sinner. The captain for a long time paid no attention to his distress, but ordered a rope to be slung for the execution of the sentence. At length, however, he thought fit to shew a little commiseration for the offender, and, upon his promise of amendment, commuted the sentence of death into a sentence to be shaved after the equinoctial fashion. Mr Gander was thereupon conducted to the deck, seated on a barrel, lathered with pitch, and delicately shaved with a piece of rusty iron hoop; at the end of which process, he found himself backed into the tub, and soused over head and ears in salt-water. After this, he was allowed to console himself, as he best could, until the yacht came in sight of land, when sail was made for the nearest port, and poor Peter was set on shore, without a shilling in his pocket, at a fashionable watering-place.

All the above facts came out from the statements and cross-examinations of plaintiff and witnesses, and we need not say that the most was made of them by the counsel for the plaintiff, who had summoned the captain for compensation—assessing at fifty pounds the damages in mind and person which he had received. The counsel for the defendant argued, on the other hand, that Peter had deserved all he had got, for having commenced hostilities without provocation. The judge seemed to be very much of this opinion; he decided, however, that although the gallant captain had been unjustifiably assailed, he had retaliated, considering the circumstances, too severely; and he therefore mulcted him in the penalty of five pounds, at the same time refusing the tailor his costs.

THE SHAWL.

SEVENTY years ago, the word 'shawl' held no place in the English language. The thing itself, the warm, convenient, comfortable, durable, and—worn by one who knows how to wear it—most graceful of feminine wrappers, was unknown in the realm of fashion when the great-grandmothers of the present generation moved therein. It is true that the negotiators sent by Tippoo Saib to the French government, when he was meditating that onslaught on the English which ended in his discomfiture and death, left behind them a few Cashmere shawls, as parting gifts to their Parisian acquaintances; but they were regarded as mere costumary curiosities, and put not to their right use, but made to do duty as dressing-gowns and carpets! The ladies are indebted to one General Bonaparte for the beautiful addition to their toilet. His famous Egyptian expedition was the means of introducing the pride of the Indian loom into European society. No sooner had the shawl been adopted by Madame Emile Gaudin, the reigning Parisian beauty, than it became the rage. Two and three thousand francs were cheerfully paid for second-hand cashmeres, that had seen service as turbans on the heads of the Mogul soldiery, girded the supple waists of Bayaderes, or robed the persons of pagan priests; but, then, the excellence of the fabric, and the durability of the dyes, allowed them to be cleaned with impunity. However, as soon as the shawl was fairly established in popularity, the Levant traders took care there should be no lack of new ones, and a large trade was soon opened with India.

The shawl manufacture is supposed to have originated in the valley of Cashmere, but at what date is unknown; but ever since the first British factories were established in India, Cashmere shawls have constituted one of the most valuable branches of commerce. In the time of the Mogul empire, thirty thousand looms were kept busily occupied in Cashmere; under the Afghans, the number fell to eighteen thousand; and at the present time, six thousand looms are adequate to supply the demand for these beautiful products. This great falling off is attributable to many causes, among the most prominent of which were the destruction of the janizaries, and the fall of the dynasties of Cabul and Lucknow.

The material used in this important manufacture is the wool of a variety of the common goat (*Capra hircus*), reared at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; the cold dry table-land of Tibet being the only habitat in which the goat yields the peculiar soft wool required. Each goat yields annually about two pounds of woolly hair, half of which is kemp or coarse hair, used for counterpanes and carpets, the remainder being a beautiful, rich, and soft down, which, after being carefully separated from the kemp, fibre by fibre (an operation of such delicacy that one man or woman is occupied twelve hours in preparing one ounce of wool), is washed in rice-starch, and sold at the rate of three rupees' weight for one rupee. There are two colours—one, ashy gray, which is usually woven in its natural hue; the other, white, which of course is easily dyed

—a process jealously guarded by the Hindus, who desire to keep to themselves the secret of the harmonious hues which have baffled all imitators. There have long been established at Delhi and Lahore shawl manufactories under the direction of Cashmerians, but they have not succeeded in equalling the productions at head-quarters, especially in the fineness of the fabric, which the natives attribute to the quality of the water with which the vale of Cashmere is irrigated.

The gold and silver thread used in the embroidery, is chiefly made at Borhampoor, in the Deccan. A piece, purest ore, is beaten into a cylindrical form about the circumference of a thick reed; this is again beaten out in length till it will pass through a hole one-eighth of an inch in diameter; it is then drawn through gradually diminishing orifices, till it is reduced to the thickness of bobbin-thread; and then wound on reels working on pivots, the ends being passed through still finer holes, and affixed to a large reel, which, being set in rapid motion, attenuates the threads still more. The next process is to flatten it on a steel anvil, and, by an ingenious process, cover a silk thread with the beaten-out metal, which thus forms a wire that will not tarnish. It is said that if a lump of silver be gilded before being drawn into wire, it will undergo the hammering, winding, and drawing out, and yet retain its gilding intact.

The Indian looms are of the rudest and most primitive description, the warp being supplied by two sticks, and the woof entirely worked in by hand—a slow and tedious process, but one that admits of an exactness and neatness of finish setting the rivalry of machinery at defiance. The weaver's wages are from three-halfpence to twopence a day—a wage to make one wonder at the value set upon Cashmere shawls, if we did not remember that as many as thirty, or even forty men will expend two years' labour upon a single shawl, and that before it reaches the purchaser, its price has been augmented fifty per cent. by taxation. The borders are made in several pieces, sometimes as many as twenty, and afterwards sewn together, so as to form the pattern. Every stitch being worked by hand, is distinct in itself, and may be pulled out without disturbing the remainder—an infallible test of the genuine Indian production.

Shawls are made of various textures, sizes, and forms, adapted to the several markets, the softest and most delicate being saved for export to Turkey. They are commonly made in two sizes, long and square, the first named measuring one hundred and twenty-six inches by forty-four; the latter being from sixty-three to seventy-two inches square. From Cashmere alone there is exported annually an average value of 1,800,000 rupees; and there must be a considerable home demand for the shawls, which was at one time lessened by the importation of English goods, which at first found favour in the eyes of the natives, but sunk speedily in their estimation, when their quality was tested by actual wear. Of late years, the patterns have become more intricate and richer than ever. London is the great European mart, its dealers sending shawls to America, France, Russia, and Turkey in large quantities. China crape-shawls are made entirely of silk, the ground or foundation being manufactured at Nankin, and then forwarded to Canton, to have the pattern embroidered. This is done by two needlemen working together; one passes the silk downwards, while the other from below passes it up, a third workman changing the silk for them when necessary; but how the fastening on and off is performed, is a trade mystery yet preserved by the Chinese.

As a matter of course, the fair sex had not long joined the shawl movement, before British manufacturers attempted to produce something of the same sort—an attempt to which the high prices fetched by the Indian shawls was an irresistible inducement. The initiative was taken in this case by a Scotch tradeswoman, a Miss Bowie, who had long been engaged in the gold-lace trade. By means of the sewing-needle, and a material spun from the waste made in reeling the finest Italian silk, she made square shawls of simple patterns. Others, taking a hint from the mode of producing the patterns in damask, trained children to insert the coloured yarn with their fingers; but the expense proved so great, that the experiment of thus imitating the works of Cashmere was speedily abandoned. Baffled, but not defeated, the men of Edinburgh still persevered. At length, that part of a loom called a 'lay' was constructed and fitted up with boxes to hold the shuttles and colours required; this was managed by the application of the weaver's left thumb, so that without stopping his loom, he was able to throw in the coloured yarn, and make it catch the threads of the warp as they were raised by the 'draw-boy.' A great waste of material was unfortunately unavoidable by this method, but still a man and two boys could produce as much work in a week as the Hindu could accomplish in twelve months. At first, the material employed was silk spun from waste, or mixed with the finest Saxony wool, worsted and cotton being used for the embroidery; but after Napoleon introduced the Tibet goat into France, its wool superseded all other materials. The shawls were sold at prices varying from two to ten guineas, and a good demand soon sprang up for them. Manufactories were established at Edinburgh, Norwich, Paisley, Glasgow, and Lyon. Jacquard's loom was afterwards adopted, and for a time, France obtained the lead in the manufacture; but eventually, the energy of the British manufacturers enabled them to beat their rivals, if not always in beauty of pattern, at anyrate in price and quality. Glasgow and Paisley are now the principal seats of our home-trade, which promises to be a permanent one; for while pelisses, scarfs, mantles, and cloaks come in and go out again, the shawl is never out of date, but holds its own through all the mutations of fashion.

A PICNIC AT ALEPPO.

It is the month of June, and we have been sleeping all night on the terrace of our house at Aleppo, with the star-spangled heavens for our canopy, and despite the dreadful predictions of Signor Polleamtowskywitch, the pacha's private physician, who has foretold the destruction of the entire population from this pernicious custom. The plaintive muezzin calls from the various minarets to warn us that it is 4 A.M.; and another remembrancer of this fact, is the deliciously cool morning breeze which invariably sets in at this hour during summer, and under whose influence we feel thoroughly invigorated. Come, jump up, friend, for it is time to get ready for the great picnic which is to come off to-day in the gardens near 'Bab-il-Farage.'

What commodious and useful places these terraces of Aleppo are! In case of danger or assault, we could pass from our own terrace to others nearly a mile away, simply by scaling the low walls which separate one house from another; and, indeed, this occurred during the outbreak in 1850, when the Mohammedan population massacred and ill-used so many of the Christians: the inhabitants fled from house-top to house-top, till they assembled in one of the strongest khans—this very one, the Khan Halilria—and barricaded themselves securely. You need not go peeping over that wall, however, at this early hour, to verify my words, unless you have any particular wish to have an old slipper and very hard words hurled at your head. Fatallah Karalli, his wife, and five lovely daughters, are now stretched out there on the floor, side by side, and they are always early risers, so as to decamp before daylight shews. You will be careful,

also, in groping your way to the steps which lead into the kitchen of our house, not to stumble over those mats, and sacks, and jars, for they contain our winter-store of provisions, in the shape of burghal,* chillies, onions, &c.—all which will be spread out on these mats, reaching all over the terrace, as soon as the sun is up. The terrace, also, is the drying-yard of our laundress; it is, further, our poultry-yard; for here, in commodious wicker-baskets, we keep a few select laying-hens, which supply us with fresh eggs for breakfast every morning.

A picnic at Aleppo has this great advantage over picnics in other countries—namely, that nobody has any care or anxiety as to what to provide. A caterer is selected, and every one forming the party pays into his hands, some days previously, a fixed sum, with which he and his coadjutors get everything ready against the hour of need. Ladies, however, and strangers that are invited, are always exempted. The caterer has no sinecure of it, and for at least a full week before the event comes off, is in a perpetual state of agitation and perspiration. First, he has to ascertain how many are expected to assemble; the number of donkeys they will bring with them, for fodder as well as food must be provided for these latter. Then there is the terrible search, which carries him from one end of the city to the other, and even to suburban villages, to collect together the most eminent musicians of the day; and these, being mostly Hebrews, require a separate staff for the proper superintendence of their *cuisine*. There will be babies that require *berceaux;* and, again, the choice of the locality entails almost as much responsibility as a general incurs in placing his batteries. Apropos of this, there is the *batterie de cuisine*. What are the poor man's discomforts and trials in trying to collect together sufficient material for the feast, and to constitute an extemporaneous kitchen for all kinds of purposes, from pap for the infants, to the huge turkey stuffed with rice and all kinds of condiments! Not a Zouave or a Soyer was ever in such perplexity. Moreover, he has to suit all palates—for assuredly there will be gathered together the nations of the earth, under the shades of those pleasant tamarisk-trees, by the borders of the rivulet—and their tastes are as various as are their creeds and complexions.

By this time, the murmuring of voices; the moving to and fro of lights and lanterns in the khan; the jabbering of old Arabic ladies, cruelly upbraiding their slaves for things they have themselves carefully stowed away in some basket; the lamentations of the old lady who has lost her slippers in shuffling down stairs, and upset her candle into the bargain; the clattering of tin pots and pans, carried down and laden upon mules, under the animadversions of our friend the caterer and his staff; the occasional dismal howl, raised by luckless individuals who have dropped the fragile bottle, and exorcised therefrom the only spirit they depended upon for the day; the furious blowing of charcoal-fires through a pipe-tube, to make the coffee boil; the braying of donkeys; the crowing of cocks—I positively believe some of the Aleppo hens crow also; the intolerable chiruping of early sparrows; the uncouth, unnatural, half-neigh, half-bray of the mule: all these combined serve to render one wide awake indeed; and when from a dormitory in the centre of the square of the khan—not bigger than an Indian hut—a wealthy Bagdad proprietor issues forth to see his camels fed, and they, gurgling, add their discordant voices to the tumult around!—why, then, it is high time to jump into our saddles, and sally forth in search of the pleasures of this festive day.

Although it is now fairly daylight, if we were to follow the sultan's highway, there might, owing to the extreme narrowness of the alleys—for what else can we call them?—be danger of stumbling over a dead dog or some mass of garbage. A small bribe to the *bab* of the enclosed bazaar just opposite the khan's gates, enables us to make a shorter and far pleasanter cut. Most true that we have to climb up six steps at every gateway, and down six steps into the bazaar itself; on either side of which stand open deserted shops, full of rich wares, and whose only protection during the night has been the massive gates, the key of which is kept by yonder miserable, one-eyed, white-bearded old fellow, who, with half-extinguished lantern, guides us through, assisted by a numerous staff of equally ugly and ill-fed dogs.

Here we are in the last narrow street leading to Bab-il-Farage, and where the wooden shutters of the shops are secured by padlocks which anybody could open with a toothpick. By this time, our party has augmented tremendously. Ladies in fine silk dresses, mounted upon milk-white donkeys, with showy saddles, and all riding astraddle; panniers full of babies; old ladies and old gentlemen, with their grand-children stuck up before and behind them. Truly, we are a motley company, for we live *sans cérémonie* at Aleppo; and the consul-general of France is deep in argument with the little Polish bootmaker; and our clever Genoese tailor is making us crack our sides with laughter, as he recounts how he detected his servant's peculations in the boot-line, by carefully besmearing the inside with cobbler's wax. You observe yonder strange-looking old fellow with a prodigious proboscis—it is a curious fact that all native Aleppines, both men and women, have immense noses—well, that is our neighbour, Fatallah Karalli; and that huge black cap, which is called a *kulpak*, is an heirloom through generations, conferring upon the wearer exemption from all taxes, for some past service rendered to the sultan.

Here we are at Bab-il-Farage. The sentry, who was fast asleep, starts up at our approach, and assumes a soldier-like attitude, as far as he can, with only one boot on, the other having served him for a pillow. At this point, we diverge to the left, following the course of a bubbling little stream that leads to Kittab, where the suburban villas of many of the gentry are situated. Only the caterer and his staff proceed right ahead to the fixed-on spot, there to arrange things against breakfast-time. Yonder is the picturesque little mill, under which nestles a coffee-shop; and the *cafegee* has made mighty preparations against our advent, for will he not reap a rich harvest—marshalla! Here, also, is the old woman with her three milch-cows; and here, on scores of little wooden stools, are soon seated our noble selves, inhaling the delicious cool air of morning, the fragrance of a hundred scented flowers, tobacco through long pipes, short pipes, or cigars; and smoke through the bubbling water of the nargheli; and imbibing sundry small cups of coffee, and very many bowls of fresh milk. All the ladies smoke, excepting the unmarried ones; and these and the children make amends for the want by disposing of whole water-melons at an alarming rate. Here we are joined by the élite from Kittab (including a cobbler, who has married a rich wife); and as the sun is getting hot, and we have enjoyed *keif* to our heart's content, we up into our saddles, and so helter-skelter off for the gardens. It is good to ride hastily, for there are beggars by the roadside, and their name is Legion, and their deformities are Legion, and their noise would make Babel, by comparison, a peaceful abode.

Can we find the spot without any guide to pilot us there? My dear fellow, my good man, you must be deaf to ask such a question. Can you not hear the vile uproar behind yonder hedge? List ye not to the infantine squalls, the harsh shrieking voice of the old lady who lost her slippers, and who is now in a towering passion with the poor caterer and his staff for presuming to act without her advice? Have you

* Boiled wheat split and dried in the sun.

no ears for the death-struggle and fluttering of legions of poultry being slaughtered? Here we are by the river's side, and under the pleasant shade of many trees; and under these trees are spread a goodly assortment of carpets and divan cushions; and yonder, close by the water, sit the select band—veritable Hebrews, in sombre attire, and with long beards, and unwashed faces. While they favour us with a specimen of their skill in music, both instrumental and vocal, I may confide to you, that if the captive children of Israel, by the waters of Babylon, sung and played no better than these their descendants do, were I their Ninevite masters, I would not press them for another stave.

From every available branch of every available tree are pendent ropes, to serve as swings for the children and the young ladies. Now and then, an Aleppine fop clambers into one of these, cigarette in mouth, and makes a caricature of himself as he assumes different exquisite attitudes, and swings to and fro under the umbrageous foliage.

The garden has been hired for the day, so that there is no fear of intrusion, besides which, we have *cavasses* or sentries posted at every entrance. It is a full mile in length, and half a one in breadth; and by the borders of the rivulet are parterres of choice flowers, while many fine fruit-trees are bending under the weight of their harvests; there are grape-vines also, but the fruit is yet unripe. All these are entirely at our disposal; and even the green grapes don't escape, for, compressed between two flat stones, they afford a juice which is much used for culinary purposes by all the inhabitants. You want to know who that fierce-looking man in a cavalry-braided coat buttoned up to the chin, seedy inexpressibles, and native red boots, is? That, according to his own account, is Colonel de Medro-Barba, a count, and also, as he says, a distinguished soldier. He is a friend of the Polish doctor's, and his guest. The criticism of the ladies is launched against the non-appearance of under-linen, and I can swear positively that when he stooped, I saw he had no stockings on. To make amends for this, however, he sports a long cavalry sword, which I believe he sleeps with. Poverty, it is true, is no butt for jokes; but this rascal told me such an awful falsehood five minutes ago, that I at once set him down as one of those arrant and vagrant impostors that stray through Syria, imposing upon the hospitality and kindness of the people. He said that he knew Malta well, and that the governor was his intimate friend; and on account of his being such a celebrated commander, the governor asked him to review the *Maltese mounted Rifles;* and that the horses and men were superb! He is a capital hand at accounts, and will borrow five piastres of every one he can to-day, and call to-morrow to make it up to ten, after which we may expect to be rid of his society.

You are looking at that group of fine-looking fellows in undress military uniform, who are in earnest conversation with our worthy consul. They are indeed soldiers, every inch of them, and good men and Christians to boot. The unmistakable sadness which overshadows even their most pleasant smile, speaks volumes of the sorrows of exile; they are Hungarian officers under surveillance here—as you may observe by yonder Turkish soldiers—and it is a pleasure and an honour to us to enjoy their company.

But here, again, is the old lady who lost her slippers. As the French dragoman justly observes, 'Elle est comme un perroquet enragé.' She is indeed like a demented parroquet; she speaks of everything to everybody—blowing up the servants, blowing up the girls for swinging, making hideous faces at small children, that frighten them into fits; picking up an old bit of a broken bottle, and disputing with everybody that it is a precious stone. She positively won't leave the donkeys alone, because the poor things bray, but curses them, and wishes the devil would burn their grandfathers. If I thought braying would do any good, I should bray lustily, for I hunger; but I know, alas! that there is no hope of satisfying these cravings until close upon noon, and it wants a full hour to that yet.

Come, then, and let us leave the fair sex to their narghelies and swings, and beyond reach of yonder vile music, seek amusement elsewhere. You perceive my walking-stick serves as a gun, and I hope we shall have a little occupation for it at the further end of the garden. There, under those fig-trees, we can recline by the water-side; and whilst you angle for white-bait, which are plentiful and delicious here, I will pop off the becaficos, if those two lark-shooting French captains will only keep out of range, and not frighten them away. That party you see seated under that pleasant arbour are betting who can shoot the most swallows on the wing; and the distinguished Colonel de Medro-Barba has just fired, shewing his skill in arms and aim by hitting an unhappy black eunuch on the arm. There will be a dreadful row in five minutes, but as the Pacha's *cawas* is present, it will soon be hushed up, and you and I will have the gratification of contributing to the fine levied upon this gross impostor. Here, also, under yon apricot is another group, no other than Mother Karalli and her five daughters, with their five admirers. All the gentlemen are musicians (amateurs); and the little fellow with the fierce moustache, that twirls itself round and round until it reaches his ears, is the lover of the lovely Katoor. He is a fire-eater, according to his own bruited fame; and it is well for you that you stepped back so expeditiously this morning, when I warned you, for had the lady complained—thousand thunders!—I don't know how he would have satisfied his vengeance. His loose, baggy scarlet trousers and highly embroidered coat; his unimpeachable patent-leather boots and bran-new tarboushe; his well-macassared locks and whiskers, and his highly scented handkerchief—to say nothing of his watch-guard and seals—set him off as an Adonis before the young ladies; as he plays the guitar, and accompanies it with a voice like an owl in a consumption, and as many gesticulations as a galvanised monkey, he is perfection itself, in the eyes of these good people, who cannot ask what time of day it is without screaming and getting excited over the matter, and throwing themselves into such fearful postures, that the marvel is how they ever get straight again. Instead of hearing the love-song which he is now singing, if we chanced to be about the Joliette at Marseille, we should hear quite another melody from a sun-burned looking old fellow in a frouzy coat, whose agent the above individual is, and who, being unable to sell his consignments, uses them upon himself, and sends home favourable accounts as to prospects.

Here we are at last at our fixed-on resting-place, and here, too, have found their way some twenty damsels, who are busily engaged upon their great national dish for our breakfast. They are going to make *kibbeys* for some fivescore; and kibbeys are made of very fat mutton-tails, crushed in a mortar with burghal (in grain or flour), with chillies, onions, garlic, pepper, and salt. You perceive how carefully they wash themselves—a necessary precaution, as they will have to dabble in it, and fist it about for some time before it will be fit for use. What seems rather savage, and makes one almost loathe even the most beautiful of these girls, is the fact that, after this raw material has been well pestled and mortared together, they eat whole handfuls of it, and so will every Aleppine, and even many Europeans that have been in Aleppo long. Perhaps, under the process of manipulation, it becomes like the Bedouin's raw meat under his saddle, and is cooked perfectly to their satisfaction.

We are not, however, long disturbed by these fair

nymphs. The kibbeys have to be cooked, and in divers forms, so they leave us alone in our glory, and under these fat fig-trees we recline. Hark! listen to yonder chirp? Now, look out—pop! and down comes a becafico that would gladden the heart of the greatest epicure at Paris, especially if it had been preserved in oil, as these greasy southerners love to have them. Did you ever see such a lump of fat? That fellow, looking in no friendly manner towards me across the water, is an arnout of immense wealth, which he obtained by cutting people's throats and robbing them on the highway. He is a nobleman now, and a man of great influence. If you listen, you will hear the voices of his harem—a select one, indeed, and one that nearly cost me my life. When I was a greenhorn in these parts, I used to ramble about as fancy led, and among other places, clambered into yonder garden, where the ladies were swinging and enjoying themselves. What did he do but, instantly, draw his *tulwar*, and make a cut at my left arm! He little thought, however, what a customer he had to deal with, for I was young and strong then, and my good right arm bent his sword-arm back and back until it broke in two places, and he yelled for mercy; and the pacha, on learning the circumstance, bastinadoed him nearly to death. So we can shoot our becaficos without fear of interference from him. Similarly, those five young Aleppine fops, who have secreted themselves under a mass of mangroves, are mighty in words and small in deeds. They compare sinews and limbs, and clothes and shoes, and vow this very day to win the hearts of certain dulcinnas that are of the company; and they won't do it.

You have caught your white-bait by this time, and I have bagged a fair quantity of greasy little birds, and, hark! the muezzin calls to prayer—for Moslems; for us, it is the signal for breakfast, so we hurry back as soon as we can. What a scene! what a profusion! what a company! There is a horrid stench of oil, but that is only the Jews having their eels for breakfast. You perceive that dessert, and everything else, is set before the guests at the same time. Here are kibbeys stewed with milk and cabbage, kibbeys fried, kibbey done in the oven; fish, flesh, fowl, and even poor larks and our becaficos, and your sprats. Here is dried mismush (apricots)—which is rolled out like an old ship's chart—cooked with milk and sugar, and salads of every description; lettuce, with oil and vinegar; water-cresses and garlic, with curdled cream; onions and radishes; beet-root stewed in sugar, and soaked in vinegar; huge turkeys, and whole sheep, stuffed with almonds, and the tasty seeds of the cedars of Lebanon; *pillaufs* of every description. Here are small plates of pickles that would make you weep for an hour, they are so hot, and large plates of olives, some preserved in salt and water, some in oil; but before all comes the Damascus olive, black and shiny as a prune, and so resembling the fruit, that the French consul (who is a *farceur*) has persuaded an unlucky skipper to try one or two with his apricot-stew, and the result may be presumed. Then there are little plates with slices of saussages from all parts of the world, highly inflamed with garlic; and without their assistance, yonder stout man, who wears nankeen apparel, and a very sheepish head, and who is the consul-general for the two Sicilies, could never digest anything, he says. There are also green chillies, looking so dreadfully cool outside, and so awfully hot inside, that you bite out of curiosity, and grin out of despair and anguish.

It is a long repast this noontide one; and what with the heat and the fatigue of manipulation, every one is disposed for a siesta—not, however, of course, before the pipe and coffee: then, in fulfilment of the prophet Jeremiah's predictions, we go every man to our own fig-tree, and slumber under the shadows thereof. As the coolness of the evening draws on, we awake revived. These mysterious old demijohns—bottles of huge size—are placed upon the green, and glasses not bigger than a thimble handed round. Though the allowance is small, it is frequent; and under its influence, and that of the cool afternoon breeze, the musicians come out amazingly strong; the dancers find their legs; the old impostor in red boots dances a fandango, the doctor, a Highland fling. Two flutes, a fiddle, and a guitar enable us to get up a quadrille; and the greatest marvel to me is, that my lovely partner—with a strawberry-patch on either cheek, which is only the remains of the Aleppo button or boil—does not fling her slippers into my face every time she sets to me; but, monkey-like, they can hold on by their toes. So the sun goes down in the west, and our temporary house is dismantled; ropes, donkeys, babies, pans, guests, all disappear, and a few score of owls take possession of the field, hooting the livelong night, and mistaking castaway bones for mice, most probably to their great discomfort.

HIGHLAND STORY-TELLING.

How few are the pursuits of civilised life in which it is possible to make our business our pleasure! A man may be, and not seldom is, alas! 'devoted to his profession,' to the exclusion of love, friendship, and all that beautifies the existence of a human creature, but such a one can be scarcely said to take a pleasure in anything. Dennis the hangman, we are told, evinced, indeed, an excessive satisfaction in tying up his numerous customers; but even setting aside the fact, that he was partly the creation of the novelist, his case must be considered a peculiar one. King Richard III., with characteristic acuteness, pointed out a nice distinction in his observation, 'Business first, and pleasure afterwards,' when he killed the king before he smothered the babies; for although certain portions of a man's duty may give him great delight—as we have known a lawyer who never could read out a dead client's will without the most joyful emotions, and a clergyman of the Church of England who could never recite the commination-service without a certain unctuous appreciation, which his voice could not conceal—men go about their daily toil, for the most part, *as* toil, and are glad when it is over, and they are sitting by the fireside at home. The expression upon our faces when we are at our desks is not generally of a rapturous character, even if that smooth and stony look be not adopted, upon which Professional or Commercial Sagacity is supposed, by the sanguine, to be lithographed. Authors, indeed, for the most part, and Painters always, are exceptions to this rule; and it is perhaps in unconscious acknowledgment of this fact, that men of business look upon their efforts less as work than as recreation. We ourselves happen to know something to the contrary of that, and would prefer some easier profession still. The American gentleman's occupation of 'smoking glasses for eclipse times,' would be light enough for us, but it would scarcely satisfy our original need in combining business with pleasure. No; for a profession of that kind commend us to the oral collection of popular tales, in a picturesque country, and where whisky is to be found in perfection and abundance.

Need we say, then, how we envy that task which Mr Campbell set himself, and has so well performed, of making himself acquainted with the Popular Tales of the West Highlands.* We cannot fancy any summer-time more pleasantly spent than that he passed among the lochs and islands of the West, collecting the materials for these two charming volumes. He sought those fastnesses not as a stranger, but as one who was sure of a welcome there, and who could converse with the ancient race in their

* *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation.* By J. F. Campbell. Edmonston and Douglas.

native tongue; and his account of his wanderings is something very different from that of the fine gentlemen who think it capital fun to play at being savages for the month when London is empty, and then to give Pall Mall a shudder by the narrative of their adventures in morocco-gilt.

We all know the common-place and used-up framework to which our modern authors betake themselves, who wish to link short stories together by some continuous thread: how a large party are collected together in a country-house, and can't get out for the snow, and have 'got through' the fine old library, and exhausted all indoor games, and would have absolutely died of ennui, had not the youngest of the party, clapping her hands, exclaimed: 'Eureka! I have got it. Let us all sit down by the fire, and tell stories.' Nothing would be more foolish or can be more unlikely to happen in any country-house in England. Nothing can be more natural and proper in a Highland shieling. In the absence of books, and the great deficiency of gas and moderator-lamps, the practice of story-telling, as an evening amusement, has been universal with the Gael, almost from the beginning of time.

'In telling these stories, narrative and dialogue are mixed; what the characters have told each other to do is repeated as narrative. The people in the story tell it to each other, and branch off into discussions about their horses, and houses, and crops, or anything that happens to turn up. One story grows out of another, and the tree is almost hidden by a foliage of the speaker's invention. Here and there comes a passage repeated by rote, and common to many stories, and to every good narrator. It seems to act as a rest for the memory. Now and then, an observation from the audience starts an argument. In short, one good story in the mouth of a good narrator, with a good audience, might easily go rambling on for a whole winter's night, as it is said to do. The "*Slim Swarthy Champion* used to last for four hours." *Connall Gulban* "used to last for three evenings. Those that wanted to hear the end, had to come back." One of my collectors said it would take him a month to write it down, but I am bound to add, that he has since done it in a very much shorter time. I have heard of a man who fell asleep by the fire, and found a story going on when he awoke next morning. I have one fragment, on which—as I am told—an old man in Ross-shire used to found twenty-four stories, all of which died with him.'

These narratives are generally very old stories indeed; nobody—not even Mr Campbell—can tell how old. Ancient folks repeat them as told by their sires, who received them from their ancestors, one of whom may have taken them down—though certainly not in short-hand—from the lips of Ossian himself. They have much in common with the popular legends of other nations—with the German stories told by the Brothers Grimm, with the French tales of the Countess d'Aulnoy, with Boccaccio's Italian novels, and with the *Arabian Nights*—but many of them possess certain features also which are entirely national, and their own. The foreign element has grown around it, perhaps, so as to make recognition at first sight difficult, but the heart of the thing is found to be Highland still. Great logs of drift-wood find their way to the shores of the Hebrides, and are turned to use. 'Such a log I lately saw in South Uist. No tool-mark was on it; it had lost its own foliage, but it was covered with a brown and white marine foliage of sea-weed and dead barnacles, and it was drilled in all directions by those curious sea-shells, which are supposed by the people to be embryo geese. It was sound, though battered, and a worthy Celtic smith was about to add it to the roof of a cottage, which he was making of boulders and turf. It was about to share the fate of many popular tales, and become a part of something else.'

It must be an interesting matter to scrape the barnacles off, and find out of what sort the wood really is. But great as may be the pleasure of this subsequent antiquarian investigation, it must surely be inferior to that afforded, in the first place, by Mr Campbell's method of collection. What a picture is here set before us of Man and his Dwelling-place in the West Highlands, and how we envy the author not only the graphic talent that has reproduced it, but his experience of the original scene!

'Let me describe one of these old story-men as a type of his kind. I trust he will not be offended, for he was very polite to me. His name is Mac-Phie; he lives at the north end of South Uist, where the road ends at a sound, which has to be forded at the ebb to get to Benbecula. The house is built of a double wall of loose boulders, with a layer of peat three feet thick between the walls. The ends are round, and the roof rests on the inner wall, leaving room for a crop of yellow gowans. A man might walk round the roof on the top of the wall. There is but one room, with two low doors, one on each side of the house. The fire is on the floor; the chimney is a hole above it; and the rafters are hung with pendents and festoons of shining black peat-reek. They are of birch from the mainland, American drift-wood, or broken wreck. They support a covering of turf and straw, and stones and heather-ropes, which keep out the rain well enough. The house stands on a green bank, with gray rocks protruding through the turf; and the whole neighbourhood is pervaded by cockle-shells, which indicate the food of the people and their fishing pursuits. In a neighbouring kiln there were many cart-loads about to be burned, to make that lime which is so durable in the old castles. The owner of the house, whom I visited twice, is seventy-nine. He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the islands who knew them so well. "He could not say how many he knew;" he seemed to know versions of nearly everything I had got; and he told me plainly, that my versions were good for nothing. "Huch! Thou hast not got them right at all." "They came into his mind," he said, "sometimes at night when he could not sleep—old tales that he had not heard for threescore years." He had the manner of a practised narrator, and it is quite evident that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large round glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled, and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well-grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay-floor together, and expressed their delight at the savoury prospect, each in his own fashion; and three wayfarers dropped in, and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat-smoke, and fell on the white hair and brown withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool, with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away through shades of deepening brown, to the black darkness of the smoked roof and the "peat-corner." There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours, till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula.'

Mr Campbell never spared himself, or grudged the time and trouble spent in gathering this drift-wood. He had the hardihood, in spite of the club-windows of St James's Street, to accompany two tinkers, with

black faces, and a pan of burning coal each, down that fashionable thoroughfare, and on through the Park to Westminster. It was a bold expedition even on the part of a gentleman who is entitled to write a dedication, beginning with 'My dear Lorne,' to a marquis. His two friends were followed by a wife, and preceded by a mangy cur with a stiff tail, and altogether it was not an aristocratic procession to be connected with. But what did that matter? Whence could our author have got the story of 'the man who travelled to learn what shivering meant,' except from the tinker-bodies?

Since his search extended over such an immense space, it was necessary for him, in many instances, to employ assistants; but they were of a sort incapable of *literary* deceit at all events—drovers, crofters, fishermen, and blind fiddlers—and we may thoroughly depend upon the genuineness of the tales presented to us. The narrators have, for the most part, never met, and have acted independently; 'and yet, in many instances, I have received versions of the same story from each and from other sources, and I have myself heard the same incidents repeated by their authorities, and by others whom they had never seen; sometimes even the very words.' 'Practical men,' says Mr Campbell, 'may despise the tales, earnest men condemn them as lies, some even consider them wicked; one refused to write any more for a whole estate; my best friend says they are all "blethers." But one man's rubbish may be another's treasure, and what is the standard of value in such a pursuit as this?

"And what are you going to do with them stories, Mr Camal?" said a friend of mine, as he stood amongst the brown sea-weed, at the end of a pier, on a fine summer's evening, and watched my departure in a tiny boat.

"Print them, man, to be sure."

'My friend is famous for his good stories, though they are of another kind, and he uses tobacco; he eyed me steadily for a moment, and then he disposed of the whole matter monosyllabically, but forcibly—"Huch!" It seemed to come from his heart.'

The introduction, from which these quotations are taken, extends to more than a hundred pages, and is one of the most interesting and lively prefaces to any book—let alone one whose theme is antiquities—we have ever read. The tales themselves, which were, of course, recited in Gaelic, are here printed in that language, as well as in English, and it is likely that the correction of the press gave Mr Campbell some little trouble. None of them, unfortunately, are short enough to be extracted here, or we should have liked to have shewn what wondrous guise our old nursery tales of Fortunio, Cinderella, and the like have adopted in the Western Isles. Most of them have something of a moral, and none better than that of *The Shifty Lad*, who would not learn any art but that of thieving. His mother said to him: 'If that is the art thou art going to choose for thyself, thine end is to be hanged at the bridge of Baile Cliabh (Dublin), in Eirinn;' but it must be added that she sent him to a master-thief to learn his profession, for all that. The Shifty Lad goes through many surprising adventures—some of which are found in German tales, some in Norse, some in Sanscrit, some in Italian, and some even identical with those in the story of Rampsintus told to Herodotus, more than two thousand years ago, by priests in Egypt—and comes successful out of all of them, getting the king's daughter, as usual, for his wife at last. But the good-luck of a thief never lasts for ever. A little after the marriage, the pair were taking a walk to Baile Cliabh; and when they were going over the bridge 'the Shifty Lad asked the king's daughter what was the name of that place; and the king's daughter told him that it was the bridge of Baile Cliabh, in Eirinn; and the Shifty Lad said: "Well, then, many is the time that my mother said to me that my end would be to be hanged at the bridge of Baile Cliabh, in Eirinn; and she made me that prophecy many a time when I might play her a trick."

'And the king's daughter said: "Well, then, if thou thyself shouldst choose to hang over the little side (wall) of the bridge, I will hold thee aloft a little space with my pocket-napkin."

'And they were at talk and fun about it; but at last it seemed to the Shifty Lad that he would do it for sport, and the king's daughter took out her pocket-napkin, and the Shifty Lad went over the bridge, and hejhung by the pocket-napkin of the king's daughter, as she let it over the little side (wall) of the bridge, and they were laughing to each other.

'But the king's daughter heard a cry: "The king's castle is going on fire!" and she started, and she lost her hold of the napkin; and the Shifty Lad fell down, and his head struck against a stone, and the brain went out of him; and there was in the cry but the sport of children; and the king's daughter was obliged to go home a widow.'

With a strong family-likeness in many features to the *Arabian Nights*, these stories have less repose about them, and are calculated to produce nightmare rather than dreaminess; but, on the other hand, they have far more humour in them. Surely, it is rare to find a fable with such fun in it as in this old Gaelic fancy, picked up by Mr Campbell in the Isle of Man: 'The fish all gathered once to choose a king; and the fluke—him that has the red spots on him—stayed at home to make himself pretty, putting on his red spots, to see if he would be king, and he was too late, for when he came the herring was king of the sea. So the fluke curled his mouth on one side, and said: "A simple fish like the herring, king of the sea!" and his mouth has been to one side ever since.'

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER XCIX.—SEEKING A CACHE.

We rode direct for Robideau's Pass. The night still continued dark, but we had no difficulty in finding our way. Even in the obscurity, the deep trace of the heavy emigrant train was sufficiently conspicuous; and we were enabled to follow the back-track with precision. Our experienced guide could have conducted us over it blindfold.

That we were pursued, and hotly pursued, there could be little doubt. For my part, I felt certain of it. The stake which Stebbins had hitherto held was too precious to be parted with on slight conditions. The jealous vigilance with which Lilian had been guarded along the route—amounting, as I now incidentally ascertained, to a positive espionage—the yellow duenna at once acting as spy and protectress—all were significant of the intent already suspected by us, but of which the young girl herself was perhaps happily ignorant.

The failure of his design—and now for the second time—would be a rude *contre-temps* to the pseudo-apostle; and would no doubt endanger his expected promotion. Besides, he must have believed, or suspected, that Marian Holt still lived—that she had survived the exposure consequent on her escape from the first caravan; and this belief or suspicion would now be confirmed by the reappearance of the dog. Nay, it was almost certain, that on recognising the animal, the truth had suddenly flashed upon him: that Marian was herself upon the ground, and that the spotted face that had for the moment deceived him, was the countenance of his Tennessean bride. The abduction following upon the instant would not only confirm this belief, but would redouble his eagerness in a pursuit that promised the recapture of both the victims, who had thus unexpectedly escaped from his control.

Though with different motives, it was natural that

Holt himself should be equally eager to pursue. He might still suspect nothing of Marian or her disguise. To him it would simply appear that his other child had been stolen from the camp—carried off by Indians—and that *should* be sufficient to rouse him to the most strenuous efforts for her recovery.

For these reasons, we had no doubt about our being pursued; and with all the zeal and energy of which our apostolic enemy and his myrmidons were capable of putting forth.

Twenty miles separated the Mormon camp from the entrance to Robideau's Pass. Nearly the whole of that distance we had traversed at a gallop. So far we had experienced no uneasiness; but, after entering the pass, our foaming horses began to shew fatigue. Those of Sure-shot and Wingrove, that were weaker than the rest, manifested signs of giving in. Both were evidently broken, and without rest could go no further.

This produced renewed apprehension. We knew that the horses of our pursuers would be comparatively fresh—after their long rest at their encampment—while ours had not only made a considerable journey the day before, but on that same day had passed over fifty miles of ground—twenty of it in a gallop! No wonder they were manifesting signs of distress.

Shortly after entering the pass, we drew up to deliberate. By continuing onward, we should be almost certain to be overtaken. This was the more probable, from the keen pursuit we had reason to anticipate. To remain where we were, would be to await the coming up of the enemy—no doubt in such numbers as to render our capture secure; and any attempt to defend ourselves would be idle as fatal. It was no longer with Indians we should have to deal—no longer with lances and arrows—but with strong bold men, armed like ourselves, and far outnumbering us.

To conceal ourselves within the gorge, and permit our pursuers to pass, might have served our purpose for the time, had there been sufficient cover; but neither the rocks nor trees offered an advantageous hiding-place for our horses. The risk of their being discovered appeared too great. We dared not trust to such slight chance of security.

Within the pass, it was not possible to part from the trail; and on discovering the condition of our horses, we regretted not having left it before entering. We even entertained the question of returning some distance; and leaving the trail by ascending a spur of the mountains in our rear; but this appeared too perilous. Perhaps at that moment our pursuers might have entered the pass? Perhaps at that moment 'adown the glen rode armed men'—though as yet our ears were not assailed by the sound of their trampling.

Fortunately, in this moment of hesitancy, a thought occurred to our Mexican comrade, that promised to release us from the dilemma. It was a *memory* that had suddenly arisen to him. He remembered, on one of his trapping expeditions, having discovered a ravine that led out of Robideau's Pass on the northern side. It was a mere cleft in the cliff, just wide enough to admit the body of a man on horseback. Further up, it opened into a little plain—or *vallon*, as the Mexican termed it—completely girt in by mountains. These on all sides rose so precipitously from the plain, as to render it impossible for a mounted man to scale them. The trapper had himself been obliged to return by the gorge—after having vainly endeavoured to find a way leading outward above. The vallon was therefore a *cul-de-sac*, or, as the trapper in his native synonym called it, a *bolson*.

Our guide was of opinion that this *bolson* would serve as a hiding-place, until we could rest our horses; and he was confident that the entrance of the ravine was not far from where we had halted, and, moreover, that he should be able to find it without difficulty. His advice, therefore, was, that we should seek the gorge, and having found it, ride up into the vallon, and there remain, till the following night. The pursuit might pass in the meantime, and return again; but whether or not, our animals would then be rested; and even should we again encounter the pursuers, we might hope to escape, through the superior speed of our horses.

The plan was feasible. There was but one objection that struck me; and I offered it for the consideration of our guide. The *vallon*, as he had stated, was a *cul-de-sac*. Should we be *tracked into it*, there would be no chance of retreat: we should be taken as in a trap?

'*Carrambo!*' exclaimed the Mexican in answer to my suggestion, 'no fear of being tracked by such curs as they. They know nothing of that business—not one of their whole fraternity could follow the trace of a buffalo in snow-time. *Carrambo!* no.'

'There is one who could,' I replied; 'one who could follow a tinier trail than that.'

'What! A *rastreador* among these *Judios!* Who, *cavallero?*'

'*Their* father!'

I whispered the reply, so that neither of the girls should overhear it.

'Oh! true,' muttered the Mexican—'the father of the huntress—a hunter himself? *Carrai!* that's like enough. But no matter. I can take you up the gorge in such fashion that the most skilled *rastreador* of the prairies would never suspect we had passed through. Fortunately, the ground is favourable. The bottom of the little cañon is covered with cut rock. The hoof will leave no mark upon these.'

'Remember that some of our horses are shod: the iron will betray us?'

'No, señor, we shall muffle them; *nos vamos con los pies en medias!* (Let us travel in stockings!')

The idea was not new to me; and without further hesitation, we proceeded to carry it into execution. With pieces of blanket, and strips cut from our buckskin garments, we muffled the hoofs of our shod horses; and, after following the wagon-trail, till we found a proper place for parting from it, we diverged in an oblique direction, towards the bluff that formed the northern boundary of the pass. Along this we followed the guide in silence; and after going for a quarter of a mile further, we had the satisfaction to see him turn to the left, and suddenly disappear from our sight, as if he had ridden into the face of the solid rock!

We might have felt astonishment; but a dark chasm at the same instant came under our eyes; and we knew it was the ravine of which our guide had been in search.

Without exchanging a word, we turned our horses' heads, and rode on up the cleft. There was water running among the shingle over which our steeds trampled; but it was shallow, and did not hinder their advance. It would further aid in concealing their tracks—should our pursuers succeed in tracing us from the main route. But we had little apprehension of their doing this: so carefully had we blinded our trail, on separating from that of the wagons.

On reaching the little vallon, we no longer thought of danger; but, riding on to its upper end, we dismounted, and made the best arrangements the circumstances would admit of for obtaining that repose, of which most of us stood sufficiently in need.

Wrapped in buffalo robes, and a little apart from the rest of our party, the sisters reclined side by side under the shade of a cotton-wood tree.

Long while had it been since these beautiful forms had reposed so near each other; and the soft low murmur of their voices, heard above the sighing of the breeze and the rippling sound of the mountain rills, admonished us, that each was confiding to the other the sweet secret of her bosom!

CHAPTER C.

UN PARAISO.

We come to the closing act of our drama. To understand it fully, it is necessary that the setting of the stage—the *mise-en-scène*—be described with a certain degree of minuteness.

The little valley-plain, or *vallon*, in which we had *cachéd* ourselves, was not over three hundred yards in length, and of an elliptical form. But for this form, it might have resembled some ancient crater scooped out of the mountain, that on all sides swept upward around it. The sides of this mountain trending up from the level of the plain rose not with a gentle acclivity, but with precipitous abruptness. At no point, however, did it assume the steepness of a cliff. It might have been scaled, with difficulty, by a man on foot—especially should he avail himself of the assistance of the trees—pines and trailing junipers—that grew over the face of the slope, so thickly as to conceal the greater portion of the rocky *façade*. Here and there, only a bare spot might be observed—a little buttress of white laminated gypsum, mingled with sparkling selenite; while at other places a miniature torrent, foaming over the rocks, and dancing among the dark cedars, presented a very similar appearance.

These little torrents, plashing down to the plain, formed numerous crystal rills that traversed the vallon. Like the branches of a silver candelabrum, all united near its centre; and there formed a pellucid stream, that, sweeping onward, discharged itself through the ravine into Robideau's Pass.

The effect of this abundance of water had been to produce within the *vallon* a proportionate luxuriance of vegetation—though it had not assumed the form of a forest. A few handsome cotton-woods standing thinly over it were the only trees; but the surface exhibited a verdure of emerald brightness, enamelled by many a gay corolla, born to blush unseen within this sweet secluded glen. Along the edge of the rivulet, large water-plants projected their broad leaves languidly over the stream; and where the little cascades came down over the rocks, the flowers of beautiful orchids, and other rare epiphytes, were seen sparkling under the spray—many of them clinging to the *coniferæ*, and thus uniting almost the extreme forms of the botanical world!

Such lovely landscape was presented to our eyes in the 'bolson' into which our trapper-guide had conducted us. It appeared lovely as we first beheld it, under the blue light of dawn; but lovelier far when the sun began to tinge the summits of the Mojada mountains that encircled it, and scatter his empurpled roses on the snowy peaks of the Wa-to-yah, just visible through the gorge.

'*Esta un Paraiso!* (It is a Paradise!)' exclaimed the Mexican, warming with the poetry of his race. '*En verdad un Paraiso!* Even better peopled than the Paradise of old. *Mira! cavallero!*' continued he. 'Behold! not one Eve, but two! each, I daresay, as beautiful as the mother of mankind!'

As the trapper spoke, he pointed to the young girls, who, hand in hand, were returning from the stream—where they had been performing their ablutions. The spots of *allegria* had disappeared from the cheeks of Marian, that now gleamed in all their crimson picturesqueness. It was for Wingrove to admire these. My own eyes were riveted upon the roseate blonde; and, gazing upon her face, I could not help echoing the sentiment of the enthusiastic speaker: 'Beautiful as the mother of mankind!'

Wingrove and I had been to the *lavatory* before them; and had succeeded to a certain extent in scouring our skins clear of the vermilion bedaubment. In the anticipation of this pleasant interview, it was natural we should seek to rescue ourselves from a disguise, that the eye of woman could not look upon otherwise than with *degoût*.

It was natural, too, we should desire those clasped hands to come asunder—those maiden forms to separate from one another!

Fortune was pleased to respond to our desires. A flower hanging from the branch of a tree at that moment caught the eye of Lilian; and, dropping her sister's hand, she hastened to gather it. Marian, who cared less for flowers, did not follow her. Perhaps her inclination tempted her the other way?

But one did follow the fair Lilian—unable to resist the opportunity for free converse—the only one that had offered since that hour of sweet first impression.

How my heart bounded, when I beheld the blossom of the bignonia—for it was that which hung drooping from the branch of the cotton-wood, round which its bright leaves were amorously entwining! How it swelled with a triumphant joy, when I saw those tiny fingers extend towards the flower, gently pluck it from its stem, and place it upon my bosom!

Talk not of bliss, if it be not this!

We strayed on through the straggling trees, along the banks of the stream, by the edges of the little rills. We wandered around the vallon, and stood by the torrents that fell foaming from the rocks. We mingled our voices with the waters, that in low murmurings appeared to repeat the sentiment so endeared to us, 'I think of thee!'

'And you will, Lilian—you will think of me?'

'Yes, Edward!—for ever and ever!'

Was the kiss unhallowed that could seal such promise? No—it was sacred—

Down to Earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!

Thus benighted with the sweet hallucination of love, how could we dream that on earth there existed an alloy? How suspect that into that smiling garden the dread serpent could intrude himself? Alas, he was at that moment approaching it—he was already near!

* * * *

The place we had chosen for our temporary bivouac—and where we had passed the night—was at the upper extremity of the little valley, and close in to the cliff. We had selected this spot, from the ground being a little more elevated than the general surface, and in consequence drier. Several cotton-wood trees shaded it; and it was further sheltered by a number of large boulders of rock, that, having fallen from the cliff above, lay near its base. Behind these boulders, the men of our party had slept; not from any idea of the greater security afforded by them, but simply from a delicate motive—being thus separated from the *chamber* occupied by our fair *protégées*.

It had never occurred to us that our place of concealment could be discovered in the night; and even long after the day had arisen, so confident did we continue in our fancied security, that we had taken no precautions, neither to reconnoitre the cliffs in search of a way of retreat, nor to adopt any means of defence in the event of our being assailed.

As far as Wingrove and I were concerned, I have explained this negligence—for it was negligence of the most imprudent character. The Mexican, feeling quite certain that he had succeeded in blinding our trail, was perhaps less cautious than he might otherwise have been; and Sure-shot equally trusted to his new comrade—for whose skill the ex-ranger had conceived an exalted opinion.

I could see withal that Archilete was not without some apprehension. He had buckled on his artificial leg—the real one being fatigued by pressing too long on the stirrup—and, as he hobbled about over the ground, I noticed that from time to time he cast inquiring looks down the valley.

Observing these signs of impatience more than once, I began to grow uneasy.

Prudence required that even that sweet scene

should be interrupted—only temporarily, I hoped—until some plan should be adopted that would render us more secure against the contingency of our being discovered.

With my fair companion, I had turned away from the sweet whisperings of the cascade, and was facing to the upper end of the vallon, when all at once I observed a strange manœuvre on the part of 'Peg-leg.' The trapper had thrown himself flat upon the grass; and with his ear placed close to the ground, appeared to listen!

The movement was too significant not to attract the attention of everybody. My companion was the only one who did not comprehend it; but she observed that it had powerfully affected all the others, and an ejaculation of alarm escaped her, as she saw them hastening up to the spot occupied by the prostrate trapper.

Before we could reach him, the man had sprung back into an erect attitude; and, as he stamped his timber leg with violence upon the ground, was heard to exclaim:

Carrambo, camarados! the curs are upon our trail! *Oiga los?—el perro—el perro!*' (You hear them?—the dog—the dog!)

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when their interpretation followed in the sound that came pealing up the valley. Borne upon the sighing breeze, it was heard above the rushing noise of the waters—easily heard, and as easily understood. It was the bay of a dog, who ran 'gowling' along a trail.

Its deep tone was even identified. The huntress recognised it in the first note that fell upon her ear, as was evidenced by her quick exclamation:

'Wolf!—my dog Wolf!'

The speech had scarcely escaped her, before the dog himself made his appearance, convincing us all of his shorn identity. The animal, seeing us, ran no longer by the scent; but with raised snout came galloping across the valley, and bounded forward to receive the caresses of his mistress.

We rushed to our weapons; and, having secured them, ran behind the boulders of rock. It would have been idle to take to our horses. If our pursuers were following the dog, and guided by him, they would already be near enough to intercept our retreat from the valley? Perhaps they were at that moment in the gorge?

We had but one hope; and that was, that the dog might be *alone*. Missing Marian at the camp, he might have struck upon her trail, and been following it throughout the night?

It seemed scarcely probable; for Holt could have detained him, and in all likelihood would have done so? Still less probable did it appear, as we watched the movements of the dog himself. Instead of staying by Marian, and continuing to receive her caresses, we noticed that at short intervals he ran off again, making demonstrations in the direction he had come—as if in expectation of some one who had been following at his heels!

The slight hope we had conceived was quickly and rudely crushed, by the confirmation of this fact. The voices of men, echoing hoarsely through the gorge, confirmed it.

Beyond doubt, they were our pursuers, guided by the dog—who little understood the ruin he was thus conducting towards the object of his instinctive affections!

CHAPTER CL.

AN UNEXPECTED DEFECTION.

Almost as soon as we heard the voices, we saw those who were giving utterance to them. A horseman appeared issuing from the jaws of the chasm—another, and another—until eight had filed into the open ground! They were all armed men—armed with guns, pistols, and knives.

He in the lead was at once identified. The colossal stature, the blanket coat, red shirt, and kerchief turban, proclaimed that the foremost of our pursuers was Holt himself.

Immediately behind him rode Stebbins; while those following in file were the executive myrmidons of the Mormon faith—the *Destroying Angels!*

On entering the open ground, Holt alone kept on without slackening his speed. Stebbins followed, but more cautiously, and at a distance of several lengths of his horse. The Danites, at sight of our animals, and ourselves too—for they could not fail to see our faces over the rocks—drew up: not suddenly, but one after the other—as if irresolute whether to advance, or remain where they were. Even Stebbins, though moving on after the squatter, did so with evident reluctance. He saw the barrels of our rifles gleaming above the boulders; and, when within about fifty paces distant from us, he too reined in—keeping the body of Holt between himself and our guns.

The squatter continued to advance, without the slightest show of fear. So near had he got to us, that we could note the expression upon his features, though it was difficult to understand it. It was one that bespoke reckless determination—no doubt a determination to recover his child from the savages who had stolen her: for as yet he had no reason to think otherwise.

Of course, none of us thought of firing upon Holt; but had Stebbins at the moment advanced only a step nearer, there was more than one rifle ready to give out its deadly detonation.

Holt approached rapidly, his horse going at a trot. He held his long gun obliquely in front of him, and grasped in both hands, as if ready to fire on the instant.

All at once, he checked his horse, dropped the gun on the pommel of his saddle, and sat gazing towards us with a look of bewildered surprise. *White* faces appearing over the rocks instead of *red* ones, had caused this sudden change in his demeanour.

Before he had time to give utterance to his astonishment, Lilian glided from behind the rock, and standing with arms extended, cried out:

'O father! they are not Indians! It is Marian! it is'——

At the same instant her sister appeared by her side.

'Marian alive!' cried Holt, recognising his long-lost daughter. 'My child Marian yet livin'! God be praised! Thar's one weight off o' my poor soul—an' now to eeze it o' another!'

As he uttered the last words, he wrenched his horse half around, dropped to his feet upon the nearer side; and quickly resting his rifle over the hollow of the saddle, brought its barrel to bear on the breast of Stebbins—who still sat upon horseback, scarce twenty paces distant from the spot.

'Now, Josh Stebbins!' cried the squatter in a voice of thunder, 'the time's come to squar the yurds wi' *you!*'

'What do you mean, Holt?' mechanically inquired the Mormon in trembling surprise. 'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean, you infernal skunk, that afore ye leave this groun', you've got to make a clean breast o' it, an' clar me o' the crime o' murder.'

'What murder?' inquired Stebbins prevaricatingly.

'Oh! you know what I'm talkin' about! 'Twant *no* murder. 'Twar only a suicide; an' God knows it broke my own heart.'

Holt's voice was husky with emotion. He continued after a pause:

'For all o' that, appearances war agin' me; an' you invented proofs that wud a stood good among lawyers, though thar as false as yur own black heart. Ye've kep' 'em over me for years, to sarve yer rascally dersigns. But thar's neither law nor lawyers hyur to help you any longer. Thar's witnesses o'

both sides—yar own beauties down yander; an' some hyur o' a better sort, I reck'n. Afore them, I call on ye to declar that yar proofs war false, an' that I 'm innocent o' the crime o' murder!'

There was a profound silence as the speaker finished. The strange and unexpected nature of the demand, held every one in breathless surprise. Even the armed men at the bottom of the *vallon* said not a word; and perceiving that, by the defection of Holt, there was almost gun for gun against them, they shewed no signs of advancing to the protection of their apostolic leader.

The latter appeared for a moment to vacillate. The fear depicted upon his features was blended with an expression of the most vindictive bitterness—as that of a tyrant forced to yield up some despotic privilege which he had long wielded. True, it mattered little to him now. The intended victims of his vile contrivance—whatever it may have been—were likely to escape from his control in another way; but for all that he seemed loath to part with even the shadow of his former influence.

He was not allowed much time for reflection—scarce the opportunity to look towards his Danites, which, however, he did—glancing back as if desirous of retreating to them.

'Stan' yar groun'!' shouted the squatter in a tone of menace—'stan' yur groun'! Don't dar to turn away. Ef ye do, ye 'll only get the bullet in yur back. Now, confess! or, by the eternal ——! you hain't another second to sit in that seddle!'

The quick threatening manner in which the speaker grasped his gun, told Stebbins that prevarication would be idle. In hurried speech, he replied:

'You committed no murder, Hickman Holt! I never said you did!'

'No! but you said you would; an' you invented proofs o' it? Confess you invented proofs, an' kep' 'em over my head like a shadder? Confess that!'

Stebbins hesitated.

'Quick! or ye 're a dead man!'

'I did,' muttered the guilty wretch, trembling as he spoke.

'An' the proofs war false?'

'They were false—I confess it.'

'Enuf!' cried Holt, taking down his gun. 'Enuf for me. An' now, ye cowardly snake, ye may go wi' yur beauties yonder. They 'll not like ye a bit the wuss for all that. Ye may go—an' carry yur conscience along wi' ye—ef that 'll be any comfort to ye. Begone!'

'No!' exclaimed a voice from behind, and at the same time Wingrove was seen stepping out from the rock. 'Not yet adzactly. *I've* got a score to settle wi' the skunk. The man who 'd plot that way agin another, hain't ought to live. *You* may let him off, Hick Holt, but *I* won't; nor wud you eyther, I reck'n, if you knew'——

'Knew what?' interrupted the squatter.

'What he intended for your daughter.'

'He is my daughter's husband,' rejoined Holt, in a tone of contrition.

'He ain't nothing o' the kind. The marriage war a sham. He war takin' poor Marian out thar for a diff'rent purpose—an' Lilian too.'

'For what purpose?' cried Holt, a light seeming suddenly to break upon his mind.

'To make ——,' answered Wingrove hesitatingly. 'I can't say the word, Hick Holt, in presence o' the girls—to make *wives* to the Mormon Prophet—that 's what he intended wi' both o' em.'

The cry, that, like the neigh of an angry horse, burst from the lips of the squatter, drowned the last words of Wingrove's speech; and simultaneously the crack of a rifle rose upon the air. A cloud of smoke for a moment enveloped Holt and his horse, from the midst of which came a repetition of that wild vengeful cry.

At the same instant, the steed of Stebbins galloped riderless down the valley, while the saint himself was seen stretched face upward upon the sward.

He lay still and lifeless—a purple spot on his forehead shewing where the fatal bullet had entered his brain!

The sisters had just time to shelter themselves behind the rock, when a volley from the Danites was poured upon us. Their shots fell harmlessly around; while ours, fired in return, had been better aimed; and another of these fearful men, dropping out of his saddle, yielded up his life upon the spot. The remaining five, seeing that the day had gone against them, wheeled suddenly round; and galloped back down the gorge, ten times faster than they had ridden up. It was the last we saw of the *Destroying Angels!*

* * * *

'O my children!' cried Holt in a supplicating tone, as he staggered forward, and received both within his outstretched embrace, 'will ye—can ye forgi' me? O God! I 've been a bad father to ye; but I knew not the wickedness o' these people; nor half o' *his*, till it war too late; an' now'——

'And now, father!' said Marian, interrupting his contrite speech with a consoling smile, 'speak not of forgiveness. There is nothing to forgive; and perhaps not much to regret: since the perils we have gone through have proved our faith to one another. We shall go home all the happier, having escaped from so many dangers.'

'Ah, Marian, gurl, you don't know all—we hev now no home to go to!'

'The same you ever had, if you will consent to accept it. The old cabin on Mud Creek will hold us all till we can build a bigger one. But no'—I added, correcting myself—'I see two here who will scarcely feel inclined to share its hospitality. Another cabin, higher up the creek, will be likely to claim them for its tenants.'

Marian blushed; while the young backwoodsman, although turning equally red at the allusion, had the courage to stammer out, that he always 'thort his cabin war big enough for two.'

'Stranger!' said Holt, turning to me, and frankly extending his hand, 'I 've much to be ashamed o', an' much to thank ye for; but I accept yur kind offer. You bought the land, an' I 'd return ye the money, ef 't hedn't been all spent. I thort I kud a made up for it, by gieing ye somethin' ye mout a liked better. Now I see I can't even gi' ye that somethin', since it appears to be yourn a'ready. Ye 've won her, stranger! an' ye 've got her. All I kin now do is to say that from the bottom o' my heart I consent to yur keepin' her.'

'Thanks—thanks!'

Lilian was mine for ever.

* * * *

The curtain falls upon our drama; and brief must be the epilogue.

To scenes warlike and savage succeeded those of a pacific and civilised character; as the turbulent torrent, debouching from its mountain channel, flows in tranquil current through the alluvion of the level plain.

By our Utah allies, whom we encountered on the following day, we were 'outfitted' for recrossing the prairies—the abandoned wagon, with a team of Indian mules, affording a proper means of transport.

Not without regret did we part with the friendly Mexican trapper, and our brave associates, the ex-rifleman and ex-infantry. We had afterwards the gratification to learn that the scalpless man survived his terrible mutilation; that under the protection of Peg-leg, he and Sure-shot were taken to the valley of Taos; whence, along with the next migration of 'diggers,' they proceeded, by the Colorado, to the golden placers of California.

To detail the incidents of our homeward journey,

were a pleasant task for the pen; but the record would scarcely interest the reader. The colossal squatter, silent but cheerful, drove the wagon, and busied himself about the management of his mules. The young backwoodsman and I were thus left free to interchange with our respective 'sweethearts' those phrases of delirious endearment—those glances of exquisite sweetness, that only pass between eyes illumined by the light of a mutual love.

Proverbially sweet is the month after marriage; but the honey-moon, with all its joys, could not have exceeded in bliss those ante-nuptial hours spent by us in recrossing the prairies. Clear as the sky over our heads was the horoscope of our hearts; all doubt and suspicion had passed away; not a shadow lingered upon the horizon of our future, to dim the perfect happiness we enjoyed. In our case, the delight of anticipation could not be enhanced by actual possession: since we had possession already.

We arrived safely in Swampville. In the post-office of that interesting village a letter awaited me, of which 'jet black was de seal.' Under ordinary circumstances, this should have cast a gloom upon my joy; but candour forces me to confess, that a perusal of the contents of that epistle produced upon me an effect altogether the reverse. The letter announced the demise of an octogenarian female relative, whom I had never seen; but who, for a full decade of years beyond the period allotted to the life of man—or woman either—had obstinately persisted in standing betwixt me and a small reversion—so long, indeed, that I had ceased to regard it as an 'expectation.'

It was of no great amount; but arriving just then in the very 'nick o' time,' was doubly welcome; and under its strengthening influence, a large quantity of superfluous timber soon disappeared from the banks of Mud Creek.

Ah! the squatter's clearing, with its zigzag fence, its girdled trees, and white deadwoods! It is no longer recognisable. The log-hut is replaced by a pretentious frame-dwelling, with portico and verandahs—almost a mansion. The little maize-patch, scarcely an acre in extent, is now a splendid plantation, of many fields; in which wave the golden tassels of the Indian corn, the broad leaves of another indigenous vegetable—the aromatic 'Indian weed,' and the gossamer-like florets of the precious cotton-plant. Even the squatter himself you would scarcely recognise, in the respectable old gentleman, who, mounted upon his cob, with a long rifle over his shoulder, rides around, looking after the affairs of the plantation, and picking off the squirrels, who threaten the young corn with their destructive depredations.

It is not the only plantation upon Mud Creek. A little further up the stream, another is met with—almost equally extended, and cultivated in like manner. Need I say who is the owner of this last? Who should it be, but the young backwoodsman—now transformed into a prosperous planter?

The two estates are contiguous, and no jealous fence separates the one from the other. Both extend to that flowery glade, of somewhat sad notoriety, whose bordering woods are still undefiled by the axe. Not there, but in another spot, alike flowery and pleasant, the eye of the soaring eagle, looking from aloft, may see united together a joyous group—the owners of the two plantations—with their young wives, Marian and Lilian. The sisters are still in the full bloom of their incomparable beauty. In neither is the maiden yet subdued into the matron; though each beholds her own type reflected in more than one bright face smiling by her side; while more than one little voice lisps sweetly in her ear that word of fond endearment—the first that falls from human lips.

Ah! beloved Lilian! thine is not a beauty born to blush but for an hour. In my eyes, it can never fade; but, like the blossom of the citron, seems only the fairer, blooming by the side of its own fruit!

I leave it to other lips to symbol the praises of thy sister—

THE WILD HUNTRESS.*

THE END OF THE WILD HUNTRESS.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE year ends prosperously: while a long-fettered nation is enjoying, or trying to enjoy, its first-fruits of freedom, and learning the rudiments of self-government; while John Chinaman is counting out a few millions of sycee silver to indemnify the Bull-frog alliance, as an American editor calls the alliance between England and France; while the Registrar-general is preparing for our next decennial census by printing five millions of household schedules—the promoters of art and science, having summed up their proceedings, find that praiseworthy manifestations have been made, and great things accomplished in architecture and engineering, and in the best branches of constructive and decorative art.

The long wished-for centralisation of our metropolitan law-courts is to take place; for the Board of Works will apply to parliament in the coming session for leave to purchase and pull down all the houses between the west end of Fleet Street and Clement's Inn in one direction, and between the Strand and Carey Street on the other, and to build there the proposed new courts, which will thus be close to all the legal haunts in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Temple, and Chancery Lane. Law should be somewhat less costly when the time now lost by repeated journeys of the lawyers down to Westminster is saved. The scheme involves, moreover, a local improvement, for the locality in question is, with its present plexus of narrow alleys, alike unsavoury and squalid. And what is to become of Temple Bar? That venerable relic cannot be permitted to block the approach to, or mar the appearance of, the edifice wherein Themis and the Lord Chancellor are to sit, and so it must be removed—the new monthly magazine to the contrary, notwithstanding.—Another project is talked of, which, if carried out, will further improve the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court: it is to clear away all the houses between the northern side of Wych Street and the southern side of the Strand, and erect a grand central Metropolitan Hotel on the site. This would abolish Holywell Street; but whether it would also abolish the tenants who furnished the principal occasion for Lord Campbell's act against indecent publications, remains to be seen.—We hear, too, that the 'proper authorities' have determined that the right hand and left hand of the Admiralty shall no longer be half a mile apart, as hitherto, to the detriment of business, but that the left hand shall remove from Somerset House to join its fellow in Whitehall.

The Institute of Naval Architects, which was started last March, are about to publish their first volume of *Transactions:* we shall be glad to see them discussing some of the important questions which their title involves, for, as may be seen by Admiral Moorsom's reports to the British Association, we are still unable to build a ship of war to answer the requirements of progressing science. Guns and gunnery are now so much improved, that even our best war-ships are too imperfect for their armament. And yet we spend more than a million a month on our navy. The fact is, that the new question which has arisen out of the new circumstances—namely, how to build a war-ship that shall be *steady* and *capacious*, as well as *fast*—is one which a naval

* *Right of translation reserved.*

architect knows scarcely anything about. Admiral Moorsom is occupying himself therewith; and a cargo-steamer, built under his supervision, is expected erelong to afford data on the question. This steamer is to carry pigs between Ireland and the Clyde. To insure profitable transport, the grunters should be conveyed as clean and dry, and with as little knocking about as possible; if, therefore, she sits steady on the water, the object will be accomplished. The steadiness here implied is absence of the rolling motion from side to side; that is the result to be achieved, for neither gunners nor merchants complain of the gradual lengthwise rise and fall of a vessel as she mounts and descends the waves.

The rifle invented by Major-general Boileau, and constructed by Turner of Birmingham, excels, as we hear, all others, even the Whitworth, and at any range from five hundred yards up to fifteen hundred. It has a further advantage in weighing not more than nine pounds and a quarter.—Mr William Fairbairn, of Manchester, has had a recognition of his valuable investigations into the action of steam, and the means of preventing boiler-explosions, by a gift of one of the two royal medals which the Queen places once a year at the disposal of the Royal Society.—At a recent meeting of this society, Professor Crace-Calvert announced an interesting chemical discovery: that cast iron is convertible into plumbago. The professor soaks cubes of cast iron in weak acid—vinegar being the most suitable—until the iron is dissolved out, and the carbon remains. By this process the cubes lose in weight, but not in dimensions, and retain their form unaltered; but the quality is changed, and it is as easy to draw lines with one of them as with a lump of plumbago. Artists and others who have been uneasy as to failure in the supply of lead for pencils, may now dismiss their apprehensions, for while cast iron is to be had, the desired material will be available. Strictly speaking, it is not carbon, but a cyanide of carbon, which remains after dissolution of the iron.

Mr Robert Mallet, who has spent some years in experiments and investigations into the phenomena of earthquakes, completed them on November 23 by the explosion of six tons of powder in the hill at Holyhead from which stone is taken for the breakwater. The result favoured his wishes, for the mercury in the seismometer, or shock-measuring instrument, was seen to oscillate, though a mile and a quarter distant from the focus of the shock. From this Mr Mallet obtains data for comparison with observed natural shocks. Had he been at Copiapo on October 5, he might have felt and tested 116 shocks within twenty-four hours. The quarrymen at Holyhead reckon that for every pound of powder blasted, they should get on the average two and a half tons of stone; hence the prodigious quantity that would be thrown down by a blast of six tons may be easily calculated. Prodigious though it be, the demand is so great for the breakwater, which has a width of 350 feet at the base, that within two weeks it may all be flung into the sea. We have heard that stone quarried in this way costs a fraction under ninepence a ton.

The Photographic Society have distributed among their members copies of a print representing a picturesque ruin in an effective style such as would be taken for wood engraving. But according to the epigraph, it is 'absolutely untouched by the graver,' and is a new achievement of photography, being, as we are informed, produced solely by the action of light. The inventor is Mr Paul Pretsch: his process is as yet a secret; but so far as is known, it consists in taking an impression on a sheet of some glutinous preparation, from which an electrotype copper-plate is afterwards taken, and from this the picture is printed as from a wood-block. The result seems almost wonderful: anything that can be photographed is reproducible in the same way; hence there would appear to be no limit to the publication of copies of the best specimens of art.—Mr Malone has repeated Niépce St Victor's experiments on light, and concludes that the eminent French chemist has mistaken his results.—Mr Mercer, of Accrington, has discovered a way of preparing calico for photographic impressions, which being dyed with a madder colour, are fast pictures that cannot be washed out. We have seen portraits thus produced which look as well as those on paper; and it may be that some ingenious persons will find in this discovery a new mode of marking linen, by photographing the owner's portrait thereon, instead of writing or working his initials. Possibly the ingenuity may extend to fancy waistcoat-patterns, in which faces shall be the chief attraction; and when a man can have his portrait large as life in the middle of his pocket-handkerchief, warranted not to wash out, the light-fingered professors will perhaps hesitate to try their skill on 'wipes.' Another discovery of Mr Mercer's is worth notice: he dips calico into a certain kind of cold bath, whereby it undergoes a transformation somewhat similar to that of paper into parchment, and acquires a stiffness which no heat will afterwards soften. What will 'outfitters' say to this?—a material for collars and wristbands which will not become limp!

While meteorologists are summing up their returns for the twelvemonth, the Registrar-general has published his for the quarter, wherein is satisfactorily shewn that the much-censured season, with all its wind, rain, and storms, has been favourable to health, the deaths having been fewer by many thousands than in former seasons, which were described as the very perfection of fine weather. Henceforth, it will be well to remember that abundance of rain is not the unmitigated evil that many have thought it.

In a former *Month*, we called attention to Dr Stenhouse's application of charcoal as a material for respirators, and as a disinfectant, an application which time and experience have abundantly verified. Many of our readers know that the ventilation of sewers is a question which has long been discussed and never brought to a satisfactory conclusion; they know also that the numerous gratings by which sewer-gases escape and rise into the streets are offensive and obnoxious to health, especially in narrow streets and crowded neighbourhoods. This is an acknowledged evil, but the sewers must be ventilated, and the more their contents are oxidised by admission of air, the more harmless do they become. As the openings must not be closed, and ought indeed to be multiplied, it occurred to one of the sanitary officers in the city to adopt the principle of Dr Stenhouse's charcoal respirator, and having fitted a series of charcoal filters into the openings that lead from the sewers to the surface of the streets, he finds the solution of the important question, for the noxious gases are completely neutralised. Of course, special precautions have to be taken in the preparation of the shafts, and the filters must be kept dry, or the charcoal will cease to act, but of the result there is no doubt: the unpleasant smell is entirely destroyed. During the past two years, many parts of London, within the city, have been thus purified. The openings need not necessarily be in roadways, they may be led up through the lamp-pillars, or between party-walls, or into chimneys. A west-end engineer has tried the same plan in parts of Westminster, and with the like success; it is adopted in the new sewage-works at West Ham; it has been applied at Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, and we hear talk of its introduction into Glasgow. Its general adoption can only be a question of time, for charcoal is the cheapest remedy yet thought of for the prevalent evil; it is applicable at outfalls as well as along the course of sewers, and if kept dry retains its efficacy for many years. London, with its hundreds of miles of sewers, would require 25,000 filters.

Professors Bunsen and Kirchoff, of Heidelberg, to whom modern chemistry is largely indebted, have lately made a discovery which, in the vast field it opens for further research, may be ranked as the most famous of the year. It is a method of chemical analysis by means of the spectrum. Most readers know that by spectrum is meant the rainbow beam reflected from a glass prism exposed to sunlight: it is producible also by the light of a lamp, and chemists and opticians have at times experimented on the changes that appear when different substances are burned within the lamp-flame. For delicate observations, it is essential that the spectrum be not too bright; much less bright, in fact, than that thrown by the solar beam; and, Bunsen's lamp, which, burning hydrogen gas, gives a feeble illumination with great heat, is the best for the purpose. Now let us imagine the apparatus prepared, and the spectrum thrown into a box from which daylight is excluded. The professors above mentioned take less than a grain of chlorate of sodium, mix it with a small portion of milk-sugar, and burn it in the corner of their laboratory furthest from the lamp. An eye keeps watch on the inside of the box, and presently when the vapour has diffused itself, and meets the flame, a bright yellow line is seen to cross the spectrum, and remain visible for some minutes. This is called the sodium line, for whenever sodium is present in the atmosphere of the lamp-flame, and however combined with other substances, that particular line never fails to appear, even if the quantity of sodium be not more than one-twenty-millionth of a grain. It is found that each metallic base and metallic earth has its own peculiar line or lines: lithium shews a faint yellow and sharp red line; potassium, a red and a violet; strontium, four lines—two red, one orange, one blue; calcium, a green and an orange line; barium, more than a dozen lines, which may be described as one-half green, the other orange. And as with the sodium, each substance is always recognisable by its own peculiar line or lines, however infinitesimal the quantity tested. In fact, it would appear that even the ultimate atom could hardly escape this mode of analysis.

While carrying on their experiments, the professors noticed certain lines on the spectrum for which they could not account, produced by none of the substances enumerated above, but by some substance to them unknown. Considering hereupon, they ventured to assert that there existed in nature a fourth alkaline metal hitherto undiscovered. If they predicted its discovery, their prediction has been recently verified—as was that of the astronomers who predicted the discovery of Neptune—and they now announce that they *have* discovered the new substance in notable though minute quantity, and they propose for it the name of spectrium. Judging from present appearances, Nature has not been lavish of this remarkable metal, for they had to operate on 800 hundredweights of the water of a mineral spring (the mother-water), to get—only fifty grains.

What with microscope and spectrum, there is an entirely new field of research opening in geology as well as chemistry. Already lithium is unexpectedly found to occur 'most widely throughout nature;' in quartz, felspar, spring-water, Atlantic water, seaweeds, the waste waters of chemical works, grapes, vine-leaves, sundry cereals, and tobacco. Hold the burnt end of a cigar in the lamp-flame, and the sodium, lithium, and potassium lines appear on the spectrum. Analysis of limestones shews their composition to be very different from what has been supposed by geologists. And as regards sodium, it prevails so universally throughout the atmosphere, that on beating out the dust from a book in any part of a room, no sooner does it enter the lamp-flame, than the sodium line appears, and it is always to be seen when the atmosphere is agitated.

We must here leave this subject, but hope to return to it on a future occasion, for it is pregnant with great results. At their anniversary meeting on St Andrew's Day, the Royal Society, who had already elected Professor Bunsen one of their Foreign Members, awarded him the Copley medal—the highest honour in their gift.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

How shall we welcome in the new-born Year?
Not with the ringing voice of mirth alone,
But with a mingled melody—a tone
Of grateful joy, but mixed with reverent fear.
This smiling child of Time may grow severe
Matured to manhood; ours the blest employ
To change the grief he owes the poor to joy,
In the one baptism of a brother's tear;
And may we—like the Wise who came from far,
Bearing the treasures of their Eastern clime,
To celebrate the dawning of His star
Who proved the heir and first-born of all time—
Bring gifts to brighten eyes with sorrow dim.
Who gives unto His poor, gives also unto Him.

R. R.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, will be commenced in this Journal,

A STORY,

ENTITLED

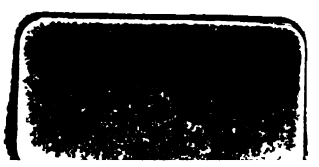
THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

The present number of the Journal completes the Fourteenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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